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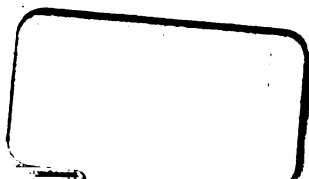
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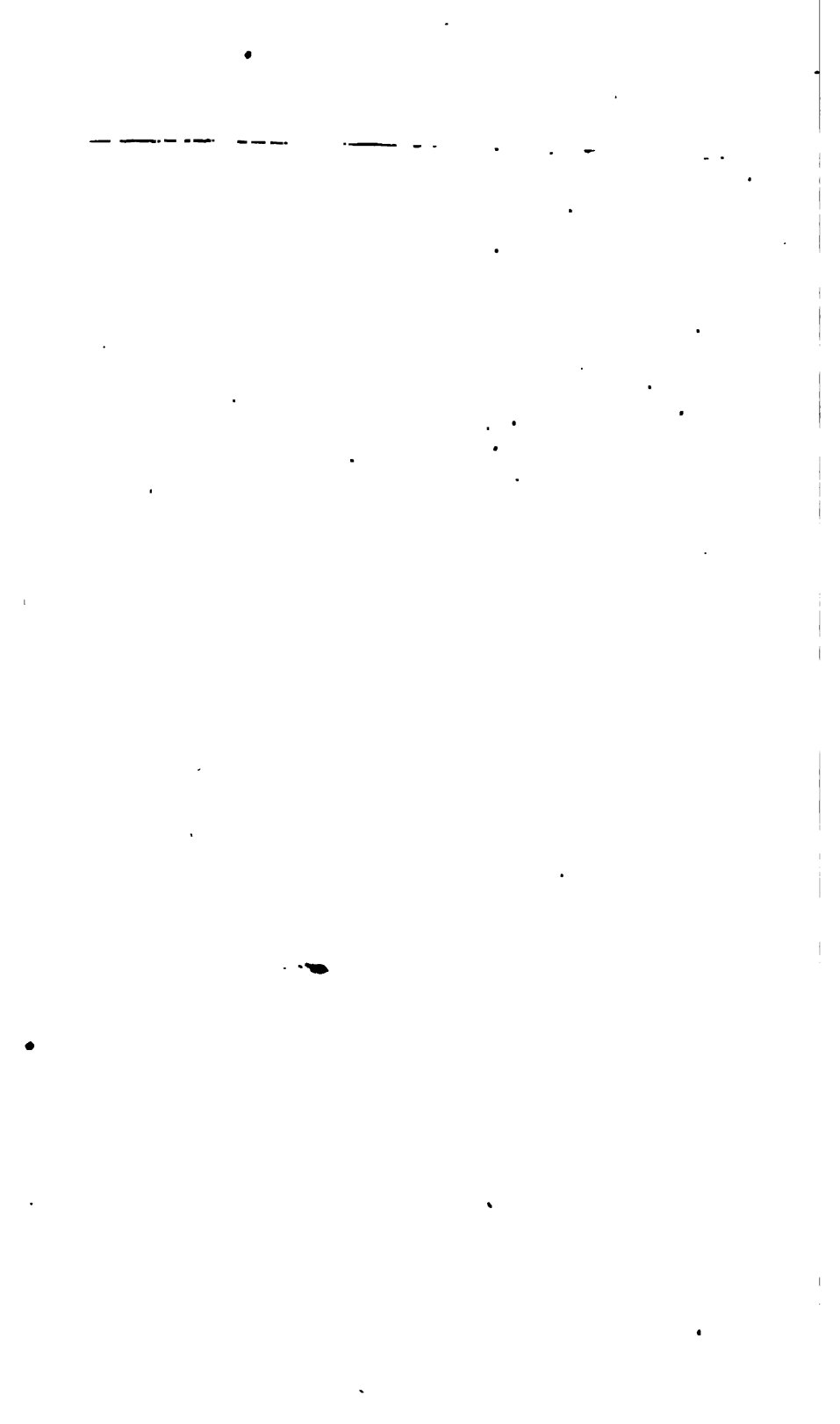


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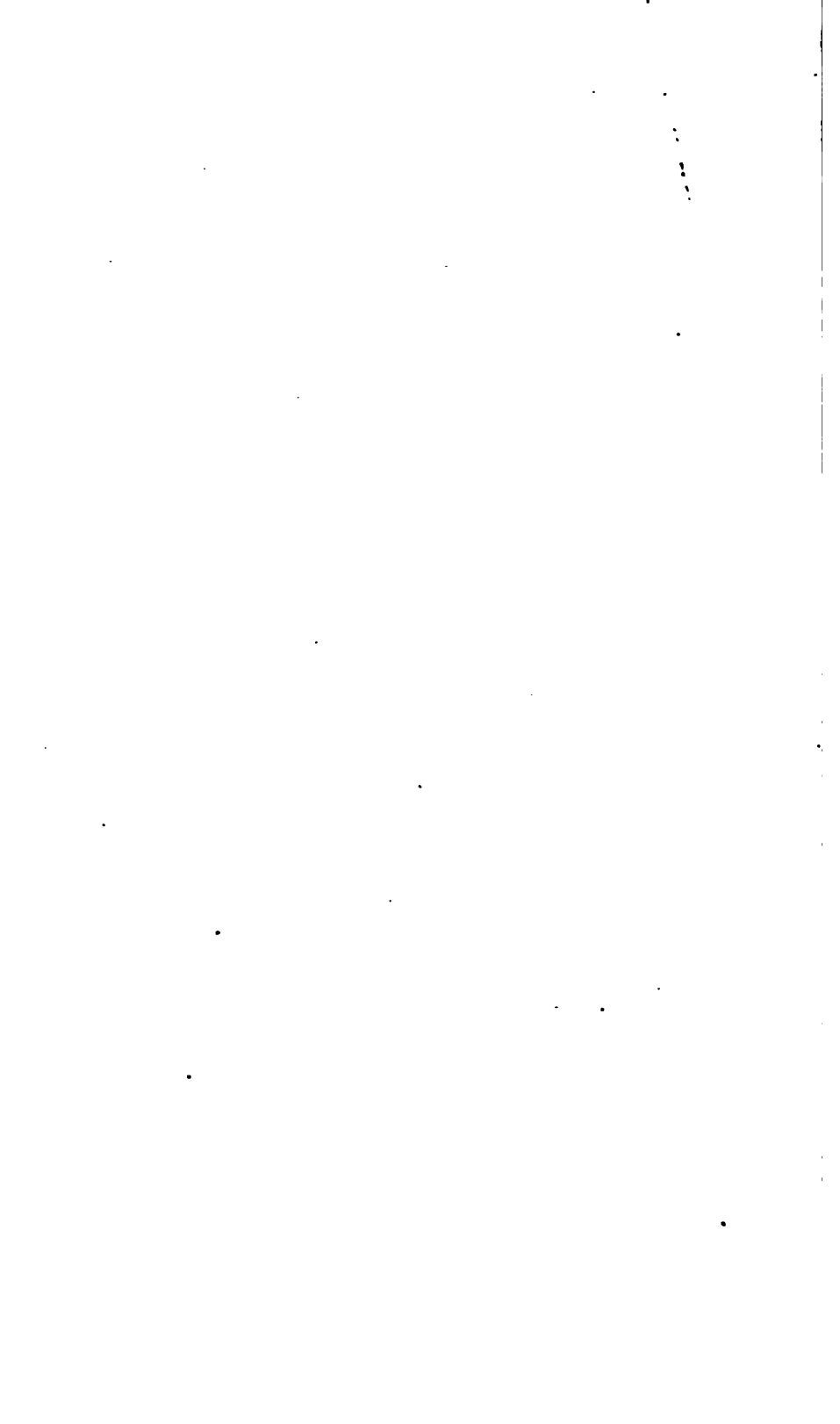


THE HARBOR OF HULL

FROM THE
 TOWER OF THE
 GREAT HARBOR LIGHT

THE HARBOR OF HULL

THE HARBOR OF HULL



THE

Knickerbocker,

OR



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No. 1.

PERIODICITY OF DISEASES.

In a former communication, we gave a detailed account of certain experiments which tended to prove that 'all nature was *not* alive,'—'that all animated beings were not mere congeries of minute living bodies. By a number of well-conducted experiments, the result proved, that all the *interstices* of space, whether of the water, air, earth, or space—whether of inert or animated matter—were filled with animal and vegetable life: that these minute animalculæ exist in these interstices, and are attached to their surfaces, both in the larvæ and perfect state: that even the living human eye, is filled with them, their motion and presence being plainly discernible. Of the substances which formed the base of two hundred and eighty-eight experiments, honey and oil alone appeared to be exempt from the action of these minute and almost invisible class of beings.'

These being facts, on the accuracy of which the strictest reliance can be placed, the natural question then occurs of the duration of life of these animalcules, or atoms. If the following remarks can throw any new light on this subject, we trust that the French *savans* will take the matter into their own hands, and pursue the investigation zealously. We are confident that it is within the power of science to set this question at rest.

All fevers, of whatever type they may be, whether endemics, epidemics, or accidental, have a definite term of action, varying but slightly from the regular period. Fevers of a peculiar class, such as are denominated chills-and-fever, return periodically. They occur generally, every third day; but when the system is weakened by repeated attacks, they appear sometimes every day, and in extreme cases, twice in the twenty-four hours. These are the simplest kinds of fever, and are more under the control of medical skill than those of a different nature.

There are a variety of fevers which can take possession of the animal frame at pleasure; some few of a different character can never disturb the system but once: these are measles, whooping-cough, mumps, small-pox, and chicken-pox. The period of their influence over the human frame can be ascertained with singular exactness, owing to their character being contagious or infectious.

The term of life, in man, varies according to circumstances, but the average among all civilized nations is the same. This uniformity is easily accounted for, as the organic structure throughout the whole human family is the same, and it is only among barbarous nations, where there are great extremes of climate, that man does not live out his term—the threescore years and ten. With inferior animals the case is different, as the variety is endless, and as we descend in the scale,

thought can scarcely conceive of their numbers, and the variety of their organization.

Although animals themselves are a countless host, yet there are myriads of insects which find a birth-place for their progeny, as well as food to sustain themselves, on every individual of the animal species. These insects, in their turn, are infested by others still smaller, and, finally, our limited vision, even with the most powerful glasses, can only trace them to the animated molecules, being the smallest yet discovered of what are termed infusory animals. There can be no doubt that there are living beings still smaller, and the mind turns from the subject abruptly, when it considers, that though we can comprehend the magnitude of beings far greater than those which the earth has ever yet seen, we shrink with awe at the thought that there must be animated life a thousand times smaller than any yet discovered!

Animal substances, whether active or inert, from the body of man to those small specks of almost questionable locomotive powers, are the proper food for all organic animated matter. Accordingly, it is not surprising, when experiment and observation prove, that if the larger animals feed on those which are smaller and weaker, there are others of insignificant size which have the power, not only of annoying, but of destroying the life, not alone of the mammoth but of the elm.

Plants, numberless as they are, and different as they are in structure and character, are assailed by as great a variety of enemies, as the animal tribe. Plants not only serve as a birth-place for millions of insects, but for food, likewise. The same pabulum which causes the growth and health of a plant, nourishes and sustains locomotive, atomic life. Whilst that invigorating pabulum is present, the green slime of stagnant water—the lowest in the scale of vegetation—gives birth to myriads of pestilential animalcules, of a longevity and active force proportionate to the quantity of nourishment that the precarious and fragile texture on which they harbor can supply.

The energies of this destructive, invisible class are not confined to the sphere on which they were generated. When in their perfect state, they can change their location like the insects in the dust of old cheese, which is an animal substance; they live equally well, and increase in numbers, in the dust of old figs, (a vegetable substance,) for these two insects are precisely the same. The malignant animalculæ can accommodate themselves to a nourishment far different from that which first sustained them. It is probable, that the same race which would produce the fevers incident to marshy places, might, under different circumstances, when rioting on more luxuriant food, produce the diseases called yellow fever, or cholera.

Water, air, and in fact all inert and organic animated matter, serve as birth-places to the smallest of organized bodies. We can easily imagine, that if a suitable effluvium were present, how fearfully destructive their accumulated numbers would be, if their station were in the atmosphere. We know that water, which receives but little injury from the action of large bodies that are passing through it, becomes impure, and undergoes a material change, when filled with the infusory animalcules.

Man, although he has by his ingenuity and intelligence succeeded in preventing noisome and offensive vermin from annoying and injuring

his own person externally, and partially internally, yet he daily falls a victim to the destructive influence of an invisible race — of the very smallest of all that is created — those which swarm, unseen, in the atmosphere, in water, in his apparel, and *throughout the circulation of his own body.*

As length of life and gestation vary so much in visible animals, so likewise does it vary in the smallest that we yet know. Some insects — the locust — of which several kinds are known — are from seven to seventeen years in passing from the egg to the winged or perfect state. The beetle, an endless variety, from the egg to the fly, live from a single day to three years. The curculio, of which there are many varieties, have three or four generations in a season. Then come a million of others — mere ephemera — whose span of life is scarcely an hour. But whether it be one hour or seventeen years, the change from the egg to the fly is always performed in the same period of time, by every individual of the same species, provided the principle which stimulates life to action be present.

Certain seeds, when peculiar excitement is withheld, lie for a number of years without germinating, sometimes for a century; whereas, in a suitable temperature, they will vegetate in the regular time. This is likewise the case with the eggs of the minute infusory animalcules. Dried plants, kept in paper for more than a century, will be found to have a number of these eggs on them, all of which become animated at the end of three or more days after being steeped in water, even if the water be distilled. The eggs of the common hen are vivified in twenty-one days, but if they are kept at a low temperature, from the air, they will remain for a much longer period without losing the vital principle.

But, however long the time may be that vitality is suspended, still, when the proper stimulants are present — heat and moisture — the period for the emerging of the plant or insect is the same: the vivification is as certain as the diurnal motion of the sun.

The eggs or larvæ of pestilential animalcules exist in great abundance, *at all times*, in low, damp, fenny places, and in the dense effluvium that arises from the multifarious depositions of animal and vegetable matter which unavoidably accumulate around wharves and unventilated places. These pestilential animalcules lie inert at a low temperature, and are but slightly malignant at the hottest periods, unless they have a suitable medium for the full development of their energies. This medium may not always exist in the neighbourhood, but of whatever nature it is, we are certain that when it *does* make its appearance — when some foreign substance is wafted to the spot — bilious, yellow, and other malignant fevers, are the result.

One fact is forced upon our observation — that the *virus*, which gives this additional malignity to the energies of the minute animalcules, does not always exist in one spot — is not the result of local combination. Nor when it is imported, does it always show its peculiarly destructive character. There is no doubt that this peculiar virus — for so it appears we must call what in fact is the larvæ of animalcules — is imported every year from hotter climates, but the union with the domestic species does not take place, unless suitable facilities occur. Heat and moisture, stagnation of air, and several other favorable

circumstances must combine to produce those terrible diseases which cause immediate annihilation.

The laws which belong to organization, apply as well to the structure and motion of these invisible animalcules, as to those of the mammoth. These minute creatures live, sustain themselves, and deposit their eggs, by the regulation of a settled principle—all of the same species, in the same order of time—just as occurs to the locust and the vine-fetter, the former being vivified from three to seventeen years, and the latter, like all ephemera, from one hour to twenty-four. As water and air are filled with animated monads, (these invisible insects have yet no name,) millions are swallowed in every draught of water, and millions are drawn into the system with every breath. This being the case, what may be the result of their admission into the circulation?

When the human system is in perfect health, the effect of the centrifugal power of this system is to expel all extraneous matter; this is done either through the lungs or through the pores—for breath and perspiration, when submitted to the microscope, show the presence of animalcules. But if the lungs are inflamed, what then becomes of the myriads of animalcules which breed, and move, and live in the human body!

By recent experiment, it is found that the stomach, or digestive organ, has no power over the vitality of certain species of the vermin and reptile tribes. They can have free ingress, and the aggravated cases of infantile fevers are often owing to their retention in the system. It is when the circulation is unable to expel the minute infusory or invisible animalcules from the body by the usual outlets, that they exert a malignant influence over us—and as their numbers increase, so is there an increase of the pestilential virus, or fatal action. There are millions of animalcules that live and die in us.

Keeping all this in view, and allowing that any living organized thing has its own proper period of time allotted for the vivification of the egg, or larvæ, it is fair to conclude, that if the animalcules which are drawn into the system, are of a class to be vivified every third, fourth, ninth, or fourteenth day, then the vastness of the brood, thus rendered active, may produce those fevers which are called tertians, intermittent, bilious, and putrid. This theory would naturally and philosophically account for the regular return of fevers—a phenomenon which cannot be explained in any other way.

There is another question still for philosophy to solve. Why is it that certain diseases can only disturb the human system once? Whooping-cough, measles, mumps, chicken-pox and small-pox, rarely make their appearance in the same subject more than once. Animalcules get into the system through the lungs, going immediately into the circulation,—producing bilious and other fevers; others, again, enter *through the lungs and pores*, thus causing infectious and contagious fevers. The vivification of the eggs of the former may be different from the latter, requiring no particular nidus to bring their young into life. The animalcules that enter by the inlets of the lungs and pores are perhaps so constructed as that a very peculiar *nest* is necessary to the full development of their offspring.

The queen-bee lays the eggs of the neuter or working-bee first; then those of the drones, and lastly those of queen-bees. The supposition

is, that if there be a deficiency of queen-bees for a new colony, the bees convert a neuter into a queen-bee. But this is a monstrous error, for no instinct has the power of *creating* new organs. The *extra* eggs of the queen-bees are deposited in the neuters' cell, where they perish *for the want of a suitable nidus or nest in which to elongate and breathe*. As soon as a queen is wanted, the instinct of the bees leads them to enlarge the cells of these embryo queen-bees attaching to them a *hanging* cell, into which, if the process has not been too long delayed, the queen-bee chrysalis protrudes itself, and from which it emerges.

Infectious and contagious animalcules — or rather, those which produce diseases that are communicated to others — may require, like the queen-bee, a peculiar cell for the deposition of their eggs. Can it be that a rupture or destruction of the delicate, minute, absorbent, or secretive vesicles, takes place during the period of hatching? — thus closing the entrance, as it were, to a new eruption of this particular animalculæ, which, finding no suitable place in which to deposit their eggs, can have no deleterious effect on the human system? A young orchard cannot thrive in the same field from which an old one has just been removed, because the old trees have absorbed all the nourishment necessary to a very young tree. A new legion of malignant animalcules cannot establish a colony where a former one has committed its ravages, for the old colony had destroyed all the facilities which are requisite to the birth and action of a new horde. The nests — the very birth-places — have been lacerated, and have disappeared. The animalculæ, therefore, perish, although they may succeed in getting admission.

G.

TO A WARM WIND IN WINTER.

Low, sweet wind, whose melody
Floats along the rippled sea,
Why, to ride the curling foam,
Didst thou leave thy pleasant home?
For thy motion soft and slow,
And thy voice so sweet and low,
Tell of milder climes than this,
Far beyond the blue abyss!

Dost thou come from Araby,
Where eternal summers be?
Or where over ocean isles
Everlasting verdure smiles?
Sporting under spicy trees,
Singing where the roses blow, —
Couldst thou leave them, wandering breeze,
For the land of cold and snow?

Dost thou bring from Eastern bowers
Tidings of the birds and flowers?
For the birds away have flown, —
And the flowers are shrunk and gone!
Go, and tell them how we long
For the roses and the song;
Now, sweet wind, I warn thee, go, —
Here is only cold and snow!

L

THE PRICE OF GLORY.

IO PAN! — wreath the laurel, —
 Fill the cup, the banners wave!
 Champions of a kingdom's quarrel
 Wait the honors due the brave.
 Give rich gifts, — a robe of honor,
 Power and place, to him who led, —
 For a nation is the donor —
 Feed him with its orphans' bread!
 Strew the streets with fragrant blossoms,
 Through them drag the hero's car;
 Late he trode o'er bleeding bosoms,
 On the crimsoned plains of war.
 Ye whose children, fathers, brothers,
 Pave his fields, be ye its steeds;
 Widowed wives and childless mothers,
 Shout ye as the chariot speeds!

Let each lip be curved with pleasure, —
 Let each eye beam bright with glee:
 What are tears, and blood, and treasure,
 Poised against a victory?
 When a nation's ear astounded
 With triumphant pæns rings,
 What are thousands killed and wounded?
 Men were made to die for Kings!
 What though fields late rich with culture
 Are by war's sirocco scathed?
 What though carrion-seeking vulture
 In a sea of gore hath bathed?
 Blot such trifles from the story
 Of renown so nobly gained;
 Still must bud the tree of Glory,
 Though its roots be blood-sustained!

Build a temple to Ambition,
 Base it on an empire's wreck,
 Ye who bow in meek submission
 At a sceptred despot's beck.
 Search earth's bosom for the slaughtered,
 And with bones that there he hid
 Of the millions it has martyred,
 Pile the ghastly pyramid!
 From the days when Northern Alric
 On the Roman eagles trod
 To the era — more chivalric —
 Of the Gallic Demigod, —
 Could the harvest of 'the sleepers'
 From Death's garner be restored,
 We should find his mightiest reapers
 Wore the battle-axe and sword!

But the victors! — they whose madness
 Made the world a type of hell,
 Was it theirs in peace and gladness
 Mid the wreck they made, to dwell?
 Ask the walls where Sweden's Monarch
 Mourned Pultowa's overthrow;
 Ask the rock of Gallia's Anarch
 Hark! their echoes thunder — 'No!'
 Conquest's sword is only glorious,
 When the blood with which it streams,
 (Ransom of a land victorious,
 Nature's chartered right redeems.
 When, by France no longer cherished,
 Fades the memory of her son,
 Not a blossom will have perished
 In thy garland — WASHINGTON!

THE DRAMA:

HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO ITS MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

THE early history of the drama is so involved in the mists of obscurity and contradiction, that little of satisfactory evidence can be adduced in illustration of our theme. Rich fragments of some of its earliest masters have been preserved, and history furnishes partial details of its magnificence and influence; yet much is necessarily left to the imagination, in filling up the outline of facts relative to the ancient drama. We may, indeed, picture the assembled thousands of critical spectators, ranged in those vast arenas which even now, in their ruined desolation, are the admiration of the world. We may imagine the rapturous applause with which these admiring throngs greeted the favourite passages of an *Æschylus*, a *Sophocles*, an *Euripides*, or an *Aristophanes*; we may conceive something of the effect produced by those gorgeous spectacles which were incorporated into the ancient drama, improving the intellect and forming the taste of the spectators: but it is impossible, at this remote period, to divest the accounts handed down to us from a similarity to those glowing fictions of oriental romance which charm the imagination of early youth. Much, however, is left us, which bears the stamp of authenticity; and it shall be our aim to condense and adapt these facts so as to bear upon the subject, the illustration of which we have undertaken in the present paper.

From the earliest periods of the world, events of importance to the country where they occurred, were celebrated in the rude but glowing language of poetry, alike inciting to acts of devotion or intrepidity, the warrior, the patriot, and the peasant. In time, these rudely-constructed strains assumed a more connected form, and the superstructure of the drama arose from this imperfect foundation.

The first notice on record of the formation of poetry into a dramatic character, is in the exhibitions of *Thespis*, who introduced into the sacred hymns or songs, which were instituted to the honor of *Bacchus*, a personage who relieved the chorus or troops of singers, by narrating some well known history or adventure, termed the episode. From the fascination and interest created by this mode of entertainment, the chorus or song became eventually an inconsiderable part of the drama, although it was for many ages considered a necessary and ornamental auxiliary. Nothing satisfactory for our immediate purpose can be traced from the time of *Thespis*, until the appearance of *Æschylus*, who has been termed by historians, the 'Father of the Drama.' He appears to have sustained the triple character of poet, actor, and manager,—and having like a tender parent endowed his offspring with every mental accomplishment, he also added the graces of external ornament to the child he had thus successfully reared. He clothed the drama in its most splendid habit—reared appropriate buildings for her reception—and called in the aid of the sister arts to heighten and improve the effects she was soon destined to produce. The great masters of the art, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Aristophanes*, carefully studying the models created by *Æschylus*, and possessing superior skill and genius, completed that perfection in the ancient drama, which subsequently pro-

duced among the Greeks and Romans such a devotional attachment to theatrical entertainments, as to make the enjoyment of this amusement one of the chief ends of their existence. Dramatic authors in those days were rewarded by public honors while living, and national mourning was decreed at their death. Their influence over the people was unbounded; they seized each passing event to stimulate the valor and patriotism of their countrymen; they castigated every departure from principle in their rulers, and marked each prevalent folly by pointed satire and ridicule; thus assuming a power over the multitude to which a ready submission was yielded—and their labours were rewarded with honors scarcely inferior to the veneration bestowed upon the gods of their mythology.

After the introduction and subsequent establishment of the Christian faith, the drama appears to have suffered a temporary extinction of its splendor. It was, however, soon resuscitated, and became a powerful engine in the hands of the Romish Church. Religion did not hesitate to call in its aid, and by the instrumentality of the 'Mysteries' and 'Moralities,' succeeded in converting and confirming many of its earliest devotees.

It appears by a manuscript in the Harleian Library, quoted by Bishop Warton, that these rude dramas were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that 'one of the Popes granted a pardon of a thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays represented during the Whitsun week at Chester.' It is further on record, that these mysteries and moralities were used as successful inciters to the first crusaders, in their chivalrous and devotional resolve of subjugating the enemies of the cross. The performers in these sacred dramas were at first the most distinguished characters of the age—generally ecclesiastics—who incorporated themselves into fraternities, under the title of 'Brothers of the Passion.' The subjects represented in the mysteries were usually of a religious tendency, and although in this age they may be considered as nearly blasphemous in their character, the Deity being frequently impersonated, yet at the period which drew them into existence they served to convey to the uninformed spectators a knowledge of religious subjects, which, in the absence of education, could not be derived from better sources. Subjects from scriptural history afforded the materials for these representations, and the chief incidents in the life and death of the Messiah were exhibited to stimulate the piety and devotion of the otherwise uninstructed multitude. 'The Moralities' were equally useful in conveying to the people knowledge, which, without such instruction, was beyond their reach. Every passion or emotion was personified in these moralities, by characters resembling the deities of the heathen mythology,—and the mind was gradually brought acquainted with the machinery of thought, by witnessing these embodiments of its latent springs of action. Here we may again pause in our historical record, to notice the powerful influence of the drama, in this its rudest form. We behold it inciting to acts of devotional bravery the semi-barbarous race of that age—we see it arousing the slumbering genius of the period, and enlightening the superstitious and ignorant mass which composed the communities of that era.

It will sufficiently answer our proposed end, to confine ourselves more particularly to the progress of the drama of our mother tongue, — comprising, as it does, the choicest specimens of the art, and in its influence exhibiting the same characteristics which may be traced in every civilized nation.

The Elizabethan age called into action those master spirits of the British drama who gave to its character that proud distinction which has justly been the pride of succeeding periods. The powers of Ford, Shirley, Marston, Rowley, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, 'rare Ben Jonson,' and the almost superhuman Shakspeare, completed the formation of the English drama, — while, closely following this constellation of talent, a rival nation produced a Corneille, a Racine, and a Molière; Spain boasted its Calderon, and Lope de Vega, — and Italy was graced by a Metastasio.

The domination of the puritans during the commonwealth chilled the rising influence which the drama had previously acquired. Fanaticism could not stand the test of the drama's powerful satire. Hence we find, that during this period, plays and players were interdicted by public ordinances, and the stigma attached to the professors of the histrionic art in those days has descended even to our own time — how justly is perhaps a question — ranking, as it has done, among its members, genius and worth that might safely claim equality with the distinguished of any of the liberal professions.

Such was the state of the drama, during the dominion of fanaticism in England. But what brilliancy of talent — what splendid illuminations in science — what perfection in the arts — do we perceive arise in consequence of this extinction of the drama? None! Milton, indeed, shone like a dazzling star irradiating the blackened horizon through the rifts of a winter storm: but his genius was left for after ages to appreciate, and the stupendous work which admiring nations have read with rapture and delight, was treated with contemptuous neglect by the age over which it still casts the redeeming mantle of its own single glory! With the return of the 'merry Charles,' theatres and players resumed their sway, and consequent influence. Genius and wit again appeared in their train, — tinctured, however, with a grossness and licentiousness which have given to the opponents of the drama some of their severest reproaches against its moral tendency. But is the drama alone chargeable with perversion? The page of history, our daily experience, sufficiently show, that things innocent, nay salutary, in themselves, may be perverted to the basest ends, and yet, in the abstract, they remain unchanged in their value.

The temporary intoxication of the period last glanced at, was speedily sobered by the purer geniuses of the succeeding reigns, who obtained for a portion of that era the emphatic denomination of the 'Augustan age.' What a galaxy of talent, genius, wit, and learning, is concentrated in the list of dramatic writers of that period! Otway, Rowe, Dryden, Southerne, Lee, Congreve, Wycherly, Farquar, Mallet, Hughes, Philips, and the unrivalled Addison, — all lend their aid to resuscitate the fallen dignity of the British stage. They enriched the drama with some of its choicest gems, and have procured for their memory the never-dying admiration of each succeeding age.

In later periods, the drama appears to have lost somewhat of that

vigorous cast of character, and that beauty of conception, with which preceding writers had so luxuriantly embellished it. Yet occasionally the choicest specimens of literary talent shed a lustre over its career. Murphy, Macklin, and Sheridan, followed the writers last quoted, and still hold possession of the stage, by the fidelity of their portraiture to nature, and the classic wit which designate their productions. Tobin, Maturin, Knowles, and a Bird, with others of acknowledged powers, bring us to our times, and are apt illustrations of our position, that the intellectual influence of the drama is, under every circumstance, most powerful.

It is indeed to be lamented, by every true lover of the drama, that while society is undergoing a rapid increase in knowledge and refinement, the stage, so far as mental qualities are concerned, is retrograding. 'Inexplicable dumb-show and noise' have too frequently usurped the place once so advantageously held by the brightest emanations of human genius. Managers are too frequently charged with this deterioration of the drama's legitimate province. It should, however, be remembered, that

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;'

and while the conductors of theatres are made to feel that worst of theatrical evils, 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' attendant on the representations of the sterling drama, they are surely justifiable in calling to their aid melo-drama, spectacle, and buffoonery, if such exhibitions are more in accordance with the taste of the age. Yet even these innovations on the legitimate drama have not been without their influence on the taste of society. The attention now paid to scenic embellishment — the correct and splendid costume — the costly decorations of our modern drama — all, imperceptibly, perhaps, but in a degree no less certain, — aid in forming and improving the taste of the present play-going community.

Having thus rapidly sketched the rise and progress of the drama, and endeavoured to establish the position that its *intellectual* influence on society has been extensive, we shall now attempt to analyze the causes which produce this influence, and shall also hazard a proof of its *moral* tendency.

The chief excellence of dramatic composition consists in its portraying, with truth and propriety, the manners and passions of mankind. No other composition, (we speak of the acted drama,) can raise those strong emotions, which are elicited by this 'mirror of nature,' faithfully depicting the human passions — their gradual development, and their direful effects, when suffered to become preponderant. No other means so distinctly convey to us *ideas* and *things*, as dramatic representations. We behold *ourselves*, as it were, embodied in the mimic scene before us, and find our thoughts and actions — nay, the very springs of thought and action — brought palpably to our sight. For the cultivation of taste, the acted drama presents facilities of no ordinary character. The sister arts are generally so harmoniously blended in these representations, that we have in them at one grasp the very essence of the arts.

✓ *Music*, adapted to, or assisting *poetry* of the highest order, spreads its glowing and soul-subduing influence over our best feelings and affec-

tions, while *painting* illustrates and realizes the vivid conceptions which her magic sisters have created. 'Who,' it may here be asked, 'can listen to the powerful language—the discriminative excellence—the inimitable personification of character—and the poetical beauties, contained in our best dramatic authors, and not feel a growing expansion of intellect—a progressive improvement in knowledge?'

Its *power* over society is so extensive, that all governments of a despotic character have dreaded its influence, unless rendered by them the engine to propagate their doctrines, or perpetuate their power. We need but refer to the rigid supervision which surrounds the acted drama, in all monarchical countries, at present, to establish the fact of its importance.

Its *utility* in civilized society, may also be advocated, on political grounds. In all populous cities, where commerce and industry are furnishing the means of obtaining wealth and consequent indulgence in luxury, the minds of the rich may become too absorbed in their wealth and enjoyments, and the laboring portion of community may grow dissatisfied at viewing their relative position in society, or revel in gross dissipation. What means can more effectually correct the laxity of one class, or calm the angry feelings of the other, than dramatic representations? It is recorded of Cardinal Borromeo, that upon assuming the archbishopric of Milan, he denounced theatrical amusements, closed the theatres, and banished the actors. What was the result? The people, deprived of their favorite entertainments, and thereby thrown upon their resources for recreation, rushed into the commission of the most flagrant crimes, and a total depravity of character ensued. The cardinal became sensible that the multitude must have their recreations. He restored to them their theatres, and dramatic amusements—and again society assumed a healthful tone. Somewhat similar effects may be remarked, during the extinction of theatres in the time of Cromwell. Anarchy, fanaticism, and gloomy prejudices, characterize the features of society during that period—equally detrimental to the interests of true religion as the commission of crimes which have not its name for a palliative and excuse.

Of the *moral* influence of the drama, and its reverse tendency, much has been written. We may safely hazard the assertion, that its moral influence is tenable, when it is under judicious regulation.

Blair has pronounced tragedy to be 'a high and distinguished species of composition, which in its general tendency is favorable to virtue.' He quotes also the opinion of Aristotle, who declares: 'Tragedy is intended to purge our passions, by the means of pity and terror,'—or, in other words, to improve and correct our lives. That such might be its effects, few unprejudiced minds will deny. In our rapid historical sketch of the drama, we have seen it the scourge of vice, folly, and profligacy,—the inciter to, and rewarder of, patriotism, courage, and virtue,—and such might still be the influence of a well-governed stage.

The best specimens of dramatic composition invariably represent virtue in favorable colors,—enriched with every beauty which sentiment and feeling can bestow. Vice is portrayed in all the hideous aspects which it is its peculiar characteristic to assume. We have exhibited before us the latent springs which prompt the wretched slave

of passion and malignity to barter his eternal hopes for horror and despair. We view the gradual development of crime,—we shudder at the final close of the guilty career,—we rejoice at the triumph of virtue: and all the kindly feelings of our nature are aroused to a renewed energy of action by the glowing scenes we have beheld.

If satire be the object of the drama, how powerfully can it wield the pointed shaft! Embodying the follies it aims to correct, they are reflected with such unerring accuracy, that the most obtuse mind cannot fail to recognise the picture. In accomplishing these varied powers of drama, the whole range of created matter was within its grasp. The boundless beauties of nature have been seized upon to aid its decoration, and increase its effects,—the highest efforts of poetic talent have upheld its glory, and enriched its stores, by their splendid genius, and their laurel'd fame.

These we conceive to be the broad grounds upon which the moral and intellectual influence of the drama may be advocated. Its perversion to unworthy ends we are not champion enough to defend; but we do conscientiously believe with Chesterfield, that 'a well-governed stage is an ornament to society,—an encourager of wit and learning,—and a school of virtue and refinement.'

H.

SOLILOQUY

OF CROMWELL, AT THE BIER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

How calm he looks!—upon that high, clear brow
Nature hath set *her* seal of sovereignty.
Heir of a noble race, I envy thee!
'Twas but a blow—and thine enfranchised soul
Fled to a realm where treason hath no place;
While I with smiling enemies am girt,
And 'neath this seeming plain and peaceful garb
Must wear a gaberdine of woven steel
To shield me from their swords. Oh! would to God
Around my heart such harness could be wrought,
And Conscience shoot its arrows there in vain!
Blest is the ruler, who a nation's love
Has for his throne's foundation: but for me
Fear is the only sceptre. Those I sway
Would turn and rend me, if I awed them not.
Well, what of that! And if the slaves obey,
More merit to the mind which curbeth them.
The reins of empire did not idly drop,
By chartered custom, in my open palm:
No reverend prelate bent in mitred pomp
To place a jewelled circlet on my brow,
Or lave my head with consecrated oil.
I am mine own anointed: and although
I wear not as the type of sovereignty
A lineal bauble, I am not less a king.
Monarch, farewell! Thou sleepest peacefully
As he who planned thy ruin may not sleep.
The wrong thou hadst from me is well avenged:
Treachery without, and a still voice within,
Are its avengers. One I'm armed against—
The other, 'tis more difficult to quell;
But I can cloak it, and the vulgar herd
Who come around to flatter and to sue,
Shall still believe me the stern saint I seem.

THE LAPSE OF YEARS.

COME to thy native village, — for 'tis sweet,
 Howe'er an adept in the world's proud lore,
 To turn and trace the simplest elements
 Of hope and joy. See, there the favourite brook
 That sped the water-wheel, and gaily bore
 Thy tiny boat, — and there the broader pool
 Whose icy surface lur'd thee forth, to share
 Exciting sport, when winter touch'd the cheek
 With living crimson. Oft, yon hillock mark'd
 Thy hoop's fantastic round, — for still thy foot
 Was fleetest in the race, and thy clear voice
 Rang like a bugle, when the shout pealed high.
 — Thou canst not think so many years have fled,
 Since those good days.

See'st thou yon clamorous band,
 Hasting to school? Not one of these had touch'd
 Life's threshold, when thy manly arm was strong
 To crush the dangers in its pilgrim-path.
 Stretch forth thy hand and touch them, if thou needst,
 Like sceptic Thomas, such a proof to solve
 Thy doubt. Behold that blooming creature, full
 Of the sweet grace of perfect womanhood:
 Didst thou not take her oft-times in thine arms,
 When scarce a few scant moons had o'er her roll'd?
 Perchance, thou mayst remember how the nurse
 Would snatch her from thee, for thine uncouth and
 Skill'd not to yield her head its full support,
 And thy rough whiskered cheek, did frighten her.
 — Seekst thou thy playmates? There are hoary men,
 And matrons bowing 'neath their lot of care, —
 And some who highest bade the kite aspire,
 Have lowest sank to rest. Thou canst not feel
 What a stern robber Time hath been to thee;
 And yet, methinks, the officious eye might trace
 Some silvery tints amid thine own bright hair.
 — How silently the autumn's falling leaves
 Come drifting through the air. The snow-flake steals
 Scarce with a lighter foot. So fleet our years,
 And while we dream their greenness still survives,
 Amid the remnant of their withered pride,
 Our steps make sullen echo.

2

Yet the sheaf
 Looks not with envy toward its tassel'd germ,
 Nor the ripe peach bemoans its fallen flower;
 Why then should man his vanish'd morn regret?
 The day of duty is the day of joy,
 Of highest joy, such as the heavens do bless.
 So, keep perpetual summer in thy soul,
 And take the spirit's smile along with thee,
 Even to thy winding-sheet.

Yon lowly roof, —
 Thou knowst it well, and yet it seems more low
 Than it was wont to seem, — for thou hast been
 A denizen of loftier domes, and halls
 Meet for the feet of princes. Ask thou not
 For father or for mother, — they who made
 That humble home so beautiful to thee;
 But go thy way, and show to some young heart,
 The same deep love, — the same unchanging zeal
 Of pure example, pointing to the skies
 That nurtur'd thee. So shalt thou pay the debt
 To Nature's best affections and to God.

A CHAPTER ON SHARKING.

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR SETS FORTH HOW HE WENT FASTER AND FARTHER THAN HE ANTICIPATED, AND RETURNED SAFELY, NOTWITHSTANDING.

OF all the bright sands in Time's changing kaleidoscope, the brightest are those which mark the school-boy's vacation. These are your true diamonds, evanescent indeed, yet rife with the light of joyousness; and when they have passed away forever, the memory of their loveliness lingers like a heavenly twilight upon the mind, gilding the obscurations of after years, and fading at last only with our sublunary being. These are the golden sands, to which, in the school-boy's valuation, the treasures of Ophir are as the dust of the balance. How doth he gloat upon their pleasant sheen, as it gleams out from the nebulous horoscope! How doth his full heart sink within him, as he surveys the mass of leaden and drossy moments which must be numbered ere the transit of these brighter hours! How impatiently doth he chide their lingering fall, which realize to his 'hope deferred' the chronicling of an eternity! With what an 'itching palm' doth he long to shake the sluggish glass, and hasten the snail-paced advent of his emancipation! And when at last the *gurea atas* has dawned upon his expectancy, how sparkle his champagne spirits, as he springs away, exultingly, as an uncaged bird, from the task and the taskmaster of his cloistered youth! Dust shall gather for a season upon his forsaken tomes — the spider shall hang his deserted chamber with her filmy tapestry — the voice of the cricket shall echo mournfully from the cheerless hearth — and loneliness inhabit the haunts of the departed. Farewell, unerring Euclid! Far different lines and angles are now traced by thy unwilling disciple, — not on the dog-eared margin, nor on the dented black-board, — but on the sunny waters of brook or bay, where he muses pleasantly by mossy rock or green-wood tree, or heaves passively to the gentle motion of the rocking skiff. His tangent now is the lathsome bamboo, his sine the buoyant dobber, that taketh the gauge of bite or nibble. Farewell, Mæonian bard, and Mantuan, fare-thee-well! Your recreant worshipper now woos fairer Helens and Lavinias than those embalmed in your gorgeous ceremonies. Farewell, star-scaling Newton! With thy reluctant votary, other orbs with their softer attractions are in the ascendant, which perchance were never recked of in thy baccalaureate philosophy. The levity of vacation doth wag the head at thy sublimer gravity. Vacation! — charm of all charms the chief! Sweet poësie of time! — word from some blessed sphere to care unknown! Vacation! — bright cynosure of boyhood's laughing eye and El Dorado of its eager hopes — the Mecca of its pilgrim dreams — the term-time theme of every truant thought, — the synonym of all it prizes most, unbounded freedom and unfettered mirth!

But to my story, which, however piscatory, is nevertheless substantially true, and well worthy a better narrator.

It was during the last vacation of my third college year, that I found myself rustivating at the paternal residence of my chum and class-mate Ned Ashton. We were accustomed to spend these delightful holidays alternately at our respective homes. Though Ned was several years my senior, there existed the closest intimacy between us; and as we

were always as inseparable as substance and its 'contiguity of shade,' we had acquired the appropriate *soubriquet* of the Siamese. But aside from our dimidial companionship, we were far from being counterparts, since Ned was six-feet-two, without stretching, while I could hardly raise a perpendicular of five-feet-four, with a tall-crowned hat, and a tiptoe to boot. Like the antitheses in the old epigram,

'He looked just like a mile in length,
And I like a mile stone.'

Nor did we differ more in altitude, than in person and complexion. I was ruddy, and of a delicate chubbiness; he, bronzed and sallow, and exceeding thin and spare withal. Yet, notwithstanding this ghostly exility of figure, in all the athletic exercises of the gymnasium, in which, by-the-by, he engaged with the keen hilarity of boyhood, he had no equal. His feats of strength and agility were alike the wonder and admiration of us all; and yet they never seemed to cost him an effort, or awaken in him one feeling of conscious superiority. I remember one day, when we were all on the gymnasium, that a stalwart sophomore from Ohio, by a powerful effort, overleapt the hitherto unattained mark which Ned had made two years before. His fellows immediately set up a boisterous shout in glorification of their classmate's triumph. Ned had been ill for several days, and we were standing aside from the *melée*, quietly enjoying the merriment of the various groups around us. I looked at him despairingly, as the cry of 'Ohio against the world!' broke from the partisans of the successful Buckeye. 'Twas a gallant leap,' observed Ned, gathering up the long skirts of his slender doublet, and fetching three strides to the 'salient point,' he bounded like a stag full a yard beyond the *ne plus ultra* of his rival.

'You've been barking up the wrong tree, this time,' cried the good-natured Ohioan to his silent and crest-fallen applauders, 'and till some one of us gets his foot-handles strung with the thews of a panther, I guess we'd best let old Connecticut chalk out for us. I suspicion he's one of that bounding brotherhood, who, the Indians say, leaped over the Wabash and Mississippi as easily as a greyhound clears a log-fence.'

But to return. Ned and I were vacating as I have said, at his father's charming residence, situated in one of the loveliest valleys which look out upon Long-Island Sound. It was in the latter part of September. We had been confined to the house for several days by the 'equinoctial storm,' during whose tempestuous and protracted transit we had overhauled our fishing appliances and rifles, and indeed set in order all the appurtenances of our other out-door amusements. This done, we sat down perforce, and waited the pleasure of the boisterous elements to release us from our impatient durance. For the equanimity we displayed on this occasion, silence were the safest eulogy. We were enfranchised at last, however, and by one of the loveliest mornings that ever dispelled the twofold dreariness of night and storm. As the sun wheeled up from behind the low woodlands of Rhode-Island, he seemed to rejoice that there was not a cloud in the whole horizon to obstruct the full tide of his glorious effulgence. The air was like a liquid and impalpable crystal, bright and clear as empyreal ether. So perfect was its translucency, that the remotest objects within the scope of vision, showed to the eye in all the distinctness of comparative proxi-

mity. The rocky outline of the neighboring islands and promontories seemed to have been chiseled but yesterday, so sharply were their rough features defined; while the tall light-house on Montauk, far away across the sound, towered up against the clear sky as distinctly as at a league's distance. This singular aerial transparency seems peculiar to the first few weeks of our autumnal season, — soon to be contrasted with that equally beautiful phenomenon, the mellow, dreamy, ethereal haziness which characterizes the period of our Indian summer.

The atmosphere was not only thus clear and effulgent, but calm and bland as the breath of a slumbering angel. Not a breeze was on the wing, and the sphered rain-drops lay stirlessly glistening in the cups of the pale flowers of autumn, waiting the warmer kisses of the sun to exhale their radiant incense. A few frosts had already fallen upon the foliage, and their subtle alchemy had converted the uniform verdure of summer into innumerable bright tints, which clothed the whole landscape as with the vesture of a thousand rainbows. Every tree, and bush, and herb, seemed arrayed as if for a gorgeous masquerade — some in robes of richest crimson, others in garniture of regal scarlet, but most in draperies of varying gold. Nor was the charm of music wanting to complete the scene. Many a familiar bird still lingered amid the haunts of its summer joyousness, and poured out its plaintive matins in that soft and melancholy tone in which affection warbles 'home, sweet home,' when passing from its portal forever. The ocean, too, seemed instinct with the spirit of tranquillity which brooded over earth and air. It exhibited far less commotion than is usual after the equinoctial tempest. The wind, indeed, had lulled early the preceding night, and when morning dawned, the tired billows were slowly sinking to repose. Altogether, it was a scene to steal into a susceptible heart, soothing its troubled emotions like the influence of a sweet opiate — a scene to make one in love with the beauty of external nature, and grateful that his lot was cast in so pleasant a province of this breathing universe.

After breakfast, Ned proposed that we should go on a fishing excursion among the nearest islands. 'We'll take the rifles along,' said he, 'so that if Neptune prove unpropitious, we may try what feathered favors Jupiter shall vouchsafe us. Old Hal shall be our coxswain, and when we grow weary, we'll get him to spin us a yarn or two by way of merry-making: his oceanic memory is a perfect spicery to the palate of an uninitiated terrene.'

Hal had been a sailor from early boyhood; had visited every clime, almost every port, between the poles; till at length, worn down by age, rendered premature by the hardships and jovial imprudences incident to his perilous avocation, and unable any longer to find employment as a seaman, his desolate situation had excited the ready sympathy of Mr. Ashton, who benevolently gave the old weather-beaten cosmopolite a home and quiet haven beneath his hospitable roof. Here he promptly evinced his gratitude in the performance of numerous little household offices within the easy exercise of his shattered powers. He was never so happy, however, as when abroad upon the billows, which had been to him as boon companions from his earliest years. In one of his excursions upon the sound with Ned, they had picked up a beautiful boat, which had evidently been made by a master-workman, for some

wealthy amateur in aquatic amusements. It was a fairy craft, gracefully modelled, exquisitely finished, and of such airy lightness withal, that it seemed to spring away, at the impulse of wind or oar, with the fleetness of a startled deer. Ned had happily yclept it the 'Procellaria,' after that swift-winged and adventurous bird, whose 'home is on the deep' — whose delight, the wildest commotion of the elements. This was Hal's hobby — his home — his cynosure — 'the ocean to the river of his thoughts.' If his services were required at the house, there was no mistaking his whereabouts; for all knew that Hal and the Procellaria, like Chang and Eng, were sure to be found in a fraternal proximity.

Our arrangements having been completed, we proceeded to the beach, where we discovered old Hal snugly ensconced in the boat, with a fine stock of bait, and a viaticum of substantial refreshments, adequate to a protracted voyage round Cape Cod.

'What have we here, commodore?' cried Ned, as he leaped over the gunwale, and plumped upon a prodigious coil of rope.

'Nothing but a queer kind of a grappling-iron, and a bit of spun-yarn to keep it from losing overboard in a squall,' replied the good-natured tar, with more than his usual animation. 'D'ye see, Sir, when I was down to the borough this morning, I heard say there was a grampus or so in the offing, and thinking you'd like to see how we do things off Greenland, I borrowed a harpoon for the 'casion, and have rigged her as crank as a Nantucketer.'

'Good!' shouted Ned, boisterously, 'good! my brave Palinure; and if you'll just harness our craft to such a courser, and give us a morning's airing upon the sound, you shall be sole owner and captain of the Procellaria, forever, and a day after. Give us the oars, and let's away.'

'No, no, Mr. Nedward,' returned Hal, anagrammatically, 'I must take the oars myself, for that blamed line gale has kept me in bilboes such a dog's age, that I long to try how 't will feel to wing the little petrel again. You take the helm, and let your shipmate stow himself away there in the bows so 's to keep her trim, and if old Hal don't show a sea-serpent's wake, blame me! — Cast off there, and give me room to set my nets!' — and as he bowed his sinewy and still vigorous frame to the oar, the little bark sprang away as if instinct with our own buoyant spirits.

We were soon off the eastern extremity of Fisher's Island. Around us stretched the beautiful bay of Stonington, formed on the one hand by the rocky peninsula of that ancient and chivalrous borough, and on the other by the low, sandy cape at the south-western verge of Rhode-Island. It was flood-tide, and as the calm still continued, the expanse over which we were gliding seemed a plain of molten silver, bright, smooth, and motionless, save at the mighty lift of the ground-swell, whose solemn pulsations heaved beneath us, at regular intervals, like the heart of a slumbering giant. Now and then the burnished surface was broken by the dark form of the unwieldy porpoise, as he rose to view and disappeared, with a sluggish somerset, from 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day.' Flocks of black ducks floated idly upon the sunny waters; multitudes of white gulls careered in graceful evolutions above, while high in mid-air an occasional osprey might be seen, hover-

ing for a moment on poised wings, then plunging like a bolt sheer into the silent depths, in pursuit of its scaly prey. Here and there a becalmed smack lay basking in the golden light, with all its white sails glassed in the liquid mirror beneath, while the jovial song and the merry jest came ringing across the bay from its winding shores, where groups of hardy fishermen were preparing for their exciting toil.

As the young leviathan we were seeking was no where to be seen, we concluded to pay our less ambitious addresses to his smaller brethren of the deep, and having cast anchor accordingly, we commenced operations on the porgies, black-fish, flounders, *et id omne genus* of small fry. We had not fished long, however, before I cried out that my line was entangled at the bottom, and could n't be extricated.

'Ha! ha! — Davy Jones has got holt the eend on't, then,' laughed Hal, 'or else you've snubbed a turkle; for the devil of a rock is there in a hundred fathom of us to make fast to. Let me take an observation in that quarter, Mr. Landon;' and taking the line, he hauled it taut over his fore-finger, and then scanned it for a few seconds with all the grave tangibility with which the physician feels the pulse of his patient. 'Jest as I guessed,' continued the old piscator, with a knowing chuckle, cautiously and with no little exertion drawing in foot by foot the stretched and quivering line; 'jest as I guessed, my hearties; if there is'n't life at both eends of this 'ere yarn, then I'm as dead as a smoked herring.' As he pronounced the last word, his unknown antagonist rose to view — an enormous skate-fish, almost equalling in circumference an ordinary coach-wheel. It would seem that I had accidentally fastened the hook into one of his lateral, bat-like extremities, and hence the difficulty of raising him to the surface horizontally, or in plain palaver, flatwise.

'Hail, prince of Neptune! — Thane of anglers! — king!' cried Ned, with a bow of humorous obeisance toward me: 'henceforth let worthy Ike Walton hide his diminished head in thy august presence,' he continued, glancing at the unquiet monster that lay floundering and splashing before us.

'What shall we do with our unwieldy game?' inquired I; 'we can't get him into the boat without capsizing her.'

'Up anchor, and let's tow him ashore; 'twill be a rare sight to the uninitiated — *monstrum horrendum, informe ingens, mirabile visu.*'

We had scarcely re-shipped the little kedge, before we discovered, at the distance of a furlong, the dark fin of some gigantic fish cleaving the smooth surface of the bay directly toward us.

'Shark! a white shark, by the gods!' exclaimed Hal, with startling emphasis on the first word, as he seized the harpoon, and planted himself firmly for the anticipated emergency.

'Haul in that lubberly skate nearer, Mr. Landon — nearer yet — there, that 'll do; 'vast now, and belay.'

To me it was a moment of fearful expectancy; for a fisherman had recently been attacked in his boat and devoured by one of these rapacious anthropophagi; but to my companions, judging from their animated countenances, the opening scene was one of intense and gratifying interest. There they both stood, braced and motionless as statues; the old harpooner with his brawny and bared right arm thrown back, poising the barbed and terrible missile clutched in his familiar grasp; while Ned's gaunt figure leaned over his left shoulder, his long rifle

outstretched at arm's length, and his dark eye glancing like a diamond along the burnished tube. On swept the greedy monster as with the speed of wings; but when within a few yards of his flouncing prey, he warily veered from his direct course, and spun several times round our motionless boat, as if reconnoitering its dangerous propinquity. At length his insatiate voracity triumphed over his wiser caution, and darting like an arrow upon his helpless victim, with one clasp of his shear-like jaws he literally *cut out* a huge segment of its living circumference. He had evidently reached some vital organ, for, after a brief yet violent struggle, the mangled carcass floated stirlessly upon the bubbling and incarnadined waters. So sudden was the creature's attack, and so immediate his recoil, while crouching his first gory mouthful, that no opportunity was offered for closing with him to advantage. Again he swept round us in a narrow circle, (I could have almost leaped upon his back from the boat,) but in the twinkling of an eye returned, and as he hung upon the bite for a moment as if to gloat on his tempting feast, a large portion of his huge body lay fairly exposed above the rippling surface.

'Philip's right eye!' shouted Ned, as he lodged a ball obliquely in the small fierce orb of the rapacious animal.

'Fair play and no gouging, my hearties,' responded the old whaleman, with a most grotesque grin of exultation, as his whizzing shaft was buried to the shank in the thick muscles of his terrible victim. 'I rather guess,' chuckled he, 'we shall be pretty consid'able near cronies for one cruise at least: you'll tow us into the offing any how, 'fore we part convoy, my larkin.'

'And up Salt River, perhaps,' interrupted Ned, with ominous jocularity.

The instant he was struck by his daring assailants, the maddened leviathan threw his whole length clear of the water, and falling with a frightful splash back into his native element, he shot away across the sound with an appalling velocity. I shall never forget the shuddering hiss of the coiled line as it was running out over the smoking gunwale of the little boat, which trembled the while like a living nerve, as if conscious of the peril momentarily awaiting her.

'Give way, for God's sake!' cried the excited harpooner, tossing an oar to Ned, and plying the other with might and main, 'give way—pull for dear life, my hearty! We must get headway on the petrel, or when that 'ere coil brings up, 'twill take the bow out of her—ay, her very eye-teeth.'

It was a fortunate idea of Hal's, for had we lain still a half minute longer, we should have been inevitably swamped, at the first strain of the spent warp. As it was, I looked upon a speedy wet jacket as a most rational probability, notwithstanding the vigorous remigration of my companions; but the little bark bowed herself to the shock without a groan or the fracture of a splinter, and darted away in the trail of her sea-charger with a breathless velocity.

'Aint she raal bunkum?' exclaimed Hal, hitching up his flabby waistband, and patting the polished taffrail with his sun-burnt hand. 'Blame my eyes, if I b'lieve a streak o' lightning could start a pin-feather out o' the little petrel. Keep her trim, my hearties; she goes it bravely; and d'ye see, Mr. Landon, steady the helm amidships, or the' —

But the caution came too late, for in changing my position at the moment, I had carelessly given the rudder an oblique direction, and the consequent resistance of the inert medium through which we were hurried with such reckless impetuosity, unshipped it in an instant.

'Ha! ha! commodore, your pet has lost a tail-feather,' laughed Ned: 'look out for closer plucking by-and-by, when we get into rougher latitudes.'

'The fresh-water!' muttered the veteran, nettled by my inadvertence, without seeming to notice the joke of his merry banterer. But the cloud passed from his swart countenance immediately, and was succeeded by the cheerful sunshine of his usual good-nature.

'Don't she go it to a charm? Wouldn't she beat the Flying Dutchman all hollow, my hearties?' he exclaimed, pointing to the headlands of the neighboring island, which seemed to flit behind us like the dim phantoms of a dream.

'There's no hempen destiny for we three,' observed Ned, drily, as we dashed into a tumultuous estuary off Watch Hill, which boiled and foamed like a mighty cauldron.

'Ma'be so, and ma'be not so, responded Hal; but just keep her trim now, and the devil himself can't drown the little petrel, 'cording to my 'spose-so.'

For myself, I held my breath for a furlong, while we plunged through the perfidious frith, scattering the whirling waters on either side, and leaving a dark wake amidst their parted foam, like the track of a thunderbolt. When we did emerge from the yesty Charybdis into the smooth water beyond, it was like being snatched from the horrible grasp of the night-mare. I felt as if a mountain of lead had been heaved from my oppressed bosom. There's no incubus like that of terror. Recovering my voice with an effort, and my courage with the fear of shame, I remarked, carelessly, that we had now sea-room enough for a seventy-four in a hurricane.

'Ay, verily,' returned Ned; 'a little too much of the *undique pontus*, if we chance to get foundered in our ocean hegira.'

'What say, commodore, shall we drop an oar in and check him a little?'

'Snub a streak of lightning as quick, or a three-decker in a white squall!' ejaculated the old tar, as he sat watching our passive career, humming the rude chorus of a spirited whale-song, a huge bolus of tobacco alternating from cheek to cheek, his hat off, and his long grizzly locks blown straight out behind by the velocity with which we thridded the yielding air that whistled at his mouth and nostrils the while, like the wind of a gusty December day through a lonely key-hole.

'Better wing him, eh?' continued Ned, pointing to the broad fin of the monster just peering above the surface; and catching up my rifle which lay within reach, he sprang to his feet, and a moment after a ball glanced from its moving target, and skipped away beyond upon the glassy water, like the airy tread of an invisible Nereid. It was evident that the shot *told*, from the increased rapidity which immediately succeeded.

Hitherto the sensation had been one of gliding, but now it was that of flying, or being hurled rather, a dizzy consciousness of breathless

impetuosity, as if we had been discharged, boat and all, from the thundering crater of some mighty ordnance. We were at this time half way from Fisher's Island to Montauk, full ten miles from land, and hurrying directly toward the open sea, with the speed of a spurred charger. The outer bay, over which we were passing, grew rougher every moment, as the heavy surges rolled in from the near ocean, unbroken by isle or headland, and whenever the bow of the little pin-nace struck them obliquely, the spray flew in torrents around us. My fictitious courage began to ebb again, as fancy painted the horrors of that 'sea of troubles' upon which we were so perilously embarked. I began to feel that the dull and common-place earth really possessed attractions for me just then, more numerous and more potent than the dark blue ocean, with all its stirring romance. I thought of Mr. Ashton's comfortable parlour — of the pleasant walks, the sunny knolls, and the swarded bowers around his charming mansion — and indeed they never seemed half so fascinating before. I would have given a thousand argosies, for the fee-simple of a dry rock. How I envied the rescue of Arion, but no friendly dolphin waited on our jeopardy! Out on the 'rounded gasp and gurgling breath' of drowning humanity! The imagination of it was too much for me, and I was fain to propose that we should free ourselves at once from further abduction.

'This is carrying the joke too far,' said I, imploringly.

'So far, indeed,' rejoined Ned, with a provoking smile, 'that we shall not touch terra firma so soon as Jonah did, unless our pilot soon wearies of this tack, and puts about directly.'

'Wearies!' echoed the excited harpooner; 'why, the critter 'd tow us clear round the world ag'in wind and tide, ten knot an hour. There's no sich thing as tuckering out your raal white shark: he's all bone and sinners. As to his wearing ship, he'll show no sich navigation, I guess, till he gets into blue water, and then his tack 'll be bolt downward, like a loosed anchor.'

'I think I can bar his progress, somewhat, before he clears the sound,' replied Ned, as bracing himself firmly he plunged an oar deep into the recurrent water; but the little shaft was wrenched from his powerful grasp in an instant: before he could think of its recovery, it was floating an hundred yards in our wake. '*Festivat quos festivat diabolus*,' laughed Ned, regaining his seat, — 'those go swift whom the devil speeds.'

'Pray take my advice now,' entreated I, 'and cut loose from the creature immediately: we have but one oar left, and shall have to scull all the way back against the ebb tide.'

'No, no,' cried Hal, 'my mind dont head that way, any how: sorry to come across your hawser, Mister Landon, but 't would be too bad, by a jug-full, to be out-winded by a lubberly fish, lose our harpoon and warp, and be laughed at int' the bargain by every yaw-hawing land-loafer, about the borough.'

'Never mind that, commodore,' returned Ned, commiserating my uneasiness, — 'never mind a trifle; we shall have had a ride that Neptune himself might envy, and, what will please you more, return the Procellaria to port, safe and sound, saving and excepting the said tail-feather!'

'Jest as you say, not's I care,' replied Hal, with an ill-masked

assent: 'cut away the grapplings, then, and let's go about, sin' the wind sets in that quarter.'

But to 'become better strangers' with our submarine acquaintance was not so feasible in the premises, for by a singular contingency of ways and means there was not so much as a penknife between us, and hence to effect a solution of continuity, under present circumstances, was a matter for deliberation. While we were pondering the emergency, our abstraction was roused by the scream of 'Boat ahoy!' followed instantaneously by a hissing and tremendous outburst of steam, seemingly not a yard off, and on recovering from our amazement, we caught a glimpse of one of the sound steamboats, directly athwart and within reach of whose foaming bow we had just been sped in our passive and frightful precipitancy.

'Thank God!' cried we all in one grateful breath; 'and thank the pilot too, of that floating furnace,' continued Hal, 'for hadn't he hauled his steam less than no time, Davy would ha' had three more gulls in his locker 'fore now.'

We had scarcely congratulated ourselves on thus escaping from the very jaws of Scylla, before we found ourselves dashing upon the brink of Charybdis. This was a fleet of some twenty canoes thronged with Montauk Indians, of both sexes, returning from a fowling expedition to the outer shores of Long-Island. They had just rounded the Point, and had been lying-to for the last ten minutes directly in the line of our course, as if spell-bound at the supernatural spectacle of our wizzard skiff bearing down upon them with such unwonted impetuosity, and that too without any visible propulsion of sail or oar. Before they had got the better of their astonishment, we plunged into the midst of the motley group, and though our whirlwind sojourn was but momentary, we made a most striking impression while it lasted, as was evident from the splintering of the jostled canoes, the crashing of their light paddles, and the multitudinous splashing of those who leaped overboard in search of that safety below, which was in such jeopardy above. Some pulled one way, some another, while a few, dumbfounded and aghast, lay perfectly still and had their birchen pinnaces shivered and wrecked on the spot, as we swept onward in our ruinous career. It was a scene for Chapman, in his happiest mood. The waters dashed, the pappooses squalled, the squaws shrieked, and the old sagamores whooped like so many Pandemonians at their uproarious orgies. 'Save the pieces, but never mind the splinters,' roared Hal, as we raked the last canoe from stem to stern, and left her literally a mass of fragments. And for the life of us, we could not restrain a hearty laugh, as we looked back upon that scene of confusion and dismay, and beheld those that had escaped intact from our fearful visitation, haul in their less fortunate comrades and make for shore, as if Manitou himself were in their wake.

But our mirth was soon darkened by the clouded prospect upon which we were just entering. Hitherto we had had land in hopeful proximity over either bow; but now we were passing Montauk, our Ultima Thule, and before us stretched nothing but the mighty ocean — lone, gloomy, vast — the deep voice of whose solemn majesty seemed to warn us back from his awful domains. Two leagues away, over our starboard quarter, appeared a solitary ship standing in under full sail.

'*Facilis descensus Averni — sed revocare gradum,*' murmured I, despairingly, with eyes riveted on the receding Point, around whose rocky base the surge was breaking with terrible vehemence.

'What say, shipmate?' inquired Hal.

'Why,' responded Ned, 'he says it's easy enough to get into a scrape at any time; but to get out, is another matter.'

'Ay, there's the rub, sure enough: it's all moonshine to run up the to'-gallant-sails, set the sky-scrapers, and take a nap on the main-truck in a mod'rate breeze; but to do sich things when the hurricane's abroad at midnight, and it's so dark you can't see your hand afore your face, on'y when the lightnin' touches off the big guns over head, and the waters are trying titles with the thunder to see which can make the darndest racket, and the spray leaps into the round-top nettings, and the winds are screeching among the rigging, and blowing the loose bights of cordage to leeward, straight as a loon's leg, and the masts are twisting like a sea-serpent, and the vessel a rareing and pitching like a colt tied to a gate-post—to do *sich* things, in sich weather, I say, is pretty consid'able ticklish, any how. But'—addressing me encouragingly—'keep up a stiff upper-lip, my hearty; it's a good ways to the bottom where there's no soundings: we sha'n't git there this cruze, 'eording to my reck'ning; so don't let's give up the ship, while there's a spar to bend a hope to.'

So saying, the old tar pulled out a huge iron tobacco-box, and tearing off the rusty cover, began sawing its rough edge with all his might across the strained tow-line. The spray dashed rudely up into his weather-beaten face at every plunge of the boat, half blinding his already dim vision, and oozing in streams from the elbows of his pea-jacket; yet he kept assiduously at his task, laconically observing that 'the lid of a tobacco-box was a pretty pokerish bulk-head betwixt life and death.'

We were rapidly drawing near the deeper water beyond the Point, and as it was manifest from the downward divergency of the line, that the shark in Hal's quaint parlance, would continue to 'hug the bottom,' and at length draw the boat under, I proposed that we should throw ourselves overboard, and trust to the safer probability of being picked up by the approaching vessel.

'As you will, shipmates,' replied Hal, without looking up, 'but as for me, devil a bit do I desert the little petrel, while she floats a plank. Old Hal don't strike his bunting, I warrant you, till his underpinning's knocked away—that's gospel!'

'Spoken like a commodore! But leave sawing there a moment, and just take an observation to windward there,' returned Ned, pointing to the ship, which was now pressing down within a hundred yards of us; and from our relative and reckless approximation, a speedy collision which would shiver our light pinnacle and plunge us to the bottom, seemed utterly unavoidable.

'Why the devil couldn't you sing out afore,' exclaimed the startled veteran, losing his usual respect in the excitement of the scene, and springing upon the thwart with the elasticity of a boy, he added: 'Here's a pretty squall! Ship ahoy!—helm a-lee! Why in God's name do you run down a little boat in broad day-light,' cried he in one breath,

'you d—d, clam-eyed, point-no-point-seeing son of a lubberly Bartimeus !
In the offing too ! and' —

But at that instant, and while we were rushing in full career directly upon the foaming bow of the ship, the boat was snatched from under us as by some terrible genius of the deep, dragging us down several fathoms in its rushing vortex. Meanwhile the vessel passed on and over us ; but, thanks to Hal's stormy objurgation, the attention, or rather inattention of the home-gazing pilot had been roused to our perilous submersion, and a boat was lowered immediately for the rescue, while the ship was thrown into stays to await the result. Having been seated at the stern, I rose to the surface first, mournfully wondering 'when shall we three meet again,' as I found myself alone upon the yesty waters.

'In the deep bosom of the ocean buried,' exclaimed Ned, as he made his appearance a moment after, amidst a shoal of cigars which had escaped from the durance of his foundered beaver. 'Where's Hal ?'

'Here!' cried the old tar, as he popped his gray head above the wave: 'they that's born to the bight of a noosed rope, needn't fear drowning, you know: but where's the little petrel, my hearties ?'

'Ask Captain Symmes,' returned Ned, playfully.

'Gone on a craze to the lower latitudes, eh?' sighed the old tar, as he looked in vain for his lost favorite.

By this time our ready succors were at hand, and we were soon rescued from our uncomfortable quarters, in a most ludicrous condition. Before we reached the ship, however, a sudden shout broke from old Hal, with such unexpected obstreperousness, as to bring his startled auditors fairly to their feet.

'I told you so ! Did n't I tell you the devil himself could n't keel-haul the little petrel ! I knew she 'd give him the slip. Bravo, bravissimo ! Drown a dolphin, eh !' — and he clapped his hands in boyish ecstasy. Glancing in the direction he pointed, we beheld the object of his admiration, sure enough, sheer above the billows, into which it fell a moment after with a gentle splash, and floated away as lightly as its winged namesake.

It seemed that Hal's manipulation with the tobacco-box had not been in vain, for when the boat had been dragged to a considerable depth, the mangled tow-line parted entirely, while such was the upward pressure of the water upon the buoyant skiff as to propel it a full length above the surface. A few strokes of the oar brought us alongside the lost errant, to the infinite satisfaction of old Hal, who greeted it as a beloved one received from that voyage whence none return. We were soon on board the ship, which fortunately for us was inward bound, as I before stated, and when evening came, it found us snugly ensconced at Mr. Ashton's comfortable home, unanimously determined and resolved, that let others do as they will, as for our special selves, we shall evermore be among the tardiest to make fast to a white shark, either by sunlight or moonlight, by hook or by crook, up sound or down sound, or indeed any where upon this terraqueous ball. *Satis superque* is one such abduction !

R.

TO MY COUSIN.

WHAT a trouble one's in, to know where to begin
 To a friend an unwritten epistle,
 When the present and past, from the first to the last,
 Fly together like birds at a whistle:
 As it were in one page, from our youth to our age,
 All the story of life strangely blended, —
 The illusions, the cares, the enchantments, the snares,
 Through which we have wearily wended.
 It were nothing to send a short line to a friend
 By the post, on a common occasion;
 And a pink billet-doux is a small matter, too, —
 With its sweet scented words of persuasion:
 But to write as much sense as will pay the expense
 Of the time and the light of a taper,
 Is another affair, and is certainly rare,
 Among all the things upon paper.

When my sweet pretty cousin demanded a dozen
 Brief lines, in the way of a sonnet,
 Though little she knew it, my heart wept to do it, —
 For thoughts of my youth were upon it:
 A sad retrospection of early affection,
 Of joys in my life's cloudless morning —
 Of many warm hearted, now cold, or departed —
 Dark changes that came without warning.
 When to village school daily, we journeyed so gaily,
 Or roved through the valleys, beguiling
 Our holiday hours in gath'ring the flowers,
 That around us were blushing and smiling,
 As sister and brother we were to each other —
 As lovers whom nought could dis sever;
 Nor deemed that such feeling ere long would be stealing
 Away, like a meteor — forever!

And then to remember when frosty December
 Came bristling along in his ire,
 How we cheated the season, so out of all reason,
 With our glee by the crackling fire!
 'T were joyously pleasant to look from the present
 Far back on those pure days of gladness, —
 But none may restore them! — dark shadows are o'er them —
 And memory sinks into sadness.
 Nor have I aught better to fill up the letter, —
 For life is a dull round of sorrow:
 Earth hath not the treasure to purchase a pleasure
 To-day, that will last till the morrow.
 E'en while we are quaffing Joy's nectar, and laughing,
 If the depths of the bosom were lighted,
 Mirth's merriest lover, belike would discover,
 The garden of peace was all blighted!

Yet what is life's trouble? — a fable — a bubble —
 Unreal, or full soon to vanish:
 A cloud on a mountain, a mist o'er a fountain,
 The first beam of morning will banish.
 There cometh an hour of balmy power,
 When the dreariest gloom shall be riven,
 And the spirit shall fleetly, yet calmly and sweetly,
 Go up to its last rest in Heaven.
 The years in their rolling thus whisper, consoling,
 And deep though they leave all their traces, —
 Bearing off the fresh roses, where beauty reposes,
 While the furrows of time take their places, —
 Though thus they pursue us, they ne'er may subdue us,
 But when the long strife shall have ended,
 We'll smile o'er the cares, the enchantments, the snares,
 Through which we have wearily wended.

R. H.

FAMILIAR LEAVES FROM EUROPE.

NUMBER ONE.

Paris, — August.

ONE can have scarce an idea of the French, *en masse*, from the individuals who shave, cut hair and pigeon wings, and sell confectionaries in Broadway or Chesnut-street, — and when you have studied all nations, you will still find Paris an intricate science. The French character here is a complete jumble of extremes, incompatibilities, inconsistencies, and absurdities. Crime and Poverty come here to hide themselves, and Sensuality to enjoy herself. Folly has set up her tavern, and Philosophy her academy, at Paris. Here you have Fenelon to teach you piety, Montesquieu to unfold the constitutions of human societies, and Descartes the labyrinth of the human mind; Buffon to interpret nature in Nature's own beautiful language, and Voltaire to instruct you in poetry and mathematics; and if you did not deem that those bad imitations of the human species, the monkey and baboon, were gentleman of instinct and not of reason, you would swear they were educated at Paris. Life is here a great drama, in which all the actors perform their parts to admiration. All is disorder behind the scenes — all is parade and magnificence before the world. The public amusements, as well as secret gratifications, are diversified into shapes innumerable. But what will a Frenchman of fashion, brought up in the midst of these enjoyments, *not* give to secure their possession? If a man, he will give every thing but his *honor* — if a woman, all she has got, except her *virtue*. How, in the name of folly, can you expect a Frenchman of Parisian taste to endure the monotony of one of our American cities, or how can you imagine, in your *naïve* Philadelphia simplicity, the miserable shifts and expedients of poverty — ragged, squalid, vicious poverty — to maintain her residence at Paris!

In the moral constitution of the French capital, the bad elements vastly predominate. The effects of ambition and mercenary motives, which produce ill-assorted marriages, are greatly too common and universal. Overreaching and policy are every where rife and active. He is rated as a very simpleton, who offers his gold where brass is the only currency. The young Parisian lady is kept more secure than Danaë in her tower. Not even cousins and uncles, or showers of gold, that can go every where else, can approach her. Father and brothers defend her with drawn swords, and her mother never leaves her, except to pursue her own enjoyments. But *apart*, she is instructed most deliciously in all the arts of a fashionable life. To this is referred every beginning — to this, every end. They who would play well in the concert, says Plato, must play well at home; and in what country is there a place where a woman plays off the intricate machinery of her charms with so much effect as at Paris? No one can claim any merit for resisting a well-bred Parisian lady, but at the expense of his taste and humanity, unless softened down by forty-seven, like me, and fortified by other affections. In marriage, the preliminary wooing, that is the dowry and settlements, being discussed, the lady is led to the altar by her Mezentius. He may have (the husband I mean) the gout, 'chronic pangs,' and every other evil, together with the incurable evil of old age; but what matter, provided he has that

most desirable merit which the husband of a rich lady can aspire to — *money*? In the name of Diana, what is to be the effect of such an uncongenial union? Nature will assert her empire, and no institutions of man can infringe on her laws with impunity.

If you come to Paris, you will see great multitudes every where of bouncing demoiselles, with nymph-looking faces, ruffled caps on their brows, and small baskets in their hands. These are the *grisettes*. They are engaged in stores, factories, and in all the sewing establishments; you see them running briskly to their work in the morning, and in the evening strolling homeward, upon wages barely enough for their support. They seldom marry; their conditions, and the customs of Paris generally precluding all hopes of so desirable a consummation. A *grisette* never obtrudes her acquaintance — but ask her a simple question, you will find her circumstantially communicative, and such articles of information as she has gathered, she will retail to you with such simplicity, that you would swear she had been brought up among the innocent lambs and turtle-doves of some rural hamlet. She is the most ingenious imitation of an exemplary woman in the world; and to overreach her, one must be a Yankee, finished off in Paris.

Never was language more happily employed for the concealment of thought, (I beg pardon of Monsieur Talleyrand,) than in the mouth of a *grisette*. When sent with goods from shop-keepers to their customers, she will intrigue and wrestle for her patron as zealously as for herself. She will listen to reproaches, insults, repulses, with the most patient courtesy. As long as there is any point of defence, she pleads like an attorney-general; and there is no artifice, no rhetoric, or *Cicero de oratore*, that she leaves out; and if at last overcome, she 'gives it up' — *elle se rend*, and she sets about looking sorry with all her might, till she has disarmed your anger. She dashes off the tear from her rosy cheek, brightens up with smiles anew, shows you her goods again, and then *cheats you once more*, by way of reparation for her former rogueries. Lavishing her affections liberally about town, her friends of course are numerous. There is next door to me a *modeste* of New-Orleans, who came over in the same packet with me, who has some twenty or thirty of these young, industrious creatures in her room every morning. I sometimes sit an hour in this groupe, and from this opportunity, and the old lady's information, I have thus learned about *grisettes*.

I have now got down to thee, *O Sancta Veronica*! You have need of the leaves of Vallambrosa, and however formidable they are in numbers, they can scarcely be less so in beauty. In our own country, such persons are easily discernible in a crowd, even by a booby. They have an appearance of what the French call *chifournée*, and an exceedingly bad taste in their toilette. Here, there is no obvious distinction between them and ladies of the first quality. Indeed, there seems to me little other distinction than that of coarseness or fineness of dress, in the whole population. The same grace, the same affability, reigns every where: any woman with a fashionable mantuamaker, is a lady, and any clod of earth, decently tailored and whiskered, is a gentleman. I have found nothing in the whole world so polite as either. Surprise a Frenchman at home, and he is shockingly disagreeable; but on parade he always 'behaves pretty.' He is like the saucy actor, who will not

perform, unless he is greeted with a full house. Nothing can equal his contempt of what he calls a *bon homme*, or one who has confidence in another man's honesty; and as for disinterested benevolence, he sets it up with those *beaux sentimens* we read of in romances. Warm, indeed, in his domestic affections, he is yet often faithless. He loves his friend, and would die for him on occasion; but he would not scruple to covet that friend's best treasure, without compunction,—and he would make love by the tomb of his mother. He may believe in miracles—in Jonah and the whale, Daniel in the lion's den, and so forth—but if you wish to make him forswear his religion with the authenticity of the Bible, read him the history of Joseph!

Remember, I design these remarks to be general, and you know how to make exceptions from general rules. I have given my impressions conscientiously—perhaps hastily. One thing, however, I positively know—that in the *artiste* manner of arranging their silk gowns and embroidered vests, they may claim a superiority over all mankind. And if you ask by what characteristic excellence a Frenchman may be distinguished from all the human species—in what virtue he outdoes himself,—I will refer you to *his kitchen*. In this department, the full genius of the nation is displayed—brought out by competition and patronage, to the envy and admiration of the world; and human food is so diversified, so transmuted by the ingenuity of the cook, that Nature herself can scarcely tell which was the *peruque*, and which the pigeon. Two thousand cafés and restaurants, with all the necessary branches of the *sucreries*, pastry, and so forth, in the same ratio! As for me, I cannot ask for a dish. I am starving amid abundance,—for of neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, do I know the nomenclature. A bill of fare is a book—and *what* a book! How it would make Apicius stare, if he could but revisit this world, at the march of human intellect! All that I can do, is to sit still—(as Diogenes would have done in my place)—like the good child that eats what is given to him.

In a walk through the Rue Richelieu, a few days ago, my companion, Sir Henry L——d, proposed to gratify me with a peep into a great gambling house—the rendezvous of the nobility. I entered with becoming acquiescence through the hall, where servants in livery attended us, taking our hats and canes, and bringing us refreshments with princely ceremony. Tables in the several rooms were covered with gold, at which many ladies and gentlemen were playing. Others were looking on with interest at the game. Around about, some were cotéried in corners, others strolling in pairs and groups through the rooms, while others again were rambling in an adjacent flower-garden, or seated in earnest conversation in its arbors. 'That gentleman,' said my companion, 'with an Adonis neck, and myrrh'd and glossy ringlets, is the Duke de Broglie,—that is the Marquis of Braganza, from Spain,—and that is Prince Caramarica.' I looked particularly at Lord Brougham, who had just arrived. I could discern immediately the great traits of genius—the bitter sarcasm—the overwhelming energy—which characterize this eminent man, in his strongly-marked

features. And, if I had not been introduced to him, I should have marked him at once as a distinguished character. Among the ladies, were the Princess Orleans and her attendants, and the Countess of Blacas, and others of the nobility. A dutchess at my left, (I have forgotten her name,) had a look as haughty and condescending, as if she felt the length of her genealogy. She seemed displeased at *every body* being introduced to her. But there was *One*, young and beautiful, — so beautiful that I could not (with all my efforts) keep my eyes from her, and I observed that more than once she reciprocated my anxious glances. I felt pleased at being the object of her attention. 'What an elegant creature!' thought I; 'what sweetness and simplicity of expression! How strange that, brought up amid the refinements of a court, she should maintain all the innocence of the dove! No one can hope, unless by some interposition of Heaven in his favor, to know her and not to love her.' In the midst of this rapture, and just at the moment when I had become *enchainée* by the eyes of another lady opposite, Sir Henry dissipated the charm, by informing me that these were courtezans! The cloud burst from over my eyes, and I saw a group of the ugliest wretches I ever beheld before.

If I had your company upon this journey, with your knowledge of life, and mine of books, and without any serious intrusion of cares and disappointments, we could have made an agreeable and useful employment of our time. In seeing the curiosities, and monuments of these old countries, in reasoning upon the condition of the people and their institutions, we should have derived a great deal of useful political philosophy, while we might have preached like St. John in the desert, when we returned home. We would have been delighted with the literary establishments of all kinds for the encouragement of the sciences and arts; we would have been amazed at the luxurious stores of every sort of merchandize; at the rich liveries and gorgeous palaces, the exquisite paintings, the splendid gardens for the recreation and comfort of the people, — in a word, at the immense profusion of every thing that can gratify the taste, pride, or ambition of man. On the other hand, we would have seen a world of things here — the entire neglect of natural advantages — discouragements and wrong applications of industry, expensiveness and abuses of government, and acts of tyranny — that would have filled you with indignation and astonishment. On arriving at Havre, you would have found tables covered with sumptuous cookery and wines, and a lodging not equal in comfort to a Mahony Dutch tavern; a crowd of domestics and porters offering their services with great attention and politeness, who would pick your pockets, or cut your throat, for a five-franc piece. On your way and approach to Paris, you would have seen a perpetual contrast of magnificence and poverty. Equipages in brilliant livery parading on the roads, and at the castles of rich merchants and noblemen, and the diligence beset at every watering place, with whining and lamentable beggars. Public works are carried on by government, and are usually got up for favorites, who appropriate and squander the public money. This policy, and the insecurity of the government, have almost extinguished

individual enterprise. You would have no patience left in witnessing the neglect every where of useful and comfortable improvements; and the tenacity with which the people adhere to their old and stolid habits, would set you mad. A Jersey ferry-boat would be a magnificent establishment on the Seine. All the trade, nearly, of this great city, and of a rich and intervening country, has its outlet by the *Havre*; and all this immense trade is carried — two hundred miles — *in wagons*! They are just beginning to *talk* about a rail-road, — but no one expects to out-live its accomplishment. With *American* enterprise, it would be made in six months: every million employed in it would bring the revenue of ten; and Havre would become one of the first cities in Europe. You would see a thousand persons here employed to lift the mud from the beds of the rivers and docks, which, with proper machinery, could be removed with a tenth of that number, — and so of every thing else. The established doctrine is, that improvement in machinery and skill would throw laborers out of employ. If this bungling and clumsy machinery were superseded — if palaces and other luxuries were discouraged — how would all this people get their subsistence? is the common cry. It does not occur to them, that they might be employed in making a rail-road to the *Havre*, — in turning their miserable streets into decent walks, and their barns of houses into comfortable dwellings. If the labor of production were diminished ten-fold, through all the branches of industry, by machinery or increased skill; if a man could produce ten hats, or ten bushels of wheat where he now does one, and could procure for each hat or bushel, ten times as much of other produce in exchange, it does seem to me the most difficult of all things to conceive how the community should not be ten times richer by such a policy. If it be not, we ought then to pray that our lands should be unproductive, and that our citizens should be stupid, that a greater number may be employed in feeding and clothing us. And yet here such a doctrine is hooted at as nonsense; and all the people are delighted that the king is employing half a dozen of millions in making water-spouts in the gardens of Versailles! Happy America! if she would but know her own happiness; if she could but rest contented with her homely republicanism, and not seek to emulate the *ruinous* pride of these European nations. You who live so snugly upon your farms and in your towns, in the entire possession of your industry, and who see the national wealth of your country expand under the influence of an unfettered enterprise — you ought to pray Heaven, in all the fervency of devotion, to preserve the institutions which accomplish so many good things for your happiness — those *blessed* institutions, so rarely possessed on the earth, — and which all the wicked passions of men are busy to pervert and destroy.

PARIS is built up generally with houses from six to ten stories high, and streets from twenty-five to thirty feet wide — damp and filthy — and you can scarce tell cloudy from fair weather, for in most of them the sun never reaches the pavement. They are laid with *concave* stones, about eight inches square, and are without side-walks; so that men,

women, and carriages, are huddled together, impeding each other, and great vigilance is necessary to escape danger. Through the middle of the city, running east and west, is a street as wide as Broadway, called the Boulevards, and in different quarters are elegant gardens, such as the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, and the Luxembourg. In these choice places, the elegance and fashion of the metropolis are assembled. In the street is an everlasting rumbling of carriages at *all* hours, night and day; and the whole day there is one general cry of hoarse and screaming voices of men and women selling their wares, or reading proclamations to the crowd. The first week of my stay, I attended business, and looked at curiosities. I felt generally a kind of giddiness, like one half drunk,* and retired every night greatly fatigued to my room, where my acquaintances were a couple of chairs, a mahogany table, and brick floor, (the common fashion of the city.) It is a truth pretty well tested, but not always attended to, that, especially at my age, the inveterate habits of life cannot be changed without violence. I had been all my life at home, always with intimate friends, and a large family gathered about me in the evening. *Locum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, is an old line of Horace, which I now understand better than at the academy. The second week passed like the first, and the third came upon me with a load of blue devils. I went out to hunt acquaintance, and present a few of my letters. I had a polite bow, an amiable smile, 'very happy if I can serve you,' and there the acquaintance ended. This, I find, where no interests are concerned, is all that can be expected from a letter of introduction; and in a large *world* like this, where so many fools like myself are daily 'coming to town,' no more should be expected.

Still haunted by the blue devils, I set out one bright morning, being resolved to give sorrow to the winds. I looked up at Napoleon's statue on the column of the *Place Vendome*, and thought of his troubles. What were my petty infelicities to his? Fortifying myself with the comparison, I travelled on magnanimously, and called upon my old friend Du ——. I found him in the mad-house. There he was, with tears on his cheeks, talking his nonsense. Here was another lesson. I had known him prosperous, and in the full possession of all his faculties. I now saw him under the most distressing affection to which poor human nature is liable. I trudged a mile or two, through a long lane of a street, where the sun had never shone, till I reached the Seine. A little white house stood by the river side. I entered it (many people going in and out,) from curiosity, and here I saw three dead persons stretched upon black marble tables. They were *suicides*. Several of these poor wretches are brought here daily, and exposed three days and nights, for recognition by their friends, or acquaintances. I soon quitted this ill-omened and gloomy place. I returned fatigued and dispirited to my room; broke my watch by accident on the *hard* floor, — upset my table in the dark, and broke the same; crawled to bed, and passed the night in a high fever. Woke in

* Campbell, in a paper on London, published some years ago in the *New Monthly Magazine*, makes a similar observation respecting the effects of sight-seeing, upon strangers in the British capital. Several cases of insanity, of considerable continuance, had been traced to that cause.

the morning unable to rise, with my *porter* for my sick-nurse, — one of that class of servants, common here, who would not scruple to assist a stranger into another world, that they might appropriate to themselves the little things he may leave in this. Drugged myself, with a physician to help me, for a week, ere I was well.

What a delightful thing it is to travel in foreign countries! Do not fear, from what I have said, that I am declining; for Jeremiah, who made great lamentations, lived to a good old age. I have plucked up courage and health, and read old Seneca, — a kind of medicine that I often take as nervous women do elixir. Adieu!

THE YOUNG GREEK BOY.

A SONG.

I.

O'er Grecia's crimsoned plains
The war cry rose!
And shouts of fiendish joy
Burst from her barbarous foes.
At midnight, every tone
Was hushed, save the low moan
Of the young Greek Boy.

II.

The generous stranger said:
'Rise! — come with me!
Yon gallant ship shall bear thee
To the land of liberty!
A tear was on his cheek, —
He smiled, but could not speak —
The young Greek Boy.

III.

He gazed upon his home —
'I go!' he cried;
Then wildly looked he forth
Upon the heaving tide.
That gallant ship soon bore
Him from his native shore —
The young Greek Boy.

IV.

And now in Learning's halls,
Among the wise,
He wears the classic robe,
And bears the golden prize!
With open heart and hand,
We welcome to our land —
The young Greek Boy.

THOUGHTS ON INSANITY.

BY WILLIAM RUSH, M. D.

It may be said with truth, that the mind of man contains within itself the materials of his happiness and misery. The author of nature sent him into existence with capacity to receive impressions through his senses, which were ultimately to accomplish the design of making him happy, amidst the heterogeneous elements in which it was his destiny to be cast. This great result was the human mind; a work worthy of the Creator — without fault — beyond criticism — in a word, as pure as the tenement selected for its abode. This innate capacity man saw was of slow growth, affording him a moral, that all which is good and great in this world is reached only by the hand of Time. He saw the short-lived intellect of the brute, and its offspring acquiring, in a moment, (as it were,) by the magic of instinct, all the habitudes of its parent. He wondered at, more than reasoned upon, these phenomena, until progressive lessons of knowledge taught him, that the Creator sheds the same intellectual light and shade upon animated nature, as he did with his first subtle agent upon the beautiful landscape of earth.

The thoughts here hastily thrown out, are limited to the consideration of some of the facts developed by the human mind in infancy, and in manhood, — the inferences deduced from these facts offering an explanation of the causes which lead remotely to the severest of man's afflictions — *Insanity*. The elements of the mind are as pure as the source whence they sprung: 'and God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it *was very good*.' How is it then, by worldly influences, that these sacred elements of wisdom, virtue, and happiness, often fall so far short of their original intent? — planned by omnipotence — foiled by finite agency! The Creator, in full knowledge of the fitness of things, gave man his senses, and placed him among the outward phenomena of nature, an inheritance sufficiently large to meet every demand of humanity. What more could man have asked for? — or ought he to have been originally possessed of? — since so much of his existence was to be consumed in gradually moulding these early impressions from outward objects into the form of mind.

This result, we have said, is the work of time — and wisely so; for we cannot imagine a condition of existence more painful, than a want of exact ratio between the power of external agents to excite impressions, and the capacity of the senses to receive them. Hence the propriety of withholding sudden excess in the objects of the senses, from an infant. Perhaps crying, the universal accident of infancy, in itself useful, in its action upon the organs of respiration and speech, may arise from the sharp impressions made by external agents upon the newly-created and delicate senses. It would be a difficult task, and one foreign to our thoughts, to mark the era when Reason assumes her absolute sway over the attributes of the mind. There are children occasionally to be met with, who, instead of slowly receiving the elements of knowledge, seem, as it were, to have 'stolen a march' upon time, and placed themselves in advance of God's great design. Such children, it is said, do not live long; and if they do, Nature's early and extravagant outlay is seldom

returned with proportional interest, at maturity. Like animals in oxygen air, they appear to live too fast — consuming in a moment the provision of a life-time. In our present ignorance of every capability of matter acting in concert with the elements of mind, we refer these occurrences to the exceptions of Nature's general rule; though perhaps when the light of future knowledge shall strike this subject with full effect, the minds of these youthful human anomalies will be better analyzed and understood.

The progressive action of external agents upon the senses, produce in good time two attributes of mind eminently conspicuous in children — memory and imagination — blessings wisely intended for their pleasure and improvement. Infants soon know their parents and nurses, and readily distinguish the faces, and even the voices, of those about them; and when older, who has not seen these little merry creatures at play, dressing themselves, or perhaps a favourite dog, or kitten, in the most ludicrous and fanciful attire? Small as these mental resources appear, yet they are the foundation of knowledge — the day-break of imagination. Children at an early age eagerly pursue the knowledge of *things*. Their inquisitiveness is proverbial, and their memories are usually retentive, which readily leads them to an acquaintance with the relationships of objects around them: but their imaginations are active, oftener taking the lead of, than following, their progressive steps of knowledge. Hence their fear, and a predilection for the marvellous, so universally observable in young people. The mind, too, in its present state, soon learns to frame analogies between physical and moral objects. What delicate machinery to handle and put together! What an important trust to commit to the care of *Education*! When the infant's school shall be the nursery, and home the most enticing spot to children, then may we not hope to see God's final purpose with the human mind, attained? This is the period in the existence of children, when watchful and intelligent parents, with mild yet uncompromising purpose, should devote their energies to perfect the task which Nature has begun. Now is the time to plant well-selected seeds of knowledge in the minds of their offspring. They will grow luxuriantly, for the soil is rich, and not preoccupied. Let parents cultivate it with their *own hands*, that when the harvest of virtue and happiness is ripe in their children, they may reap, and share with them the high reward of true parental affection. Heathen mythology had countless advisers upon the plan of man's prospective happiness. The wise and virtuous sons of Greece and Rome were swayed by its councils. It perished, and lives only in the memory of man. In harmony with the laws of the universe, it was eclipsed by the simplicity of the Christian system of religion, which proclaims that one God, with two self-emana-tions, are enough to secure the temporal and eternal welfare of man. With reverence to the analogy which God has here given us, may we not, upon the subject of human education, adopt the reflection of his wisdom, and endeavour to perfect his scheme of mental improvement, by intrusting it *only* to the enlightened and accomplished *few*?

It is almost impossible to keep thought a prisoner. Our own has already escaped, in taking a hasty glance at education: we hope it may reach the reflection of abler minds.

Whatever may be the best means of attaining the ends of education, certain it is, that in proportion as the elements of youthful intellect are

subjected to proper culture, the same will be its reward, not only in useful stores of knowledge, but in treasures of virtue and happiness. Thus imbibed, knowledge sets so strong a foundation for a fabric of mind, that the moral vicissitudes of after life can seldom shake or destroy it. We do not assert the fact, for we cannot perceive that insanity, so called, except in its generic sense, is a disease of childhood — though, perhaps, as with things occasionally before our eyes, we do not see them, because we do not look for them. Children, like insane persons, sing and talk to themselves, imagine themselves what they are not — fancy that their playthings are sensible, and scold and punish them — and when alone, or in presence of their parents, with artless manner, and innocent prattle, imitate all the common courtesies of refined life: not even familiar company restrains these youthful aberrations of mind. Reason seldom *entirely* forsakes the lunatic in the hospital: its overthrow, like that of a government, always leaves an impress behind it, and in its advances to the human mind, as a 'coming event, casts its shadow before.' Here there are two conditions of the mind different in locality, but both without the governing influence of reason. It is true, that the symptoms of aberration of mind which we have mentioned as occurring in children, are corrected by age. These associations, also, are constantly broken up by the rules of discipline to which they are subjected by their parents, and which they fear to disobey. Their tender years render them pliant to authority, — a natural reason why caution should be used in the exercise of this power. But what would be the effect upon their minds of keeping up the train of thought and action just mentioned? Their fancies would not perhaps run on to positive insanity, because their minds are constantly engaged with new delights, which nature and art have set before them. They have but little reflection: besides, children, when judiciously indulged, are always happy. This breathes a calm upon the excited elements of their minds, that prepares their attention for the voice of Reason. But the lunatic, with every door of usefulness closed upon him, shut out from a world no longer willing to tolerate him, his overgrown thoughts struggling to burst the cerements of the brain, venting themselves in wildness of speech — his impressions from without, grown stale with frequent and unprofitable use, driving him to the inward revelry of the mind — once perhaps the pride of a kingdom, now the pity of the subject — dead to novelty and amusement — with no parent's voice to recal his thoughts to order, — relatives and friends are hateful to him, — and he an object of terror to them. The streams of affection that flow from these sources, dry up in him; and in a word, in self-forgetfulness, he is forgotten. What chance has he of regaining the light of reason? Even the physician, in the noble efficiency of his art, called in perhaps too late to this sad moral spectacle, often views it with little prospect of successful issue. He is ignorant of its *forming stages*. These may have existed from childhood. Cause and effect are now so blended together, that they elude his scrutiny — defy his moral correction — and, like an implacable enemy, no longer personally fit to deal with, he seeks to make peace with his patient's mind through the avenues of his body. By these means, at first, and afterward skillfully combining them with moral treatment, he is often enabled to gain access to, and influence over the minds of the insane. In what does his moral treatment consist? Conjoined with physical means, he oblite-

rates the diseased impressions of the mind, and leads it back, if possible, to the period of youth, or childhood. He must untangle this fretted skein of intellect, before it can regain the course which nature destined it to run. The nearer he brings the mind to its early associations, the easier it is to make new and healthful impressions upon it. Its early tendencies, if virtuous, are encouraged, and even judiciously enforced by him, (which should have been done by others, in childhood,) and often with final benefit; showing that the science of medicine can accomplish in after life the important and often neglected duty of early education.

There is a veil of mystery too often cast over the subject of insanity. A moral stigma unjustly attaches itself to those who become its victims, that induces relations and friends, who first perceive the complaint, to close their eyes to the importance of speedily seeking that assistance which eventually must become necessary. Like every other disease, it has its forming stages, and as with all moral evil, should be crushed in the bud. It is a disease not near so frequent in occurrence, nor as incurable, as pulmonary consumption; yet relatives and friends rarely hear a cough, or other single deviation from health in those they love, in the region of *its* desolation, without making instant application to medical advice for its prevention and cure. Why should not equal attention be immediately enlisted in both of these human maladies?

We do not think that all mankind are madmen. The past and future vista of ages will ever show too many imperishable monuments of human *genius*. *She* holds no relations with insanity. Her lights, like sparks of fire from flint and steel, by quick collision of thought, often escape from the maniac; but it is thus that *she flies from* her troublesome abode, no longer able to control the elements that Reason left in her charge. But we do believe that the *elements* of sanity are the same as those of derangement of mind. Let a single analogy confirm the impression. The English alphabet, for instance, consisting of twenty-six letters, or elements, by their varied combination, subject to the government of grammar, constitute a distinct language. These elements form thousands, nay, millions, of words—sufficient for every purpose of thought. But suppose these letters, to use the printer's phrase, had been thrown into *pi*, or irremediable confusion? Where would have been our present knowledge—our present usefulness? Is it not the same with the human mind? For the prevention and cure of insanity, we must resort to first principles. We must take heed, lest the types, or elements of the mind, become disarranged, for it is a work of time to arrange them. Let it be remembered, that Reason does not always sit firmly on her throne. We are madmen in our dreams—our reveries—and even in our *unexpressed* waking thoughts. Write them down as they occur—date them from a hospital—and ask the world to express their opinion upon them! If, then, the science of medicine, as we have shown, *can cure* insanity, is it not an equal duty with education to *prevent* it? If there is truth in the adage, (and we believe it,) that prevention is the best substitute for *cure*, we will here offer the only prophylactic remedy for insanity, — *a wise and universally adopted system of education.* R.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE PARTISAN,' ETC.

I.

THE leaves—the pleasant and green leaves — that hung
Abroad, in the gay summer woods — are dead;
They cannot hear the requiem which is sung,
By the sad birds they may no more imbed;
And the old stems to which they should have clung
Time-honored for their beauty, through long hours —
Parched and wrung,
Have perish'd with the flowers!
I marvel that their last dirge be not said.

II.

Shall not the vagrant and light-wooing Breeze,
Fresh from his native seas,
In the Pacific, wandering with the sun, —
Whilst bending on, throughout the well known trees
That yield no shelter to that desolate one —
Prepare his dirge, and on the midnight gale
In token of his scattered luxuries,
Pour forth his wail!
Shall he not sing, in grief,
One last lament above each withered leaf?

III.

He hath not stay'd his flight,
But, tracking the lone land bird, he hath bent
His insusceptible wing throughout the night,
Far as the Fancy's sight
Might trace the dim lines of the firmament —
And ere the gray dawn from his ocean-bed
Rush'd to the visible heav'n, hath turned his plume
To where the flow'rs, in a sweet, tremulous bloom,
Were wont to yield perfume, —
And, like some spirit o'er which hangs a doom,
He comes to find them dead,

IV.

And hath he then no wail? —
And folding round him not his mourning wing,
Will he forbear to sing
The melancholy anthem, and sad tale?
Shall he not say — he, who forever grieves —
The story of the leaves?
And, with a tone to match the sad complain,
And desolate aspect of the world around,
Shall he not pour along the waste that strain
Of wild and incommunicable sound,
Which in the Mexic gulph the seaman hears,
Like scream of the lone sea-gull, in his ears,
Vexing the black profound?

V.

The plaint he utters forth, to human sense,
Though meaningless and vague, hath yet a tone,
To the dumb nature full of competence,
And wrought for her alone:
Yet even in human thought it still must bear
The semblance of a moan, —
And fancy deems, the wanderer in his grief,
His home all desolate, his soul all drear,
Thus wails the perish'd leaf:

VI.

'Never—O! never more,
 Unburied honors of the Pilgrim year, —
 In your sweet garb of green,
 With crispid veins from Nature's palmy print,
 And each sweet scent, and lovely tinge, and tint,
 Shall ye appear,
 The roving sense to charm, the eye to cheer :
 The time, — sweet time! — that ye and I have seen,
 Is o'er — forever o'er!
 Ye feel me not — I press ye, never more —
 My early joy, your loveliness, — how brief!
 I may forget ye on some happier shore,
 But on your fruitless, now, and scentless bier,
 I leave my tear!

VII.

Away! away!
 Far in the blaze of the descending day,
 After that brief lament, he spreads his wings —
 Now that the summer charm that led astray
 The licensed rover of deep Indian seas,
 No longer clings,
 With blossoming odor, wooing his wild flight —
 And but the ruin of the leafless trees
 Is there in token of the common blight!
 Ah! who hath not been hopeless as the breeze?
 Whose leaves and flow'rs, secure against the doom,
 Have ever, through all seasons, held their bloom,
 Nor wither'd in a night?

W. G. S.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE FORT FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

I HAVE often wished that we had some word in our language, by which I could express the degree and quality of the affection I entertain for my *pretty* female cousins. For the *homely* ones, I entertain the highest respect, and treat them accordingly; but my regard for those who are beautiful, I never could define. It is not so tender, nor so chastened, as my affection for my sisters; neither is it so deep, so passionate, or so idolizing, as I think my love will be for the maiden who consents to trip it with me over life's hills and dales; but it partakes in some degree of both. When I am absent from the witches, I have a kind of brotherly regard for them, but when I am in their presence, and under the influence of their bright eyes, and radiant smiles, I confess with shame and contrition, that my brotherly regard is merged in a warmer, or at least a more love-like feeling.

I never was particularly fond of that species of visiting denominated *cousining*. In truth, from some cause which I have not now leisure to set forth, I positively disliked it. Possibly it may have been that the appellation given to it, so like in sound, and in some cases so very like in *sense*, to *cozening*, may have had some share in forming my antipathy.

Most of my first cousins, it appears to me, I always knew, and always

loved; but the whole region from and including second cousins, upward, downward, and in all lateral directions, has been to me until lately '*terra incognita*.' It has been an enemy's country, and whenever even my imagination has wandered into it, it has been weighed down by sour looks, begrudged bread-and-butter, qualified invitations to stay to dinner, and cold requests to spend a day or two. Within a few months, a new accession of relatives of this character, of rather equivocal consanguinity, but of unequivocal beauty and attractions, has worked a great change in my sentiments respecting the relationship in its diluted state, and I now think that the more distant the remove, the stronger is my affection for my female cousins.

I shall not soon forget my first introduction to those who wrought this change in me, or the commencement of this relationship. It was at a wedding in the country, — one of those good old-fashioned parties, to which every family connection, far and near, is summoned; at which the buying of oxen, or the marrying a wife, is not made an excuse for non-attendance, but where all that are bidden, come, bringing with them warm hearts, kindly feelings, and a disposition to please and be pleased. (They also bring with them a trunk of clothes, for it is often an affair of several days.) The groom was my near relative, and had selected me for his supporter on the occasion. A few muttered words, and a little mumbling of the hand of a lady who stood by his side, made him the *real* relative, and myself the one hundredth cousin of some dozen of the most beautiful young creatures I have ever seen. I wonder what it is that makes all woman-kind so affectionate in their manner to a groom. Wives, maids, and widows, are in this respect all alike. From the venerable grandmother, who implores a blessing on her new grandson while she presents her wrinkled cheek for his salute, to the little toddling youngest sister, who, with outstretched arms and upturned face, presents her lips for a kiss, the same feeling seems to prevail. Does this deportment arise from an instinctive desire, in all the sex, to excite the envy of the poor bachelors who stand around with watering mouths and itching lips, spectators of the scene? — or has it its origin in the general feeling of kindness and affection of the female sex toward our own, which they are fearful of manifesting until a poor victim has had the *lasso* thrown around him, and, fairly deprived of his liberty and hopped, can become the object of their caresses without causing the motive to be distrusted? From whatever cause this conduct arises, one thing is most certain: the groom at a marriage ceremony is a person to be envied, particularly if he marries into a family where there are not many elderly aunts who take snuff.

As I stood by my friend on the occasion aforesaid, and saw the many beautiful young creatures who crowded around him to offer their congratulations, and receive his embrace, I could hardly avoid open complaint, that I, who to all appearances was equally deserving, should, notwithstanding certain significant motions and preparatory movements which involuntarily escaped me, be passed by without a look. After the ceremony, matters were still worse. I well recollect, in rambling over the old mansion, (all of which was thrown open at this festive period,) finding my friend seated on a sofa in the library, with one arm thrown around his wife, and his huge brown hand resting on the fair round shoulder of a gentle, quiet-looking girl of sixteen, who had nestled her-

self by his side, and looked the very picture of contentment. As she turned her face up to him to ask some question, the rascal, before answering, very leisurely pressed her lips to his own, and then proceeded with his reply as coolly and calmly as if the ceremony had been a part of his answer. This same demure-looking little personage, two hours previous, I had endeavored, with all the powers of entertainment I was master of, to entice into conversation, but she turned coyly away. Then there was his eldest sister-in-law, looking upon him with eyes beaming with sisterly affection. Who would not marry, if but to gain such a sister? How shall I describe thee, dear——? It is true, I can dwell upon the symmetry of thy rich and youthful figure—I can give the hue of thine eyes, the colour of thy hair—I could almost paint the tint of thy cheek, the ruby of thy lip: I could speak of thy teeth, thy complexion, thy dimpled hands, thy tiny feet, but those who read, or hear, would not *know* thee. The nameless charms, the indescribable grace, the winning manner, and oh, above all, the magic hues of thy dark, soft, *imploring* eyes, would not be conveyed to others. The holy charm which is ever around thee, the atmosphere of purity which ever more encircles thee, and the chastened feelings of admiration and love inspired by thee, can be experienced, but not described. But why proceed to particularize? I will not further attempt it.

My situation on this occasion was peculiarly unfortunate. The entire assemblage was composed of family connections. All had some claim of relationship, not only with the bride, but with her beautiful bridesmaids, and her lovely array of cousins and sisters, while I had only the equivocal and doubtful claim to cousinship arising from my connection with the groom. The most delightful ease and unrestrained joyousness of manner prevailed. Ever and anon some happy young scapegrace would seize the hand of a favourite cousin, and while he poured some playful nonsense in her ear, or indulged in light badinage, soon snatch the kiss she only half refused. Altogether, the scene was more than I could bear with equanimity, and with the complainant in 'Love's Philosophy', I was ready to ask:

'What are all these kissings worth,
If they kiss not me?'

Reader, did you ever look upon the sports of a litter of young puppies, in their playful moods? Have you watched their gambols, their heavy falls and tumbles, and their good-natured worrying of each other? And have you never seen a four-month's-old dog, one of those big, clumsy fellows, who have reached *canolence* in size only, who, with the stature of a dog, are in heart all puppy, also watching the sport?—entering with a deep interest and heart-felt enjoyment into the scene, that is manifest in his every look and movement? Have you not observed him gradually sink his black muzzle to the earth, and rest it upon his outstretched forepaws, his curved back and erect hind legs quivering the while from the effect of his restrained inclination? But more than all, did you remark his eyes, absolutely *speaking* delight, while in this position, he rests a moment ere he plunges into the midst of his sporting younger brethren, overturning one, knocking down another, and completely burying a third with his huge body? And then have you heard the yelping and yelling, and marked the confusion and flight which ensued? If you can answer all the foregoing questions in the

affirmative, patient reader, then may you be able to conceive my situation, and understand the workings of my feelings, while I stood for a while a spectator of this cousinly intercourse. At length I could restrain myself no longer, and catching a little dark-eyed, laughing witch of a creature in my arms, I imprinted on her glowing cheek, and then on her pouting lips, kisses — that I fear may have burned her, for she screamed, or rather yelped, little wretch as she was, like one of the quadrupeds above mentioned. And then there was confusion, and flight, and questions, and inquiries, and then I 'arose to explain.' spake of the illusion of the moment — thought I was a *real* cousin — wished I was — humble apology — future good behaviour — forgiveness, — and was forgiven!

'BEAUTIFUL! — beautiful! — *very* beautiful!' I softly exclaimed, as the last words of the piece she had been reciting still lingered on her sweet lips. It was a tale of love, wherein the heart had breathed out a world of tenderness. The story was a trite one, and there was not even novelty of expression to recommend it. It was merely another exemplification of the truth of the great dramatist's remark, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' But it was in the peculiar character of the reciter — in the softened expression that for a few brief moments chased away the proud smile from her mouth — in the deep tenderness that beamed from her dark and haughty eyes — in the tremulousness of her tones, as words, broken words, almost inarticulate from the excess of feeling which shook her slender frame, fell upon my ear, that the charm consisted. I had gained possession of her hand, and while I twined her soft and dimpled fingers within my own, 'Why, oh! why,' I exclaimed, 'are moments like these so rare, my dear —? I have watched you hour after hour in the brilliant circle of which you are the ornament and pride, to see if the voice of flattery, or the murmur of admiration, could for one moment lose their effect upon you; but your eyes have never lost their lustre, and your cheek has ceased not to burn with the flush of gratified vanity; and I have turned aside with an aching heart, and felt that the time had not yet come, when you could prize the deep and abiding homage of one true heart. Has that moment now arrived, my —? Will you permit me now, while for a moment your own kind and natural emotions have resumed their sway, to tell you how long and earnestly I have watched your course, how fearfully I have regarded the allurements of fashion, of admiration, of flattery, which have beset your path from the moment of your first appearance in society, as that of woman has rarely been beset? — how in every change, in every scene, I have observed your high and noble nature struggling through the mists that have partially obscured it? — how, hoping all things and fearing all things, I have until this moment kept within my own heart the feelings which now burst forth beyond control? — and how? —'

'Mr. Wilson!' announced the servant, as he suddenly opened the door. The half-bent form of — became suddenly erect. The subdued look was gone, and the downcast eye was again raised, and

burned with all its former haughty fire. The transformation was as instantaneous as it was complete; and as, with a light laugh and a heightened color, she called the attention of the new comer to what she was pleased to call my lackadaisical countenance, I could not believe that she was the same being who had a moment before listened with such flattering attention to my opening tale of love. Resentment usurped the place a few moments before occupied by softer feelings, and I answered with a spirit equal to her own. There is a limit to the long enduring patience even of a lover. That limit was past, — and I was free. Free, did I say? Yes, free, as those who have determined no longer to submit to bonds, but have not yet broken their chains, are free!

Whew! This Tammany-Hall speechifying is ruining my style. I have here just wound up the whining complaint of a disappointed lover with one of the most grandiloquent sentences of my late electioneering speech. If you are not accustomed to the patriotic outpourings of ambitious young politicians, my dear reader, you will have some difficulty in gathering from the foregoing discourse about bonds, and chains, and freedom, that I had come to the conclusion to be flattered with no longer, and that I had determined to draw off my besieging forces, while I could do so with the semblance of honor.

‘GOOD HEAVENS!’ exclaimed a friend of mine to me a few moments since, — ‘poor Charles H. — is a ruined man. He has been cornered by the brokers on the — stock, and has lost all his fortune. What a shocking affair!’ Bad enough, it is true, to one who has been accustomed to the artificial wants which wealth engenders; but to the poor man *by nature*, a mere nothing. I am of the opinion that it is a subject of congratulation for one to have been born the heir of what some respectable person in the poetical line has been pleased to denominate ‘the heritage of wo,’ — meaning thereby, I suppose, poverty. It is not so very unpleasant to be ‘a ruined man,’ when one becomes used to it, or when one has never been otherwise. For my own part, I was never other than such. I have been ‘a ruined man’ from my cradle — I was *born* a ‘ruined man’ — and I feel the ill effects of poverty no more than one who has never been accustomed to shoes feels the want of them.

I have a dim, indistinct conception of a state of existence encumbered with *effects*, and cares of money — real estate, personal property, rents, stocks, household furniture, servants, horses, dogs, children, and such matters; but as to having ever entertained a wish to exchange my present state of independent, total, entire, and unconditional poverty for it, I can with great sincerity acquit myself of any such idea. Now I am in that enviable condition so frequently spoken of, in which I have ‘every thing to gain, and nothing to lose.’ No! — I thank Heaven, my infant hands were not clutched around a patrimony, which the world about me were endeavoring to divert to their own uses; my early perceptions were not quickened with the knowledge that others coveted the good things which I enjoyed; my eyes in childhood never

learned to look suspiciously upon all who approached me, and to seek for enemies where there was the pretence of friendship. My wants were simple and natural — the want of bread, — and my distress such as nature sanctions — that I had it not. I never ‘ran through with the fine estate my father left me,’ as I have heard it reproachfully said of others. My father on earth left me no estate, and that which my Father in Heaven gave me, (I speak it with reverence,) I shall enjoy while I have the sense of enjoyment. This I cannot ‘run through with,’ or dissipate. It is as boundless as the regions of space. I know not ‘whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth,’ neither do I care. My drafts on it are always honored, and it detracts not from my enjoyment of it, that my fellow creatures are all as liberally supplied with it as myself. No ‘pressure in the money market,’ no ‘depreciation in real estate,’ can effect it. Drought or freshets, the invasions of foreign enemies, or internal dissensions, cannot lessen its value, nor diminish its quantity. For me, nullification has no terrors; I am indifferent about the payment of the French claims; I am not alarmed at the proceedings of the abolitionists; and I care not whether the Fanny Wright doctrines or Agrarianism prevails, or whether the Loco Focos can keep their tallow candles burning in Tammany-Hall. I have, as I before remarked, much to gain, and nothing to lose, by any event which can happen in the political or moral world. What I was born, I am, with a slight elevation in grade, now — a loafer. My respected father was a loafer, my beloved mother was a loaferess, and my posterity, as far as I have been able to keep them in sight, and observe them, all belong to that numerous portion of the human family. My mother sold apples and cakes at a stand in the open air on the corner, near St. Paul’s Church. How long she had been engaged in the business, in that particular spot, or whether she had not always occupied it, I have no means of ascertaining, and cannot state. My earliest recollections are of playing on the side-walk in that vicinity. My earliest sufferings arose from certain applications on the part of my mother to ‘my western end’* for not keeping out of the gutter, and my first cares were, to get out of the way of cross-looking men before they kicked me. My youth, ‘the innocent period of my youth,’ was spent, or at least the week days were spent, in munching such unsaleable apples, and dismembered cakes, as my mother gave me, and in stealing those she would not so willingly part with. On Sundays, I used to go to a little den in Gold-street, where we, that is to say, my mother and myself, and my father, when he could be found, slept at night. Here, on this day of rest, we used to have what my mother called *meals*. The cold victuals which had been collected on Saturday, were warmed in a pan, and placed on the old chest that contained our family wardrobe, and stock in trade, and we had the satisfaction of eating under the cover of a roof.

One day my mother told me that I was twelve years old, and that as she could not afford to support me any longer, I must do something for myself. She also informed me (a fact, by the way, that had never before come to my knowledge,) that she had three brothers, engaged in business, either of whom was willing to give me employment. She con-

* Vide Peter Simple.

cluded her maternal communication, by making it known to me, that she had resolved to bind me as an apprentice to one of them, but that I should have my choice of their three professions. On inquiring as to their several occupations, she announced to me in a somewhat pompous manner, that one was 'a dealer in paper,' the other a 'victualler,' and the last was employed in the 'sign business.' Thinking that any thing relative to paper must be a light employment, I made choice of the profession of my uncle who dealt in that article.

Accordingly, my mother took me by the hand, and led me down to a cellar in Thames-street, where I had the honor of an introduction to my respected relative 'in the paper line.' We found him on our entrance engaged with a piece of board, shoving up to a large heap in the corner of a dark room several smaller piles, composed of bits of dirty paper, which some half dozen children had emptied from bags that they held in their hands. On my mother's announcing her business, he at once signified his readiness to receive me into his employ, and taking down from the wall a coarse canvass bag which hung there, and handing it to me, he, without further ceremony, directed me to go out with the children, who were leaving, saying that they would show me what I had to do.

I followed them, and after proceeding down the side-walk some distance, I observed one of them dart out into the street and pick up and thrust into his bag an old newspaper. A few moments after, a shop lad threw a handful of old brown paper into the street, upon which all my companions rushed up, and in a twinkling every piece of it had disappeared, and was deposited in their bags. Shortly afterward, one of the pedestrian corps hastened to a hillock of dirt, which the street-sweepers had just left, and seizing a little stick, began scratching in it, every now and then picking up a piece of paper, and depositing it in his canvass receptacle. He was followed by the others, and I, having at length discovered the object of their search, joined in their occupation, and in the course of a few hours was able to return to my uncle with my bag well filled. At night, after satisfying my appetite on cold victuals, I made a bed with twelve or fifteen of my fellow-laborers on the piles of paper in the room, and slept until morning. The employment of the previous day was then renewed.

For the next ensuing ten months, my life was without variation. Every Saturday, the collections of the week were put up in large bags, and carried away in carts to the agents of the manufacturers of coarse paper, and sold.

At the end of the period above mentioned, my uncle, who had never treated me with much tenderness, having caught me in the act of pommeling one of my mates, applied his foot to a part of my person that I cannot mention without a blush of indignation. Independent of a feeling of numbness, of an exceedingly unpleasant nature, which immediately ensued, — independent, I say, of bodily pain, — the injury to my feelings was of an insupportable character. I felt grieved, nay, insulted! The sanctity of my person had been violated, and I mentally resolved that it should not suffer a second attack. I immediately went to my mother, and telling her that my honor had been injured in its tenderest part, detailed the unmerited treatment I had received. She was very much enraged, and declared that I should retire from the 'paper business,' and

go into the employment of my uncle, the 'victualler.' This I accordingly did.

I was now engaged from morning until night, with a basket on my arm, calling at the kitchens of the good people of the city, and begging for cold victuals. When my basket was filled, I took it to my uncle's cellar, in Cross-street, where the contents were separated, and placed in different piles, ready to be sold to the poor people who traded with him. This life I liked very much. It is true, the servants where I called sometimes boxed my ears, or shut the door too suddenly in my face, especially when I called over four times on the same day; but I always had enough to eat, and in cold weather, a good-natured cook would occasionally permit me to warm myself by the kitchen fire. I think I should have continued in this line of business for a long time, had I not become acquainted, about a year after I entered it, with my other uncle. He looked so fat and happy, and appeared to feel so comfortable, that I thought I should like to work for him. I accordingly asked him if he could not give me employment, telling him that I had concluded not to remain any longer in my present situation. He replied that he would think of it, and let me know in a few days. About a week afterward, he told me to come with him, and he would give me occupation. After bidding my last master farewell, I went home with my new one.

He was a bachelor, and occupied one of the upper rooms in a little story-and-a-half house in Anthony-street, on the front of which some large letters informed those who were able to read, that they had arrived at 'Patrick O'Hare's Hotel.' My uncle's 'office,' as he chose to style his scant apartment, was not very imposing in its appearance. Its furniture consisted simply of a mat and a blanket, together with a single old chair. There was a number of large pieces of paste-board, covered with letters like the show bills of the theatre, standing against the wall. Piles of smaller bills, such as are distributed to the audience at play-houses, were also scattered about the room. My uncle, soon after my entrance into his 'office,' proceeded to equip me for my new profession. Taking two pieces of paste-board, covered with letters as aforesaid, each about four-and-a-half feet in length, and about two feet in breadth, he fastened them together at one end, by strings inserted near the corners, and slipping my head in between them, he brought one of them down in front in such a manner that it extended from under my chin until it nearly reached my feet. The other piece of the same size hung down my back, covering my rear in like manner. After having tied these two pieces together under my arms, he next took a number of the small bills and fastened them around my hat, and then placing a bundle of them in each of my hands, he proceeded to read off, for my edification — that, as he said, I might know what I was about — the various contents of the printed suit in which I was encased. I found that in front, I was an advertisement of the *Hygeian Vegetable Pills*, while in the rear, I announced to the public the arrival at Peale's Museum of *The Great Living Anaconda!* In front, I spoke glowingly of the extraordinary and unrivalled effects of this new discovery in medicine, and, with the maxim that 'prevention is better than cure,' informed the friends of good health how easy it was for them, by taking the pills when they were well, to avoid ever being sick; while in the rear, I discoursed most eloquently of the beauty, grace, and enormous size of this rare

acquisition to the Museum of Mr. Peale, — touched delicately on his unceasing efforts to please the public by the introduction of novelties; told how the serpent swallowed oxen in his own country, and rabbits at Mr. Peale's Museum; and finally, wound up with an account of the fine state of preservation in which a blanket was kept, (and to be seen at Mr. Peale's Museum,) with which his snakeship had broken his fast one morning, when he was uncommonly hungry. On my hat was an account of the horrible murder in Kentucky, by a husband, of his wife and her *three infant twins*, and a notification that *the fork* belonging to the identical knife with which the monster had perpetrated this horrid butchery, was to be seen at No. 714½ Bowery!

After thus reading me to myself, my uncle told me to go up into Broadway, and walk leisurely up and down the street, giving one of the bills in my hand to every gentlemanly-looking person who would receive them. He himself, after equipping his person in a habit similar to my own, but relating to different subjects of public interest, preceded me, for the purpose of showing me how to deport myself.

This was a mode of life that particularly struck my fancy. My labor was light, and my satisfaction in the performance of it excessive. All day long I slowly sauntered up and down Broadway, looking at the throngs which were hurrying past me, admiring the various equipages that dashed up and down the street, throwing stones at dogs, and seeing the omnibusses run over the women and children, and break the private carriages; and in the evening I would call at the Museum, at the Dépôt for the Hygeian Medicine, and at No. 714½ Bowery, for my day's wages.

It was at this period of my life that I learned to read. On rainy days, I used to take my stand in the door-way of houses, to avoid being wet, and for some time I was at loss for amusement. At length, for the want of something better to occupy my time, I began to study my show-bills. By-and-by, I became possessed with an ambition to read them, and after long and patient perseverance, with the assistance of some good-natured, laughing boys, I was able to decipher them with a fluency equal to my uncle.

I have not now either time or inclination to trace my further progress, nor to inform my readers how I gradually advanced through the various intermediate stages of existence, until I at length reached my present elevated station in loafer life. My apprenticeship to the 'sign business,' the habit I then formed of observing what was passing in the streets, and the scenes I witnessed there, have been of incalculable advantage to me in my present profession of a penny-a-liner. Many are the 'accidents,' the 'sudden deaths,' 'horrid affrays,' 'casualties,' 'suicides,' 'shocking occurrences,' and 'melancholy catastrophes,' that come under my observation, which my inexperienced brethren of the quill never hear of. If from any cause I cannot take my usual perambulations through the city, I can draw upon the immense stores of my memory with perfect security. Recollection furnishes me with materials, when my imagination fails; and it is from this cause that while my fellow-laborers in literature are often suffering from want, I am never without the wherewithal to pay for a meal, or repair the rents in my pantaloons.

L A Y S .

I.

THE song is still, that over heath and mountain,
 When closed the day,
 Through glimmering wood, by sky-empurpled fountain,
 Stole soft away;
 In shady vale, by stream through roses playing,
 On golden hill,
 Breathed faint and low, as tenderly delaying --
 The song is still.

The song is still, that clear in morning hovered
 O'er field and grove,
 When billowy mist the winding valley covered,
 Rocks glowed above;
 When bleat and bark, from bushy lawn repeated,
 Rose round the hill --
 The joyous song, that light and buoyant fled --
 The song is still.

O! wake the song -- its notes remembered waken
 My love of home:
 Spite of my firmer will, my heart is shaken
 By thoughts that come,
 Thoughts of my early days -- in frolic measure
 They glide along:
 The song of youth, to notes of love and pleasure --
 O! wake the song.

II.

NIGHT is on the hill --
 Hushed the clattering mill:
 Deeper shadows fall --
 Only mothers call,
 Careless as they roam,
 Laughing youngsters home.

Now the evening star,
 Over mountain far,
 Mild in beauty beaming,
 On the fountain streaming,
 Turns the eye of love
 To the heaven above.

Dark and darker spread
 Shadows o'er the bed
 Of the woodland lake;
 Fainter ripples break
 On the pebbled shore --
 Evening's breeze is o'er.

Night is deep and still --
 Stars unnumbered fill
 Nature's temple o'er me;
 Glides a light before me,
 Steals in darkness far --
 'Tis my Spirit's star.

III.

BELLS are ringing,
 Maidens singing
 By the village tree;
 Wreaths and banners flying,
 Youth his vigor trying,
 Joy is wild and free.

Harvest over,
 Friend and lover,

Hasten to the green;
 Love with crown of myrtle,
 Health in forest kirtle,
 Beauty rules as queen.

Fleetly glancing,
 Lightly dancing,
 All is laugh and song --
 So till golden even
 Kindles earth and heaven,
 So they wheel along.

Bright in gushes,
 Smiles and blushes
 Come and flit away;
 Harvest now is over --
 So shall friend and lover
 Greet the festive day.

IV.

THE snow is gone --
 The waters run,
 Through valley rushing,
 From cavern gushing,
 And foam along
 In light and song.

The sky is blue;
 The Spring is new;
 The buds are swelling;
 The stag is belling;
 The lark and dove
 Bring life and love.

The woods are green;
 In emerald sheen
 The grass is springing;
 The vales are ringing
 With hound and horn --
 Young May is born.

LIFE: AN ALLEGORY.

BY J. C. PERCIVAL, ESQ.

IT is now morning. Still and glassy lies the lake, within its green and dew-sprent shores. Light mist hangs around, like a skiëy veil, and only reveals the uncertain outlines of woods and hills. The warm vernal air is just stirring in the valleys, but has not yet ruffled the water's mirror. Turns the eye upward, the misty vault opens into the calm, clear heavens, over which there seems suffused a genial spirit's breath. Far distant on the horizon flash out the gilded and reddening peaks, and from yonder crown of snow, a sudden radiance announces the risen sun. Now in the east stream the golden rays through the soft blue vapor. The breeze freshens, and comes loaded with fragrance from the woods. A faint, dark curl sweeps over the water; the mist rolls up, lifts itself above meadow and hill, and in gathered folds hangs light around the mountains. Away on the level lake, till it meets the sky, silvery gleams the sheeted wave, sprinkled with changeful stars, as the ever-rising breeze breaks it in ripples. Now the pennon, that hung loose around the mast, rises and fitfully floats. We spread the sail, and casting off from the shore, glide out with cheerful hearts on our voyage. Before us widens the lake; rock after rock receding back on either hand, and opening between, still bays, hung round with sparkling woods, or leading through green meadow vistas to blue sunny hills.

IT is now noon. In the middle lake speeds the bark over light glancing waves. Dark opens down the clear depth. White toss the crests of foam, and as the sail stoops to the steady wind, swift flies the parted water round the prow, and rushing pours behind the stern. The distant shores glow bright in the sun, that alone in the heaven looks unveiled with vivifying goodness over the earth. How high and broad swells the sky! The agitated lake tosses like a wide field of snowy blossoms. Sweep after sweep of the long-retiring shores; hill gleaming over hill, up to the shadowy mountains; and over these, Alpine needles, shooting pearly white into the boundless azure — all lie still and happy under the ever-smiling sun.

AND now it is evening. The sun is sinking behind the dark mountains, and clouds scattered far in the east, float soft in rosy light. The sun is now hidden, and strong and wide sweeps up its golden flame, like the holy blaze of a funeral pile. The breeze slackens, the waves subside in slumber, and slowly the bark steers into its sheltering bay. Long shadows stretch from hill to valley, fall like dark curtains on the lake, and a solemn, subdued serenity broods, like a protecting spirit, over the hushed and quiet earth. Only the far summits yet retain their brightness. Faint blushes stain the eternal snows, recalling the first dawning roses, like the memory of early joys in the tranquil moments of departing age. These, too, fade; but the evening star looks bright from the blue infinite, and like the herald of a better world, leads us softly to our haven.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE AT SEA.

No DIMPLE on the wave! — the queenly moon,
 Throned in yon sapphire depths, beholds her face
 Without a wrinkle in its mirror glassed.
 Lo! rosy Twilight, quivering in the East,
 Buries her blushes in the deepening gloom:
 The stars blaze forth, and ocean is begemmed
 Thick with the mimic'd jewelry of Heaven!

The sails are stirless; not a ripple breaks
 Beneath our vessel's prow; but heavily
 And unsustained, the graceful fabric reels,
 In impotent gyrations, while her helm
 Swings useless, nor avails the steersman's skill.
 Close to the gaff the heavy ensign clings,
 And the light streamer that o'ertops the mast,
 Unfluttering droops in the suspended air.
 The idle crew, in many a listening group,
 Throng round some toil-worn veteran of the sea,
 Who improvises wonders. While their chief,
 With stride impatient, traverses the deck,
 And whistles a rude prayer to Boreas!

Off the Azores, September 2, 1835.

S.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE AGE.

ONE of the most striking things in the mental history of modern times, is the interest which thinking men, of whatever class or pursuit, have taken in the political condition and prospects of the world. Even those whose lives have been the most retired, and whose habits the most studious, — even those who have sat on the top of Parnassus, — have shared in the agitations of the world around and beneath them. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, have each of them been politicians. Political Economy itself is a modern science: and modern Philosophy, in every form, has showed a marked interest in the vast questions that now agitate mankind.

But although this is striking, it is not strange. Strange would it rather have been, if thinking men could have turned a cold and indifferent eye upon the stupendous questions which modern history is pressing upon their attention. For although these questions, in their broadest character, do not appeal directly to any selfish feeling, they do appeal to a powerful interest — the interest we feel in our kind. They bring home the subject to us, by the most intimate ties of sympathy. *The welfare of the world* presents to us, indeed, a vast, but not a vague or abstract theme. Its past history, its struggles and its failures, its risings and its fallings — are they not like the steps of our own experience? Its fortunes — are they not those of millions of beings, in whose hearts hope and fear, joy and sorrow, have throbbed, as in our own? The human condition — what is it but the extension of our own private history? — what is it, but a mighty medium, through which our sympathies most naturally diffuse themselves? The man of Europe — whether the barbarian of the North, the effeminate slave of the South, or the more intelligent dweller in her middle regions — the inhabitant of populous Asia, and he who builds his lowly hut or his mud-walled city on

the scorched plains of Africa — does he not feel — want — suffer — sorrow — as I do? Then is he part of myself: more than kindred, more than brotherhood, does he claim with me; the tie of humanity is the tie of absolute identity!

And then when we consider more particularly the fortunes of this great, widely-extended, and all-embracing humanity — when we behold the heavy clouds of error that have settled down upon this mighty mass of living beings — the clouds and the waves through which human reason has been 'sounding on its dim and perilous way' — when we behold, beneath this broad and gloomy veil of human delusions, the thousands of instruments whetted for slaughter, and engaged in the work of destruction, and the many engines which human ingenuity has devised, of grinding oppression and cruel torture; when we see how many great experiments in human happiness have failed, — the Assyrian, the Jewish, the Grecian, the Roman, the Feudal of the Middle Ages; when we contemplate all this, I say, can we look upon it as a tale of historic fiction, and pass it by as if it were but a vision of material clouds and storms, or of physical struggles and vicissitudes? No, it is reality; it is the real experience of human hearts: that world which has so long sighed for happiness, which has desired but never seen, and sought but never found — that world is still engaged in the battle-strife for liberty, for truth, and for happiness — still engaged, but with a better hope.

The validity of this better hope, however, is often called in question. There is an impression prevailing, to a considerable extent, I suspect, that there are insuperable barriers fixed in the circumstances of men, or in their very constitution, to any high state of improvement. It is imagined, by not a few, that the very elements of human nature are such as cannot, in its earthly condition, be wrought up into the elements of happiness. 'Do what you will with human nature,' they say, or they vaguely think, 'give it freedom, or bind it in the chains of despotism; enlighten it, or leave it in ignorance; refine it, or bow it down to vulgar degradation; do what you will with it, yet its exposures, its enemies, its temptations, will prove too strong for it: in freedom, it will become licentious; in bondage, base; enlightened, it will be crafty; and ignorant, it will be dull, not innocent; refined, it will be artificial and corrupt, and will be urged to evil by its miseries; degraded and vulgarized, it will only rush into still wilder excess.'

Now to this broad and fatal proscription, I cannot for one moment assent. I believe that men have failed, not because they could not, but because they would not, work out their own welfare. There is moral power enough in the world, and always has been, if it were only exerted, to control and to conquer any circumstances — to correct, not instantly, indeed, but gradually to correct, any evils — to modify governments, laws, institutions — to obtain knowledge and virtue — and, in one word, to rise to a point of elevation which the world has never yet seen, nor even conceived of. This power lies in individuals, and it lies in that aggregate of individuals, the world. The primary difficulty has not been the want of good governments, happy institutions, fair opportunities, abundant means, or all-sufficient powers. But the difficulty has been, that men have not been alive to their interests, that they have not intelligently pursued them, and that they have not had the moral will to pursue them, as they ought to have done.

There are, however, in regard to these very particulars, indications now appearing in the world, which are signs of better things to come; and I propose to enter into some brief consideration of them.

I observe, then, that the intelligent portions of mankind are alive to their real interests, as they never have been at any former period. This is the first sign of promise which I shall present as worthy of attention. This is a necessary step in the advancement of the world; it is, indeed, the first step; and it is a step which I trust the world is taking, with a decision and general agreement that promise great results. There can be no doubt, that if the communities of the civilized world would direct their attention to this point, and faithfully unite their efforts to remove existing evils, and to promote the common welfare, they would succeed.

It may appear to be a singular statement, but I believe it is perfectly true, that the world, as a mass, that communities as such, have had very little regard to their common and real interests. There has been an amazing insensibility, not to say fatuity, with regard to the great and paramount claims of real utility. In the formation of governments, in the prosecution of great national measures, and in many of the interior regulations of civil polity, the question of utility has certainly not had the place which reasonable beings might have been expected to give it. What utility has there been in supporting expensive, and at the same time, despotic governments? What utility in the whole system of government-sinecures, and pensions? What utility has there been in bloody and devastating wars — where the many, in thousands and millions, have been slain, to gratify the ambition, anger, or caprice of the few? The very basis of most of the political institutions that have had sway in the world, has been laid in the sacrifice of the interests of the many to the interests of the few. And that strange and insane passion, which the mass of mankind have cherished for doing homage to hereditary monarchs and nobles, is in direct contravention of the general claims, rights, and interests of the whole body of the people. It is only one step of advance beyond that vassalage and subserviency of the many to the one, which built the Egyptian pyramids.

But the world is awaking to this monstrous folly. Our own institutions are founded on the basis of the general good. The struggle now in England is to gain the same object. France is following the example. In spite of the factitious claims of a superannuated and despotic line of princes, she has chosen for herself a citizen king. Indeed, nothing could furnish a stronger evidence of the progress of just sentiments in the world, than a comparison of the last revolution in France with that of '92. And what is the language of that people, in the extraordinary and lofty position which it has taken? It is this: 'We have interests, and no claims of legitimacy shall be put in competition with them. We have interests, and we will cause them to be respected. We have interests,' they say, again, 'and we are ourselves competent to the management of them.' This is the stand taken in the heart of Europe, that has shaken half of the thrones in Christendom with astonishment and terror.

The age in which we live is often called a practical age. And although there is not a little, doubtless, that is shallow and superficial, which passes for practical, yet it marks a character of the times, in which it is equally certain that there is much of promise, and much of promise that no former age has afforded. The *great age of utility* has come,

and our hope is that it can never be turned back. Institutions and establishments are beginning to be searched to their foundations, that it may be seen whether the principle of utility is there; and if it is not found, those institutions and establishments, whether secular, charitable, or ecclesiastical, cannot long stand. Yes, the strange inquiry is beginning to be made, whether this and that part of the great machinery of society does any *good*; and human reason will doubtless be found incorrigible, when fairly set at work in that direction. It is a singular fact, that four thousand persons, of the humblest class of operatives, in one of the manufacturing towns in England, (Manchester, I believe,) should have held a festival in celebration of the late revolution in France; and it is a still more striking and monitory fact, that these persons, with others of the same class, should, by a subscription of one penny per week, have raised a fund of several hundred pounds, to be applied by a committee of their own choosing, to the investigation of existing evils in England; to an inquiry, in other words, for the principle of utility in their laws and institutions. Let pensioners, and place-men, and privileged classes look to it, for this spirit will not rest till it is satisfied; and it will not be satisfied, until it has worked reform.

The advancement, also, that is making in the practical and useful arts, the prodigious improvements in machinery, the wonder-working power of steam, though on the first application they may produce derangement and distress in some portions of society, cannot fail, eventually, to raise the mass. There will be more comfort and more leisure, in proportion as machinery does the work of human hands; and with leisure, it may be hoped, intelligence will advance; with comfort, independence. And with the enterprise of more intelligent and independent minds, wealth will be more generally gained, and more equally diffused. Suppose, for illustration, that in an agricultural district, mechanical improvements could be introduced, which would save half of the labour of tillage and of harvest. The condition of the community then would be — without undertaking to state the comparison with arithmetical exactness — that far more leisure would be enjoyed, and that many more comforts might be obtained with a given capital, and that men of humble means might rise to greater ease and independence. And if these advantages were not abused, it is obvious that there might be more happiness and more intelligence in such a community. Society has never yet, indeed, been in a condition to bear so much leisure; but intellectual improvement and moral culture, it may be hoped, are advancing to sustain the world in the new position it seems likely to occupy.

That the effects to be experienced from the invention of the steam-engine, and the modern improvements in machinery, must be the opportunity, at least, for leisure, and an increase of the comforts of life, cannot be doubted. Indeed, the temporary results in England have gone so far in one of these directions, as with many to bring entirely into question the utility of these mechanical improvements. The starving operatives of England, it may be said, know too well what leisure is. And in some sections, both in England and in France, they have madly risen against a power that seemed to them to be their enemy. But society will soon adjust itself to the new situation upon which it is entering, and if faithful to itself, it will advance with accelerated movement toward a happier condition.

Let me please my imagination — if such the reader shall consider the employment — with depicting for a moment the features of that happy condition. Let me suppose, then, that in this country mechanical improvements, and improved methods of tillage, too, lessen, by one half, or by one third, the amount of human labor. What has passed within a few years, gives me assurance that the supposition is by no means extravagant. Now, one effect of the change will doubtless be, a new direction of our industry to the acquisition of new comforts, conveniences, and luxuries. And all this, if not abused, must tend to greater improvement and happiness. Our houses will be more commodiously built, more abundantly furnished, more comfortably warmed in winter, and ventilated in summer; and disease, pain, misery, will press upon us from fewer quarters than they now do. But after all the new directions and new supplies of industry, there will doubtless be much more leisure among the body of the people. Now, let us suppose, that with improved methods of education, and with easier facilities for general cultivation, in the form of lyceums, libraries, apparatus, and better books — let us suppose that there will be an increasing desire of knowledge, eager to occupy the surplus time of which I am speaking. If it shall happen, that six or eight hours of labor in the day shall be sufficient to meet all the physical wants of society — if there shall then be three or four hours of leisure for the whole body of the people — is it incredible, that a taste may be formed which shall incline them to spend a portion of that leisure in reading? Is not this the ordinary result, where such a taste is formed, and such an opportunity enjoyed? — or is every calculation visionary, but what rests upon the grosser part of human nature?

If such a prospect is not an Utopian dream — if our communities can be brought into such a condition, or into any considerable approach to it, it is impossible to calculate the happy results that would follow. The world would begin to rise to its true dignity and welfare. Men would feel it to be a part of the object and business of their lives to improve their minds, as truly as to improve their estates. In that proportion, the passion for property would lose its present hurtful extravagance. The vices of trade would begin to decline, with other vices. The mind would be supplied, and the cravings of the body would be less importunate. The soul would rely more upon its own proper resources, and would no longer have occasion to lay every thing around it — wealth, show, and sensual pleasure — under such excessive and fatal contributions to supply its own unfurnished void, and boundless want. Then might we hope to see a religion intelligent, liberal, and pure — a virtue hearty, sincere, and satisfying — a life simple, graceful, dignified, and honorable — and death, the passage-way of a happy race to a happier and loftier scene beyond.

But I must check myself in the course of these anticipations, to notice one or two other promising indications in the present state of the world.

I have implied all along, in the latter part of this discussion, that an increasing intelligence is necessary to fulfil the newly-wakened hopes of mankind. And I now remark another of the great encouraging signs of the times, — that a regard is paid to *the mind*, such as distinguishes the present from every former age.

I might say, indeed, that *human nature* is respected as it never was before. I might cite much of modern speculation that tends to this point. I might point out some features in the late political changes in Europe, and still more the great change of opinion that is now going on in those countries with regard to the relation of man to man, as bearing the same complexion. I cannot doubt, from all the indications which literature, religion, and politics are furnishing, that there are thousands of silent thinkers, who will yet be writers and speakers, and who will bring forward new and more powerful views of the great claim of human nature over all other claims.

But I said that more attention is paid to the mind; and I mean now not simply to its claims, but to its education and culture. The great effort that is now making in Prussia, in England, in France, and in this country — and it will extend itself to other countries — the great effort, I say, that is making to carry down knowledge and science to the whole mass of society, is altogether without a precedent in the history of the world. It cannot be without effects. It is impossible that it should succeed in any measure without the most direct and necessary tendency to change the state of society, of influence, property, laws, and institutions, and of every thing that affects human happiness. Men will not blindly wander about beneath the shadow of despotic thrones — letting things above them, and about them, take their own course, and careless what course they do take — they will not thus be indifferent and passive, when they are once brought to think. At any rate, to elevate the mass of mankind to the condition of thinking beings, will be a new era in the history of mankind; and it is impossible not to hope much from it. Other means have been tried, without success — despotism and liberty, law and license, superstition and atheism: let the trial now be made, and let it be seen what *thinking* can do.

In this connection, I regard the efforts in this country for advancing popular education, as of great moment and interest. The simultaneous conventions of teachers in several of the States, and the meetings in many of our counties, not only promise great good, but they are indications of a new and unparalleled impulse in the cause of popular education. Amidst all the conventions, convocations, and assemblies that have been held in the world, in what country, or in what age, before, have there ever been conventions of the teachers of youth, to consult upon the best methods of educating the whole rising youth of a nation?

But I must hasten to notice a third leading feature of the age, which is to be found in its *religious character*. It is not only the age of utility, and of popular education, but it is the great religious age of the world.

It is an age of unprecedented religious controversy. Compared with the prevalence and extent of this, the controversy of the reformation was very limited, and it was full half of it, indeed, of a secular and political character. It was carried on by priests and kings, and did not enlist the attention of the body of the people, as controversies now do — certainly not in the shape of an abstract question of truth or falsehood. Now, whatever may be thought of the religious controversies of the age — however much good, or however much evil they may be thought to do — it is certain that they prove religion to be a subject of unexampled interest and attention. I cannot, for myself, doubt, that much good is to result from these agitations. If inquiry is better than implicit

acquiescence, we must consent, till men are perfect, to have controversies, and to have a portion of truth and piety gained through this medium.

Again, the present is an age of religious enterprise. It is only necessary to refer for proof to the numerous, the almost innumerable societies that are formed and forming in every part of Protestant Christendom for the propagation, explanation, and defence of religion. The Sunday-School enterprise is one, especially, that must produce a powerful effect upon the religious character of the coming age. When I look, too, at the success that is attending individual effort; when I see one or two men gathering coadjutors around them, and effecting, almost at a single blow, the abolition of the slave-trade; another searching out the prisons of a whole country, and correcting the evils of their discipline; and another penetrating the frightful mass of vice and poverty in the crowded city, and showing, both by argument and experiment, that that most hopeless of all cases is not hopeless; and then when I turn to the success of religious efforts, on a large scale, — especially, when I contemplate the most unlooked-for and most delightful progress of the temperance reform — I hear on every side the voice of encouragement, as if it already sounded the trumpet of victory over all the powers of sin, and vice, and complicated evil.

And yet beneath all this visible action, I see a still deeper work that is going on in the hearts of men. Literature is taking a deeper religious tone than it has ever before taken. Moral instruction, whether proceeding from the chair of the philosopher, or the pulpit of the preacher, is at length sounding the depths of the human heart, and pouring light upon its awful and unfathomable mysteries. Thousands of minds that stood aloof from religion, have entered into communion with it, have felt its power, and found it to be joy and life to them. Amidst the claims of different sects for converts — about which I care but little in the comparison — amidst these contending claims, I see, as I apprehend, one thing to cheer them all — one great revival of religion in England, in Germany, in France, and in this country — one deep, or at least deepening, impression of the indispensableness of this principle to compose social difficulties, to guarantee public order, and to satisfy the otherwise insatiable cravings of the human heart. Superstition has had its reign; skepticism has had its reign, and faith has come, and it is yet more fully to come. And by faith, now, I do not mean acquiescence; I do not mean the repeating of a creed; but I mean the faith of the heart. And I firmly believe, that no age of the world ever evinced so much as the present of this faith — this rational religious conviction. There is an extended and growing sense of the indispensable necessity of religion to human welfare. The old idea that religion was necessary to the state — that is, a useful state-engine — the old dogma that faith only was necessary to salvation — the Antinomian dogma, that is — how far were these states of the religious principle, from that vital conviction of its value that is now establishing itself in the reason and moral sensibility of mankind! How much unconscious skepticism was there in those days, that wore the form of religion! France, that has found her way through a world of religious ceremonies to no religion at all, is now in a much fairer way to faith than she ever was before. There is far more true religion in the churches, and universities, and

common schools of Germany, than there was on the battle-fields of her Holy Wars. England is manifesting a religious spirit, beyond all example in her history. And I am sure that our own country is not behind in proofs of this grand tendency of modern civilization. Religion is more and more taking a place like that which science holds in the world, as being the result of inquiry, and rational conviction. Let it take its right place, and it will be as impossible that it should decline — it will be as impossible that it should not advance — as the same things are impossible of science, of art, or of the ordinary prudence of life. And I am firmly persuaded, that religion never had so strong a hold upon the civilized world, since its nations rose from barbarism, superstition, and idolatry.

In all this, I am sensible that I am expressing opinions quite at variance with those of our modern alarmists. We are told, that all faith and reverence are dying out of the world — that every thing holy and venerable is soon to be trodden under foot of the profane multitude; that the lower classes are rising against the higher, the peasant against the noble, the ignorant against the wise, the poor against the rich; and that as popular forms of government are giving them the controlling power, they will wield it in licentious retaliation and wild disorder; and that, in fine, another flood of barbarism, bearing slaughter, rapine, and anarchy in its course, will overwhelm the world. This exclusive and exceeding dread of the people, it does seem, might, some of it, be spared for their masters. The despotism of the few, whether kings, nobles, or superiors of whatever kind, is obviously to be feared, because their interests are not identical with those of the many. That the many should deliberately set about oppressing or destroying themselves, seems not quite so clear a case for the exercise of reasonable jealousy, or apprehension.

There is danger, doubtless, to be apprehended from the ascendancy and rule of the many. But this danger seems to be lessened by two or three considerations, that may justly be adduced, also, as strengthening my general argument in favor of the hopeful prospects of the world.

One is, the awakened caution of the world on this very subject. The very alarmists give us encouragement. We should not be safe without them. We would not lose the tory party from the world, for any consideration. The popular movement of the age needs an opposition. In fine, our hopes are strengthened by the very circumstances that many are beginning to fear.

One of the greatest occasions for alarm, some years ago, was, that nobody was alarmed. We seemed to think we had nothing to do but to make orations, and sing anthems, and celebrate feasts, in praise of liberty. But at length, amidst the declining tones of that old and childish boasting, a voice of caution and of doubt has broke in, and it is waxing louder and louder. It is a singular fact, that, at this moment, in the two freest countries in the world, England and America, the number of tory thinkers is daily increasing — the number of those, I mean, who think that government should be strengthened, and the popular will restrained — the number of sober and cautious men, who think that all great changes, to be safe, must be gradual, and that the popular mass should be held back rather than hurried forward. This fact may be held up to us, I know, with an air of triumph, by the

enemies of free institutions ; but really there could be nothing so much against us, as the want of this very fact. If there were no fear, I repeat, there would be no safety. If we were all sleeping, in a situation which demands the most jealous and vigilant watch, we should of course be lost. No, this fear that is springing up on every side, so long as it does not degenerate into pusillanimity, or despair, is a sign and promise of good. Nations, in proportion as they are free, are, like individuals, put upon their moral responsibility, and an essential element of all such responsibility, to render it safe, is fear. A nation entering into battle, perhaps, should not fear ; but a nation entering into this moral conflict, should fear — must fear — or it will be inevitably lost.

Another encouraging sign, is, that the mass of the people, concerning whose violence all these fears are entertained, has, in every instance, thus far, acted better than was expected of them. This has been emphatically the case in France and England ; and I trust that when the trial comes to us, if it ever shall come, in the shape of any great and palpable emergency, like the danger of civil war, or of a division of the union — if it ever shall come, in a way to make the people feel that there is real danger — I trust, I say, that the whole people of this country will show a sobriety and moderation, at least as much beyond the expectation of many, as did those of Paris or of England. The truth is, that it imparts dignity and strength to the mind of a people, to entrust them with the management of their own affairs. Nor can it well be conceived why a little knowledge in the case should drive them to distraction. No ; knowledge and responsibility are conservative principles — they are restraining principles. A mob, rising against its rulers, carrying fire and sword through the country, under a notion that that country belongs to their rulers, and not to them — this is a thing we can understand. A people, in a state of pupillage, may act with the wildness and caprice of children. But a mob destroying its own dwellings — a people rising against itself — an educated people, perceiving its own interests, and yet bent upon destroying its own interests — this national suicide is what no people ever did, nor ever can commit.

Besides, it is farther to be considered, that a mob is one thing, and a whole people in revolt is quite another. A mob may be created in some particular district, or city, and it may arm itself against a free government, as well as against a despotic government, though it is less likely to do so ; but how shall a whole people arise to overturn a government which a whole people, and nobody else, makes to be what it is ? It requires the keenest sense of oppression to arouse and combine a whole nation in this manner, and how can the thing happen when there is no oppression ? It must be an extremely difficult thing, in either of the liberalized nations of Europe, to say nothing of our own country, to kindle up such a widely-spread commotion. If Paris were always to be France, as it has been called — if it were to be the nation — it might be easy in that country to destroy or to construct a government in three days. But with the waning power and splendor of the court, the extinction of a hereditary nobility, and the introduction of suffrage into the political system of the country, Paris is fast losing its far-famed distinction. As for England, its people are too intelligent, too comfortable, and too stable in character, to render any such conclusion probable. Let any one travel through that rich and favored country — the most

delightful, the most grateful spectacle to the eye, take it all in all, of any country under heaven; let him see the perfection to which every thing is carried there — agriculture, mechanism, and the whole machinery of social comfort; let him gaze, as he passes, upon its ever-green fields, its lovely landscapes, its old ancestral trees, embowering thousands of beautiful cottages, as well as surrounding hundreds of princely palaces; let him linger about its ancient and venerable churches, its mighty cathedrals, its stupendous ruins, around which the affections of the people are clinging, like the ever-fresh ivy that clothes them; and he will find it as difficult, as it would be horrible, to believe, that the children of the soil should rise to carry fire, and sword, and slaughter, through that glorious and beautiful country.

The unexpected length to which this article has run, although consisting of imperfect hints, obliges me to bring it abruptly to a close; as also to defer, till another number, some observations which I intended to offer on the Duties of the Age.

READING OF THE WILL.

It was a gorgeous room, — the rich, warm light
Which through the half-drawn crimson curtains streamed,
Softened a blaze of splendor else too bright :
Like orient pearl, the gold-rimmed mirrors gleamed ;
Blushed the pale statues ; while each pictured knight
That graced the walls, as fresh from slaughter seemed.
There wealth had toiled to rival and outshine
The feudal pomp of old baronial line.

Such was the hall of banquet, where full oft
Had feasted high, the noble and the fair :
And tiled rank its cap of pride had doffed,
In homage to the upstart *millionaire*,
Whose mushroom lineage inwardly it scoffed.
Now at that cold and final banquet, where,
As Hamlet says, we eat not, but are eat,
Less courtly guests the purse-proud host had met.

Death had consigned him to his mighty larder,
And worms upon the pampered corse were dining :
For when departs the soul, (the body's warder,)
Those gentry soon begin their loathsome twining.
Unmannered pioneers! — no high regard, or
Reverence for wealth obstructs their horrid mining :
Cold clay, to them, is but the 'raw material,'
From pauper delf, to 'porcelain' imperial.

But while below ground, Death's blind scavengers
Wound, through the rich man's dust, their slimy way,
Avarice, that abject appetite, which stirs
The hearts of reptiles meaner far than they,
Had gathered to his doors the flatterers
Who came to look for their posthumous pay :
Hoping — to liquidate their perjury's bill —
A fit 'consideration' in the will.

And there they sat, 'a goodly convocation,'
In all the hollow circumstance of wo ;
Perfect in every outward preparation
Of solemn pomp and pharisaic show.
Among them there was little conversation,
For mutual hatred barred the feelings' flow :
Each eyed his fellow, as a wolf might glare
Up from the prey a rival seeks to share.

Anon, the door was opened, and walked in
 A small, gray man; and 'neath his arm he bore
 That yellow preparation of a skin
 Hight parchment, whose pale aspect I abhor:
 And he, the man of law, now came to spin
 The legal yarn which he had writ before.
 There was much covert satire in his air,
 As rose the group, and bow'd him to a chair.

Nervous with eagerness, on thorns they sat,
 While he, with much *sang froid* and little haste,
 (Although he well knew what they would be at,)
 Its pink-tape fastenings from the scroll unlaced.
 At length, 'twas all unfolded, smooth and flat.
 Then spectacles upon his nose he placed;
 A moment pored in silence o'er the deed,
 Coughed solemnly, and then began to read.

'Being of sound mind' — the scroll commenced thus-wise —
 Proceeding — some old servants being pensioned —
 'I give, bequeath, make over, and devise,
 In trust' — here two executors were mentioned —
 'All my hard cash, stocks, bonds, and policies,
 (That none may say my heart was ill-intentioned,)
 Worth half a million, if the funds don't fall,
 To build and to endow a hospital.

'My real estate, worth — say a million more,
 To build a place of worship, I bestow:
 To' — (here were named of friends above a score,)
 'A mighty debt of — *gratitude* I owe;
 But as they all and each have said and swore,
 That when my head was laid the sod below,
 Nothing on earth would claim their further care,
 I will not mock with gifts their deep despair.'

Here paused the lawyer, and looked sily round,
 But on each face met such a leer and grin
 Of fiendish malice, that he had good ground
 To doubt the safety of his musty skin:
 For, though another's wishes to expound
 Could not in justice be construed a sin,
 Men sometimes on an agent blindly fall,
 Because they cannot reach the principal.

For a brief moment, fury master'd speech:
 'T was like the pause ere yet the lighted train
 The subterranean magazine can reach,
 Whose hidden thunder splits the rocks in twain.
 Then, in all phrase malignity can teach
 To lip and tongue, burst passion's hurricane:
 The men stamped, hissed, and impiously swore —
 The women shrieked, rush'd out, and slammed the door.

At length a sense of something like propriety
 Their fiery indignation 'gan to cool;
 Each was ashamed of having been so rioty,
 And felt and looked a little like a fool, —
 As, with a look of dolorous sobriety,
 Much like a child's who has been whipped at school,
 With heads depressed, clench'd hands, and knitted brows,
 The group of *pseudo* mourners left the house.

And such as theirs be ever the reward
 Of all, who, like the Israelites of old,
 Make gold their god — to be at last debarred
 From that for which their dignity they sold.
 The foulest leprosy that ever scarred
 The human soul, is greediness of gold.
 A thousand crimes its parentage may claim, —
 Murder it armeth, and it buyeth shame!

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER NINE.

READER, — do you skate? Have you ever enjoyed the exulting sense of standing upon some wide, ice-bound river, having your loins girded about, and your feet shod with the preparation of that pleasant pastime? If not, then hath the culture of your understanding been grievously neglected. With me, skating is a passion. When the winter air is mild and bracing — when there are no clouds about the zenith, but a few quiet, golden ones, hanging like a rich curtain all round the horizon — then to step with your glittering heel upon an expanse of congealed chrystal, and outstrip the wind — there is *rapture* in it. It is the quintessence of life and ‘free moral agency.’ You can go *where* you list, and *as* you list; fast or slow; gliding or shooting over the area where you are disporting, until it is with lines ‘both centric and eccentric scribbled o’er,’ — and you feel that you have done wonders. I love to push onward in a straight line, or to wheel in curious circumgyrations; forming parallels and circles on my bright high-dutchers; leaving droves behind, and feeling at my heart the fiery glow of the skater’s ambition; until the city, with its spires, and flags flouting the sky, disappears in the distance. There is nothing like it, — for it is, next to a sleigh-ride, the very soul of existence. Nature to me is very beautiful in winter. How pure is the air! What loveliness, surpassing even the spring-time, rests on the landscape! The hills, rising pale and blue afar; the vales and plains, dotted with farm-yards, where the herds are huddled ‘in their cotes secure,’ and the yellow straw or green hay, marks the place of their pleased imprisonment. From the barn, you hear the hollow-sounding flail of the threshers; from the street, near and far, the cheerful jingle of bells; and all around you, when you gain some eminence, you behold the shining lakes and mountains, bright as silver in the beams of the sun! Then again, winter is so perfectly salubrious. Sanctified and enshrined in its atmosphere, ‘the dog, the horse, the rat,’ though never so defunct, are inoffensive for months; whereas, in the solstice, they would directly fill your nostril with indignation, and demand prompt exequies. I say I like winter, and I care not who knows it. He that differs from me, may go his ways. His taste dislikes me.

Charles Kemble is probably one of the best skaters in the world. Jehu! how he used to ‘go it’ on the Schuylkill, — until he seemed, not an aged, wig-ensconced man, in lean and slippered pantaloons, but a creature of the elements, endowed with the power of out-chasing the very lightnings of heaven. His elementary instruction began on the Serpentine, in London; it was completed in Germany; and he now stands before the world, accounted a superior skater — oh, very much so! But he is very dull in Macbeth.

WINTER gives energy to every thing. A full city, in sleighing-time, is a perfect carnival. Whew! — how the cutters, punga, and fours-in-hand, sweep over the pavé! How the bells tintinnabulate! Woman

looks sweeter then, than ever. The demoiselle in her boa, with her muff and fur-shoes, presents a picture of warmth and comfort, that you cannot too much admire. At this season — perhaps in this I am peculiar — ‘high mountains are a feeling.’ How I should liked to have been with Napoleon, when he crossed those wintry Alps! — to have shared in the excitement — the danger — the triumph! Never, in all his brilliant career, did he perform an act more sublime and powerful, in my eyes. This alone, had he achieved nothing more, would have stamped him the greatest Captain of his age.

APPROPOS of Napoleon. I remember hearing from somebody, or reading in some book, or pamphlet, or newspaper — bear with me, kind reader, in this incertitude, for I have forgotten all the particulars — an anecdote of him, that seems to me worth preserving — or perhaps I should rather say, rescuing — from the oblivion to which it is rapidly hastening. It finely illustrates one portion of his infinitely-diversified character; and I marvel that it has escaped the notice or the researches of all his biographers, eulogists, critics, and censors. I must be forgiven, if, in recalling it, I should be guilty of a lapse from historical accuracy: I am a sad bungler at dates, and my library boasts not a ‘Chronology.’

Thus ran the tale. One of the *deténus*, whom the abrupt resumption of hostilities after the short peace of — Tilsit, was it? — found a wanderer upon the French soil, for his greater misfortune, was an Englishman of large fortune, and some rank above that of a mere private gentleman — but whether knight, baron, or baronet, is more than I can remember. He was a widower, with an only child, a daughter. He had become personally known to the Emperor, when First Consul, and a certain degree of friendship had sprung up between them. This friendship was in some sort renewed, when the Englishman became an involuntary resident of the French capital; the rigors of detention and *surveillance* were much softened in his behalf, and he was often a partaker of the Emperor’s hospitality — not indeed at the formal *levées* and *soirées* of the palace, but in private and familiar visits, of which Napoleon was fond, and to the enjoyment of which he appropriated as much of his time, as could be spared from the immense number and magnitude of his burdensome imperial occupations. The Englishman was discreet, and the monarch condescending; their *tête-à-têtes* were, therefore, not infrequent, and both parties seemed to take pleasure in their repetition.

The child of the Englishman had been placed at a school in one of the provincial towns; but he solicited and obtained from his imperial friend permission for her to join him at Paris. He received intelligence of her setting out, accompanied by a faithful domestic; but days passed away, and she came not to lighten his solitude. His anxiety and alarm gained strength, day after day, until at length they drove him almost to frenzy. He implored leave to proceed in search of her, and it was granted; but the search proved unavailing. He was enabled to trace her some distance on her journey to the capital, but at a certain point, all indications disappeared, and he was driven to the miserable conviction that, in some mysterious and unaccountable manner, she had perished. He returned to Paris, almost heart-broken.

The morning after his arrival, he was astonished by a sudden visit from an officer, at the head of a body of gens-d'armes, who arrested him in the name of the Emperor. His first emotion was astonishment — his second indignation; and this was not a little heightened, when the officer, with an unusual degree of harshness and *brusquerie*, announced to him that he was accused of conspiring against the life of the Emperor, and that he was to be confined, *en secret*, until the day of his trial before a military commission.

His temper was naturally quick and ardent, and it vented itself in reproaches, exclamations, and perhaps a few oaths — but as they were uttered in English, they seemed to produce no effect on the officer. He was placed in a carriage — the blinds were drawn — and the horses started at full speed.

After riding some distance, but in what direction the prisoner could not determine, by reason of the closeness of the vehicle, it stopped suddenly — a bandage was drawn over his eyes, and he was led into some building; but whether the Conciergerie, or the Bicêtre, he could only conjecture. After traversing various passages, in silence, but brooding over his wrongs, and almost bursting with indignation, his progress was arrested, the blind was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in presence of his *friend*, the Emperor. His first glance conveyed mere wonder; but those which followed it, were glowing with anger, which increased at every moment. The brow of Napoleon wore a gloomy frown, but the heart of the Englishman was too full of wrath to quail even before that fearful sign; it was but reflected from his own bold front. 'Tyrant!' he exclaimed — but before he could add another word, a door was flung open, and his blooming child bounded, all life and loveliness, into his arms. Amazement and happiness made him dumb; and Napoleon, smiling as none but him could smile, turned to leave the room, with the single remark: 'Joy and surprise would have turned your brain; it was better to prepare you for the shock, by rousing you to anger.'

The surpassing skill of Fouché's myrmidons had been called into employment by the Emperor's command, and had succeeded in discovering the child, — but how, or where, I have forgotten.

POOR NAPOLEON! I can never think of his brilliant career, and desolate end, without feeling the sublimity of Massillon's ejaculation over the dead body of his monarch, as it lay in state before him, in the church of Notre Dame: '*God alone is great!*' He commissions Death, with his cold shaft, and the mighty are fallen. The cemetery is sublimer than the battle, or the coronation. *There* speaks a power which is beyond all others; there, in the rustling grass, or whisper of the cypress, we hear the knell of nations, and the prophecy of that to which they all must come — to dust and silence! I am tempted, here, to transcribe one of the noblest poems ever written in our language. It may be familiar to some of my readers, but it is worth a hundred perusals; while to those who have never seen it, I convey a treasure and a talisman — a *memento mori*. The author, Herbert Knowles, wrote it

at twilight, in the church-yard of Richmond, England. Shortly afterward, 'he died and was buried,' in the flower of his manhood.

THE DEAD.

'METHINKS it is good to be here: if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.'

THE BUILD.

METHINKS it is good to be here:
If thou wilt, let us build — but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of evening encompass with gloom
The abode of the Dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below,
In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles, a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! — she forgets
The charm that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin that, but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint that it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride, —
To the trappings that dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
For here's neither wealth nor adornment allow'd,
Save the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

Unto Riches? Alas! — 'tis in vain;
Who here in their turns have been hid,
Their wealth is all squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures that Mirth can afford?
The revel — the laugh — and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board;
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or flown with the spirit above;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? *The dead* cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear —
Peace, peace is the watch-word, — the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! — for his empire is known, —
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none can disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise:
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies!

SOME one of our countrymen has written: 'I never shun a grave-yard. The thoughtful melancholy it inspires, is grateful rather than

displeasing to me.' Here we differ. I *do* shun it; and I hope a good Providence will keep me out of one for a long time. I desire not a freehold in any such premises. I like the liberal air—the golden sunshine—the excursive thought; and I pray Heaven to detain me long from that ancient receptacle, where my kinsmen are inurned. Give me the vital principle below the sun; and though I cannot be astonishingly useful to my fellow beings, or carve my name, just now, high on the records of fame, I can at least enjoy the luxury of fancy, feeding, and respiration,—to say nothing of the pleasing employment of dreaming—which is in itself worth a dukedom—and the rapture of eye-sight. I love not your sackcloth misanthrope, whose whole life is darkened by the fear of its inevitable close, and embittered in the mazes of metaphysics.

SPEAKING of metaphysics, reminds me of Bob Edwards. Reader, thou art already acquainted with Bob—thou hast had a touch of his quality in the *potato* line, and hast borne him company in sundry expeditions from the sacred groves of Academus; thou hast seen, that, by deeds of valiant daring, he had built up for himself a fame which extended far beyond the terrestrial limits that were allowed us for the exercise of our corporeal functions, by the individual who instructed the youthful creatures of our imaginations in the use of fire-arms—or, in the language of the immortal poet,

'Taught our young ideas how to shoot.'

He was the plague of the farmers—the glory of the jollifiers—the terror of the mothers, and the passion of the daughters—'all over the world, for thirty miles round.'

He was an uncommon youth, was Bob—Oh, quite so!

Bob had a philosophical turn of mind, and was looked up to by his satellites with unspeakable reverence. By tacit consent, he was vested with an appellate jurisdiction in the little commonwealth. He sat in judgment upon all questions of law or equity, arising between its juvenile members. He delivered his opinion like the Oracle of Delphos, and his decrees were final.

It was winter—the length of the evenings were remarkable for the time of year—the frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere was—very considerable. A thought smote Bob.

He called his associates together—he made a speech—in which, with all the alternate fire and pathos of his Heaven-born eloquence, he described the trying position in which the severity of the weather had placed them. He spoke of the physical enjoyments of the human race as empty vanities, which an all-wise Providence, for his own good purpose, had qualified with pains and penalties. He adverted, in melting terms, to the uncommon scarcity of game, by which, for a time, they were debarred from the dignified and soul-ennobling pursuit of hunting foxes. He went on to observe, that the improvement of the intellectual faculties was one of the first duties of man; and after enlarging with great talent upon this incontrovertible position, he proposed to his auditors that they should organize a society for the discussion of subjects involving questions of abstract science. (By the way, there are plenty

of such discussions and societies now-a-days, of which *cui bono* should be the motto, but whereof I would not for a ton of gold be supposed to speak lightly. Oh, by no means!) He proceeded to explain his views at length, and his purpose having been received with a unanimous approval, the constitution was signed, the officers were elected, and Bob was placed in the Presidential chair of

THE METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY.

And now, reader, Bob was in his glory. Many were the discussions held by that erudite body, and numerous were the elucidations of the scientific mysteries which had baffled the mightiest intellects of past ages. I do especially remember me of one discussion, in which our venerated President himself largely participated. It was deemed of much interest to the cause of learning, that the debates of the Society should be preserved on record; wherefore, the office of Grand Stenographer had been instituted, into which responsible station I had been sworn, with great solemnity, a short time previous to the period to which I refer.

It had been determined to hold a grand debate upon a question of grave importance. The President's proclamation had gone forth, with an imposing aspect. Three gigantic hand-bills were indited by his private secretary. One of these was fastened with ten-penny nails upon the portal of the *Interniculum Frumenti*, (as the corn-crib was classically denominated;) a second on the vestibulum of the Temple of the Muses, (or, as it was termed by the common people, the Pig-pen,) and the third was emblazoned on the academic Stabulum.

I subjoin a true copy of the document, taken from the records of the Society.

' SOCII SOCIETATIS METAPHYSICÆ.

'Convocabant in ædibus Academiæ C——æ, dimidium horæ post septimum, die Jovis, vigesimo Januarii.

'Orationis argumentum est maximi momenti, quia involvit casus scientiæ, antea nunquam agitato.

'Quamobrem, nos, Præfector hujus Societatis eruditæ, per hoc mandamus omnibus sociis, fautoribus Metaphysicarum, congregare accurate ædibus ante dictis.

'Quæstio quæ, proponitur argumento, ut sequitur: '*An chimera, bombinans in vacuo, devorat secundas intentiones.*'

'In hac re, ausquam aberramini, sub pœna sexdecim caudarum gallorum.

'ROBERTUS EDWARDUS, Pras.'

Such was the manifesto of President Bob; and it may not be improper to annex, for the benefit of the general reader, a true rendition into the vernacular, of the question on which the Metaphysical Society was to exercise its intellectual energies.

This, then, was the subject of discussion: '*Whether a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, devour eth second intentions.*'

The erudite reader cannot fail to perceive the importance of the occasion, and its tendency to create an irrepressible interest in the republic of letters. I pass over the various speculations on the subject, which had agitated the philosophical world previous to the assembling of this august body: and, deeming that the preceding remarks sufficiently introduce the main object, I plunge at once, *in medias res*.

On the twentieth day of January, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, a grand meeting of the Metaphysical Society of C——a was held in the academic buildings of that ilk. At

thirty minutes and seventeen seconds past seven o'clock, post meridiem, the great door of the ante-room was thrown open, and the President, supported on the right by the chief Curator, Jehoiakim Smilax, and on the left by the Censor-general, Eliphalet Flunk, entered the hall, with a dignified step.

The members rose in respectful silence, and the President, acknowledging their salutations with gracious condescension, passed on to his official seat. The attendant officers sat in their respective places, on either side of the Presidential chair, and the Grand Stenographer, John Ollapod, surrounded by the insignia of his station, occupied his accustomed conspicuous position.

The hall, which was of large dimensions, was brilliantly illuminated with five dipt candles, of a superior quality, tastefully arranged in porter bottles, of a sea-green hue. The whole scene presented an imposing aspect, and was calculated to inspire the beholder with feelings of solemnity and awe.

My space will not permit me to extract from the records the whole of the President's address, which followed an unbroken silence of three minutes, one quarter, and some odd seconds. I subjoin only these observations :

'MY BRETHREN: You are assembled to give to a subject which has heretofore confounded the wisdom of man, the infallible test of your deliberations. *The eyes of all Europe are upon you*; and you occupy an altitude before both hemispheres, calculated to call forth your undivided energies. Comment from me were useless.

'Now therefore, brethren, invoking the aid of our blessed Minerva to your righteous endeavours, I quaff this *smaller*, otherwise called cock-tail, to the victory of truth, and the downfall of error.'

He spake — and taking from the custody of the Grand Treasurer, who was in waiting by his side, a tin cup of considerable capability, he transferred the generous fluid contained therein, to the interior of his abdominal regions. His replenished corpus sank gently into the official receptacle, where, after recovering his natural equilibrium, he signified to the brethren his pleasure that the discussion should commence. Whereupon Mr. Elnathan Rummins arose, and and thus addressed the assembly:

'MR. PRESIDENT: In getting myself up to discourse to this learned body on the affirmative side of the question submitted to our decision, I feel a diffidence commensurate with the stupendousness of the subject. Yet, having bestowed upon it much studious research and attention, I feel imperiously bound to express it as my decided opinion, that a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, *does* devour second intentions. I will briefly submit my reasons.

'*Firstly*, — I will take leave to premise, that after serious and mature deliberation, I have brought my mind to the settled belief that Metaphysics is considerable of a science — that all the ideas we have, are derived from two sources, — viz: sensation and reflection, — and that the latter is the root from which all abstract ideas are generated.

'I am discussing this question, Mr. President, upon the supposition that the doctrine of abstract ideas is fully established. In my mind, it is entirely so, and therefore I shall not argue this disputed point. If my *premises* are false, my *conclusions* will collapse, and my learned opponent must benefit by the error.

'What is a *chimera*, in the modern philosophical sense? Sir, we can derive no idea of it from our senses; the faculty of *abstraction* must be resorted to for a definition; the mind must be withdrawn from the contemplation of external objects, and, wrapping itself in the solitude of its own originality, must frame from its own exclusive resources, an idea of this singular being.

'But notwithstanding this *apparent* difficulty, there is, in fact, nothing more easy than a description of this idea. My own reflections have led me to the conclusion, that a *chimera* is an immaterial, incorporeal, intangible, and invisible essence,

having no local habitation, and possessing neither form, extension, nor substance. Thus, I may indulge the pleasing hope, that I have, in a very simple manner, conveyed to the Society a clear apprehension of the nature of this abstraction.

From this description, it will be perceived, that a chimera possesses no incarnate attributes, but is the emanation of a spiritual essence, and therefore must be eminently endowed with the faculty of thought, or, in other words, of *rumination*.

Having thus briefly pointed out the abstract idea of a chimera, and proved its implied powers of rumination, I proceed, secondly, to show that it possesses the undoubted capability of ruminating in a vacuum. To this end, let me very properly show the nature of a vacuum. Little need be said on this subject.

According to some modern philosophers, there are several species of *vacua*,—but the *vacuum cæcervatum* is that to which I particularly refer; this is conceived as a space entirely destitute of matter; and, in my apprehension, its existence was successfully urged by those illustrious men who professed the Pythagorean, the Epicurean, and the Corpuscularian philosophy: but as the human mind is composed of discordant principles, the spirit of opposition (for I cannot imagine it to have been any thing else,) induced the advocates of the Cartesian doctrines to deny its existence. They urged, that if there be nothing *material* in an enclosed space, the walls of the enclosure must be brought into contact; thus insisting upon the principle, that *extension is matter*. But the Corpuscular authors, with much promptness, refuted the arguments of the Cartesians and Peripatetics, by the existence of various circumstances; and they instanced planetary and cometary motion—the fall of bodies—the vibration of the pendulum—re-refraction and condensation—the divisibility of matter, &c.

Now permit me to observe, Mr. President, that it is altogether impossible to effect motion in a *plenum*. I do not wish to make this position depend for support upon my bare assertion—I am borne out in it by the dictum of Lucretius,—thus: '*Principium quoniam cedendi nulla daret res, — undique materies quoniam stipata fuisset.*' Although I might well rest here, Mr. President, upon such mighty authority, I will nevertheless enter upon the proofs which go to the establishing of this principle.

First. All motion is in a straight line, or in a curve which returns into itself,—as, for example, the circle and the ellipse—or in one that does not return into itself, as the parabolic curve. Second—that the moving force must always be greater than the resistance. Now it is perfectly clear from this, that no quantum of force, even though increased *ad infinitum*, can produce motion, where the resistance is also infinite: consequently, it is not possible that motion can exist, either in a straight line, or in a non-returning curve; because, in either of these cases, the amounts of force and resistance would counterbalance each other,—that is, they would be infinite.

You will therefore perceive, Mr. President, that there remains only the motion of a revolving curve practicable—and this must either be a revolution upon an axis, or an annular motion round a stationary body: now both of these would be impossible in an *elliptic* curve, and consequently, all motion must be in circles geometrically true; and the bodies thus revolving must either be spheres, spheroids, or cylinders—otherwise the revolution in a *plenum* would be altogether impracticable. But, Sir, such figures and motions have no existence in nature; yet we know, from the evidence of the senses, that motion, in a non-returning curve, does exist—therefore a *vacuum* must exist.

Having now shown that a chimera is a creature of the imagination, and that therefore it does not require the inhalation of atmospheric air to support life, and having shown the nature and existence of the vacuum, it is of course evident that a chimera may *ruminate* in a vacuum.

I proceed, in the next place, to demonstrate, that a chimera thus ruminating, does devour second intentions.

At this stage of his speech, Rummins exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, and on motion of Mr. Jeremiah Tompkins, the question was postponed until the next ensuing meeting. Whenever I feel disposed to make my reader bolt a few *solids*, among his intellectual edibles, I shall fling in a scrap from the 'Society.' I think I can demonstrate thereby, that a great deal of plausible argument can be used, to demonstrate a small amount of fact, mingled with an immensity of error. Metaphysics, now-a-days, cannot be deemed a very *clear* science. Muddy brains

have elucidated it to death. That was not a bad description of the art given by the Scotchman: 'Metaphysics, mon, is where the hearers dinna ken what the speaker is talking anent, and he does na ken himsel' : but the following definition of one of the metaphysical tribe, by my friend Norman Leslie, is perhaps as good a one as can be found: *Metaphysician*: Encountered a Doctor.

Is it not singular, how one thought brings on another! Now this slight discussion of metaphysics and abstraction, reminds me of a bachelor, an accidental and slight acquaintance of mine, who remains in single blessedness, because, he says, he has always been accustomed, 'e'en from his boyish days,' to look at women *in the abstract*. Fine eyes, he regards merely as filmy globes of water, that shut their coward gates against an atom; lips, he deems but horizontal lines of flesh, constituting the aperture into which beef, pork, potatoes, and other eatable substances, periodically enter. The bloom on the cheek of woman, he considers superfluous blood, prophetic of speedy decay; smiles, in his esteem, are merely the effect of nervous excitement; and frowns, he thinks, are the proper elucidators of the human heart, especially woman's, which he says has always a small portion of discontent and anxiety predominant therein. Holding such notions, he is, of course, somewhat unhappy; but he dissipates his *ennui* by a copious reception of vinous fluids; and is, moreover, a potent eater of oysters. I am half inclined to believe in metempsychosis, and to suppose that the souls of these testaceous articles — if souls they have — ascend him into the brain, and give the *impetus* to his present opinions. At any rate, he is quite a dolt. I always cut him in the street. His reckless life has undone him, as it were. He owes every body; has been often in jail; and those who keep his company, are in something such a situation as one would be at sea, in a leaky boat; — they must be evermore 'bailing him out.' I think he has come to his present sentiments, in consequence of the treatment he receives; every body, females especially, considering him a nonentity, — while he looks at *them* in the *abstract*.

To-morrow will be Christmas. Happy day! How I envy the young hearts that its advent will cheer! — whose elastic and bounding affections it will revive and strengthen! Would to heaven I were a *millionaire*, for to-morrow only! There should not be a rosy face in the Union, that should not be the brighter for my benefactions. I would distribute presents to every urchin and miss I met; and that holiest of all pleasures, *benevolence*, should nestle warmly in my bosom. God bless the children! — unsullied by the guileful contacts of the world; fresh in their feelings, simple in their desires, fervent in their loves, they are the emblems of blessedness and peace. Truly of such is the kingdom of Heaven; and sweetly did the characteristic meekness of our Saviour appear when he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Would that I were again a boy! Would that I had my few years to live over again! I would enjoy the present, as it rolled on the future;

I would revel in the light of sparkling eyes, and the smile of lips, that the grave has closed and sealed forever! I would sing, and shout, and fly my kite, and glide down the snowy hill, on my little craft, as in days of yore. I would enjoy the spring, as I used once to do; that pleasant season, as William Lackaday, Esquire, observes in the play, 'when the balmy breezes is a-blowin', and the primroses peeps out, and the little birds begins for to sing;' — and I would make it a point, to have *no enemies*. I would do this without being a Joseph Surface, too; for I hold insincerity to be the most detestable of all the vices for which men go unhung.

It strikes me, that Christmas is not celebrated with such soberness and godliness as it was wont to be. People drink more than formerly; they do not become devout over the deceased turkey, or adolescent hen, that lies in solemn lifelessness before the eater; but they meet in clubs, and consort with publicans and sinners. If Christmas happeneth toward the close of the week, they 'keep up' the same until Sunday hath gone by; and it is not until the even song of the second day of the week ensuing the festival, that they can bring themselves to cease from their wassail; and even then they do it with much — oh! considerable — reluctance, — exclaiming, as they ruminate bedward, '*Sic transit gloria Monday!*'

BEFORE I close with Christmas, let me relate a little story, just now told me, connected in some degree with that glorious holiday.

Publicans are classed, in the New Testament, with sinners, as though there were something demoralizing in the business of keeping open house; but if the conjunction be not an error of the translators, I know of at least one exception to the rule. The individual is hereby immortalized.

Some twenty or twenty-five, or it may be thirty years ago, the landlord of the Bush tavern in Bristol (England) was so far a benevolent man, that on every Christmas-day he used to set an immense table, at which whosoever would was at liberty to sit and replenish his inner man with as much roast beef and plum-pudding as he could dispose of — a privilege of which, it may well be supposed, the poor of that ancient and by no means elegant city were not backward to avail themselves. But the dinner alone, flanked as it was by an *ad libitum* distribution of stout ale and cider, could not appease the generous propensities of mine host of the Bush: he was in the habit, also, of giving away a score of guineas, upon the same anniversary, which were bestowed, in small sums of from five shillings to twenty, upon such of the free guests as appeared to stand most in need of something more than a dinner.

It had been observed for some weeks, toward the close of a particular year, which I do not remember, that an elderly personage, whom nobody knew, was in the habit of stepping into the Bush every day, and taking a single glass of brandy-and-water, with which he contrived to dally so long as was requisite for the thorough perusal of a London paper, brought down by the guard of one of the night coaches. A London paper was a great thing, at that time, in Bristol. The gentleman was elderly, as I have said; and moreover, his person and garb, as well as

his habits, gave token of poverty. He was thin, and apparently feeble; his coat was seedy, his hat rusty, his nether habiliments thread-bare, and otherwise betokening long and arduous service; and his expenditure never exceeded the sixpence required to pay for the one glass of brandy-and-water. Nobody seemed to know him; and after a few of his daily calls, he came to be recognised by the waiters and landlord, with that happy adaptation of names for which English landlords and waiters are remarkable, as 'the poor gentleman that reads the paper.'

If any doubts existed as to his poverty, they were dispelled when Christmas-day arrived, and the poor gentleman was seen taking his place at the long table, and demolishing an ample allowance of the beef and the pudding, for which there was nothing to pay. 'Poor fellow!' soliloquized the landlord of the Bush; 'I'm sure he can't afford that sixpence every day, for his brandy-and-water; I must make it up to him again.' His measures were accordingly taken: John the waiter had his instructions; and when the poor gentleman handed his plate for another slice of the pudding, a guinea was slipped into his hand, with the whispered, 'Master's compliments, Sir, and says this will do to lay in some winter flannels for the children.' The poor gentleman looked at the coin, and then at the waiter; then deposited the first in the right hand pocket of his small clothes; and then drew forth a card, which he handed to John, quietly remarking: 'My thanks and compliments to your master, and tell him that if he ever happens to come my way, I hope he'll call upon me.' This was the card:

THOMAS COUTTS,
59 STRAND,
LONDON.

The 'poor gentleman' was at Bristol, superintending the erection of some thirty or forty houses, which he was building on speculation. What afterward passed between him and the landlord of the Bush, is not recorded; but this much is known, that the said landlord soon after engaged very largely in the coaching business; that his drafts on Coutts and Co., the great bankers, were always duly honored; that he was very successful, and became one of the richest men in Bristol. And it is farther said, that the identical Christmas guinea is still in the possession of the 'poor gentleman's' widow, her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans.

AND now, Reader, peace be with you! This salutation by the hand of me.

OLLAFOD.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

Behold this glorious Earth! — a church whose roof
 Is the bright firmament, whose lamp the sun, —
 Its blue walls draped by the blazing woof
 Of clouds and beams enwoven into one, —
 Its pillars mountains, and their vales its aisles,
 Fragrant with incense that their flowers respire;
 Its altars are the plains where Plenty smiles, —
 Its organ, thunder! — and the winds its choir!

H.

M A N .

WHAT is he? — trace his fearful history,
 From earth's first bloom, in characters of blood,
 Writ by his dabbled hand. The crown that sat
 Like morning on his brow, when forth he walk'd
 Amid creation's garden, to the sound
 Of all its stirring music — see it dash'd,
 From the then God-like head, to gem the ground
 With its lost fragments!

Could a heritage
 Than his have been more noble — or a hope
 More lifting than did light his promises!
 Could there wait round his spirit loftier dreams,
 Or intimations come, more beautiful
 Than those around his pillow of the flowers!
 And yet he fell! The high inheritance,
 Of passage from his Paradise to Heaven,
 He spurn'd in proud presumption — and made forth,
 To roam the wilderness, and hear the sea
 Chant the deep requiem of its mighty waves,
 In one unceasing heaving of lament —
 A dirge above his destiny of woe!

And thus he wandered, till the centuries
 Had fill'd green fields with graves — and made the earth,
 With its cold congregation of the dead,
 But one vast surface of mortality,
 Where yet th' unsullied spirit might have swept
 In the undying brightness of its morn!

And now what is he? The eternal mind,
 That when earth sprang from chaos, with it sprang,
 To give it radiance, from its heavenly home,
 How is it blighted by the breath of years!
 How has he cast his purity away,
 Nor thought of the exchange, till Evil came,
 And, like a serpent, hiss'd within his bower,
 That he had dream'd to joy was dedicate,
 When fallen from his glory! How his thought,
 Bow'd from its cloudless pathway of the stars,
 Its eagle flight, and high imaginings,
 Creeps earthward, lost in base realities,
 That give that sad mortality to mind,
 Which ever mantles with the flush of shame,
 The brow that is the throne of Intellect!

What is he? Follow but the noble powers
 That God had made gigantic in him — see
 Their very riot in the infamy
 Of the fell purpose, and the gory hand!
 See the great glory of all goodness wane
 Before that cold and meteor brilliancy,
 Which mad ambition points to on the sky,
 As its fierce leader! Mark him as he goes
 Forth from his cottage home — where he had knelt,
 For years, in stated prayer — with lowly heads
 Bent reverently round, in brotherhood
 Of happiness and holiness — behold!
 The lessons which his heart leapt as he heard
 Are all forgotten, as the battle noise
 Of a great world breaks on him. He believes
 Virtue has no reward, unless it move
 On its triumphant way, still heralded
 By the loud shouts of praise — the maddening
 And crazy tribute of the crowded mart!
 He feels that Heaven is second to the Earth,
 And thus dishonoring his destiny,
 He points through baser paths his pilgrimage,

That lead him to dark shores — and when he leaps
The uncertain future, with a reckless plunge,
He leaps to find no landing!

O, Man — Man!

How hast thou sported with thy promises —
Insulted thy great power — and given the clod
That nobler part which beckon'd to the stars!
Thou hast turn'd back from glory — when the warmth
Of its great radiance was on thy brow,
And Virtue read, in golden characters,
On yonder sky, its story of reward!
Canst thou yet hope for mercy! Then cast down
Earth's every idol to the very dust —
Cast thyself down — and veil thy face in earth,
And as thou mak'st companion of the worm,
Pour thy crush'd spirit out, in shame and tears —
The lowest at the footstool of thy God!

Cambridge, December, 1835.

GRENVILLE MELLON.

MY COUNTRY.

'*Utilium que sagax rerum, et divina futuri.*'—HORACE.

I stood upon the storied rock* which overlooks that spot where two mighty rivers have burst through the rifted mountains, to pour their confluent waters into one majestic stream. The works of nature and the operations of man were strangely mingled. Around me were the awful cliffs, fashioned by the finger of Sublimity; on either hand, a turbulent and rushing flood, chafing and foaming over its rocky bed; while far in the blue distance, my eye could trace the mingled waters, wafting their silvery tribute toward the ocean. Beneath, were the habitations of busy man, from whence arose the varied sounds of active occupation; the rattle of machinery — the clink of distant hammers — the droning hum of business — mixed with the eternal roar of waters. The sparkling furnace belched forth its darksome vapors on the crimson air; the steeple glittered on the hill-side; and beyond, the eye could just discern the tiny vessel, gliding over the smooth canal; while more near, the rattling engine, with wheels of fire, flashed like a meteor through the hewn chasm of the everlasting rocks. It was an epitome of my country! and I read her prosperity and her glory in the impressive scene.

But soon Imagination bore me from this living landscape to the contemplation of dead empires. I stood upon the summit of one of those mysterious structures, the conjectural tombs of long-forgotten kings; the monuments of unknown ages, and unrecorded dynasties. I gazed upon the broken and scattered memorials of Memnon's line; I beheld the still progressive decay, which Destiny, through fabled and historic days, had witnessed from these watch-towers, and visibly inscribed upon their hoary summits. The power of Sesostris, the beauty of Cleopatra, perchance, had mouldered in the sepulchre beneath me; and the religion, the politics, the history of many centuries of happy and glorious civilization, were unveiled in those dim hieroglyphics, which Learning never may decipher.

* 'Jefferson's Rock,' at Harper's Ferry.

Thought passed on to better times, and brighter lands. The misshapen idols of Egypt were superseded by the sculptured divinity of Greece. The mystic pyramid vanished from my view, and the mythological temple rose, in its beautiful proportions, before me. But there was no change in that destiny, of which they were alike the monuments. The same fate was equally written upon both. The shrines of Delphi are desecrated, but oracles far truer than the Pythian voices, now echo from the caverns of prophetic desolation.

Imagination carried me still farther along the monumental banks of that resistless stream which hath thus swept over the forms, the customs, and the lore of ages. Amid the countless ruins of the Eternal City's self-included world, where Time, the Destroyer, seems to have paused, to make sublimer havoc, I read his mighty lesson, traced in more gigantic characters.

But memory soon reverted to the feeling which had engendered these ideal visions, and gazing again upon the material scene before me, I cried, 'O, my country! — are these the prototypes of thy career?'

History could not assume the dignity or value of Philosophy, did she teach merely by examples, without revealing the *causes* of each particular event. From her ample page, we learn that the downfall of nations has ever been preceded by a dereliction from those institutions to which they owed their prosperity. The 'arts and arms' of other times and other countries have been coexistent with the arbitrary maxims of government upon which they were founded: those maxims were fluctuating and temporary, and have been buried under the superstructures they were unable to support. The institutions of the United States of America furnish the only system the world has ever seen, of regular contrivance, drawn, since its very origin, from sure and immutable principles; all others have been either the results of accident, the gradual accretions of time and circumstance, or the enormous accumulations of bigotry and error.

Our institutions exhibit the first rational adaptation of the favorite creed of free born man, to the organization and direction of civil society. Liberty is the immediate offspring of Nature. Before the birth of man, she roamed with the illimitable winds over the fresh-created universe; she reigned with the monarch of the peopled forests; she heralded the upward course of the solitary eagle, as he soared, companionless, through the azure deep of air.

But abstract liberty, or the wild and untutored impulses of savage life, like the religion of nature, are equally imperfect, and unsuited to the wants and capacities of humanity. The unrestrained license of barbarism was early found incompatible with security and civilization. But the faint glimmering of nature was the only guide to unenlightened man: the revelation of freedom had not yet dawned upon the world. Forced by necessity, he began to carve for himself images of a deluded worship, and erringly sanctified the rude creations of a false idolatry. The misshapen idol of those early days was unnamed, — but it was the substitute, and received the homage, for Liberty. The genius of Greece chiseled the rude conception of ignorance into the ideal form of divinity, and endowed it with the attributes of intellect, the dignity of philosophy, and the graces of poetry. It became the *statue*, life-like, but not living; the abstraction of the beautiful, the impersonation of

sublimity, the idol of the *mind*, — exemplifying, in its exquisite creation, the ultimate perfection of human imagination.

We live not now in the mythological age of Freedom. The altars of her superstition are deserted. The deity of ancient error is dethroned. We live in a better era. We dwell under a new dispensation. The true, the celestial spirit of Liberty has descended, and lives incarnate in the heart of every freeman. Our creed is the *Revelation* of freedom! and its genius, though more homely and mechanical than that of classical antiquity, is the creation of *utility*, adapted to the wants of mankind, inspired with breath, motion, life! — directing the impulses of will, governing thought, controlling action, and performing the indispensable functions of the director of a visible and material universe.

Every political system is the result of causes which have been in progressive action through a long series of time; and these may be readily traced through their intermediate effects to the great final consequence toward which they all converge. Our government takes its 'form and pressure' from certain peculiar predisposing circumstances, which, from the first settlement of the country, have been in constant and active operation. As these causes were rather moral than material, they exerted a correspondent effect upon the opinions and habits of the people, and superinduced upon both that simple yet grand principle, which forms the everlasting basis of our fundamental and administrative polity. This basis is *utility*; that practical utility which constitutes the distinctive impress of the present age; which is the spirit, and the watch-word of the times, the test of innovation, and the touch-stone of experiment. Trans-atlantic speculation supposes that the *utilitarianism* of America is the result of her peculiar form of government. This is to mistake the effect for the cause. The germ had spread, the blossom had expanded, before the Revolution forced out its tints, 'to flush and circle in the flower.'

Philosophy may hereafter discover that there is a vast chain of events, reaching from the dim middle ages to some future period, beyond the ken of human prophecy, (of which the Crusades, the Reformation, the establishment of the *Commonwealth* of England, the declaration of American Independence, and the French Revolution, are visible concatenations,) which is destined to embrace the world, and whose last link will be universal liberty.

The essential doctrines embodied in our institutions, are founded upon this utility: it is the rock from which their stability is derived. These doctrines are not the mere theoretical deductions of abstract reasoning, but the practical realization of the lessons of human experience, and the wise precepts of a rational philosophy; a philosophy which contemplates man, not in his isolated and metaphysical capacity, but as the active and operative being, the integral portion of a whole, which is subject to the action of general causes, and guided by common and universal rules of conduct. For these reasons, the principles of our Charter of Freedom are not municipal in their character, nor is their adaptation to usefulness circumscribed by the limits of our own age and country. Founded upon the nature and capacities of social man, they could not fail to prove sound and useful maxims of policy, under whatever modifications a varied destiny may impose on an age, or a people. It is this general and promiscuous appropriateness which peculiarly

stamps them with the attributes and value of universal utility. It may be assumed, then, that utility, instead of being a mere *quality*, is, in truth, the primary *principle* of the cis-atlantic science of politics; it is, indeed, the index of our constitution: it is the epicycle of our institutions, moving with their action, yet, by its own peculiar motion, preserving them in their proper centres, and their own respective orbits.

This distinctive characteristic, which was manifested in the people long before its development in the polity of the country, is to be attributed to several distinct causes, all, however, operating toward an uniform effect. Imbued with an instinctive love of freedom, a feeling originally acquired from the Hampdens and the Sidneyes of those days when liberty was the adoration of England, our forefathers maintained the spirit of independence throughout the troubles and difficulties incidental to their colonial dependence. The flame which had been kindled by those gallant spirits of the mother country, had been guarded with a vestal care, and burned bright and undimmed upon the secret altar of many a heart. But when the time of action had arrived,—when the iron rod of tyranny had elicited that spark which dwelt unseen within their bosoms,—the contest was for no idle and abstract idea,—not for that liberty which is but a name,—but for the sensible and availing benefits of life,—for their altars and their fires, and all that hallowed and endeared existence. Utility was both the criterion, and the result, of success.

The colonial governments, whether charter, proprietary, or provincial, being intrinsically popular, and adapted to the simple necessities of the people, were consequently limited in their provisions within the narrowest bounds of utility. The simplicity and practical tendency of education, together with the singular universality of legal information; the religion, for the most part ultra protestant,—the style of manners, simple and severe,—the absence of all the mere forms and ceremonies of the world,—the distance from the glitter and ostentation, the clashing interests and varied excitements, of European life,—all combined to form and to foster the predominant disposition, and the practical habits of the people. They pursued the 'even tenor of their way,' seeking under all circumstances, whether in the management of public affairs, or the arrangement of domestic concerns, the plain, obvious, and useful objects of unsophisticated life. To these causes, operating under such a state of things, and producing other modifications in the peculiar complexion of our independence, may we trace that popular aptitude to utility, which exerted so beneficial an influence upon the institutions subsequently established.

This characteristic of the colonists was farther evinced and developed, by the nature and results of the great contest in which they were afterward engaged. In conformity with those habits and opinions which had become their very being's law, they naturally rejected all visionary ideas of abstract liberty, and labored for that practical freedom which must necessarily inhere in some palpable and sensible object, some end essential to prosperity and happiness. Thus the ante-revolutionary struggles were directed chiefly against the unwarrantable assumptions of the mother country, in regard to the right of taxation. The systematic encroachments of England were resisted as inroads

upon natural and unalienable rights, and the great question involved in the controversy was the right of representation. There was no sanguinary exhibition of tyranny; the infringement was upon birth-right immunities: the strife was then of opinion; the motive of opposition, and the promised object of success, were useful, not Utopian. The cost had been counted, and it was concluded that the end would justify all intermediate privations: and in this spirit were promulgated that invocation and appeal to arms, which offered the only hope of political salvation.

After independence had been achieved, the adopted institutions were shaped in direct reference to that end which formed the original object of the contest, and the whole scheme of government was expressly calculated for the re-production of the very principle upon which it has been constructed — '*vim promoret insitam*.'

The Federal Union is the glorious result of the primary operation of the utilitarian spirit of the times, — and its inception may be predicated of that period when this characteristic had been fully developed by the action of the preceding causes. This Union is wholly a metaphysical existence. The respective states are

———— 'not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one — a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty, — tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten.'

ION.

The true adhesive power of the Union is the impalpable influence of an ideal confederation, which from its very nature and constitution must depend upon something more inherently operative than itself; and where may we better find the requisite efficacy, than in this great motive of *utility*, thus evolved in the colonies, and fostered in the republic. Beside the reasonable grounds of confidence in the Union, our *faith* in its stability is so earnest as to assume the inspiration of prophecy. As the exulting Christian trusts in the hope of temporal immortality in the visible church of God, because it enshrines the spirit of pure religion, even so fervently does the patriot believe in the cœternal existence of institutions which embody the spirit of true political philosophy.

From its immaterial nature, the Union can never be permanently dissevered by physical causes, either of external danger, or internal force. The separated parts would reunite after every blow. Like the celestial Hydra, each star of our constellation must reappear when the shadow shall have passed; or, to adopt the zodiacal fable, like the heads of the Lernean monster, the integrity of the compact must be renewed, *proprio vigore*, even after decapitation, unless it be *seared* by the hand of Treachery. But can the reptile Treason be cherished in the bosom of a republican community? Alas! it hath crept into our councils, and imparted a poisonous influence to the otherwise uncorrupted current of *private* opinion. There are those who affect to doubt the permanency of our institutions, who fear that the spirit which created, may fail to sustain them. Such doubt is treason! — and the wretch who breathes it, should be branded as a traitor! The shrug, the sigh, and the regret,

the 'speechless obloquy' of hypocritical Friendship, are more vitally injurious than the worst malice of Enmity. The corruption that begins its taint within the life-springs of the system, is almost hopelessly incurable. There is no cause for doubt. We have but recently passed through the crisis of the most deadly attack which Fear could anticipate, or Treason wish; and we have been 'purged to a sound and pristine health' by the operation of the very disease which assailed us. There is a vitality in our institutions, which will preserve them through all the dangers to which the vicissitudes of time and chance may expose their safety.

Hope is the best omen of immortality. We fondly believe that our country is reserved for a peculiar destiny. She has led the van in the march of nations. Her eagle is the herald, as well as the emblem, of Liberty. Her dawn of promise is unclouded. There is scarcely a shadow to flit over the beaming light of prosperity: and how bright, how transcendantly bright, must be the meridian of her fame! That Star of Empire whose westward course has been prophetic of her destiny, must culminate over the promised land of freedom and of man.

'The possible destiny of the United States of America, — as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen, — stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, — is an august conception.*' It is a consummation almost too boundless for human thought; but its sublimity chiefly consists in the concomitant extension and example of Liberty. When the tide of population shall have swept beyond the mighty mountains of the Pacific, and lined its fruitful shores with the tumultuous throngs of commerce, — when the gardens of nature, the boundless prairies of the West, shall rejoice in the smile of universal cultivation, — and the noble rivers that water their luxuriant soil be freighted with the golden products of industry, — what imagination can compass the power, the glory, the majesty of Freedom! And when we remember that such anticipations are deduced from sober calculation, — that perchance within the space of a single century these immense results will, in the course of nature, be accomplished, — who can doubt the heaven-directed destiny of his country!

W. H. R.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

How each nerve with rapture tingled,
 (Would such bliss I could recal!)
 When my eye and heart first singled
 Out a partner at a ball!
 Cheeks, like roses half unfolded,
 In their rich, transparent hue —
 Neck, that seemed of ivory moulded,
 Raven brows, and eyes of blue;
 She was 'all my fancy painted';
 But, alas! my charmer fainted!
 To a couch her form I bore:
 Pshaw! — cheeks! — brow! — a hoax, a bubble!
 'Fancy' might have saved her trouble
 She'd been '*painted*' long before!

c.

* Coleridge.

IMMISCIBLE EMIGRATION.

A PETTY PETER-PINDARIC :

WRITTEN DURING A RECENT SOJOURN IN ENGLAND, IN IMITATION OF WORDS-WORTH.

BY A. FUN, GENT.

THE tide of emigration still flows fast ;
 Millions of souls remove their bodies corporate, —
 Columbia's shores will be o'erstocked at last,
 And Yankees must support them by a pauper rate.
 Others,
 With their brothers,
 Fathers and mothers,
 Rush to Australia,
 Nor dream of failure.
 But when bush-rangers,
 And transported pigs,*
 Beset the strangers,
 And devour their pigs ;
 Running queer rigs —
 The emigrants a different tune must sing !
 They are sorry
 They e'er saw Macquarrie,
 And find a *Sydney Cove*† is not a pleasant thing.
 Sierra Leone,
 Will not atone ;
 They die in dozens there each day.
 In Hobart Town,
 They starve them down ;
 Famine too quickly works its woful way,
 Convicts and caffres crowd along the strand,
 Coach-loads of devils in *Van-Demon's* land !
 The 'Swan-River' swindle
 Begins to 'dwindle,
 Peak, and pine.'
 In fine,
 No one goes there without a swinging pension.
 The savage blacks,
 With murderous axe,
 Hack
 And rack,
 The settlers' backs,
 With whacks
 And cracks ;
 Burning their stacks ;
 Taking the lives
 Of cousins
 In dozens,
 Stealing their cattle, sheep, and hogs,
 And dogs,
 And wives ;
 Devouring children —
 Bewildering
 The emigrant with gricfs 'too numerous to mention.'
 Well, whither must we fly ?
 Stay at home :
 Or, if you needs must roam,
 Tempting the land-storm and the ocean's foam,
 Why don't you try
 The place congenial to your state and nature,
 Offering an appropriate feature,
 In sympathy profound ?
 Come ! look around !

* Prig, a thief, in London slang.

† A Cove is a low-lived fellow. Sydney Cove is the name of the anchorage for convict vessels making Port Jackson.

Haters of ebriety,
 Embodied as a Temperance Society,
 Might rendezvous
 At *Waterloo*,
 Or at *Pors-dam* might curse the love of drinking;
 And debtors, too, I'm thinking,
 (For the *Law of Writ and Liberty*, these are the only men,)
 Might then
 At the I. O. nian Isles sigh their Heighos,
 Nor fear the scentings of a bailiff's nose.

All squinting people, most unluckly wretches,
 Shipped off to *sea*, and fastened under hatches,
 Nor suffered to return, till, *natural-eyed*,
 Obliquity of vision shall be prized.

Tallow-chandlers, *war-ing* a *wick-ed* brood,
 With faces *gas-tly* at the new-lights' popularity,
 At *Berne* are stoppers,
 Studying *Hoyle*,
 Leaving their coppers
 ('Albeit unused to the *melting* mood,')
 Without a boil, and cold as charity.

Singers, wishing to improve their tone,
 Own
 The gentle *airs* of *Carol-ina*,
 Finer
 Than ocean's *squalls* on native *cliffs* resounding,
 Or up the *Sound*, o'er *Bawl-tic* billows bounding.

Each poet,
 Who to scribble pastoral verses has a mania,
 Might 'go it'
 In *PEN-sylvan-ia*.

Printers, *out of sorts*, in Rheims would muster,
 And if the *type-us* fever did them fluster,
 At *Eme* in *thousands* they'd *set-up*, and *cast-off*
 The many *schemes of imposition* past off.
 And though *distributed* from native valleys,
 Rejoice they've luckily escaped the *galleys*.

The show-folk,
 With red, and rough, and ready phizzes,
 Those low folk,
 Whose fun at fairs will scarce employ a tooth here,
 Might people *Booth-ia*,
 Where Captain Ross found many *pole-built* edifices.

Cooks and their creatures, quitting the *meat-ropolis*,
 Might roam to *Greece*, and *skim* o'er the *Acropolis*,
 Or at *Spitz-bergen* *rule the roast* once more,
 Or live in *Hung-ry's* state or *Tarf-ry's* shore.
 Or *broiling* in the South-Sea's sunny smiles,
 'Mongst well-bread natives of the *Sandwich* isles,
 Where the *thin* remnant of the tribe of *Ham*,
Beef-rendering mortals! get their *satis jam*.

Milliners and tailors,
 Past the *Needles* sailors,
 Would find *Array-bia* proper for their business;
 And waltzers, jaded by continual dizziness,
 Tired of twirling,
 Whisking, whirling,
 At *Dantz-sic* might repose in wished-for easiness.

Gymnasts, with poverty *wrestling* no more,
 Might take a *firm stand* on the *Muscle-man's* shore.

A gardener, or florist,
 Who's had his *Flora* (floorer) by old England's taxes,
 In a *Texas* forest,
 When his way he *ares*,
 May pride himself on being a land-owner,

And be a *haughty-culturist* in persona.
If this bud won't blossom, I'll venture to say,
He'd feel quite *transported* at *Botany Bay*.

Book-binders to *Morocco* would be bound,
To *leather* Turks upon a tawny ground,
To *tool* the largest *Atlas* in creation.
Prize-fighters should at *Mil-an* find a station.
Diggers of Canals, those *Knaves of Spades*,
Might join together at *Connecticut*.
The charitable, cash-collecting trades,
Could still *Cant-on* in *China* if they 're put.

'Mongst mankind's millions, when I gaze around,
And note how many proper men are found,
Condemn'd to pine in *celibacious* life,
Without our home's best ornament, a wife;
I sigh, and think, while musing o'er their fates,
Can't they get joined in the *United States*?
In *Marry-land* some chances must remain;
Virginia's daughters' smiles who dare disdain?
Let *Lucy-Anna* prove her fond dominion,
Or, ask of *Caroline*-her kind opinion;
And if *Miss-Souri* should his claim refuse,
Amongst the *Misses-Sippi* he might chuse.
Pale-faced, or rosy-cheek'd, nay, even *Florida*,
All sorts of belles, excepting *Bella horrida*.
No matter where, each State the test will stand;
The dark-eyed daughters of *Columbia's* land
Præeminently claim the golden ball;
Imperial Beauty's zone invests them all.

N. B.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MUSSULMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE.'

A REDEEMING trait in the character of the Mussulman, is that spirit of honesty which pervades his commercial conduct. His naked word is as safe as a bond, though guaranteed by penalties severe as those exacted by the mercenary Jew of Venice. If reverses defeat his just intentions, and he becomes unable to meet your full demand, he lays his last farthing at your feet; and should Fortune smile upon him again, he considers your claim, at whatever distance of time, still obligatory and paramount. Any other conduct would in his eyes be fraudulent and base. If situations are reversed, and *you* become his insolvent debtor, he will not shut you up in a prison, and deprive you of the means of supporting your dependant family, as we do in our Christian land. He will exonerate you for the time being; but if you subsequently acquire or inherit the means of liquidating his claim, he expects it at your hand; and if in your abundance and his penury you refuse it, it will not be safe for you to dash past his *hovel* in your gilded carriage.

If you purchase a horse of him, which he warrants to be sound, and free from vicious habits, you may confidently rely upon that animal's taking you to your journey's end within the reasonable time contemplated, and without a broken limb. And if you sell him an animal of the same noble species as unexceptionable, and he finds him otherwise, he returns him to you, and expects you to take him back — not as an act of gratuitous kindness and consideration, but as an act of mere jus-

tice, and if you refuse to do it, you may expect from him the treatment which a knave deserves from the hands of an honest man. He will look upon you much as Adam may have looked upon the devil, when the fatal fruit had opened his eyes.

Or if you enter his bazaar, to purchase any particular article it may contain, instead of deluging you with an ocean of words about its excellent qualities, he simply says '*good*;' and it is ordinarily safer for you to rely upon his declaration, than the decision of your own eyes. I speak now of the pure Ormanlee, pursuing the rare vocation of a merchant, unsustained and uncorrupted by station: for place this same individual in power, intoxicate him with ambition, and though he may not then defraud you in a bargain, yet to meet the exorbitant demands of a superior, or to secure some darling object of personal aggrandizement, he may oppress you, he may levy upon your property, till your patience and ability are both exhausted. Ambition and state necessity appear to confound his vague moral distinctions, and to deprive him of those restraining checks, which in private life he recognises and obeys.

Nor is this surprising, when we consider the texture and source of these restraints. He is honest in his dealings, not mainly because a want of this uprightness would involve a moral culpability, but because it would imply a sordid meanness of soul, beneath his dignity and self-respect. Pride, self-esteem, and a regard for his reputation, take with him essentially the place of a moral sense; and secure from him, in his private relations to society, the practice of many important and commendable virtues. Far be it from me to condemn an action that is good in itself, because its motive is not the purest offspring of conscience: my simple object is to exhibit the true character of the Mussulman, and to show why this same individual, in one situation, is humane and upright, and in the other, cruel and unjust. It is owing mainly to the practical substitution of secular and self-regarding motives for the stern, unvarying decisions of quick and enlightened moral sense. The man who invariably listens to this voice from within, is the same, whatever changes may occur in his outward condition. No apologies of station, no exemption from the censures of others, nor even the ability to set the opinion of mankind at defiance, can exonerate him, in his own eyes, from the sacred obligations of virtue, humanity, and justice.

But the Turk does not act under these imperious restraints: he does not recognise their existence; his morality springs from a different source; he is governed by motives which fluctuate with his condition, and seem to lose their force, as he ascends in the scale of despotic power. He will practice as a general, what he condemns in the humble subordinate; and applaud the Sultan for an act, which, if committed by a private citizen, would curdle his blood with horror. He is prone to believe, when an action highly criminal in itself flows from high, irresponsible authority, that there must be some great end in view, by which it is redeemed and sanctified. In this spirit, though naturally humane and averse to the infliction of what he may deem unnecessary pangs, he justifies the massacre of a thousand citizens in a revolted province, to overawe and intimidate the rest, and prevent perhaps a still greater effusion of blood. In the same spirit, he justifies that impenetrable duplicity, especially in public men and their agents, to which he may perhaps

himself fall the first victim. He regards it simply as the means of effecting a result, that may cancel its turpitude.

This power of dissembling, is one of the most prominent and fearful traits in his character. It is so profound and entire, that the greatest adept in it frequently finds himself in the very snare, the intricacies and meshes of which he has spent his life in studying. The perfidiousness through which Ali of Yenena came to his death, is a forcible illustration of this fact. He had a hundred times concealed his dagger beneath a kiss, and was at last blinded and betrayed by the same artifice. You may bring a Turk before his superior; he may there be loaded with the most heavy and unjust accusations; flayed with the most cutting invective; scorched with the most burning sarcasm; yet not a word or look betrays the indignant conflict within. He is as meek, silent, and patient, as the most submissive martyr; or rather, he seems to stand in statue-like insensibility; but when the day of change and retribution comes, he will reveal upon you the vengeance of a deep and cherished wrong! You may scale his harem, dishonor his house, and wound him in the very quick of his sensibilities, and he may meet you the next day at the Cafena, quietly smoking his pipe at your side, and perhaps solicit you to walk with him; but if you consent, you go out never to return!—and the yielding object of your criminal passion, equally unwarned and unapprized, will follow your lifeless body in a sack, to her grave in the Bosphorus.

Or suppose in a less exceptionable shape you should induce him to accompany you to Naples, and you introduce him into the theatre—a place of which he has not the slightest conception—into the very centre of its magnificent architecture, and gorgeous decorations. And now the curtain that conceals the ballet, suddenly rises; the orchestra bursts into full harmony; and two or three hundred young females, with only the apology of drapery upon their soft forms, float in concert to the swelling richness of the music. Though all the houri'd beauty of Mohamed's heaven could not surprise him more, yet not a muscle moves—not an emotion disturbs the saturnine gravity of his countenance. This ability to veil the feelings, so powerful in the working of good and evil, so essential in avoiding the mistakes of momentary embarrassment, and the committals of unconcealed anger, is not entirely the effect of education, for it has never been manifested in any nice degree of perfection, except by orientals, with whom it has become, whatever it may have originally been, in a measure constitutional. It is a trait of character that may justly interest and amuse the innocent, and alarm the guilty. The serpent rarely coils himself for the timid heel of the passing traveler, but for the presumptuous foot which comes rustling and trampling too near his solitude.

The equanimity with which a Turk bears misfortune, is a lesson to many who may be his superiors in every other kind of wisdom. He may be reduced at once from affluence to poverty; the tempest, the flame, or a plundering edict of his emperor, may strip him of his last piastre; but instead of looking around for a halter, or sullenly sitting down to madden over his destitute condition, you may find him, perhaps, in a few days, selling the bowl, the stem, or the amber mouth-piece of his pipe; carrying the whole of his little capital in one hand, and with the other adjusting his consolatory chibouque. Yet he is the same

dignified, uncringing being that he was before, and considers his claims to respect not at all affected by his new and humble occupation. He connects no reproach with his poverty, and will not tolerate the contemptuous look, which is prone to follow the frown of Fortune. Let those who dispute the good sense of his deportment, take to arsenic, leave their families to the charities of strangers, and go the fearful journey before their time. They have not the resolution and fortitude of men on whom heaven has set its highest impress. They are examples of that weakness and vanity, from which our nature is not entirely exempt. But the man who thus wickedly sneaks out of the world, deserting his responsibilities, and betraying the trust reposed in him by the author of his existence, is unworthy of being sepulchred in company with those who have struggled with adversity, lived with respect, and died with honor.

There is not in the Turk, as many have been led to believe, a real contempt for learning. He has been induced to discourage it, from a just apprehension of the innovations it might introduce upon his ancient and venerated customs. He looks upon these transmitted usages as something sacred; he connects them with the highest splendors of his nation, the loftiest triumphs of his religion, and submits to a departure from them with clinging reluctance. It is not the elegance of the Fez, or the richness of the coiled cashmere, that makes him love the turban; it is because his *ancestors* wore that turban, — because they fought and bled beneath it — because they bowed with it upon their venerable, toil-worn brows, toward Mecca. He still wears his belt, his yataghan, and pistols, not because they are mounted with jewels and gold, or for fear of surprise from an assassin, but because his *forefathers* wore them; because those great men, who have now gone from the earth, and whom he is left to represent, appeared at the hearth and in the field, at home and abroad, in these weapons of pride and trust. He refuses to relinquish his flowing robe, not that a simpler and less ample habit would not answer its purpose; but it is the mantle that fell from the prophet-spirit of his *father*.

With these feelings, it is not surprising that he should wish to avoid coming in contact with those nations who have not this filial reverence, and with whom every novelty has a new charm — that he should watch with a jealous eye the spirit of change that is abroad — that he should discountenance this arrogance of untried experiment — that he should discourage the innovating tendencies of impatient knowledge — that he should wish to keep the orb of science upon the dim horizon of his mind, if in its bright and burning ascent, it must melt away the chain that binds him to the graves of his ancestral dead.

The violations committed upon these sacred attachments, by the innovations recently introduced under the royal signet, have shaken the Ottoman throne to its base; they have disturbed the confidence of the Mussulman in the piety and wisdom of his sovereign; and it will be an unexampled exhibition of forbearance or weakness in the nation, if this representative of the Prophet does not yet pay with his life the penalty of his presumption. You may trifle with a good man's property, and even sport with his reputation; but you must not touch the sanctity of his respect for those who have it no longer in their power to make their own defence. There is no affection so deep, as that hallowed by the *grave*; no attachment so profound, as that on which *Death* hath set

its seal; for all that we *there* discover, remember, and mourn, is Goodness without its faults, Wisdom without its errors.

The calmness with which a Turk makes up his mind to die, the composure with which he bows to the hand of the executioner, though innocent of the crime alleged, are among his distinguishing characteristics, and may be traced to the evenness of constitutional habit, and those sentiments of submission, instilled by his education. He is taught from his earliest years to suppress, or at least conceal, his emotions; to preserve a calm exterior, whatever may be the agitation within; so that ere long he resembles a stream moving on with a bright, unbroken surface, though gloomy and pointed rocks darken and disturb its bed.

He is taught to consider his personal services, in peace or war, in the discharge of a civil trust, or in the perils of the tented field, ever at the call of his sovereign,—that the preservation or sacrifice of his life is submitted to measures he must not arraign, or to events upon which Fate has set its unalterable seal. When, therefore, death presents itself, whether in the burning breach, or on the sinking deck—whether in the shape of disease, or the firman of the Prophet's vicegerent—he submits, like one who feels that his days are numbered, and that tears, regrets, and dismay, are alike unavailing.

When charged with a crime of which he is utterly innocent, and he is required to make restitution with his life, he breathes no angry remonstrance—no humiliating supplication. He may whisper of a mistake, and ask a delay: if that be denied, he casts an appealing look to his God, and submits; and there may be no one feature, in the circumstances of his death, calculated to inspire him with fortitude, or a spirit of submissiveness. There may be no responsible tribunal, as in other lands, to sit in judgment upon his alleged offence—no jury, bound to render an impartial verdict, and ever disposed to the side of mercy; no witnesses, with whom pity nearly melts away the stern obligations of an oath—no counsel, whose professional ambition lies in the acquittal of his client—no solemn and formal delivery of the fatal sentence—no prison of preparation, and possible pardon—no prints, promulgating previous virtues, and deprecating the rigors of inexorable Justice—no lingering visits of unwearied friendship and affection—no consolatory assurances of the pitying priest—no gathering and breathless multitude around the last scene—no reconciling tears of sympathy, or half-formed threats of deliverance—none of those preludes and appendages which, with us, smooth the way to a death of ignominy, and make the obituary of the hapless victim to be read and wept over by commiserating millions.

He meets his death comparatively alone,—none to counsel, none to console! The headsman comes to him in the street, or the field, as the chance may be, and presents the fatal firman; he kneels, bares his neck; the scimeter flashes through its quick circuit; the sinking body and severed head fall together; the countenance for an instant betrays the parting pang; the eye twinkles a moment, then closes in everlasting night! How sudden, how appalling this transition! Life, light, and all the busy promises of hope, exchanged at once for the silence and perpetual darkness of death!

Were life a taper, that, if quenched, could be re-lighted, we might with less dread undergo the darkening change: but there is no Promethean spark that can re-kindle, if once extinguished, this vital flame. Hence-

forth only remain the shroud, the winding-sheet, and the worm. We are never more to be what we have been — never to come back to this varied world. It is this *unreturning* thought, that fills us with dread; the thought that we shall never come back to those whom we left here so faultless, so beautiful, and young — that we shall never again revisit this green earth — never stray among its fountains and flowers — never hear the glad voices of the waking grove, or the sweet dirge of the murmuring shore, — never see the fresh morn break forth in breathing beauty from its purple pavilion, or the evening star go up upon its watch. It is this that strikes a saddening chill to the heart, and makes us shrink from the untried hereafter. Happy he, who, in this hour of final and lonely departure, hath the presence of HIM, whose countenance lights up that desolate way, — who, in the earnest of his own triumph over the powers of darkness, and in the assurance of his unfailing love, hath taken

—— ‘from death its sting,
And from the grave its victory!’

C.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a summer's eve. The God of Day
Lay, like a wearied artist, on his couch
Curtain'd with gold and purple, yet would look
Oft through the vistas of its floating folds,
With lingering gaze upon the fairy-land,
Where, through the fleeting hours, his pencil free
Had roam'd with magic touch, until it grew
'Neath his enchanted eye, a matchless work,
Bright with Elysian beauty; every tint
Was wet with freshness, while a mellow shade
Hung o'er the whole as a transparent veil,
And spread such melting softness o'er each charm,
It seem'd a world, half human, half divine.
One spot was ripe with beauty: The green turf
Wore a rich velvet mantle, wrought with gems,
Thrown by the passing shower. The wooded bank
Was redolent with perfumes, breath'd from buds
That, woo'd by the soft breezes, just looked forth,
To catch their whisper'd tones, then sank again,
Beneath the liquid foliage: the wing'd tribes
Of Nature's roving children, tireless stray'd,
Like a refracted sunbeam, of all hues,
And pour'd their gladsome minstrelsy around.
And yet it was not perfect: the deep harp,
However tun'd to harmony, doth need
An intellectual touch to wake it up,
Unto a faultless measure. Even so,
With Nature's self, in its most witching time,
When tones are more than mortal, and all scenes
Are full of light and beauty; when its spells
Are bound with strongest links, and the full sense
Luxuriates in a sort of charmed life,
E'en then it is not perfect, if one touch
Of sorrow or disease, one thralling yoke,
Whether of disappointment, wrong, or crime,
Weigh on the drooping spirit, — that dark spot,
Like a thin cloud upon the sun's broad disc,
Will cast a shadow o'er the extended whole!

Charleston, (S. C.) December, 1835.

M. E. L.

Miss M. E. L.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. By the author of 'A Year in Spain.' In two vols. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE announcement of a book of travels in England, by the accomplished author of 'A Year in Spain,' was received by the literary public with no common interest. A comparatively long interval had elapsed since the appearance of his first work, which had been fairly incorporated with our national literature; and we looked forward confidently to another and similar addition to it from the same source. At the same time, we were well aware how difficult a task it is to write a second time after a first successful effort, and how the excellencies which are admired in a first production, are often unheeded in a second. This arises from the common expectation of finding each succeeding work superior to its predecessor, and the habit of judging rather by the increase of merit, than by any positive standard. The world become fastidious, when an author commences his career with a work of extraordinary worth, and, like a man who begins his dinner with the most delicious viands, refuse afterwards to partake of meaner intellectual fare.

But to the present work. Our author, 'feeling,' as he says in his preface, 'an irresistible impulse to perpetrate a book,' left New-York on the first of November, 1833, in the packet ship *Hannibal*; and after touching at Portsmouth, landed at Gravesend, whence he proceeded to London. Nearly half of the first volume is taken up with the incidents of the voyage, and the remainder of the work, with the exception of a chapter on Portsmouth, and an account of a short excursion to Islington and Brighton, is devoted to a description of the metropolia. The writer, for reasons which he rather pointedly assigns in his preface, has declined to avail himself of various sources of information presented to him by his introduction to the domestic circles of those whose acquaintance he was enabled to cultivate; and has confined himself strictly to a description of such external scenes, and obvious peculiarities of national manners, as meet the eye of the ordinary traveler. We shall not debate with him the soundness of his reasons for so doing; though we are not ourselves aware of any impropriety necessarily accompanying a delineation, by a traveler, of characters or scenes in private life, but consider the fault to lie in the unskilfulness or malice of those who cannot amuse and instruct the world, without wounding individual sensibilities. The style of the book is flowing, and the language bears the marks of careful correction. We should think, from the turn of the periods, that the author was an especial admirer of Washington Irving, though he is no imitator. Still, we miss that charming *naïveté* and delightful off-hand manner, which characterized the 'Year in Spain,' and find their absence inadequately supplied by an air of self-complacency, which, as it seems to us, occasionally obtrudes itself on the reader, and a few attempts at philosophizing on trivial subjects, scattered throughout the work. We must likewise object to the particularity of many of the descriptions, especially that of Drury-Lane Theatre and the audience, wherein sentences occur, which we are

compelled to denominate coarse. We find the same fault in the dissertation on the old maids of Islington, together with the remarks of the author upon English ladies in general. We also dislike to see, in a book of travels, a long and minute description of squares and houses, in the guide-book style, wherein

‘Street nods to street, each alley has its brother,
And half the volume just reflects the other.’

Had a European, by some fortunate chance, succeeded in entering Peking, such a course might be excusable; but thus to set forth London in print, as the fruit of a trans-atlantic *séjour*, seems to us a work of supererogation. It is in connection with this enumeration of minutiae, that we would allude to the equivocal interpretation put upon it by the Quarterly Review, and the inference drawn from Mr. Willis's details of the domestic conveniences, so minutely set forth in his ‘First Impressions;’ and would hint to the author, that he is equally liable to the censure of the British reviewer, on the same grounds. As a specimen of misplaced and unsound philosophizing upon a comparatively trivial subject, we would instance the reflections of the writer upon the iron turnstile of Waterloo-Bridge. He cannot surely be ignorant of the fact, that our gasometers have been for years constructed on an analogous principle, which has not as yet, to our knowledge, been discovered to be adverse to the genius of our republican institutions; and that many similar contrivances might be pointed out as in common use throughout our country. We are surprised, too, at the delineation of the character of Charles I., which contradicts all history. Even Clarendon, with his acknowledged partiality, does not so laud him; though to our mind the article of Macaulay, in the Edinburgh Review, gives the only just portrait of this insincere and self-willed monarch that has yet been seen in print; and strips him of all the borrowed plumes in which the mistaken sympathy of the world had bedizened him.

But our brief space is nearly exceeded, and we are forced to conclude with the remark, that if no new laurels are gained by this work, it is the fault of the subject, and not of the author. There are some topics upon which the most eloquent fail to please, and some countries so worn down,

‘Continuo passu Prætereuntium,’

that, to the traveler who chooses to follow in the beaten track of thousands, hardly a solitary blade of grass will present itself. Let it then be sufficient praise, that the author has not failed, but that he has accomplished all that could be reasonably expected, under the circumstances of his tour; above all, when he had voluntarily debarred himself from the two most attractive paths by which travelers can journey, and had contented himself with gleanings of the comparatively uninteresting. We may surely venture to hope, that one who has made so readable a work, on the tritest of subjects, may, at some time not far distant, choose one worthy of his talents, and find, on German or Italian ground, those assistances to genius, and auspicious influences, denied him in the gloomy streets of London, and the sombre, unpicturesque character of its inhabitants.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISE. ROGET. *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*. In two large volumes. pp. 871. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

A WORK whose merits are incontrovertible, and which should be in the library of every thorough scholar and divine in our country. Such elaborate volumes could not have been produced without deep research, sound wisdom, and untiring industry.

ALNWICK CASTLE, WITH OTHER POEMS. In one vol. large octavo. pp. 98. New-York : GEORGE DEARBORN.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK! Show us an American, with patriotism or poetry in his soul, who does not honor the name. For ourselves, we always feel, when reading his metrical compositions, as if respiring in mountain air. We have known our blood flow quicker at his Marco Bozzaris; we have experienced the renovating effects of his satirical elixir, in 'Fanny,' and 'The Croakers;'—we have been melted with his pathos; solemnized by the didactic energy of his more serious effusions; and with all that he has written, except one trifle for a Philadelphia Souvenir—which was unworthy of his genius and fame—we have been charmed and delighted. Of late, his lyre has been so mute, that we feared he had ceased to be numbered with the quick, and been clean minished from among the children of men. But we have here evidence that he is yet in the flesh: besides, we now and then impress with ours his incarnate hand. We regard him, sometimes, with a feeling akin to indignation. What right has he to establish the light which God has so copiously given him, under a bushel? How can he answer to his conscience for concealing it from the world? Why does he dream, in the very flush and vigor of his greener years, the visions

————— 'Of hoary age,
Of gold laid up in store;
Of sums, noted down on the figured page,
And counted o'er and o'er?'

Why rests the keen and polished shaft in its quiver? Let him answer these queries satisfactorily, if he can. The best reason he ever gave for his course, is contained in a line of 'Alnwick Castle,' if we mistake not, where he speaks of this sublunary sphere as 'a bank note world.' That is the rub. He dreameth of silver, and eke of the yellow and more costly metal, or their paper representatives; and the Hesperia of his fancy is a *Pays d'Or*. He believes in the potency of '*paper*,' and the enjoyments that flow from the multitudinous possession of '*tin*.' Thus he crucifies all the unwritten creations of his splendid imagination, and his bright dream dies by the lever. The reading public are the losers here; and though they would give ready dollars for his writings, they cannot render 'a penny for his *thoughts*.' Is it not too provoking, that his airy castles should be thus sacrificed at the shrine of real estate; that while he might give us on paper the beauty of an Eden, he is wedded to things of earth; thinking seldom of the Heaven whence he derives his inspiration, unless he muses upon it as a *golden* city—'all bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags?'

Another grievance is, that his admirers have often been tantalized by the premature birth of some rumor that a volume was about to be brought to press from his pen. Then the general ear stood erect—the popular eye dilated. Shortly, the abortive *on dit* would expire, and disappointment ensue. This has been the case so often and so long, that we can scarcely look upon the beautiful book before us as any thing but the product of supernatural agency. To praise it, would be ridiculous iteration. Every intelligent American is well acquainted with Halleck's powers; and if there be one so far behind his age as to be ignorant thereof, we counsel him to acquire this volume, which we like so well ourselves, that we have long had the most of its contents by heart. Our memory is constantly haunted with sweet snatches from them, and we can heartily commend to others a luxury which nothing would induce us to forego.

A SERMON, ON OCCASION OF THE LATE FIRE, IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. (Published by Request.) BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, Pastor of the Church in Mercer-street. New-York: DAVID FELT AND COMPANY.

LIMITED as we are, both in regard to time and space, we are compelled to notice, with a brevity which cannot do it justice, the excellent Discourse named above. Although it requires little eulogy, beyond the extracts we present, we cannot forbear to remark, that for expansive and benevolent views, generous Christian inculcations, and appropriate and impressive diction, we have seldom seen its superior. In the stores and compass of a well-disciplined intellect—in *fluency*, if we may so phrase it, of mind—in the rare power of opening with a skilful hand those folds of the human heart which require so nice a touch,—we consider Mr. Dewey second only to Dr. Channing, if indeed, in these respects, he be not equal to that distinguished writer and divine. As in the writings of Channing, so in those of Mr. Dewey, there are no servile imitations of ancient taste—no mannerism—nothing recondite—no mere erudition of words. The style of each, though in some things widely different, is alike nervous and graceful. A felicitous introduction of subsidiary topics—the faculty of retracing or expanding thoughts—and a rich and copious flow of language, are equally common to both.

The sermon before us is from the text: ‘All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass,’ etc. The impotence of man, the omnipotence of God, the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and the value of the only possessions that *are* certain, form the prominent divisions of the Discourse. From the first, we take the annexed passage:

“It has been often said that man is the lord of this lower creation; that he holds empire over nature. In this age, which has, doubtless with some degree of propriety, been called ‘the age of machinery,’ such assumptions are likely to occupy a large space in men’s thoughts; and they are in danger of forgetting, in the signal successes of their inventions and devices, how impotent, after all, they really are. We hear but too much, I am afraid, or at least too much in the tone of boasting, of man’s wonderful control over the elements—how that he has learned to stretch forth his mysterious wand of power over the sea; how he has lifted his pointed sceptre to the heavens, and disarmed the lightning, and caused its fiery bolt to fall harmless at his feet; how, in fine, he has conquered nature, and compelled its mightiest agents, fire, water, air, earth, to do his bidding.”

After showing that knowledge, and the elements of nature, only lead man to find the limit where his control must cease, and point to the unknown and the infinite that lie beyond it, the author proceeds:

“Nature, then, though in its milder moods it is subject to a certain control, is commissioned, also, to teach man other lessons than those of self-confidence. When the ocean-storm crosses not his path, he proudly steers his vessel across the deep, and it obeys him, ‘as a steed that knows its rider;’ the mighty ship, which treads the waves beneath it, and leaps from one ocean chasm to another, he seems to hold, as it were, in his very hand. But let the storm come in its fury, and he finds that one wave can overwhelm him; that he offers his breast to a power—nay, that he offers the ribbed bows of his ship to a power, that no more regards him, than it does the frailest shell on the shore. When the skies are calm and serene, man’s peace is strong within him; yes, and amidst the ordinary agitations of the elements, he can feel security; but I have marked—and with me it was a moral reflection—I have marked, that every now and then, there comes a storm which seems to bear, in its blackening bosom, other messages; which makes man feel, that the wing of the tempest may sweep him away, or that one lightning-flash may blast and consume him in a moment. We are not left to imagine that our lordship over the creation shall own no superior Lord. The elements that are in most familiar use, will sometimes show us how completely they are beyond our power. That element which it is our special boast in modern times, that we have caged, and confined, and compelled to work for us in its dark prison-hold—how often does it break forth, and spread horror and death

through our floating palaces! The flame that burns upon your hearth—I may not tell you, with the spectacle that has lately been before your eyes, *what* it need do. Who that saw the fiery spirit of destruction let loose among yonder warehouses—who that saw and heard that roaring deluge of flame which swept through the chambers of wealth and commerce,—did not feel the impotence of the proudest men, or communities, when waging war with the powers of nature?"

We close our extracts with the subjoined paragraphs. They follow an impressive enforcement of the importance—in a world where man is 'certain of nothing; certain neither of health, nor reputation, nor friends; certain not even of that of which he is most certain'—of making provision for himself that shall be beyond the reach of all earthly vicissitude:

"And the lesson which is inculcated by the great Teacher—which is so powerfully commended to us by the late awful visitation of Providence—is doubtless one which greatly needs to be enforced among us. I do not speak, nor think of that visitation as a special judgment. It is embraced, in my view of it, among those general means, by which God is ever teaching us that the great end of life is one that lies far beyond and above all earthly comforts, possessions, and splendors. It is this, I say, that we are taught, and need to be taught. We are, in a life of business, surrounded by fearful exposures; and especially, ought I not to say, in this very city, whose prosperity has been invaded by such a sudden and awful calamity. I speak of this city no otherwise than as a scene of such active and engrossing business, as hardly has its parallel in the world. I say, that in such circumstances, and on such a theatre, there is a severe and solemn trial of human virtue. From this pulpit you would expect me to say no less; but I would to God that it were not regarded as the mere language of the pulpit. I say that this is a trial which touches the essential point of all human welfare. And I fear that many are falling in this momentous probation; that many are losing sight of things infinitely dearer than wealth—that they are losing sight of the immortal, in the mortal—of 'durable riches,' in perishing riches—of the soul in sense—of God, in the world—the very world that he has made to reveal him! I speak to you, my brethren, but as I would speak to myself in the same circumstances. I say, there is danger. That whelming flame carried no alarm to my mind so awful, because it conveyed danger to no interests so momentous, as those which are put in peril—I will dare to say it—by the prosperous business of every day! Think me not extravagant, till you can prove to me that the eager strife of business is not rendering hundreds and thousands more indifferent to their souls' welfare, than they are to the smallest items of their daily-accumulating gains. Think me not extravagant, till you can prove to me that that scene of business which God designed to be a field for the noblest virtues, is not making many among us selfish, covetous, and possibly dishonest. To whom this may appertain, I know not; but this I say: If you are a man whose god is gold, and whose life is one lengthened service and slavery to that god; if your mind as well as your body is bowed down to worship it; if you pay it the homage of all your chief hopes, and wishes, and anxieties, and are sacrificing mind, memory, reason, conscience, religion, every thing, at its altar; if you are garnering up the dear treasure in your secret thoughts, and brooding sweetly over it, as you never brood even over the thoughts of heaven; if you are growing proud, not grateful, as you are growing rich, and are learning, by an almost unconscious process, to feel as if you were independent of man and of God alike—then, I say, it was time that you were taught, by a visitation as solemn and admonitory as that which has laid a part of your city in ashes. Better that the property of half of the country were consumed by fire, than that a spirit, fierce for gain, and reckless of every thing else, should burn with more fatal fires, in ten thousand families among us. Wealth is *not* the chief good—must we gravely say so? Is this a country that deserves to be addressed with the irony implied in such a declaration? Wealth, in fact, is not so great a good as the energy that obtains it. A man is not so fortunate in the possession of millions, as he was in the activity, industry, and talent, that enabled him to acquire them. Wealth is valuable, doubtless; but its value is contingent—it depends on what has a far higher value, the intelligence, liberality, and purity of the mind. It takes its whole character from the mind of its possessor. To the excellent man, it will be an excellent thing; to the mean man, it will be a mean thing; to the corrupt man, it will be a fountain of corruption, a minister of evil. Wealth is not an end, but a means. It is good, only in a good use. It is good for nothing, in no use; and it possesses a far worse character than that, in a bad use. Like the element of heat, it may spread around a genial warmth, and rear up fair and beautiful productions, or

it may be the raging fire of evil passions, in which the soul is either hardened or destroyed. Yes, wealth has, indeed, this high and fearful attribute — that it may be to a man one of the greatest of his blessings, or one of the greatest of curses.

"For, as I walked through your city, I saw a man of a haughty brow, and a hard heart, and of an iron hand, whom wealth had made a covetous man and an oppressor; whose spirit gain had immured in the close and grated prison of all-absorbing and indurating selfishness; and I said, as I looked upon him, 'I would rather be the poorest man in this city, with a generous heart, than to be that man.'

"Again, I saw one whom a fair and envied inheritance had made rich — a young man, whose father had spent the toilsome and anxious years of a life to launch him out upon a sea of fortune; and I saw the ample means of indulgence, and the absence of all honorable occupation, leading him step by step, till every virtue of his youthful heart was tainted to the core, and every promise of his early day was leveled in the dust, and he was left a wreck of life, upon the verge of an early grave an object as loathsome and piteous to behold, as the tenant of the vilest hovel of poverty, and disease, and vice: and as I saw this, I meditated much with myself, and I said: 'Are ample fortune, and lavish expenditure, a wise discipline for youth? — *should* a prudent and industrious father be mainly anxious to provide such a lot for his son?' — and I looked with a serious and distrustful eye upon those immense accumulations of property that draw the admiring gaze of the world.

"But again I went forth, and another man I saw, and he too was opulent; but I saw that he grew modest, not proud, and beneficent, not voluptuous, with his increasing wealth. I saw, too, that in the midst of all the splendors and comforts of ample fortune, he bowed in humble gratitude before the great Giver of all blessings; and I saw, too, that his abundance flowed forth in many streams of beneficence to the world around him; that he was the poor man's friend, and the young man's patron and adviser, and the generous protector of his kindred, and the liberal fosterer of science and learning, and the noble helper of many charities; and then it seemed to me that wealth was a good and beautiful thing — a blessed stewardship in the service of God, and a divine manifestation of mercy to man.

"Again I looked upon this man, and I saw him fallen from that fair estate, and stripped of all the splendors of fortune; and I looked to see him broken and fallen in spirit: but no; he met me with a cheerful countenance; and what did he say? 'I have lost that which I valued; but think not, my friend, that I have lost what I most value — the trust and peace of my own mind. I pretend to no cynical indifference; I am a dweller upon earth, and earth's possessions were useful to me, and I meant to make them useful to others; but I do not forget that I am a traveler to eternity. The flood of calamities which it pleased God that I should pass through — truly it has swept away from me some fair appendages, some rich wardrobes, some goodly equipments of my journey; but like those Eastern merchants, who sometimes, in a perilous journey, bore, secreted upon their persons, their whole fortune in one precious diamond, and thus preserved it, so do I feel that the calamities I have passed through have left untouched my chief treasure.' And when I saw this, when I heard this, I felt no longer that I looked upon a rich man, or upon a poor man; but I felt that I looked upon a MAN! I saw that the word of God's promise was true: 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'"

THE PARTISAN: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. By the Author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' etc. In two vols. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is an historical novel, the scene of which is laid in South Carolina, at that very interesting epoch of our revolution which commenced with the apparent submission of the State to the British yoke, immediately after the surrender of Charleston, and ended with the battle of Camden. This selection of time gives the author an opportunity of bringing before the reader many characters well known in history, without necessarily interfering with the plot, or the continuity of the story; and we have accordingly spirited sketches of Cornwallis, Rawdon, and Tarleton, together with faithful portraits of Marion, De Kalb, and Gates. But the main interest of the work centres in Major Singleton — the 'Partisan' — a specimen of that indefatigable,

unconquerable, and high-minded band of warriors, to whose untiring exertions, at the darkest and most discouraging period of her history, the liberation of South Carolina is mainly to be attributed. The character of Colonel Walton is well depicted, and has all the appearance of *vraisemblance*; indeed, we should imagine, from the similarity of circumstances narrated, that it was drawn after that of the lamented Colonel Hayne. Katharine Walton, his daughter, is one of that numerous class of the South Carolina fair, whose sympathies were enlisted in behalf of their suffering countrymen, and who scrupled not to avow personally to the invaders their hatred of their principles, and their predilection for their opponents. We admire, also, the high-minded patriotism, which, setting at naught all considerations of self-interest and personal ease, could, at the most cheerless period of the war, with an interminable contest in prospect, assign to a lover the seemingly distant day of her country's liberation from the bonds of the invader, as that which should assure him her heart and hand. The subordinate characters are naturally drawn, and the author seems at home in his description of localities. An apparent duplicity of plot strikes us as a prominent defect, dividing, as it does, the interest of the reader between the fictitious and the strictly historical portions of the work. We are not without hope, that the author will endeavour to amalgamate them more closely in subsequent editions; though we can easily appreciate the difficulties likely to attend an attempt to engraft fiction upon fact. We must be permitted, also, to protest against the evident want of finish at times visible in these volumes, and to counsel the author to elaborate his works more carefully, even though the result might be a less frequent appearance before the public. We say this with the more confidence, since more than one of our most distinguished writers has suffered from what Byron terms the 'fatal facility' of writing, and has seen his early laurels withered by subsequent carelessness, and undue contempt for that tribunal which he approached, it may be, at first, with fear and trembling. These remarks are not intended in depreciation of '*The Partisan*,' (for, with some glaring faults, we regard this as, in many intrinsic qualities, the best work that has yet proceeded from our author's pen,) but are naturally suggested by the numerous attempts at novel writing with which the American press has of late been burdened; many of which were born only to die, and inflict a lasting injury upon the character of our literature. Mr. Simms' reputation as a novelist obviates the necessity of counselling the reader to purchase, and judge for himself, one of the most attractive delineations of Southern scenery and manners we have ever yet seen.

POEMS, TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL. By MRS. E. F. ELLET. In one volume. pp. 229. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

THIS volume does honor to its fair and accomplished author. She is unquestionably the most learned poetess on this side the Atlantic; and her acquirements, instead of rendering her pedantic, have given to her compositions a graceful elegance, which cannot well be too much admired. Some of her translations are sweet and easy in the extreme; in truth, we prefer them to her original products, though in *them* she merits much applause. She is not so sententious, nor yet so pathetic, as Mrs. Sigourney is often found to be; but there is a lovely flow of feminine and delicate thought, in all her writings. Great purity of sentiment is inculcated every where in her pages; and her superior taste ornaments every subject she chooses. She has been compared, in this respect, to Mrs. Hemans; but that lamented lady has had few equals of her sex in poetry, and *no* superior. The lightnings of affliction sanc-

tified, while they blasted, her heart; and as decline overtook her, and death drew near, she poured forth, like the swan, ere it dies, such gushes of surpassing melody, in soul-touching verse, as will move the hearts, and soothe the affections, of thousands yet unborn.

We are obliged to content ourselves with the following fragment from these Poems, (several of which have appeared at different times in this Magazine;) and we need only remark, that though brief, it may serve as a fair specimen of the beautiful morality which pervades the whole :

'From mountains at the dawn of day
That wide and far their shadows send,
Beneath the sun's more perfect ray
Brief and more brief the shades extend,
Till, risen the god to noontide height,
They 're bathed in living, gorgeous light.

'Tis thus the soul, through early taint,
Though first its shrouded glories shine,
Spurns at the gloom, each hour more faint,
And purer drinks the beam divine;
Till wrapt in rays from shadow free,
The noon-tide of eternity.'

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN. In two volumes. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

HERE is an abbreviation, indeed! The noble acts of woman curtailed into two common volumes! Good though they are, they do not contain one fourth part of the noble deeds of the sex they would glorify. If any author wishes to comprehend all the great services of woman, let him write an Alexandrian Library, and he will find matter for every tome. The work in question certainly merits praise, because it is very good, so far as it goes; but then how limited is its scope! We could, with no extraordinary employment of historic recollection, fill two volumes, as large as these, with a history of remarkable women in our own country. As for the nobleness of women, it is exhibited every where; and the idea of compressing its characteristic effects within the space of a few hundred pages, is, in our view, like the highly *useful* art of writing the Lord's Prayer and Creed in the circuit of a sixpence.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. A Novel. In two volumes. Second edition. Philadelphia; CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE popularity of this excellent work may be inferred from its arrival at a second edition. The author has reason to be proud of its reception by the public; and we trust that past success will embolden him to further effort. He is no longer an aspirant, of doubtful powers, without the general voice to cheer him onward; but he is an established favorite. Let him not add his own case to those of other favorites in literature, who, reposing on their sometime laurels, grow careless, tame, and indolent. In truth, we have no fears of this sort with respect to Mr. Kennedy. There is too much vigor in what he has already written, to permit the belief that he can very soon degenerate, from any cause.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A NIGHT AT THE FIRE.—The horrors of a shipwreck, of a volcanic eruption, and of an earthquake, are said to be utterly indescribable. The same remark will apply to the late tremendous conflagration, by which the richest and busiest portions of our city were laid in ruins. The scene burst upon the eyes of the community, like the Day of Doom. Through the frosty atmosphere, the tongues of a hundred bells tolled their alarm; and it seemed to us, as we hastened to the spot, that some sudden frenzy had been spread by contagion among the people. What a view was that presented to the tens of thousands who thronged the scene of conflagration! Clouds of smoke, like dark mountains suddenly rising into the air, were succeeded by long banners of flame, rushing to the zenith, and roaring as for their prey. Street after street caught the terrible torrent, until, over a vast area, there was rolling and booming an ocean of flame. Costly silks, tinted in colors of the rainbow, were spread to the gale, blazing in folds of light; windows, fastened with bands and shutters of iron, were reddening by scores; then the pent up rage of the element, disdaining their restraints, burst forth, carrying with it, as if by the action of steam, trains of unrolling laces, consuming as they flew. The rattling of innumerable carriages, and vehicles of every description; the confused Babel of tumult which the firemen awakened; the distant ships, moving like craft of fire, along the river; the awful glare of the flames on adjacent waters; the resounding thunder of the powder-blown edifices, that went onward from the scene of fire, echoing through town and country; the dome of the Exchange, sending to heaven its wide shaft of flame; the shrieks of women and children, mingled with the laugh of some disordered reveler, bending beneath stolen goods, and elated with stolen wine,—these were sights and sounds never to be forgotten. The pillars of the cupola, as they gave way beneath the falling dome and gilded vane, presented an aspect grand and sublime. It was as if some feudal castle, stormed by beleaguering foes, was sinking to destruction. The falling walls; the hurrying to and fro of firemen, with their ice-crowned hats and coats gleaming like helmets and coats of mail; the wide-spread view of churches, towers, domes, high walls, and long-extended streets, wrapt in one glaring and hungry element, all were indeed beyond the power of language to depict. The country was illuminated as by the sun; woods, waters, fields, and cottages, were touched with the solemn, unwonted light.

Yet a little while, and the phoenix will rise from her ashes, and no mark be seen of this unexpected calamity. The energies of New-York are irrepressible; and the enterprise and spirit of her citizens—unparalleled by those of any community of the same numbers on the globe—will speedily disenthral her from the gloom which even now has well-nigh disappeared. Yet a few months, and the waste now black and desolate, will be enlivened by the busy hum of 'multitudes commercing';—and the visitor, as he marks the life and prosperity every where manifest around him, will seek in vain to believe, that but so lately as he read the news of **THE GREAT FIRE**, the scene was one of darkness, dependency, and apparent ruin. Thinking upon this great self-supporting power of a small portion only of the country at large, we cannot but feel how great and mighty is the nation to which it belongs. Who that sees how no prostration can keep us down, and how soon we can rise from a heavy misfortune, but beholds therein a

feeble type of this magnificent republic? Who, in looking forward to the destiny of our states, and towns, and cities, and of the land they comprise, can know

'The date of her deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in her lap the sons of men shall dwell?'

THE annexed lines, from the pen of a valued contributor, will convey to the reader a vivid and not over-wrought picture of this wide-spread calamity :

THE FIRE.

'Hark! as the smouldering piles in ruin fall.'—CAMPELL.

'Twas Night! and Commerce, with her busy brood,
Had left her noblest haunts in solitude;
Her lordly sons, who reaped from many a breeze
The golden spoils of freighted argosies,
Joined the gay revel, or partook the mirth
Whose heart-born smiles illumed the household hearth.
Without, the keen wind, which by day had slept,
Through the chilled streets in icy gushes swept;
Close muffled forms, half quailing to the blast,
'Neath the pale lamps glanced silently and fast,—
And on the frozen ground, like steel with steel,
Rang the steed's hoof, and crashed the whirling wheel;
While through the frost that fell in sparkling spars,
Gleamed the cold radiance of the quivering stars.

Such was the scene, when o'er the city's hum
There rose a cry, which, ere the morn was come,
Swelled to a roar that struck her proudest dumb!
From lip to lip, from street to street, it flew,—
Thousands to thousands gathered, as it grew;
Peal wakened peal, till tower, and dome, and spire
Shook with the tecton of the demon FIRE!
Whose beacon glow, re-signal'd from the sky,
Flashed floods of light on Fear's dilated eye.
The fearless hearts, still prompt, at Terror's call,
To form in Danger's front a breathing wall,
Flocked to the scene. For once, their subtle foe
Defied their art, and mocked them with its glow.
Think not before the fiery wreck they quailed—
'Twas not their *courage*, but their *means*, that failed;
The quenching stream grew stagnant, ere its tide
To the red surge their aching hands could guide;
And the fierce tyrant they so oft had quelled
Powerless to smite, a conqueror they beheld!

Fast from their homes distracted merchants fled
Toward the vast torch their blazing fortunes fed;
They saw, in utter, impotent despair,
Their garnered millions melting into air;
While meagre Rapine round the ruin glared,
And clutched each remnant by Destruction spared!

Yet were there crowds, whose God-like actions claim
A bright exemption from the list of shame;
Who toiled untired, who risked their lives unfeared,
Winning from grateful hearts their hallowed meed.
And one, (I would I knew his honest name,
'T would peer the noblest on the scroll of Fame.)
A son of ocean, whom the wind and foam
Had nerved and hardened, in his floating home,
But left the heart that storm-chafed breast concealed
Soft as an infant's 'neath its rugged shield,
Heard, as he strolled among the gazing throng,
A woman's shriek—convulsive, wild, and long:
'T was the heart's wild, uncounterfeited tone;
A thousand echoes answered in his own,
As, with an oath, which, if translated true,
Would read a blessing, to the spot he flew.
There, scarce restrained within the friendly grasp
Of twenty hands, and writhing in their clasp,
With starting eyes, her lips with horror white,
And arms outstretched toward the wreathing light
That round her home in spiral eddies coiled,
A mother raved: 'Oh give me way!—my child!
Monsters! he perishes!'—But help was nigh:

Tossing, with cheering shout, his hat on high,
 The gallant seaman sprang, to save or die.
 With a firm step, the half-charred beams he trode,
 He scaled the stair, that quivered as he strode.
 For one wild instant, agonized suspense
 Motionless held that concourse vast and dense :
 The next burst forth from 'neath the nodding roof,
 (Unscathed his form, by Heaven made danger-proof,)
 The generous Tar ! — and on his arm upborne
 A smiling infant, from the fire-tomb torn :
 The sobbing mother clasped her rescued prize,
 Unspoken blessings raining from her eyes ;
 And shouting hundreds — thus to nature true —
 Lauded the deed not one had dared to do.
 But he whose pastime 't was to strive with death,
 Shrunk with a blush from Adulation's breath ;
 And ere those hearty plaudits died in air,
 He whom they greeted was no longer there.

Meanwhile, the dread Destroyer, winged and urged
 By the strong blast, a howling ocean surged,
 Whose waves were heaving flames : beneath its shocks,
 From their foundations reeled the rifted blocks ;
 Crash echoed crash, as in the fiery swell,
 Engulfed, absorbed, each blackened giant fell ;
 The glowing wrecks, from the concussion hurled
 Through the dun air, like hissing meteors whirled ;
 Destruction's heralds, bearing on his path
 A sparkling symbol of his wilder wrath ;
 Swift through the smoke in radiant curves they sprung,
 And, falling, kindled wheresoe'er they clung ;
 Till from a thousand roofs at once unrolled
 Ruin's dread banners, — waved each streaming fold,
 Blazoned with crimson, amethyst, and gold.

Hark to that yell ! — the Conqueror hath come
 To smite proud Commerce in her own proud home !
 A fiery storm yon solid roof o'erstrews, —
 See, from its arch the curling vapors ooze :
 Now bursts the flame, each cracking column shakes,
 The shivered marble falls in glowing flakes :
 The vaulted hall, where late rich merchants trod,
 Transferring thousands with a careless nod,
 Nought now could tread, save demons ! Gleaming there,
 Like some pale spirit, through the crimson glare,
 The sculptured statesman stands ; e'en as he stood
 In breathing life, mid storms by faction brewed.
 But see ! — a smouldering mass, with awful din,
 The strong-ribbed cupola, comes thundering in !
 Statue and column, all within its sweep,
 Lie shivered, crushed beneath its blazing leap ;
 And naked walls, cleft by the earthquake-shock,
 Alone remain, Magnificence to mock !

Through groves of gleaming masts the flashes play,
 Bright roll the rivers to the blushing bay ;
 The Hudson headlands, towering, scathed, and bare,
 Loom, like vast Titans, in the lurid air :
 For circling leagues, on billow, rock, and plain,
 Rests, without shadow, the ensanguined stain ;
 While, darkening the stars, o'erarching all,
 Heaves the huge smoke-cloud — Desolation's pall !

The morn breaks in at length, but dull and slow
 Its gray light mingles with the dusky glow :
 Lo ! as Day climbs the sky, men view aghast,
 The vacant waste on which its beams are cast.
 Acres of ashes ! — flecked with tongues of flame —
 Piles of rich merchandize, and none to claim !
 Skeleton forms of buildings half consumed,
 Mid wrecks more total standing half-exhumed ;
 Streets choked with fallen walls, and seared and seamed
 By the red torrent that late through them streamed ;
 Volumes of smoke, like storm-clouds sweeping heaven,
 In blinding gushes every moment driven,
 And shivering wretches peering through the gloom,
 To snatch some relic from the reeking tomb.

Such was the scene returning Day beheld :
 At length the mighty scourge was stayed — was quell'd ;
 And, on the fragments of his feast, enjoyed,
 Destruction slumbered, like a monster cloyed.

EDITORS' DRAWER. — The shallow drawer in our *escritoir*, which was made vacant for the reader's edification, a few moons ago, is again overflowing. Essays, tales, rhymes — widely various in subject and quality — spring up from their long compression, whenever their sliding prison is withdrawn, and seem to rustle forth complaints that their trials are so long postponed, and their fates still undecided. Let us address ourselves to the task of their examination and discharge:

As a prominent 'feature,' we hasten to seize '*The Nose*,' as a pleasant extravaganza is entitled, which has been for some time under advisement. The thing is odd and *bizarre*, which we greatly affect; it is well handled withal — though, as Madame de Staël once said of Shakspeare's *Pistol*, it is somewhat overcharged. Its publication *entire*, is open to objections. The writer wrings the topic dry — an unpardonable offence; and ever and anon his wit goes out like a fuzee, and leaves nothing on the memory. Portions of the essay, howbeit, are clever. Witness the following:

'Of all the features which grace the human countenance, there is not one whose continued services gain for it less commendation, than the nasal organ: and for the simple reason that a character must be great, which, universally assaulted, maintains its standing, do I esteem the nose most laudable. Bethink thee, reader, but for our noses, where at this time would many of us have been? In regular fisticuffs, what if thy nose opposed not his honest valor 'to ward away the battle-stroke?' Bethink thee if, when stalking in darkness, some unrelenting post claims coarse familiarity with thy visage, what would become of thee, did not thy *cut-water* 'send off' with seaman-like dexterity? Hadst thou not a nose, how couldst thou *contemptify* thine enemy? — or what polar star follow through life's bewildering mazes? Yet hast thou ungratefully permitted thy proboscis to tingle under the shafts of satire, nor raised a hand in his defence. True, when that ruffian Boreas, by dint of most poignant addresses, hath rendered it cold toward thee, dost thou endeavor to restore the lost unity of feeling; but no sooner does returning warmth convince thee of forgiveness, than thou takest away thy glove, 'leaving the realm in most unpalmy state!' No matter what his peril or alarm; if he *runs*, all his former good qualities are forgotten. He is rewarded with *blows*. If, irritated, he refuses to run at all, why then blows, thicker and faster, ensue. *Extremes* are usually resorted to, in his maladies. He is often put upon by his nearest neighbors. Mouth often closes, vice-like, against butcher's-meat, until his friend, 'as some great bull-dog nosing o'er his food,' assures him of its salubrity. How frequently do 'the Brothers Eyes,' (in business phrase,) scorn some modest flower, till its essence-ials appeal more successfully to the Schneiderian tribunal! Yet, despite his known philanthropy, is he placed, like Uriah, in the very fore-front of danger, or more aptly, like Prometheus chained to his naked rock, exposed to every storm that darkens the face of nature.'

With this exordium, the methodical writer proceeds to classify the different orders of his subject. He treats at some length of the nose medical, and avers of noses of this *type*, that they are better taken care of than their kindred generally, being more frequently thrust into *cases*. We cannot follow him though his exposition of the *diagnosis*, and *prognosis*, nor yet afford him space to discourse of the genus bottle, musical, pastoral, and polemical. The latter is described as usually twisted, or askew, from suddenly turning logical corners, in order to keep the subject in view, in despite of sophistical underbrush; and the writer logically infers from the maxim of one of the Fathers, — '*Noscere pulchrum est veritatem quamvis in silvas*,' — that with this class the necessity of smelling out truth is properly appreciated. After illustrating these various orders, the elucidator adverts to his own nose. We give place to a passage in its early history, in the wearer's own words; from which it will at least be seen, that its education was not neglected;

'My nose is neither excessively small, nor undexterously ponderous. As some one, has said of a piano-key, it 'is most apt for fingering.' It is about as long as two joints of my fore-finger. I have thus often measured it, in my contemplative moments, or when wishing to appear wise. Sages are often delineated with their fingers resting upon various portions of their visage. Sterne, according to phrenologists, has his upon the organ of wit. Franklin has his thumb always turned up under his left jaw, although we never heard him accused of garrulity. Bonaparte has his hands folded upon his breast — yet who ever thought it owing to the heart-ache? Byron laid his hand upon the 'ocean's mane,' — denoting an aqueous predilection, quite inconsistent with his potatory moods. But when my picture is taken, I will have my fore-finger

nicely fitted to the ridge of my nose. Looking upon it, who will not discover the quost, reflecting man—one unwilling to plunge his proboscis into every thing—who loveth not to scent out trouble? The care which is taken of my nose, will of itself be *prima facie* evidence in its owner's behalf.

'I was sent, like most other boys, at an early age, to school; but my talents remained *incog.* for some time. I was not looked upon as any thing out of the usual course. My teacher, a gentleman of the old school, prided himself on his *nasal* powers,—a half pound of snuff per diem being considered rather short allowance, especially when examining us in mathematics: *then*, pinch after pinch was inhaled, *ad infinitum*. Nobody ever knew what became of it. His nose was bent over like a French bugle, and had much the same twang. After solving a difficult problem, then, and then only, would he blow his nose. His fashion was, to fold up his red silk 'kerchief, four-double, (paradoxically speaking,) place the thumb of his left hand, cautiously guarded, upon the left nostril, and blow! The right side was the finest tenor you ever heard: then would he change for the bass of the left; and having thus given us the two parts, with variations, separately, he would 'pull out stops,' and sound both at once. Heavens! what an organ! The windows would rattle—the papers on his desk fly about like feathers—while the color mantled to his cheeks, with excitement, and his specks bobbed up and down, like the beam of a steam engine. I listened with admiration. I watched all his preparations. I gave due heed to his fingering. The very folds of his handkerchief were closely imitated. I was somewhat doubtful of my untried powers, but genius is often headlong; and one day when the old Fellow had worked out a long and intricate sum for one of the elder boys, I saw him preparing for his customary triumphal flourish. I followed step by step—I gave my head the proper elevation. 'In linked sweetness, long drawn out,' came his quavers on the tenor. I followed suit. A momentary pause succeeded. 'Twas but the echo,' thought he—my heart beating mean time violently. He roared out the bass; but mine was undeniably the loudest. He paused again. He was evidently irritated. The impudence was nothing,—but that a mere boy should essay to compete with him, in his favorite science, stung his pride. He prepared his last and most sonorous blast. He took a long breath. So did I. He straightened himself up for a great exertion, and looked at me over the top of his spectacles. I was not to be daunted,—but casting back a glance of defiance, kept my handkerchief to my nose; at length, he thundered again. I cannot deny it—it *was* terrific. Yet it is due to the cause of truth to state, that mine was, beyond compare, the loudest. The effect of two such human instruments, blown simultaneously, was astounding. Some glass was broken,—the black board on which Euclid's spider-webs were chalked, fell backward to the floor, with tremendous impulse. The boys, who at first were alarmed, now recovering their self-possession, a peal of laughter followed. Just then, a volunteer military corps passing, the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief!' I felt my superiority. I heard, and responded to the omen. I blew my nose again with re-doubled energy, and with increased applause.'

We have strong doubts of the *truth* of the subsequent history, and therefore suppress it. We question, indeed, whether even a credulous *marine* would receive it, without saying, with the inimitable Chucks: 'Allow me to insinuate, in the most delicate manner in the world, that I'm *blow'd* if I believe it!'

FOLLOWING the '*Nose*,' in natural progress, we come upon some fifteen or twenty '*pieces of poetry*,' as they are generally termed by their authors. There is a disagreeable community of feeling between the writers of the larger portion of these rhymes. They are all alike far gone in misanthropy. They appear to dwell with delight upon the darkest shades of existence; begetting mongre and counterfeit inspiration over imaginary scenes of sadness, and peopling the future with direful shapes of evil. With them, life

— 'is a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before—
And tempests thunder overhead!'

We usually find clamorous mediocrity the distinctive characteristic of these and such as these. Glorious nature—human affections and sympathies—are to them as nothing. Lost pleasures—the deceitfulness of the world—the fickleness of fortune—evanescent friendship—selfish, interested love—despair—the grave,—these are their favorite themes. Out upon such villifiers of the world and of human nature! Let them take their place in the dust, toward which are all their grovelling tendencies, and cover themselves with the sackcloth with which they clothe every thing around them! Here is one who would scout all those innocent delusions which but tend to make us more happy, because he has sometimes encountered disappointment. He has written sixty-

four lame lines to prove that Hope — blessed Spirit! — is but a wily syren, who leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. The writer is, after all, but the monkey of some illustrious cynic, as would appear from this libel upon Providence, which serves as his motto: 'Hope is the paint on the face of Existence. The least touch of Truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.' We turn with pleasure from the verses 'in this connection' to the following, which, though somewhat sad, is monitory of good, and is not destitute of a pleasing and simple pathos:

EARLY DAYS.

'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.'

THE flattering dreams of early days come not in after years,
When the joyous song of Mirth is hushed to silence and to tears;
When the golden visions flee the brain, and Love's romance is o'er,
And the widowed heart in anguish cries, 'Give back my youth once more!'

THE passions wild of spring-time hours, — the full heart's overflow,
Chilled by the world's dread frown, are hushed, and quenched their genial glow;
And life's dull, cold realities, in all their naked truth,
Impart to us the lesson stern, — 'Life has no second youth!'

Guard then the memory of thy friends — the loved of early days,
Nor seek in winter's snowy breast, affection's flame to raise;
For the loves which fill the guileless heart, while from suspicion free,
Are dearer far than later loves, how true see'st they be.

CERISH those early loves, they are a principle and part
Of that embodied bliss which Heaven-enshrines within the heart;
They are the clear, untainted fount of undefined desire, —
The substance and the essence pure of the Promethean fire.

THE unbought friends of life's young morn, when every thought glowed warm,
And filled the clouds with sapphire towers, and many a fairy form,
Oh! lose them not by cold neglect — or hope not to regain, —
The plant of love once touched with frost, can never spring again!

Go wander through the labyrinth of Fashion's giddy throng, —
And view gay Pleasure's masquerade, or list her syren song;
Taste every cup of bliss, and roam where Fancy's voice may call,
Yet shall the thought of early days be dearer far than all.

O. G. W.

AN *Essay on Umbrellas* comes next in order, whereby hangs a Tale, which, although well written, lacks interest and incident. The general subject, however, will come forcibly home to most readers. That was a good definition of *laughter*, given by a popular American essayist — viz: 'a singular and dubious contortion of the human countenance, to be seen in the face of an individual, of whom a friend suddenly claims his umbrella, on a rainy day!' The author of the present paper seems to be a law-student; and it must be admitted, that he enters into the discussion with a characteristic spirit of research. He says:

'I HAVE listened, day after day, to the lectures of the learned jurist upon the rights of persons and of things; upon absolute and conventional rights; upon choses, goods, chattels, messuages, tenements, hereditaments, property real and personal; but no mention have I ever heard made of the rights pertaining to the possession of an umbrella. They have been assigned to no class or kind of property. But it may be that this omission of the worthy professor was not an oversight. He, too, may have imbibed the too common hallucination, that the possessor of an umbrella has no rights of property derivable therefrom, and that he is nothing more than a tenant by courtesy. Indeed, there are few exceptions to this opinion. I do, however, remember once having met a man, who adhered to his eight dollars' worth of silk, whalebone, bamboo, and wire, with a pertinacity similar in its strength, to that with which the Salem witches asserted their innocence. It was his companion in his walks and rides; being a bachelor, I presume it shared his bed. Rain or shine, calm or storm, it was the same; and as he brushed by you in the street, with his quick, suspicious glance, you could easily read his motto: 'Love me, love my umbrella!'

'I have a smattering of the antiquary, and in this capacity, I have sometimes directed my inquiries toward the origin of this unique species of possession. In few authors can I find any thing germane to the subject; but in the works of Father Ambrose, I

detect a sentence, wherein the worthy monk, discoursing of the extinct luxuries, uses the words '*morens umbra*,'—and I conceive the phrase to mean, an umbrella. This conclusion has met with a strong opposer, in the person of Dr. Gulinatus, the celebrated antiquary, who very decidedly asserts the true translation to be, a passing cloud, which casts a shade. In contravention to some other assertions of the learned Doctor, I have the following from Horace, who in his ixth Satire, in which he speaks of the reprehensible effeminacy of the Roman youth, makes one of the exquisites ask another: '*Quandiu tenebat umbellam mihi?*' The article was certainly countenanced by the Romans, but perhaps not until luxury had been imported from the East. Egypt first gave employment to the class of artisans who made these necessary evils. But it matters little when or where they had their origin. We know that they have been in the world sufficiently long, to harass and plague full half of the human family, and to sour many a pan of 'the milk o' human kindness.'

It is fair weather with us, —and we close the umbrella.

THE annexed is sufficiently smooth and flowing, but it belongs to another era. The age of chivalry is past; and Don Quixotte himself, the most renowned of knights errant, would meet with small honors in this age of brawny, muscular utility. The author—who is not unknown to the public—has this pretty apology for the ancient and sombre character of his theme: 'I wish my harp had a livelier string; but from my boyhood, it has flung gifts of mournful melody to the wind, —and it would be marring its original construction, to string it 'full high to notes of gladness.'

GINEVRA.

I.

Ginevra! — Ginevra! —
Thy girlish lip is mute;
And silent, in ancestral hall,
Hangs now thy gilded lute.
With trophies from the Holy Land
Hath come thine own true knight,
To wildly wish the desert sand
Had drank his blood in fight!

II.

Ginevra! — Ginevra! —
By palmer wert thou told
That, on the plains of Palestine,
My corse was lying cold;
And, credence giving to the tale,
Went up wild prayer to die,
While suddenly thy cheek grew pale,
And lustreless thine eye.

III.

Ginevra! — Ginevra! —
No more thy lulling voice,
When twilight paints the sky, will thrill
The ballad of my choice.
Thy parting gift, my buried bride,
Will nerve this arm no more,
When speeds my barb with fetlock dyed
In Saracenic gore.

IV.

Ginevra! — Ginevra! —
Death holds in icy thrall
Thy loveliness of form and face
In his unlighted hall.
With laurels from the Holy Land
Hath come thine own true knight,
To wildly wish the desert sand
Had drank his blood in fight! W. H. C. H.

Mrs. Stickney, in her 'Poetry of Life,' dwells at much length upon the power of the tender passion to 'awaken glowing emotions of divine poetry.' Here is one who will not dispute an inch of her ground. Connected with this song—or we misinterpret its fervor—there is *One*, for whose sake the writer has often longed, with the Oriental, to be

— 'like the skies,
To look upon her with a thousand eyes.'

A common error mars the second line of the second stanza, and the second line of the last verse is rather artificial and infelicitous:

SONG.

I.

The moon is brightly gleaming
With soft and tender light;
The stars, with magic seeming,
Are gazing on the night.

II.

But oh, a purer gleaming,
Which moon nor stars can vie,
I see, sweet Lady! beaming
From Beauty's speaking eye.

III.

There is which beams more brightly
Than all those orbs above;
I would not speak it lightly —
O 'tis the light of Love!

IV.

No longer now in sadness
My life shall shrouded be;
My soul's fill'd with gladness, —
That light beams but for me!

L. L.

'*Gastronomy, by a Professor,*' is an imitation, by some amateur *gourmand*, of Professor Wilson's carnal refinements, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Blackwood's Magazine. The article has some good points, but its English exhibits several examples of what the writer's great exemplar has termed 'palpable fractures of the skull of Priscian;' and we have no time, even if the subject were acceptable, to attempt its emaculation. No one moralizes more frequently than Christopher North; but in the matter of sensual gratification, fluid and solid, over a dinner-table, he forgets what manner of person he would be of; and is not unlike a Catholic Father, of whom we have somewhere read, who, when reproached by the Pope for not living more abstemiously, replied that his soul was Catholic, but his stomach was Protestant. It would be but a just retribution, were the Professor at last made to realize the ancient curse — imprisonment in Purgatory, with the privilege of seeing the blessed eat, while he remains fasting. Some French author says of appetite, that it is a relish bestowed upon the poor, that they may like what they eat, but seldom enjoyed by the rich, though they may eat what they like. Truth, every word! Why? Because there are not wanting writers, and those of eminence too, who would render gluttony fashionable, with those who have the ability to practise it, and exalt it to a science, or a fine art. Spirit of Abernethy! — how many have eaten themselves into the places where *they* are eaten — 'where a certain convocation of worms are e'en at them!'

There is a species of poetry — so-called — of which not a little may be seen in these scribbling days, against which we desire especially to guard the reader. Like most shallow impostures, it is smooth and insinuating, yet valueless, utterly — full of sound, but signifying *nothing*. Poor departed Sands, in the fine portrait which he drew of the author of 'The Antediluvians,' under the similitude of 'Mr. Green Bice,' has given one or two brilliant specimens of this prevalent species of composition; but they are scarcely equal to the subjoined, which has actually been sent us for publication. The writer's wish is hereby gratified. The effusion is denominated 'The Lovely One,' and thus it runs:

AN airy smile of roseate hue
Upon her bright lip lies;
The glare of ocean's radiant blue,
When orient with the evening dew,
Glow in her sun-like eyes.

Her brow is like the sculptured light
That flashes from the breathing stone;
Her flaxen curls like clouds of night,
Through which the silent zephyrs moan
Her cheek displays the fragrant tinge
The lovely bees of Hybla drain,
And waves her eye-lids' glowing fringe,
Like sunlight on the Western main!

Her step is like the shadowy knell
That echoes from the soundless flowers,
When peals the Nereid's verdant shell
Softly through Morning's coral bowers!
And oh! her voice! her glowing voice!
E'en Music pales before its flow;
It makes Earth's central core rejoice,
And blossoms on the pall of woe!

Her form has all the pictured grace
That breatheth through the waning air,
When smiling winds, with blushes, chase
The startled moonbeams here and there!
And all her separate charms combined,
In loveliness — alone — unmixed,
Seem like bright echoes of her mind
Eternal, and for aye unfixed!

In all our miscellaneous reading, we do not remember ever to have encountered any thing which partook more largely of the misty-sublime, than the preceding. The

nearest approach to it may be found in the following stanzas by Rosa Matilda, in Horace Smith's 'Rejected Addresses':

'Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Levelled with the shuddering stones;
Mars, with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans!

'Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy extacy of wo!
Bear me safe, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!"

'*Trials of a Schoolmaster*,' is, in some respects, a very good paper; but its tedious episode, and extreme length, spoil it for our purpose. The descriptions of the school-house—the first punishment—and the evening spelling-school, though too minute, show the hand of a close observer, and an accurate limner. We extract the following dialogue, which lives, we think, in our memory. Still, it may have originated with 'T. D. M.'

MASTER. 'Boys,—Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now who was the father of Noah's three sons?'

(The boys of the 'third class' pause—look dubiously at their teacher—but there is no reply.)

MASTER. 'What!—can't you tell? Let me illustrate. Here is Mr. Smith, our next door neighbor: he has three sons, John, James, and Joseph Smith. Now who is the father of John, James, and Joseph Smith?'

BOYS. (All together, in eager, emulous strife,) 'Mr. Smith.'

MASTER. 'Certainly!—that's correct. Well, now let us turn to the first question. Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now who was the father of Noah's three sons?'

BOYS. (Unanimously, after a little hesitation,) 'MR. SMITH!'

A late Dublin magazine has a story somewhat akin to this, save that the teacher and pupil were alike thick-headed. An Irish tutor is examining a lad in Scripture History:

TUT. 'Is there any account given in Scripture, Phelim, of a dumb baste speaking?'

LAD. 'Yes.'

TUT. 'What dumb baste was it that spake?'

LAD. 'It was a whale!'

TUT. 'Yes. To whom did the whale speak?'

LAD. 'To Moses, in the bull-rushes!'

TUT. 'True. What did the whale say to Moses in the bull-rushes?'

LAD. 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'

TUT. 'Very well. What was Moses' reply?'

LAD. 'Thou art the man!'

Could there be any thing more broadly burlesque than this?

LANGUAGE.—The capabilities of our vernacular are not duly appreciated. Without going back to the simple strength and sublimity of the *mater linguarum*, or discussing the merits of any other tongue that has prevailed since the bricklayers and stone-masons of Babel fell into a state of *strike*—either for want of order, or for higher wages—we venture to observe that the English tongue is the richest in the world. Its sublimity is 'compounded from many simples,' and sources, as any one may know by consulting the pages of that burly and bilious philologist, Sam. Johnson. Latin, Greek, Saxon, German, and eke the French, may specially be found in the garner of its circumscription. It is capable of infinite diversity. The multitude of its synonyms, the full array of its adverbs and adjectives, render it, indeed, the best of languages.

We have said thus much, in order to pave the way for a few specimens of the graceful *expansion* which a short phrase in English may be made to undergo. Refinement seems to be the increasing passion of the time, and language is forced to partake of its prevalence. Several of our contemporaries have caught the polishing mania,

and the clothing of common thoughts in holiday suits, and of setting some dwarf of a phrase upon the stilts of embellishment, have become universal.

We think that we were the first to give an impetus to this innovation on the occidental side of the Atlantic. It is not so generally bruited as it should have been, either on the continent of America, or throughout the boundaries of Europe, or in Ispahan, Jeddo, Jerusalem, or Bagdad, that we first refined that well-known adage of 'proceeding the entire swine'—the *indivisum porculum*. That stupendous conception was our own; and to whomsoever may charge us therewith, we own the soft impeachment, looking to the public to protect our bays.

Hereunto we append some fresh doings, of a similar kind. Two of the saws have exotic trimmings; the others are indigenous. We grew them:

ORIGINAL. Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

IMPROVED. Proceed to the Arch-enemy of Man, and agitate your person.

OR. *Of one who squints.* He looks two ways for Sunday.

IMP. One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics—a natal defect—is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

OR. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

IMP. Enumerate not your adolescent pullets, ere they cease to be oviform.

OR. Sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander.

IMP. The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relied, also, with the masculine adult of the same species.

OR. Let well enough alone.

IMP. Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

OR. None so deaf as them that won't hear.

IMP. No persons are obtuse in their auricular apprehension, equal to those who repudiate vocal incomes by adverse inclination.

OR. Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil.

IMP. Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apolyon.

OR. Accidents will happen in the best of families.

IMP. Disasters will eventuate even in households of the supremest integrity.

OR. A still sow drinks the most swill.

IMP. 'The taciturn female of the porcine genus imbibes the richest nutriment.'

OR. The least said, the soonest mended.

IMP. The minimum of an offensive remark, is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

OR. 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

IMP. That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

OR. A stitch in time, saves nine.

IMP. The 'first impression' of a needle on a rent, obviateeth a nine-fold introduction.

OR. A nod 's as good as a wink, to a horse that is n't blind.

IMP. 'An abrupt inclination of the head, is equivalent to a contraction of the eye, to a steed untroubled with obliquity of vision.'

OR. 'T is a wise child, that knows its own father.

IMP. That juvenile individual is indeed sage, who possesses authentic information with respect to the identity of his paternal derivative.

OR. There's no accounting for taste.

IMP. The propensities of the palate defy jurisdiction.

OR. Two and two make four.

IMP. (As per Sam. J.) The number four is a certain aggregate of units; and all

numbers being the repetition of an unit — which, though not a number in itself, is the parent, root, or original of all number — *four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions.

OR.—Three removes are as bad as a fire.

IMP.—The triple transmission of a household, with chattels, from one domicile to another, is as vicious as a conflagration.

Here we pause. For the nonce, our speculation has done its worst.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — MR. REEVE. — If theatrical people are to receive commendation according to their merits as legitimate actors of Tragedy or Comedy, then, we are sorry to say, Mr. JOHN REEVE can lay claim to only a very small share of approbation. In the *true* sense of the word, he has no right to call himself an 'Actor.' His forte is *Burlesque*, a line of acting so broad, that there is seldom any thing like it 'on earth, in the heavens above, or in the waters beneath.' And yet, in some characters, so very low that they have nothing but their coarse vulgarity to distinguish them, Mr. Reeve certainly does seem the very animal itself. Yates must have been, in this particular, his prototype: else could he not have suggested to Churchill these biting lines:

'In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold, —
Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmannered jests are flouted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause!'

The worst compliment that can be bestowed upon a performer, who pretends to be the representative of a humorous character, we feel compelled to pay Mr. Reeve — he keeps a part of his audience constantly in a roar, not at the wit of the author, as displayed in the character he is supposed to represent, but at *himself*. They are not forced into a laugh because they behold the vivid representation of some droll original, but are compelled to roar at the grotesque tricks and grimaces of the caricaturist before them. Nor is this the only method by which Mr. Reeve shows his contempt, both for the author and the audience. He is constantly mangling the text, and distorting its meaning, by the substitution of words and ideas of which he alone is the legitimate father, thereby declaring his author a fool, and gently insinuating the conviction, that the individuals composing his audience are not much better. Let such a man attempt 'Falstaff,' and the part might as well have been written by any Grub-street penny-a-liner, as by the immortal bard himself, for all the respect the performer would pay to the words or ideas of the character. It is true, that in most of the pieces in which we have seen Mr. Reeve, he may be as capable as the authors of saying a good thing, and as much to the purpose; but when for the whimsical notions and peculiar phraseology of Sheridan's 'Bob Acres,' he substitutes his own, we are not willing tamely to suffer the infiction. As a *mimic*, Mr. Reeve is, in some particulars, the best we have ever seen. His portrait of poor Mathews was a perfect likeness, and, considering the great natural difference between the two individuals, in voice and personal appearance, the imitation seemed truly wonderful. As 'Cupid,' in the Burletta of that name, he excited the 'cachinnatories' of the audience to no small degree. His dance, *à la Taglioni*, was a curiosity in its way; and indeed in all the extravagant burlesque of character, in which he appeared, he made great fun. His 'Paul Pry' was good: to say it was better than poor Hilson's, however, would be paying it a compliment it does not deserve. The medley song in 'Catching an Heiress' was admirably given, and was almost worth the trouble and fatigue of sitting out the abundant nonsense of that execrable farrago of dulness. The pieces which Mr. Reeve has brought out are certainly, one and all, the worst of the bad, — a fact that should be taken into

consideration, when judging of the effects he was able to produce, in despite of their lavish insipidity. Mr. Reeve certainly can and does create a laugh, whenever he chooses to do so. To him, this *may* appear the end and aim of a comedian, and to some of his auditors may be quite satisfactory, and seem all that can be required: but again we repeat, it is *not* so. If an individual appears before the public as an actor, he must be measured by the legitimate standard, and as an actor, stand or fall: if he pretends to no higher profession than that of a buffoon, as a buffoon let him be judged.

'Gagging' is a very expressive, although not a strictly classical, term; and is used to signify certain trickeries of the stage, to which some professors fearlessly descend, in order to *force* applause. It is the quackery of the mimic art, and argues a deficiency of legitimate power, and a great depravity of taste, in the person who resorts to it. It is a part of that same spirit against which Hamlet warns the players, when he says: 'And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's vile, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.' It is of this ambition that we would like to see some of our comedians divest themselves. It is unworthy of talent, such as it is said Mr. Reeve really possesses, and altogether unnecessary, to create the effect he desires, in such audiences as he should aim to please, while performing at the Park Theatre. We would not be too hard upon Mr. Reeve, but as impartial spectators of the drama, as it is nightly presented to us upon the stage, we cannot tamely abide the abuses of the art, which are constantly creeping in upon us from foreign shores, as well as from our western wilderness. Mr. Reeve is not always to be censured: there are times when he seems to feel the true spirit of the art, and satisfied to produce effect, without descending to trick and gagging. His comedy (if that is the name) is of the very broadest character. Many of the personages whom he appears to represent, are entirely unknown on this side of the water; some of his best points, therefore, are absolutely lost. Localities are every thing, in most of his representations, and consequently many things which were irresistible at the Adelphi, are utterly thrown away upon an American audience. As a comic singer, and dancer, Mr. Reeve certainly excels. These two qualifications are useful in their way, but do not alone constitute him a comedian. After all, we do sincerely hope that we have been deceived in our estimate of Mr. Reeve, and that on his return he may give evidence of the possession of powers superior to any for which we now feel inclined to yield him credit. Should he improve in the estimation of the public, we shall be among the first to signify their approbation.

Mrs. RICHARDSON, a lady whom the public will better recognise under the favorite name of Mrs. CHAPMAN, has filled a short engagement at the Park, during the month, much to the gratification of her many admirers. Mrs. Richardson has the great merit of always acting from herself, or in other words, of becoming identified with the character she represents. There is no evidence of effort in her personations; she appears always easy and at home in the situation for the time assumed; and being content with the language and ideas of the author, does all in her power to clothe them with the expression that properly belongs to them. She does not rant; there are no grasplings for effect — no pocket-handkerchief business — no 'tearing a passion to tatters' — in the quiet and natural exhibitions of character, as effected by her. It is a pity we have not more such artists upon the stage, in the place of those obnoxious disciples of the 'rough-and-tumble school,' with whose yearnings after immortality we are occasionally indulged. We hope we may again see this lady enrolled among the stock company of the Park. In this situation, which she once filled with so much honor to herself, and satisfaction to the public, she will be sure to increase in favor, and become in a brief space worthy of the highest rank in her profession. While speaking of favorites, we cannot avoid alluding to Mrs. VERNON. In the line of business to which she belongs, she is, to say the least, unexcelled: yet, from some cause or other, while every

body appears contented with her efforts, but few seem truly to appreciate her worth. Mrs. Vernon is *always good*—and perhaps it is from this very cause, strange as it may appear, that she is not more particularly noticed. She is always natural; and appears (to borrow an expression,) to suit herself to the various characters she assumes, 'by instinct.' Such continued excellence, however, must receive its guerdon; and Mrs. Vernon has only to go forward with the unexceptionable method she has adopted, to be sure at last of finding herself truly appreciated, and justly rewarded. c.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY.—The toils of the month have prevented us from witnessing more than three evenings' entertainments at this theatre. On one of these occasions, Booth was the 'feature;' and truly he was 'a bright, particular star.' In *Lear*, he lacked nothing but a more commanding person, to have *lived* the monarch. The touching pathos of the fond, abused father—the deep agony of the 'poor, weak, infirm old man'—the proud, yet bursting heart—drew down well-deserved and prolonged applause. FLYNN was good in *Kent*, his lady faultless in *Cordelia*, and HAMBELIN'S *Edgar* was well performed. In all else, Booth's support was most wretched. We have latterly overlooked, though we have by no means lost sight of, Mr. J. R. SCOTT. With a commanding person, expressive and handsome features, a strong, mellow voice, and intellect to appreciate the characters which he assumes, he cannot fail, with assiduous and careful study, to become all that a reasonable ambition may lead him to anticipate—all that his friends hope yet to see him.

'*The Triumph of Texas*,' a new clap-trap nondescript, was an irredeemable, unmitigated *failure*. Some idea of the clearness of the plot, and the interest excited by the whole, may be gathered from the following pithy dialogue between two box-auditors:

'I say, Tom—how d'ye like it?'

'Oh, pahaw!—there's only one passable part in it; that's play'd tolerably well.'

'Which part is that?'

'It 's the part of *Triumph*! He's good!'

FRANKLIN THEATRE.—MR. HOWS, whose appearance at the Park Theatre in January last gave such satisfaction, is performing a short engagement at the Franklin Theatre. The graceful and classical style adopted by this gentleman, has been the subject of general commendation, and has met the decided approbation of discriminating judges of the art. His *Shylock* has been every where deservedly extolled; and his *Shera*, in the excellent comedy of *The Benevolent Jew*, as represented by him on the first evening of his appearance at the Franklin, we are inclined to place at the head of his personations, for truth and originality. We should be pleased to see this fine old play occupy a permanent place among the acting pieces of the day. It might serve as an antidote against the prejudice which the frequent representation of *The Merchant of Venice* is calculated to engender. Mr. Hows is richly deserving the consideration of the public, and we hope will meet it, in that profession to which his talents are now so entirely devoted.

MR. HILL—whose successful engagements in our Atlantic cities are good tests of his merits and studies as an actor—has done much, within a year or two, to foster the talent of native dramatists. Several pieces have been written for him, and in which he performs with skill and judgment, that are probably equal to many works of the sort; in countries where dramatic efforts are much more frequent than in our own.

'AMERICAN LITERATURE. — MR. FLINT concludes, in the *London Athenæum* for November, his paper upon *American Literature*, in which he has acquitted himself with his accustomed ability. The stern, manly, independent American spirit that pervades the article, is characteristic, and worthy of all praise. We are pleased to remark, that a just tribute is paid to the literary labors of the Rev. Dr. BEASLEY, of New-Jersey, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. 'His 'Search of Truth in the Science of the Human Mind,' says the writer, 'and his defence of Locke against the recent Scottish metaphysicians, are eloquently written, and display vast research and labor.' In a notice of an indigenous Review, Mr. FLINT holds the following language. The reader will perceive, that it conveys sentiments similar to those expressed, on one or two occasions, in this Magazine:

'The writing of the *Philadelphia Quarterly* aims to be more magnificent than that of the *North American Review*. In reaching at courtly grandeur, it sometimes becomes sesquipedalian. Johnson and Parr are the models, not nature and simplicity. We might evade any attempt at a definition of this 'review style,' by calling it a *je ne sais quoi* grandeur; an indescribable magniloquence; a sort of stately rounding of long sentences, full of doubts, and intermediate members, and subjunctives, with a touch of oracular ambiguity, raising the impression, that the writer wore a presentation dress, with a wig, and so much fur, and robe, and furbelow, and velvet, as to make him resolve, feeling rather grand and incumbered himself, that the reader should not fail in due homage to his transient aristocracy, nor altogether escape helping him bear a portion of the burdensome tithe of magnificence. We have attempted to imagine the criticism which Dean Swift, and Oliver Goldsmith — so direct, so transparent, so beautifully simple in their style — would have passed upon this modern review writing.

'The department of poetry in this journal is said to be peculiarly intrusted to a Doctor M'Henry, who has given it a most unenviable notoriety, by attempting to villify the highest efforts of American poetry, particularly those of Bryant. Himself the author of a wretched poem, entitled, we think, 'The Pleasures of Friendship,' — either the dullest namby-pamby, or the undigested surfeit of stolen fragments of verse, so little disguised by having passed through his mind, as, when eructed again, to bear, like the Botany Bay plate, the ciphers and marks of the original owners, — he has stood in the critical sewer, and successively besmeared and abused every good article of verse from the American press, and has only found praise for some poetry, of which the authors themselves have long since been ashamed. Neither the ancient Zoilus, the modern Lintot, nor any hero of the Dunciad, was more redoubtably terrible in the use of terms of abuse, than this same critic; and as we have good hope, that this our notice of the villifier of Bryant will reach his eye, we do not despair of the only praise which such a mind can bestow, — the outpouring of the whole of his copious vocabulary of terms of aspersion and contempt.'

We extract the paragraphs below, from that portion of the article under notice, which treats of American poetry. The writer gives but a just award, we think, when he says that 'American poetry almost universally bears the stamp of purity and respect for the domestic virtues, for piety and religion. Our poets, as far as they have shown inspiration, evince that they are imbued with the love of goodness, truth, and beauty; that they have strung their lyres in the exultation of the glorious hope of immortality; that they aim to purify public thought, rather than debase it; and that they have drunk from those perennial fountains that flow fast by the throne of God.' He proceeds:

'We believe, that in just so far as a country is advanced in taste, in just thought, enlargement of mind, and kindness of feeling, it will generate and patronize poetry; for poetry, sprung from genius, enthusiasm and sensibility, is identified with virtue and religion — in fact, is but another form of the religious sentiment, is the band that unites the past with the future, the present with the absent, the living with the dead, the inspiration of friendship, virtue, magnanimity, high thought, and glorious achievement.'

* * * 'Our primeval age was one of sermons and prose; and the matter of fact of cutting down trees, building cabins, and making enclosures, instead of indulging the imagination. Ecclesiastical tribunals church'd fair delinquents for cutting off the fingers of their gloves, and thereby exposing so much of their fair persons as might prove an unholy leaven to the fancy of beholders. The first gloomy excursions of those times into the ideal world, discovered only witches, and demons; and nearly half a century elapsed, before our progenitors began to think much of poetry; and its first efforts were attempts to versify the psalms, after the manner of Sternhold and Hopkins, in a version entitled the 'Bay Psalm Book.' Yet even in the very earliest period of the

history of Massachusetts, we find the amiable and gentle Roger Williams, the patriarch of Rhode Island, when cast forth into the untrodden wilderness by the persecuting spirit of the Puritans, who had only escaped persecution themselves to show that they had experimentally learned the lesson to practice it on others, cheering his solitary journey through the wild woods, as he sought the hospitality of the red men, in the following quaint verses, that we give for the curiosity of being the first poetry, except the version of the Psalms to which we have referred, produced in New-England, which has come to our knowledge.

'Lost many a time, I've had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree;
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company.
God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness;
His glorious name, while earth remains,
O that I may confess.'

'He cultivated good faith and gentleness with the Indians, and reaped the natural fruit, kindness, in return, which he thus sings:

'How kindly flames of nature burn
In wild humanity!
God's providence is rich to his;
Let none distrustful be.
In wilderness in great distress,
There ravens have fed me.'

In a closing review of the outlines of American literature, which he had necessarily but briefly traced, Mr. FLINT observes:

'We deem, that we have produced conclusive evidence, — at least it so seems to us, — that our deficiency has resulted from other causes, than the want of as much genius, as much talent, as quick perceptions, as much endowment, as high thoughts, as true inspiration, as much capability of progress, either in the sciences or the fine arts, as belong to the parent country. Miserable, pinched, and poor-spirited must have been the minds of the Halls, Hamiltons, Fiddlers, *et id omne genus*, who, within the few past years, have travelled through our country, and appear to have taken pleasure, on returning home, in proclaiming us to be a stupid, half-savage race, without literature, arts, taste, or even the common comforts of life. How much more just would have been the English estimate of us — how much kinder the feelings — if Britons of something of the endowment, philosophical enlargement, and generosity of mind belonging to such men as Humboldt and Chateaubriand, had travelled among us, and published as much of us as those dwarfish egotists! Never, until really instructed, competent, and philosophical observers survey us, and scan our physical and intellectual condition, with an impartial eye, will the English public be able to strike a fair balance between our merits and defects, improvements and deficiencies.' * * * 'But the people of England cannot be so blinded by prejudice, as not to comprehend, that, 'whatever be our deficiencies, we have the inventive boldness, the grasping spirit, the self-respect, the national feeling, the resources of every kind — physical and mental — that constitute all the elements of national greatness. In so brief a political existence, we have spread from the sea to the lakes, and from the cold shores of the North-east to the orange and cane of the South-west, over which space we have already diffused more than thirteen millions of modified and continental Englishmen. Nor is there another country in the world, that contains within itself more ample means of every kind and degree of comfort and improvement, independent of every other one.'

CHRISTMAS. — This delightful and cheering season appears in all its glories, in large towns. There is a bustle, a stir, among all classes. People give themselves up to enjoyment; and sweet and holy are the interchanges of friendship, respect, and affection. With the young, the world appears in *coulour de rose*; all things are pleasant; and with fond eyes, they read the language of love in every look they encounter. Christmas is, indeed, the carnival of the heart. Madcap Jollity addresses himself to his pursuits with an earnest good-will; and that benevolent old abstraction, Santa Claus,

dispenses his favors abundantly. From the sea to the mountains of the West, Christmas is, in some sort, a season of refreshment and comfort. Its observance is by no means confined within the narrow limits of sectarian esteem; but its glow radiates far and wide, disdaining the boundaries of religious opinion. We envy not the heart that can wrap itself away from its cheerfulness — its contagious hilarity. We love to look into the pit of a crowded theatre, on Christmas eve, and observe the half school-house, half bear-garden scene. Listen to that full, irrepressible laugh! See those young heads bowing in a sea of tumultuous happiness, as if their risibility could not escape, without bodily motion! Those for the most part, are school and 'prentice boys, with hearts as warm, unhackneyed, and free, as youth, high health, and careless minds can make them. The museum runneth over; the mastadon wears for the occasion a garland of green; and the elephant hath laurel on his shining tusk, and on proboscis new no longer lithe — he being personally defunct. In the streets, every body is abroad. Many are the limbs of juveniles, whose weariness novelty makes forgotten; many a little tender hand, lodged in the paternal or maternal palm, presses that same with confident affection: *p-h-e-e-p!* goeth the penny trumpet — bolted is the ginger-bread; and those foreign toys, dolls, German dogs and kittens, together with sweetmeats, 'goodies,' picture-books, and small chattels of all descriptions, do greatly abound. Now the lover giveth the album, that by next Christmas shall be filled with all manner of stupidity, engendered by affection, and with love remembered. You hear, often, that novel phrase, 'The compliments of the season, and many returns.' Now the bard betaketh himself to the conception of New-Year addressees, and the *cacoethes imprimendi* attacketh the printers' devils. All things 'work together for good.' The social board is surrounded; some heads have more fumes in them than can well be borne; and the owners of them run against nocturnal gas-posts; signs are taken down; songs wildly sung, and divers uproars made. This, rural reader, is a rude pencil-sketch of Christmas in cities.

DR. BOWRING. — We make the annexed extracts from a letter of JOHN BOWRING, Editor of the London Westminster Review, to a correspondent of this Magazine, residing in Massachusetts. It illustrates the growing interest felt by intelligent foreigners in relation to the United States, and contains a touch of the writer's characteristic investigations. In his antiquarian researches after words, their origin, and 'extremest roots,' he has not, it should seem, passed by his own name. The letter is dated at Paris, 15th October:

* * * 'It is a fancy in which I frequently and fondly indulge, that I may, some day or other, compare the two sides of the Atlantic, — see, in their own homes, many of my valued American friends, whom I have known in Europe — greet others hitherto unknown — and satisfy my mind on multitudinous points of interest, where I feel the want of knowledge, and the means of judgment. Your country is an object of affection and anxiety to us. The events connected with the slave question have sadly distressed us.'

* * * 'My name is pronounced Bowring, — as if it were written *Bough-ring*, — which, in fact, is the old Saxon etymology. The tradition in our family is, that the name was first adopted by two Saxon Christians, my ancestors, (brothers,) one of whom, on a memorable occasion, was concealed among the branches of a tree, where a bell was suspended, which he was to ring by shaking the bough, in order to give notice of the approach of the enemy. I have heard my grandfather say, that he had this story from his forefathers.'

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE have been published by the Brothers' HARPER, in seven well-printed and elegantly-bound volumes, each one embellished with a frontispiece and vignette, on steel. The matter of the volumes, of course, requires no praise, at this day.

The same Publishers have in press, or will soon publish, *Rienzi*, a novel, by BULWER; a new *History of Italy*, to 1830,—*Monarchy of the Middle Classes*, by H. L. BULWER,—*Education in Germany*, by JAMES, the Novelist,—*Spain Re-visited*, by the author of 'A Year in Spain,'—*Life of Washington*, and *Slavery in the United States*, by PAULDING,—*Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia*, by DR. HAWES,—*Traits of the Tea Party*, (a Memoir of GEORGE R. T. HEWES,)—*Martin Faber*, (second edition,)— and (with several English re-publications,) *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, and *Gil Blas*, with designs,—similar, in all respects to their late edition of *Robinson Crusoe*.

THE GIRLS' WEEK-DAY BOOK, the merits and object of which were referred to in the Knickerbocker for December, has been published by WILLIAM JACKSON, of this city. The contents are good in tendency, and lack not interest. The whole is neatly printed, and tastefully bound; and is embellished with a finished engraving by DICK, and several wood-cuts, executed by ADAMS, in that artist's well-known style of excellence.

AMERICAN HISTORY.—The first volume of Professor RAFINESQUE's long-delayed '*History of the Ancient and Modern Nations of North and South America*,' will be published, we learn, in all the month of March next. The work will appear quarterly, and will constitute several volumes, at one dollar each.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.—How a passage across the water seems to stamp the merits of an American production, in the eyes of some of our literary *tradesmen*! 'A Ramble in the Woods on Sunday,' by PAULDING, original in this Magazine, is greedily copied from Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, in this country, and in England, and credited to that periodical. 'Leaves from an Aeronaut,' written for, and published in, these pages, twelve months since, has found a wide circulation in England, and lo! our Circulating Libraries of *Foreign Literature* are dealing it out, with many chuckles, to American readers. The Tale, by Captain MARRYATT—sent us by the author, in September last, placed in type from his manuscript, and extensively copied in America—having found its way into the London Keepsake, is forthwith re-published here, as coming from that annual, although the American article has the priority, by three months. 'The Petition,' by Miss LANDON, 'The Happiest Time,' and two or three poems by Mrs. BUTLER, (Miss KEMBLE,) now performing a travelling tour in the English journals and periodicals, without any intimation of their American source, we may expect soon to see journeying in this country, enjoying a reversed paternity. After all, this is less provoking, than to see articles, written for this Magazine, within one little month 'riding circuit' in our news and literary journals, while, like the viewless wind, none can tell whence they came. Literary orphans!—in your behalf we issue our mandate, *a la mode Taoukweng*, of the Celestial Empire: Let this larceny cease. Make not repentance necessary. Tumble fearfully hereat! Oppose not. A special order. *Respect this.*

TO THE READER.—Owing to the haste incident to the late establishment of a new printing-office, typographical errors may, in some few instances, have escaped the vigilance of the proof-correctors. In part of the impressions, the reader is desired to substitute, on page 64, 'The length of the evenings was remarkable for the time of year,' for 'The length of the evenings were remarkable,' etc.

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No. 2.

'RECORD OF A SCHOOL:

EXEMPLIFYING THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF SPIRITUAL CULTURE.'

THIS is a very curious and interesting book, from which much that is valuable, on the subject of training the young mind, may be learned. It is designed, as the title page sets forth, to 'exemplify the general principles of spiritual culture;' and is an authentic record—made by Miss Peabody, an assistant of Mr. Alcott, teacher of the school in question—of the proceedings 'had in it, from day to day, for a period of six weeks'—interspersed with occasional comments by its author.

What is meant, precisely, by spiritual culture, must be gathered from the Record itself. At the close of an article appended to the Record, upon the 'General principles of Education,' Miss Peabody says: 'It is very easy for a prepared mind to learn, or at least to reason, at a glance, upon facts, which no mere industry could apprehend, in any relation to each other. This preparation is what Mr. Alcott means by spiritual culture,—a term so general, that it includes moral and intellectual.'

Mr. Alcott, it seems, has been a teacher for the space of twelve years; first in Boston, then in Philadelphia, and again in Boston. His mode of teaching, being based upon principles hitherto unrecognised in school education, is of course new in its public adoption. It must, however, be more or less familiar to all judicious and reflecting parents, who, keeping in mind that the beings committed to their charge are immortal, believe that if the care of their physical growth and nurture is an important duty, that of their moral and intellectual advancement is of far higher moment.

But many parents are neither judicious nor reflecting; and there was need, perhaps, of something as striking, and we may add, as strange, as Mr. Alcott's method of teaching, to rouse both parents and teachers from their great insensibility to some of the most imperative wants of young minds—from their apathetic acquiescence in all existing modes of instruction, however imperfect, and of course, ineffectual.

When I pronounce Mr. Alcott an enthusiast, it is with no intention of detracting from his merit. Very little of what has hitherto been accomplished, most worthy of man, and most conducive to his best interests, could not have been brought to pass without the aid of enthusiasm. It takes all the enthusiasts who appear from time to time in the world, to urge on the tardy, the doubting, and the inactive, to the proper point of progress in the various departments of life; and to do this, they must themselves advance beyond that point. This is the enthusiast's mission.

Mr. Alcott rejects all previous systems: we differ from him in this, that we reject none; and, therefore, we do not reject his, but endeavour

to gain from that, and from all others within our knowledge, something from which to form, or endeavour to form, a better than has hitherto existed.

We warn all those who are disposed to *prejudge*, or to think that what is objectionable in part, must therefore be rejected altogether, that they will find something, almost in the commencement of this book, which may seem so absurd, as to induce them to shut it up at once; but, at the same time, we beg them to suspend their judgment. If they read to the end, we are sure their patience will be rewarded; and they will find that they have gathered from it much calculated to 'furnish them more thoroughly' unto the good work of education.

And here I will adduce some testimony in favour of the book, which, were I its author, I should highly value. A mother, and a most devoted one, whose children, if there is any inspiration in example, will be sons and daughters of light, was heard to say, that if she could have had that book when she first became a mother, it would have been invaluable to her, in regard to the moral training of her children. I have been told, too, a very pleasing anecdote of a violent, obstreperous little boy, of five years old, a pupil of Mr. Alcott, who said to his mother: 'Mother, if you die, I hope you will give me to Mr. Alcott, for nobody in the world, besides you, except him, can make me good.' It was certainly remarkable, that a child so young, should reflect so much on the importance of being good, and the best means of becoming so; while his request shows, that Mr. Alcott had gained his perfect love and confidence. Indeed, it is generally agreed, that his pupils are exceedingly fond of him, and so happy in his school, that they consider the being kept away from it, a single day, as a great privation.

The book commences with a description of the school-room, part of which is as follows:

"Considering that the objects which meet the senses every day, for years, must necessarily mould the mind, he felt it necessary to choose a spacious room, and ornament it, not with such furniture as an upholsterer would appreciate, but with such forms as might address and cultivate the mind and heart. In the four corners of the room, therefore, Mr. Alcott placed upon pedestals, fine busts of Socrates, Shakspeare, Milton, and Sir Walter Scott; and on a table before the large gothic window, by which the room is lighted, the God of Silence, 'with his finger up, as though he said, beware!' Opposite this gothic window is his own table, about ten feet long, whose front is the arc of a circle, and which is prepared with little desks for the convenience of scholars. On this table he placed a small figure of a child aspiring. Behind him is a very large book-case, with closets below, a black tablet above, and two shelves, filled with books. A fine cast of Christ, in *basso-relievo*, is fixed into this book-case, so as to appear to the scholars just over Mr. Alcott's head. The book-case itself is surmounted with a bust of Plato. Other figures of Atlas bending under the weight of the world, of a child reading, and a child drawing, are arranged in different parts of the room; while the walls are hung with maps, two old pictures, and a portrait of Harding's, of one well known to the children, and associated, in their minds, with every idea of goodness."

At the close of this description, which we have not space to quote at full length, the writer says: 'Great advantages have been found to arise from this room, every part of which speaks the thoughts of genius. It is a silent reproof upon rudeness.'

From her account of the opening of the school we extract the following, as exhibiting at once Mr. Alcott's principles:

"About twenty children came the first day. They were all under ten years of age. I became his assistant to teach Latin to such as might desire to learn.

"Mr. Alcott sat behind the table, and the children were placed in chairs in a large arc around him; the chairs so far apart that they could not easily touch each other. He then asked each one separately, what idea he or she had of the object of coming to school? 'To learn,' was the first answer. 'To learn what?' By pursuing this question, all the common exercises of school were brought up, successively; even philosophy. Still Mr. Alcott intimated that this was not all; and at last some one said, 'To behave well;' and in pursuing this expression into its meanings, they at last decided that they came to learn to feel rightly, to think rightly, and to act rightly. A boy of seven years old suggested, and all agreed, that right actions were the most important of these three.

"Simple as all this seems, it would hardly be believed what an evident exercise it was to these children, to form and express these conceptions and few steps of reasoning. Every face was eager and interested. From right actions, the conversation naturally led into the means of bringing them out, and the necessity of feeling in earnest, of thinking clearly, and of school discipline, was talked over.

"School discipline was very carefully considered; Mr. Alcott's duty, the children's individual duties, and the various means of producing attention, self-control, perseverance, and faithfulness. Among these means, punishment was mentioned, and after a consideration of its nature and issues, they all very cheerfully agreed that it was necessary, and that they preferred Mr. Alcott should punish them rather than leave them in their faults, and that it was his duty to do so. Various punishments were mentioned, and hurting the body was decided upon, as necessary and desirable in some instances. It was universally admitted that it was desirable, whenever words were found insufficient, to command the memory of conscience. After this conversation, which involved many anecdotes, many supposed cases, and many judgments, Mr. Alcott read from Krummacher's *Fables a story*," etc. etc.

Several conversations occur in the course of the book upon the subject of punishment, Mr. Alcott always taking great pains to make the pupils apprehend the proper design and uses of punishment. At one time he tells them, that if the pain inflicted upon his body, instead of theirs, would reach their minds as surely, he should be perfectly willing to suffer it for them; and accordingly resorts to the method of making the children, who rendered themselves obnoxious to his severest punishment, (which is a single stroke with the ferule on the hand,) inflict it upon *his* hand instead. The effect was very great: profound stillness, and almost awe, reigned in the room, the first time that this new penalty was incurred; and children who had before been very insensible to punishment, suffered in their own persons, cried at being obliged to inflict it upon him.

Two months, we are told, were spent in bringing the school to that almost perfect order and quiet for which it is remarkable. For this purpose, Mr. Alcott addressed himself very much to the reason and conscience of the children. Whenever the innocent were obliged to suffer with the guilty, as in the pauses of reading, he took pains to show them that this was the inevitable consequence of evil in the moral world; and that the good are always willing to share this suffering, in order to promote the reformation of the wicked.

'His constant aim is, to make the children realize that they are spiritual (that is, moral and intellectual) beings; to feel the superiority of their spiritual over their animal nature; (or, in *spiritual* language,) 'of the inward to the outward life' — for these are terms constantly used with the children to turn their attention in upon the mind, — to make them feel that the highest enjoyment, as well as the deepest suffering, belongs to the mind; to teach them how to render the body and its appetites subject to the control of the mind, and that this must be their

own work ; to look upon the universe, and all it contains, as an expression of the mind of God and man ; to bring out clearly, in the children's consciousness, a conception of the spiritual world, as alone having permanence and reality, notwithstanding its invisibleness.'

All this is very good : but, unfortunately, as we think, Mr. Alcott regards the imagination as that faculty of the human mind most important to be cultivated, and addresses himself to it constantly. He tells the children that ' imagination is the eagle that carries us up to high views ;' but understanding is ' a mole ; it crawls upon the ground ; it sees only what is immediately around it.'

I should be exceedingly sorry to disparage, in the estimation of a child, so excellent a thing as a good understanding, or to make him think that there is more merit in a fine, poetical conception, than in a worthy, sensible action. It must not be forgotten, that our faculties are in part adapted to our necessities as human beings, and that children must be fitted to dwell, for a time, in this real, actual, material world. I should very much fear lest, by persuading children, that when they look into their minds they see real things, but when they look out, they only see shadows of real things, that I should unfit them for this very *unshadowy* state of existence.

The common sentiment in regard to imagination, is this : that a very high degree of it unfits a person for the realities of life. Whether this be true or not, it is certain, that but comparatively a small portion of these realities furnish much employment for this faculty ; whereas the understanding and judgment are in constant requisition. The greatest benefactors of mankind, among public men, have not belonged to the class usually styled imaginative ; and the same is true of a considerable proportion of private and professional men, who have sent forth from their retirement great thoughts and important principles, — the result of study and meditation — to exert a regenerating effect upon society.

It is very well known, that among savages, imagination is the predominant faculty, and that in regard to whole tribes of men, this faculty loses its power and vigor in proportion as they become acquainted with the arts of life, and so advance in civilization. This seems to prove, that the great business and conduct of life is carried on very much without its aid, it being lost in the savage through gradual disuse. Yet surely no one will say, that the savage is preferable to the civilized state. The people who inhabit the tropical climates are usually very imaginative, perhaps precisely because the body is enervated ; but the same cause has always been thought inimical to the progress of the human mind ; and in these climates, less than in any other, has this progress been made.

One of the most striking manifestations of the ideal in men's minds, is the whole system of Pagan Mythology, as adopted by the Greeks and Romans. Was it not, to use one of Mr. Alcott's favourite expressions, all ' shaped out' of imaginative minds ? True, men had not then the light of a truer faith, but they had judgment and reason, which they disregarded. If the imagination is the finest power of the human mind, it should not need to be at all qualified by the other faculties, and, without the aid of reason and judgment, should produce only beautiful and beneficent results.

But beside the error of attaching undue importance to the imagination, there is an evil growing out of the allegorical mode of instruction, adopted by Mr. Alcott, in conformity with his preference for that faculty, of which I shall speak by-and-by. Meanwhile, I must endeavour to give some idea of the exercises of the school.

The first lesson is a spelling lesson, given, so far as we can understand, to the whole school. The little ones are allowed an hour to learn it; and the older ones fill up what is left to them of the hour, after having learned the lesson, with writing a journal. At ten o'clock they turn in their seats to spell the lesson, and have it explained, it being one of Mr. Alcott's principles, that not a single word shall be learned, even in a spelling lesson, without being defined in every shade of meaning, and illustrated in all its varieties of application. The children, being required to turn very quietly, are usually reminded, just beforehand, that they cannot do so without bestowing thought upon the subject; the mention of which circumstance gives rise to a very good remark of Miss Peabody, that many of the faults of children, being the result of mere thoughtlessness, might be prevented by a cautionary suggestion.

I shall give one example of a spelling and defining lesson, taken almost at random:

"In hearing the definitions, Mr. Alcott gave the meanings, and asked them to guess what the words were. Some considerations were thus brought up in regard to words nearly synonymous, and the discriminations between them. A good deal was said about the word *nice*, which was decided as meaning *attention to small things*. The word *node* was referred to its Latin original, and the figure by which the intersection of the moon's orbit with the earth's is called a *node*, was explained.

"The word *none* was referred to its origin in the words *no one*. Mr. Alcott asked them if they could think of *nothing at all*, or if they did not think of *some*, or *one*, in order to get the abstract idea of nothing. I cannot remember this metaphysical disquisition, which of course consisted of questions calculated to give them a realizing sense of their not *understanding* unity, and which probably conveyed nothing more. Mr. Alcott thinks it wise to let the children learn the limits of the understanding by occasionally feeling them.

"The word *pall* led to the consideration of the source of *palling*. It was explained as arising from previous self-neglect, when life palled upon the soul. It was because the soul was not alive and active.

"The word *palm* led to the word *palmistry*, and its absurdity; and to a consideration of the true sources of knowledge, which opened out an interesting field of thought.

"The word *pain* led to a consideration of the uses of pain. He spoke of pain as a good angel with a mask.

"The word *pang* led to a consideration of the word *sensation*, for it was defined a sudden sensation, and a sensation, the boy said, was a feeling. One said, 'A pang is a sudden sensation of pain.' Another said, 'Two boys were swimming, one had a sudden pang of the cramp.' Another said, 'When the master says he is going to keep me after school, I feel a *pang*.' Mr. Alcott quoted Mr. Coleridge's 'keen pangs of love.' It was decided that pang did not refer to bodily pain, so often as to mental, and especially to moral pains. One boy said, 'that men felt pangs when they were turned out of heaven.' Mr. Alcott asked him if he thought God turned *people* out of heaven? A little girl said, 'that was a pang that came when one had told a lie.' A boy said, 'a murderer felt a pang.' Mr. Alcott then returned to the turning out of heaven. He said: 'Whenever you are angry, you turn yourself out of heaven. The boy said, 'he did not mean heaven in *that* sense.' Mr. Alcott asked him if heaven was a place, and God sitting there, tumbling people out of heaven: is that the picture in your mind? All the boys seemed to feel the absurdity of this. Mr. Alcott said: 'Wicked things turn the soul out of heaven, for heaven is a state.'

"*Pant* led to a consideration of the state of mind described in the sentence, 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God;' and he asked one boy if he ever desired goodness enough to be said to pant after it? While

talking of this, he interrupted himself and said; 'but you are tired of this conversation:' they all burst forth, that they were not. 'Show it to me then by your attentive look.'

"The word *pelt* was illustrated by the old story of a boy being pelted down from a tree where he was stealing apples; and a good deal of conversation arose as to the conduct of the boy, and how the boys then present in the class would have behaved on a similar occasion."

This and the reading lesson are those exercises of the school to which most importance is attached, and to which most time is given. The following is presented as a fair specimen of the readings:

"It was an address to a dying child, in the Common-Place Book of Poetry, and selected by one of the class, eight years old, who began with reading it all through.

"Which verse do you like best?" said Mr. Alcott. The boy read:

'Yes, thou art going home
Our father's face to see.'

"I like those lines very much." 'Why?—what sentiment do they awaken?' 'The pleasure of seeing God,—dying, and going up to stay with God.' 'Have you never seen God here?' 'Yes, in one way, but I like to think of going up to God.' 'Which way do you suppose is up?' 'Up is by the sun—higher than the sun.' 'Do the people on the other side of this earth say up?' This led to considerations on the illusions of the senses, and what that idea was which was signified by this emblem of place. The idea seemed to be gained, and the boy paraphrased the lines thus:

"You are going within yourself, your father's face to see," through your own spirit.' 'Do you know,' said Mr. Alcott, 'you never would have seen the outward world, except by first going within yourself?' After a long pause of thought, the boy replied: 'Yes, I see how it is. Why is it said, father's face?—I don't know why they say face.' 'What do you see in any person's face?' 'The mind,—the expression of the face,' said he, after some hesitation. 'And if God expresses himself in any way to us, when we go inward, and think over our own faculties and feelings, which are his expressions of love to us, is it not very natural to say we have seen his face?' 'Yes.' 'I cannot help thinking God has a real face,' said another boy, of the same age. 'Can you think of your own spirit, without thinking of a face?' 'Yes.' 'Then why not of God's spirit?' 'I can.' 'Do you think you see more of your brother, when you see his body with your eyes, or when you think about him in your mind?' said Mr. Alcott, to the reader. 'I realize him when I think of him, sometimes, more than when I am looking at him:'

Each of the class then read the verse that they liked best. One boy, who had been punished considerably since he came to school, read the verse beginning:

'Oh, Father of our spirits,
We can but look to thee;
Though chastened, not forsaken,
Shall we thy children be.'

"What is meant by chastened?" said Mr. Alcott. 'Punished—disciplined?' 'Can one be punished and not forsaken?' 'Yes.'

"Did you not think when I first punished you, that I hated you?" 'Yes.' 'You thought I forsook you?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think so now?' 'I have not thought so for a great while.' 'You understand, now, that it was just the contrary of forsaking and hating you, to punish you?' 'Yes.' 'It was you that forsook me, and not I that forsook you?' 'Yes.' 'Read the two last lines.'

'Teach us to say with Jesus,
Thy will, not ours, be done.'

"What do these lines express?" 'Self-sacrifice—self-surrender.' One of the girls read the third verse, as the most beautiful:

'Soon shall thy bright young spirit
From Earth's cold chains be free,' etc.

"What does it express?" 'Liberty,' said one. 'Blessedness,' said several. 'What was the leading idea of the first verse?' 'The expression of the eye,' 'the appearances of death.' 'It is descriptive,' 'picturesque,' were the several answers. 'What is the

idea of the second verse?' 'The pains and pleasures of this earth,' said one. 'Cannot you express it in one word?' 'This life,' said he, after a pause. 'What is the object of this life?' said Mr. Alcott. 'To make us better; to try us.' 'Oh, the idea of this verse is the trials of life.' 'What is the idea of the fourth verse?' 'It compares heaven and earth,' said one. 'What of the last?' 'Devotion—faith,' said a boy of ten. 'Well,' said Mr. Alcott, 'death—human life—heaven, a comparison of the two, and the principle by which we rise from the human to the heavenly life; this is a beautiful range of thought, is it not?' 'Beautiful,' said several. They were then sent to their seats to write a paraphrase."

It will be readily admitted, I think, that both these are very admirable exercises for teaching children to think, increasing their store of ideas, and curing or preventing a habit of inattention to the meaning of language. The reading, however, is usually done by Mr. Alcott; and it does not appear from the Record, that there are any lessons in reading for the little children. On the principle of making their progress in the mechanical and abstract process of reading and spelling commensurate only with their full and nice comprehension of language, this progress must be extremely slow. But, the signs of thought being purely arbitrary, why should they not be acquired mechanically, before their significance is understood? The young student in the arts begins by drawing the strait line and the curve in any thing but fanciful combinations. Is he thereby prevented from giving them, afterward, their due effect—in those combinations which present a beautiful image to the eye, kindle the imagination, and touch all the finest feelings of the soul?

It is generally believed, that unless a habit of spelling accurately is acquired early, it is never gained; and since, in consequence of the great variety of 'higher branches' of study introduced in schools, spelling has been comparatively neglected, much complaint has arisen on the subject.

The learning of a reading and especially a spelling lesson, is the commencement of intellectual discipline to a child; and discipline, in some form, is very desirable at an early period. There is moral as well as intellectual discipline, in an exercise which requires a child to task its attention, energy, and patience. Its attention and patience may be put in requisition by such exercises as I have given above, but not its energy. Its efforts are assisted.

Nor do I see how an old-fashioned lesson in spelling should interfere with, or retard any part of, Mr. Alcott's system. He might still explain as many words as he now does; and where would be the disadvantage of having previously learned how to spell them? It would undoubtedly be a great improvement in all schools for children, were an hour or two devoted every day, to reading and conversation with them, with the express purpose of cultivating their moral nature—teaching them the use and knowledge of language, as instruments of thought, and promoting general development of mind.

All this should make a part of home education. It does make a part of it, in many instances, but in many more it is omitted altogether, and no reference being had to it in any school-system, it is little practised. This, we have long thought, has been the great defect of education,—the secret of the constant disappointment felt as to its results. It is a department of education which belongs more properly to parents, and if they were faithful, the teacher might go on improving himself, to the

best of his ability, in the work hitherto particularly assigned to him — that of training the mind to habits of intellectual discipline — to a vigorous use of its powers in the attainment of literature and science.

Hard work is as good to strengthen the mind as the body. The latter is not more certainly invigorated, by gymnastic exercises, than the mind by exercises which task its utmost powers. I should be very unwilling to omit, in juvenile education, some such exercises. The earlier the youthful mind is trained to them, the better. It wants assistance in its first essays, as in learning to walk. It must be guided and encouraged, and led along. It would be well, if in every school for children, there were an assistant, whose particular province it should be to help the children in their lessons, and teach them how to study. In a small school, this can be done by the teacher.

I do not think it has yet been generally discovered of what attainments children are capable, at a very early age, without having their powers, in the least degree, overtasked. Mr. Alcott has shown, how much more intelligent they are — how much more capable of thought, and reflection, and of moral and intellectual discrimination — than has been generally supposed. Let another reformer accomplish himself in the art of producing the greatest possible result from a vigorous, well-directed use of their powers of acquisition, and the combination of the two systems will be better than any now existing.

That the time and powers of children are sadly wasted, in pursuance of existing modes of instruction, does not admit of a doubt. The great multiplication of school-books, and especially of those which are particularly designed for children, is a great evil. Little manuals of botany, chemistry, and astronomy, — catechisms, and first books of history — little books about Rome, and Greece, etc., etc., just serve to keep children from the appearance of idleness, by seeming to fill up a great deal of time, which, in fact turns to no account at all, since no permanent knowledge is laid up, and scarcely any faculty of the mind is exercised, save memory.

The studies of children should be few, but such as promote vigorous action of the whole mind, and lay a solid foundation for future advancement in knowledge. Mathematics and languages, I believe to be the most valuable; and geography may as well be added; because some knowledge of it is essential. My impression, however, in regard to this study, is, that far too much importance is attached to a very minute knowledge of local geography.

I should like, did my limits permit, to give Mr. Alcott's plan of teaching geography; but for this I must refer to the *Record* itself.

In addition to these pursuits of children, some daily exercise, in composition, no matter how simple, is very desirable. The habit of expressing one's thoughts, even with clearness, to say nothing of facility and grace, is acquired by practice. I presume many persons have been astonished at remarking the frequent inability, even of men of business, whose literary education has been neglected, to express themselves perspicuously with the pen. They may be clear-headed, capable men, who understand business thoroughly, and pursue it successfully, and yet write in the most blundering manner, except when they confine themselves to mere business forms.

Mr. Alcott has found his mode of teaching penmanship successful in the formation of a hand-writing, characterized particularly by neatness and accuracy; each letter being carefully and distinctly traced. He gives the children, at first, printed letters to copy, and afterward, when they have learned the 'scrip' hand, if they become careless, puts them back to the printed letters again. The care necessary to the imitation of these, quickly becomes habit.

I have known a very fine hand-writing acquired, without any regular lessons at all, — (except a few, perhaps, just to give the shape of the letters,) it being the result entirely of constant practice, in some daily exercise of letter-writing, journal-writing, or something of the kind. This, I am inclined to think, is the best mode of learning to write. It combines two important objects, and converts, what would otherwise be mere mechanical drudgery, into an agreeable occupation. It has the advantage, too, of forming a rapid business-hand, always uniformly good; whereas, many a child, who excels in copy-hand, is unable to write decently, in any emergency requiring despatch.

Mr. Alcott's mode of teaching grammar, so far as it is unfolded, is excellent; and he is no small benefactor to the juvenile race, who introduces a wise reformation in the conduct of this branch of education. English grammar, as it used always to be taught, and is yet, in many instances, may be regarded as one of the calamities of children — adversity, without any sweet or profitable uses, — and next to the Assembly's Catechism, the severest trial attending the process of *being educated*. The following was the grammatical scale presented by Mr. Alcott to the children in the commencement of their study:

OBJECTS.	ACTIONS.	QUALITIES.	SUBSTITUTES.	RELATIONS.

"First, the word *object* was defined as the name of any thing; but Mr. Alcott, asked the next for a better definition, and it was decided, that, whatever was perceived by the senses, or conceived in the mind, were objects. Action was defined, as any thing you do, or that is done to you. *Qualities* were defined as the words that expressed the sorts of actions or objects. *Substitutes*, as the words which stand for other words, signs of signs. *Relations* were illustrated, not defined. They then proceed to analyze the verse:

'Why gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the touch of care,
Will bleach as white as they.'

"It was carefully analysed. Mr. Alcott asked what the word *on* showed the relation between? What the word *ye* was a substitute for?"

Of course, after these distinct classes of words are clearly comprehended, it is easy to assign to them the proper grammatical terms, and the children are put in possession of a key to the whole mystery of what seems to them the black art of grammar. In old times, they were sent to the dictionary to find out whether a word was a verb, adjective, etc., and I have known this same enlightened mode practised, within a few years, in a school of some popularity.

Miss Peabody teaches Latin upon the same principle, and with the

use of a literal translation. Mr. Alcott would prefer that this study should be postponed to a later period in education, but has it taught to fit his children for other schools.

Some instruction is given, also, in Arithmetic ; but it is evident that far more importance is attached to the reading and spelling exercise, as before exemplified, than to any other exercises of the school ; and that nothing is taught in a way to require much effort on the part of the children. Still, the system, so far as it goes, and this is a great way, is admirable in itself, and only objectionable in so far as it is made so by the manner in which it is pursued.

Had I enumerated, in the commencement of this article, Mr. Alcott's list of those books which he chiefly uses in reading to his pupils, it might almost have been suspected that the whole thing was a hoax : Pilgrim's Progress, The Faëry Queen, Coleridge's Poems, Wordsworth's Poems, Milton's Paradise Lost, and only two or three others, including, of course, the Bible, beside. It must not be supposed, however, that he reads these books *in course*, or that he confines himself strictly to the language of their authors. His method is, more generally, to select detached passages, or scenes, and paraphrase them ; taking care that the finest and most striking ideas shall lose none of their force nor beauty, but be impressed only the more deeply on the minds of his hearers.

From this list of books, and from the following passage, quoted by the author of the Record, from a letter addressed to her by Mr. Alcott, his mistakes and errors in actual practice, as a teacher, may be inferred :

"Emblems I have found to be extremely attractive, and instructive to children. I could not teach without them. My own mind would suffer, were it not fed upon ideas in this form ; and spiritual instruction cannot be imparted so well, by any other means.

"The universal spirit flows into nature, whether material or human, through these media, and sense and imagination are the faculties that receive the divine stream—the one from within, and the other from without,—and pour it upon the soul. The manner of Jesus and Plato is authority, were any needed on this subject, to show what the mind requires, in order to be quickened and renewed. 'Without a parable, spake he not unto them ;' neither should the teacher of spiritual truth, now-a-days. From neglecting this mode of instruction, we have shorn the young mind of its beams ; we have made it prosaic, literal, worldly. We have stripped Truth naked, and sent her cold into the world, instead of allowing her to clothe herself in the beautiful associations in which she presents herself in infancy and childhood."

That sentence of this passage commencing 'The universal spirit,' is a specimen of the peculiar mode of dressing up truth, of which Mr. Alcott is so fond. We confess that we attempted, in vain, to obtain any very distinct comprehension of the idea intended to be conveyed, even by 'picturing it out' to our minds, the mode constantly recommended to the children.

We should choose, certainly, to cultivate the imagination in a due proportion to the labor bestowed upon the other faculties ; we should choose that the 'yellow primrose' should be something more, even to children, than a mere yellow primrose ; but for this, we would not turn the whole world into an allegory, lest they should lose all niceness of discrimination between the real and the imaginative—a misfortune, some exemplification of which has probably come within every one's observation, as productive of consequences fatal to *genuineness* of character. If it do not always occasion positive laxness of principle, it

produces a vagueness of mind unfavourable to strength, or consistency of virtuous action.

We are very unwilling, too, to admit the idea that there is no beauty in naked truth; it is often 'when unadorned, adorned the most.' Simplicity has ever been enumerated among the universal characteristics of all most sublime, and most beautiful, ever presented to the eye or to the mind of man. Children, it is true, are not apt to heed the voice of Nature much, until their attention is called to her teachings; and then their hearts are so easily moved by her touching accents, that she needs no interpreter — or rather no commentator, with his various readings.

The emblem by which I should 'picture forth' this constant dressing up of truth, would be that of nutritious viands, so highly seasoned as to create a disrelish for plain and simple food, such as is much the most healthful for the mind, as well as the body. We should not object to a good deal of parabolical teaching, provided it were as simple as our Saviour's. He used it, probably, in conformity with the usage of the Orientals; but it was on the naked lesson of his life that he chiefly relied for teaching the great truths of Christian morality to men.

If there is any one thing important in the treatment of young minds, it is this: that every idea presented to them should be clear, and conceived clearly, and they should be most carefully guarded from the habit of being satisfied with any other than ideas well defined. The mystical leads to the false, and therefore it may be only a repetition to add, that it is also especially important that no false ideas should be communicated to them. But we shall presently show that Mr. Alcott, in his passion for allegorical and spiritual teaching — making his children imaginative, and altogether superior to sense — does constantly feed their minds both with false and mystical ideas, combined, we allow, with a great deal of nutritious aliment. One way in which he communicates false ideas, is, by departing altogether from the ordinary and popular acceptation of words. For instance, he tells children that pleasure is bodily, and happiness mental. Afterward, the word bliss is defined as the *highest kind of pleasure*. A little boy remembering the former conversation about pleasure, remarked the inconsistency. Mr. A. replied that he thought it was only 'when all the pleasures of the body and mind were defined, and lost in the happiness of the mind, that there was real bliss. What clear idea children or their elders would attach to the phrase *defined* and lost, in this connection, I am at a loss to conjecture. But still farther, in illustrating the next word *bloat*, it was said 'An intoxicated man is bloated.' 'By pleasure or by happiness?' said Mr. Alcott. 'By pleasure,' was the answer approved. Hereafter, then, the image of a bloated drunkard is to be associated with the children's idea of pleasure — perverting completely, in their minds, the meaning of the term, not only in its ordinary use, by which we are accustomed to say, the pleasures of the mind, the pleasures of friendship, the pleasure of a fine prospect; (will they not be afraid, by and by, to read the three *pleasure* poems of Rogers, Campbell, and Aken-side, as being altogether sensual productions?) but as it is used in holy writ. 'Behold how good and how *pleasant* a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;' and a pleasant thing, also, in Mr. Alcott's apprehension, to get intoxicated — the term according to him, being more correctly applied in the last, than in the former of these instances.

On one occasion, a little boy is asked whether he loves his body? He replies no, and then he is asked if he does not love to feed it? He is deeply mortified at being thus convicted, and is allowed to remain so. And again the following conversation occurs: 'Do the appetites love?' 'They love good eating.' 'Do you love to eat, or like to eat?' Some said they loved, and some said they liked, the object of appetite. 'Loving,' said Mr. Alcott, 'is all it seems, and much more; — liking seems more than it is. Who thinks it wrong to like to eat, like to play, etc.?' 'One said it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong.' 'Liking is not wrong,' said Mr. Alcott; 'but who thinks it is wrong to like these things better than our spirits?' Most of them held up their hands. The idea inculcated in regard both to eating and to play, seems to be, that they may indulge in them with a moderate feeling of satisfaction, expressed by the term liking — but with none of that ardour and *goût*, signified by that good old-fashioned phrase, much in vogue, when we were young, of 'loving dearly,' applied to such matters.

No truth is more generally admitted than this: that it is bad, in regard even to the best objects in life, to establish a standard of excellence nearly, if not altogether unattainable — because the discouragement consequent upon the hopelessness of reaching it, often leads to the recklessness of absolute despair.

In the early vigor and freshness of life, the strange harp has all its thousand strings in perfect tune, discoursing merry music. The connection which then exists between the buoyant spirits and keen appetites, incident to the perfect tone of the animal system, and a high degree of joyous excitement and gratification, is one established by God himself with which it seems almost impious to attempt to interfere. A child's pleasures, of whatever nature, may be made to lead his mind to God. I remember Miss Hamilton relating that she never uttered a more fervent thanksgiving in her life, than when, at six years old, she got upon her knees to thank God for the pleasure she had enjoyed at a little ball. And I knew a little boy of about the same age, very much excited, at the close of a summer day's ride, seeing some cattle grazing in a luxuriant pasture. 'How pleasant it is to see those cattle,' he said; 'they seem like a happy family at their supper. It makes us think of the bounteous Being who made the world.'

I would have a child taught to restrain his appetite at all times within proper limits, and to deny it, entirely, whenever any disorder of his system, however slight, rendered abstinence desirable. I would teach him, too, never to let the hours of play encroach upon those devoted to work, but I would not mar the relish of his food, or his ardor in sport, by inspiring him with a fear lest he should love them better than his spirit, since he loves them as God evidently meant he should.

At one time Mr. Alcott induces some of the children to believe that they love their mothers *best*, when they punish them — for which, if it could be true, there is no good reason. At another, he endeavors to persuade a little boy that the thoughts of his last hour were more valuable than five thousand dollars, because thoughts belong to the mind. The boy resisted the conclusion, and, as I thought, had the best of the argument. He said they were not the whole of his mind; that he had not been thinking much, and that he had rather have that sum than the thoughts of any one hour. A penny is the highest price I

have ever heard offered, and certainly the highest I should be disposed to offer, for an hour's thoughts of most children.

In one of the spelling lessons, the word *yolk* occurring, Mr. Alcott defined it 'as the food by which the germ of life was nourished into the power of forming a body that might individualize it;' and he said the earth, perhaps, was the *yolk* by which souls were nourished or born into a consciousness of the spiritual life. He talks to them about 'the soul of a word;' he tells them that 'birth is not the beginning of the spirit: life is the memory or waking up of spirit;' that 'all the life of knowledge is the remembrance or waking up of what is already within;' that 'a comparison of thoughts and feelings makes up conscious life,' etc.

In reading to the children an Ode of Mr. Wordsworth, he stopped at the line, 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,' to ascertain whether any of the children comprehended its meaning. One little boy thinks he can explain it:

" 'Well, what does it mean?' 'Why you know,' said he, very deliberately, 'that for all that our life seems so long to us, it is a very short time to God, and so when we die, it seems all a sleep to God.' He repeated this at Mr. Alcott's request, and I said to him: 'So Mr. Wordsworth was thinking of God; and how God felt on seeing that a child was born into the world?' He paused, looked a little distressed, and repeated the word 'forgetting.' I said, 'Wait, and tell me your thought.' 'Why, you know,' said he, '*God knows us, but we don't.*' He looked at me with a look of doubt whether I should understand him — 'and our knowledge of ourselves in comparison with what God knows about us,' said I, 'seems like forgetfulness itself.' 'Yes,' said he, 'that is it,' (with a cleared-up countenance.)"

No wonder — poor little fellow! — that he should feel a sense of relief, when the investigation was fairly at an end; which '*pictures itself out*' to my mind under the image of a frail and delicate youth undergoing inquisitorial tortures — or more aptly, perhaps, by that of a deluded mortal vainly attempting to grasp a shade in Tartarus — as par example, Eneas in pursuit of Anchises:

'Tæconatus ibi collo dare brachia circum —
'Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
'Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.'

The poor little fellow was evidently struggling to seize some vague phantom of an idea, he thought he had, of the meaning of a line, which we doubt very much whether the author himself could explain very clearly. 'God knows us, but we don't know ourselves,' is his version of 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.' The person who writes the account, evidently believed that he had an idea, but wanted language to express it; and flattered herself that, through her assistance, he at length attained its full comprehension. All this seems to me absolutely melancholy. I should be very unwilling to run the risk of so straining the mind of a child, even in a better cause.

The following is a conversation about a dream: 'Where do you think your mind was, when you saw, and heard, and laughed, and cried?' A little boy said: 'My spirit was in God.' 'My heart, and soul, and mind, were in me, and' — he hesitated, and said: 'Oh, Mr. Alcott!' 'Very well,' said Mr. Alcott, smiling, 'that is enough.' The child's mind was evidently much puzzled by its own speculations, and allowed to remain so — Mr. Alcott, apparently, being very much pleased with them.

Every Wednesday, Mr. Alcott had an exercise which he calls an analysis, intended, it seems, to lay open the characters of children to themselves, and teach them self-examination. This is the scale of the spiritual empire which he first presents to the children :

SPIRIT.	SOUL.	MIND.
<i>Love. Faith. Conscience. Appetite. Affection. Aspiration. Imagination. Judgment. Insight.</i>		
GOOD.	HAPPINESS.	TRUTH.

In the first place, it will be observed, that a distinction is made between the spirit, soul, and mind, which, even if it were not altogether imaginary, would be quite too subtle for a child's comprehension ; and distinctive attributes of their different natures are specified, according to a rule still more arbitrary, uncertain, and tending to confusion. Thus love is made an attribute of the spirit, and affection of the soul. All these attributes are discussed with reference to letting the children see how far they possess them. Love comes first in order, and a little girl is examined as to the existence and operation of this principle in her mind — I beg Mr. Alcott's pardon — in her *spirit*. It is unanimously voted by all present at the investigation, that she loves, she sacrifices, she forbears — that it is real love. So far very good. Then Mr. Alcott says: 'Well, look at this scale. You see the first division is spirit. The spirit comes from God; it loves, believes, obeys. We obey what we have faith in; we have faith in what we love; love is pure spiritual action. The spirit loves. The spirit, with its love, faith, and obedience, sanctifies, or makes holy, the soul! in its appetites, affections and aspirations, so that it gets happiness. And it clears and purifies the mind, in its faculties of sense, judgment, and imagination; so that it discovers truth.'

In the course of a discussion upon faith, the following, among other conversation, occurs: 'Have you faith in any thing but persons?' After a while, she said she had faith in nature. 'Have you faith in yourself?' 'Yes.' 'Your faith begins in yourself and goes all round among your friends, and into nature, until it finds God?' 'Yes.'

These are fair specimens of the conversations constantly occurring, in pursuing this analysis, which cannot fail, I think, to leave the minds of the children in hopeless confusion. I should be very unwilling to have a child's mind led through such a maze of bewildering speculations, lest it should never get completely out of its perplexities.

In one place, Mr. Alcott makes the children reply affirmatively to the following questions: 'Is the desire of sleep an appetite? — the desire of motion? — the desire of sweet sounds? — the desire of seeing beauty? — the desire of smelling sweet odours, and of touching delicate things?' He makes them say, that 'there is conscience in love, because conscience makes us love good people' — that 'affection has all it loves within itself;' and obtains their assent to a great variety of similar propositions, to which I am sure they can attach no very precise meaning. Now if this analysis, and the manner in which it is conducted, were unexceptionable in all other respects, the habit children become liable to form, of assenting, often, to what they do not more than half comprehend, and perhaps not at all, renders them highly

objectionable. Such a habit once confirmed, and there is an end to all freedom, soundness, and strict uprightness of mind.

I think, too, that Mr. Alcott is not always sufficiently careful to avoid *leading* questions. The children seem generally to endeavor to adapt their answers, as nearly as possible, to his supposed wishes. The instances are very rare, in which a child ventures to dissent from him; and I confess I should prize, far more, the sturdy good sense, the independence and uprightness with which the boy in the matter of the hour's thoughts, and another little fellow who would not assent to the proposition that 'we should seek after *things*, except as signs of something better, more spiritual,' resisted the *ultraism* of their teacher, than any degree of imaginativeness, to be obtained only at the sacrifice of these qualities.

In one place it is asked: 'Who says they have no doubt about inward things, but about outward things there is great uncertainty?' '*Several did*,' — and in this act of assent, '*picture themselves out*' to my mind, as a string of little automata, made, by some secret spring, to do all their master's bidding. In another, Mr. Alcott asks: 'Is the body entirely dead, in sleep?' A child answers, 'Why, perhaps a little spirit stays in the body to keep it alive.' 'But the spirit generally goes out, and sees and hears with its inward eyes and ears, and that is dreaming;' — an instance in point, we think, to show the effect of this mystical teaching. Another child says, one morning, when Mr. Alcott asks, 'Who have brought fresh minds to-day?' that his 'is fresh from the well.' 'From what well?' 'From the well of the spirit.' A third, with more definiteness of idea, when the word blade is explained, asks, 'if his mind, when it should become sharpened with wisdom, would not be a blade?'

My limits do not permit me to follow Mr. Alcott through this analysis. It is the only part of the book in which our interest flagged, or in which we found more to condemn than to approve.

The scale, it is said, was changed many times in the course of this analysis; and when finally exhibited to the children, stood thus. It will show, at a glance, we think, the justness of our criticisms:

THE DIVINE SPIRIT QUICKENS AND IRRADIATES THE HUMAN SPIRIT IN THE REVELATIONS OF CONSCIENCE THROUGH		
ASPIRATION OF SOUL IN FAITH:	CONSPIRATION OF WILL IN OBEDIENCE:	INSPIRATION OF MIND IN THOUGHT.
FELT THROUGH SENSIBILITY.	EXERTED THROUGH REASON.	SEEN THROUGH INTELLIGENCE.
IN LOVE. DESIRE. INSTINCT.	IN SELF-APPREHENSION. SELF-DIRECTION. SELF-CRUCIFIXION.	IN INSIGHT. IMAGINATION. JUDGMENT.

Miss Peabody, when treating of geography, speaks of maps as necessary evils, but certainly evils, so far as they preclude the mind from forming within itself a real picture of the original. There is a good deal of truth in this remark; but it is still more applicable to these maps of the mind, especially when they are parcelled out so minutely, and into so many imaginary departments.

Mr. Alcott's readings of the Bible are most of them admirable, and a great deal of his purely moral instruction excellent. Then he has evidently a care and love of the minds committed to his charge, which makes him very watchful over himself in all that may affect them. For instance, in all the attempts of the little children at any thing new, he carefully forbore from criticism, lest it should produce discouragement, unfavorable to future excellence. He proceeds, too, upon a very wise principle which should be forever present in the mind, and recognised in the practice of every parent and teacher, that in moral as well as physical diseases, 'prevention is better than cure.'

Some very beautiful, and some very sagacious replies, are occasionally elicited from one and another of the children:

"One little girl being asked to tell a child how to improve and do better, said: 'You must set your heart to work.' A little boy being asked how the word 'Try' shaped itself to his mind, said, 'As a strong man.' Another, only five years old, said to Mr. Alcott: 'Will you let me tell you what part of Pilgrim's Progress I like best?' 'Yes.' 'It is where Mr. Great Heart kills the giant Despair.' 'Is there any Mr. Great Heart in you?' 'Yes, and he is just killing the giant Despair; for once I thought I should never be good. Why, I would get tired sitting, and so leave off doing something and look around.' 'Should you like to be very good?' 'O yes.' The following incident was related of the same child: Mr. Alcott, after telling the children that from God's having made the world so beautiful we might infer his love and mercy, said: 'When you see any thing that is beautiful, you should follow after and find what true thing it leads to, and then follow on and find what good thing it is the sign of, and then you are very near God:' and then asked: 'What did I say, little boy?' The child replied: 'You said that beauty is the sign of truth, and truth the sign of love—and God is love.'"

One word more, in the conclusion of this article, already, perhaps, too long. In pointing out what seems to us as some of the errors in Mr. Alcott's teaching, we hope we shall not be considered as wishing to disparage, or do him injustice. It would be a poor lesson of virtue to inculcate upon our own children or others, not to acknowledge with gratitude, not to treat with respect, the labors of a person, who is devoting his time and talents, with disinterested and ardent zeal, to a cause in which the best interests of humanity are so nearly concerned. As a praiseworthy reformer in a most important department, as a benefactor to that most interesting and no little neglected race, the race of children, he has established a claim to public and private regard, which no opinions of ours can have any tendency to impair. We have the satisfaction of believing, that Mr. Alcott will be the first to thank us, if by any hint, derived from our strictures, he shall be induced to study more carefully what has been happily termed, 'the balance of character,' to consider man as placed in a world, full of beauty, certainty, and stored with the wherewithal to feed and nourish his spiritual nature, but full, too, of physical obstructions, and with an immense variety of animal wants to supply.

In all places and modes of education, we should never lose sight of the great fact, that the mass of mankind must be brought up to labor, in

some sort, with their hands : and in regard to those who are so fortunate as to be relieved from this necessity, the first lesson to be inculcated is, that it is a shame, even for them, to eat the bread of idleness ; that even they must give back to the world, in some form, the advantages they have derived from their superior condition ; that if they do not cut down the forest, or plough, and sow, and dig, they must do what in them lies to facilitate the labors, lessen the privations, and increase the enjoyments of those to whom this task is assigned by Providence.

It is in this view of the subject, that we are disposed to find a good deal of fault with Mr. Alcott's theory and practice, as a teacher. There is a prodigious deal of hard work to be done in the world, and we think it is the tendency of his system — in attaching almost exclusive importance to the ideal and the beautiful — to lessen the resolution and energy with which the various duties of life must be entered upon and prosecuted.

It is well to keep the body under, but it is not well, and it is entirely in vain, to endeavour to keep it out of sight. Although not the best, it is a good and essential part of the human composition, and in our humble opinion those persons are most sure of lasting spiritual good, who are made first acquainted with the hard realities of life, and are prepared to encounter them.

We hope Mr. Alcott will accomplish his mission — such as we have described the enthusiast's mission to be — and therefore wish that the Record of his school should be extensively circulated.

Miss Peabody deserves all praise for the method she has adopted, in order to exhibit this school in actual operation. It is indicative not only of good sense, but of uncommon fairness of mind, for in no other way could the school have been so well, so fully, and so justly comprehended.

She is evidently a woman of genius, and her remarks, when not too deeply *spiritual* in their character to be unintelligible to the uninitiated, are very fine. We should like to quote several pages, and especially a page or two very admirably written upon the subject of composition, but we had prescribed to ourselves a limit in this article, which has already been transgressed.

It seems to us unfortunate, that the assistant of Mr. Alcott should so much resemble him in the degree and character of her enthusiasm ; that she should believe with him, that all the outward world may, even to children, become ' defined and lost ' in the inward and spiritual world. Checks and balances are good in the machinery of all systems, but especially so, it seems to us, in such a system of instruction as this, in which there is so strong and powerful a tendency to *ultraism*, to go beyond not only all customary and prescribed, but, (if we may be pardoned what may seem paradoxical,) all practicable limits. Miss Peabody is even more prone, if possible, to the mystical, or to a departure from all common modes of expression and illustration, than Mr. Alcott ; suggesting to us, whenever she endeavors to improve upon him, the idea of a person endeavoring to render a dim glass clearer, by wiping it over with a wet cloth.

For ourselves, we have no fancy for the mystical, in the regions of imagination or philosophy, and far less in the common-places of life ; and we are accustomed to consider language as approaching most

nearly to perfection, in proportion as it becomes a perfectly transparent medium.

Mr. Coleridge, who is considered, we suppose, one of the most eminent disciples of the spiritual school, says: 'We do not reverence what we comprehend thoroughly;' and thereby betrays, we think, that he cultivated the mystical both in thought and expression. His illustration, in this instance, is particularly unfortunate, viz: that 'if we could comprehend the Deity as perfectly as we do a tree, we should not reverence him.' Hence it follows, that in the future life, when, as is supposed, we shall comprehend him more and more, we shall reverence him less; an idea which the spiritualists, we think, would be the last to admit.

S.

THE LOVER-STUDENT.

With a burning brow and weary limb,
From the parting glance of day,
The student sits in his study dim,
Till the east with dawn is gray;
But what are those musty tomes to him?
His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the halls of light
Where his lady leads the dance,
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
Lit up by her sunny glance;
And he thinks of her the live-long night —
She thinketh of him — perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,
To dwell on each gushing tone,
To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,
Which should beam on him alone;
To woo with the vow, the glance, and sigh,
The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
And he grasps his well-worn pen,
That he may write him a lesson sage,
To read to the sons of men;
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
At the vesper's solemn peal,
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies
Which no angel forms reveal,
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
Mid his whispered prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
To his little study dim,
In vain the notes of the vesper stir
In the cloister cold and grim;
Through the live-long night he thinks of her —
Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear cold moon,
But no calm to him she brings;
His troubled spirit is out of tune,
And loosened its countless strings;
Yet in the quiet of night's still noon
To his lady love he sings:

'Thou in thy bower,
And I in my cell,
Through each festal hour
Divided must dwell;
Yet we're united
Though forms are apart,
Since Love's vows plighted
Have bound us in heart.

'Proud sons of Fashion
Now murmur to thee
Accents of passion,
All treason to me;
Others are gazing
On that glance divine;
Others are praising —
Are their words like *mine*?

'Heed not the wooer
With soft vows exprest;
One heart beats truer —
Thou knowest in *whose* breast.

'To him thou hast spoken
Words not lightly told;
His heart would be broken,
If thine should grow cold!

'The stars faintly glimmer
And fade into day,
This taper burns dimmer
With vanishing ray;
Oh never thus fading,
May Fortune grow pale
With sorrow-clouds' shading,
Or plighted faith fail!

'Hush my wild numbers!
Dawn breaketh above —
Soft be thy slumbers,
Adieu to thee, love!
Sad vigils keeping,
I think upon thee,
And dream of thee sleeping
My own Melanie!'

New-York, January, 1836.

R. D. W.

A PHILOSOPHER.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I HAD travelled several hours in a stage, on a cold winter's day, with an individual who had observed an entire silence. Wrapped in his cloak, nothing was visible but a large eye, and a high forehead. In the evening, as we stopped for the night, I had an opportunity of observing him more definitely. With a person rather tall and slender, were combined thin and attenuated features, and an expression at once sensitive, thoughtful, and benevolent. The whole, however, seemed to be shrouded by an abiding feeling of melancholy and regret; not that which arises from mere personal disappointment or unhappiness, but rather the sadness of a philosopher, who has formed an ideal scheme of general well-being, and has at last found, by too convincing experience, that, in this bad world, it is utterly impracticable. During the evening, he observed the same silence, and seemed carefully to avoid engaging in the different subjects of conversation, that were just started and then abandoned. If his tongue was silent, his eye was not inactive. With deep and rapid glances, he ran over the individuals before him, and seemed instantly to read their characters. All the other members of the party had retired, and left us alone at a very comfortable fire-side. Still he did not address me. Unwilling to part with one who seemed so peculiar, I ventured to remark, that 'the weather was unusually severe for the season.'

'Yes, but it will be succeeded by weather as unusually mild. The principle of compensation is at work with our climate. A turn of very cold weather is quite sure to be followed by the reverse. The long steady winters of old times are at an end.'

'And what cause would you assign for the change?'

'Our business, as men of science, is not first with causes. We must observe and collect facts, compare and arrange them, and then perhaps

we may discover causes. If we do not, a body of facts, methodically arranged, is a science, and as such, capable of the most useful application. But our philosophers and men of science, so called, are continually hastening back to first causes. They mistake hypotheses for conclusions, and so involve themselves, and all who follow their *dicta*, in a false light, which is but darkness.'

'But these remarks rather apply to physical investigations than to moral.'

'Equally to all. Impatience of prolonged research, incapacity for far extended views, and an eagerness to arrive at some final conclusion, however hasty or insufficient, are the prevailing characteristics of minds that pretend to investigate. Men will act, and act according to their immediate views; and hence the true philosopher, who extends his plans through all space and time, is met at every turn by obstacles, small indeed in themselves, but all combined, like the cords of the Lilliputians, completely fettering his purposes. It is in vain to do more than palliate, and that slightly, the evils of society.'

'But would you, therefore, because you cannot eradicate the disease, refuse all assistance?'

'Certainly not. The great principle of existence is action; and this action, in sentient creatures, will always be directed to the attainment of well-being — with the unreflecting or the unprincipled, to the momentary and the selfish — with more enlarged, more considerate, and better balanced natures, to the common and the enduring. But act we must, or we shall be annihilated among the forces that act around and against us. And here is one great source of the accumulation of evil. Wrong action has brought evil to a head, and induced an overwhelming calamity. A pause, reflection, combination, and then renewed action, in a truer and better direction, would not only prevent the recurrence of calamity, but tend to a positive accumulation of good; yet the necessity of immediate action urges on to commence at once the old career in the old way, and we arrive at the point before gained, or far transcend it, and so prepare for a more fatal catastrophe.'

'But does not all this tend to increased activity? Is not the very necessity of remedying evil in itself a good?'

'If we were made only to overcome difficulties and obstacles by exertion, then a life of storms and disasters, might be the most desirable, as most conducive to activity. But we are formed with natures, at least some of us are so formed, which can use and enjoy positive good — intellectual and moral good; and how painful, to one imbued with the feeling of such good, to see human effort all wasted in a region below it.'

'But are all capable of realizing or enjoying such good?'

'Perhaps not, — certainly not all equally; but the attachment of the great body to other good, and their perverted activity in pursuit of it, thwart and render almost inefficient the efforts of higher natures to secure the good they desire. Still the mind is a kingdom to itself, and it is better to stand aloof on the cold and bare rocks, in the sunshine; than to descend to the plain, and mingle in the smoke and dust of the rushing conflict, though the prize may be an empire.'

'Is it not better to follow in the train, and extend relief to the sufferers left behind in the strife?'

'Here we come again to the hopeless task of palliating evil — blowing with a fan against the blast of a whirlwind. We may so procure to ourselves the highest moral good, in the consciousness of having done our best to relieve the sufferings of others; but when we think how little good we have imparted — how easily and instantaneously the immense flood of evil may annihilate it — the light that dawned in our hearts is darkened, and we sink beneath the feeling of our inefficiency. Not in the train, should be the place of him who aims at the accomplishment of great and real good, but in the van, as a herald of peace between the contending forces. Evil must be prevented in its causes, not palliated in its effects.'

Here he raised himself up, with the air of an inspired prophet, and while his eye glowed, and his features were as if radiant with inward brightness, he gave utterance, in a voice of fittest intonation, to his pure and high emotions.

'True, we were born to act, but still more were we born to think and feel. Only from the bright and holy fountain of certain thought and elevated feeling, flows the stream of just and beneficent action. Flowing ever the same, from a perennial spring, it diffuses life and beauty along its borders. But action, proceeding from other source, is like the wasting flood that bursts in the midnight darkness, and blindly sweeps away the wrecks of the valley, to accumulate them in the unwholesome marsh. We have a higher nature within us, governed by its own peculiar laws, fixed and immutable as the laws that control the spheres. If these laws are not counteracted by the lower principles of our being, if in harmonious accordance all our better powers move on in their proper orbit, then there results inward calm and strength, outward dignity and power. The ruling principles here prevail — Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. And although these have each its peculiar character, and are directed to peculiar corresponding points in our own being, yet they proceed from one common source — emphatically the One. Hence they are throughout harmonious, and no mind is brought to a due celestial temper, in which they are not equally combined and active. As well might wings rise without dome, or dome without wings, to form a complete edifice, as a mind exist in perfect panoply, without the sense of good, or the feeling of beauty; and however intense either might be, without that full perception of the true, that embraces and thus forms a whole, action would only deviate into error. But I speak according to the manner of men, for the three are in fact immutable and inseparable. If not equally combined into a symmetric whole, then a counterfeit has assumed their sacred names, and under the garb of sanctity, an impostor walks forth. Are these merely abstract words, or living, applicable realities? Has not the world been long deceived by these counterfeits, which, under the sacred names of Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry, have claimed the admiration, or controlled the conduct, of society, and that to extremest evil, rejecting each the other, as false or inane? But the Philosophy that scouts the good, or despises the fair, is not the herald of the true: it is but a charlatan, that retails the poor dogmas of a temporary expediency, not the sage that propounds laws of eternal duration. Nor is the religion that discards the light of Reason, the holy light that irradiates the divine temple, as goodness is the altar-fire that warms it, and beauty the incense clouds that embellish it, or that

rejects the gentle and lovely, as too soft for its sternness — is such Religion other than a hypocrite that under a solemn mask conceals darkness and deformity. Poetry, in which beauty is not wedded to the good and the true, is but a dangerous and deceitful syren. In the stillness of the night, listen not to its enticing but effeminate strains, as they float over smooth, silvery waters, or through flowery thickets, or groves of gloom! Look up to the open sky, and the unchanging stars, and through them to the one great light that shines in the zenith of all, and you will hear a music, sweeter even than that of the spheres, as evolving from the Power that rules the spheres, proclaiming in tones of fullest and completest harmony, the one great principle of our intellectual and moral existence: Philosophy, Religion and Poetry sit enthroned, as a Spiritual Trinity, in the shrine of man's highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing Truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing Good, and the living sense of all-gracing Beauty, they form, united, the Divinity of Pure Reason.'

Suddenly he retired, and left me uncertain whether he had read Richter, or been struck by lunar influence.

'MY GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.'

THE Spirit of the Tempest shook
His wing of raven hue
Above the sea, and hollow winds
Howled o'er the waters blue.

Uprose the mountain billows high,
And swept a stormy path;
Darkness and Terror mingled there
Their ministry of wrath.

A lonely bark, by bounding seas
Tost wildly to and fro,
Dashed o'er the billows foaming brow
To fearful depths below.

Crash echoed crash! — the quivering spars
Broke o'er the leaning side,
And left the bark a shattered wreck,
The stormy waves to ride.

The sturdy seamen struggled hard
To hold the yielding helm,
And keep the ship's prow to the surge,
That threatened to o'erwhelm.

And when the plunging ruin spurned
Their impotent control,
They flew to drown their gloomy fears
In the accursed bowl.

Upon the raging ocean then,
Helpless was left the bark
To the wild mercy of the waves,
Amid the tempest dark.

Upon the deck, alone, there stood,
A man of courage high;

Baltimore, January, 1836.

A hero, from whose bosom fear
Had never drawn a sigh.

With folded arms, erect he stood,
His countenance was mild, —
And, calmly gazing on the scene,
He bowed his head and smiled.

A wild shriek from the cabin rose, —
Up rushed his beauteous bride;
With locks dishevelled, and in tears,
She trembled at his side.

'O why, my love, upon thy lip'
She cried, 'doth play that smile,
When all is gloom and terror here,
And I must weep the while?'

No word the warrior spake, — but he
Drew from beneath his vest
A poniard bright, and placed its point
Against her heaving breast.

She started not, nor shrieked in dread,
As she had shrieked before;
But stood astonished, and surveyed
His tranquil features o'er.

'Now why,' he asked, 'dost thou not start?
May not thy blood be spilt?
With sweet composure she replied,
'My husband holds the hilt!'

Dost wonder, then, that I am calm,
That fear shakes not my form?
I ne'er can tremble while I know
'My God directs the storm!'

J. N. M.

ASTROLOGY.

THERE exists in every bosom a natural thirst for a knowledge of the future. We appear to be placed just in that grade of creation, where, though excluded from the attribute of prescience, we still burn with its desire. The Fortune-teller, the Gipsy, the Priest, and the Oracle, are all instances of the strength of this feeling — a strength so predominant, that the mind has too often delighted in giving credence to that which sprung only from the aspirations of the heart. Man has sought every where for the sybil leaves of the future — in the dark recesses of the cave — the whispering of the wind, through the foliage of the oak — the frantic words of an excited woman — the still quivering heart of the animal, and in the portentous phenomena of the skies.

Of all the systems of Vaticination, Judicial Astrology was the most flattering to vanity, most fascinating to intelligence, and most beautiful in its origin. It possessed but few attractions for the vulgar. A shrivelled, superannuated old woman peering into a crystal — the augur, watching omens and prodigies with solemn gravity — the Haruspex consulting the entrails of the victim — were oracles sufficient for their taste and credulity.

But the stars became the arbiters of fate to those with souls which rose above the ordinary associations of life — which loved to turn to the 'poetry of heaven,' and 'claim kindred with it' — which felt that

'Os homini sublime dedit, cœlum que tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.'

To such, the hope that those distant orbs presided over their destiny, became a strong and confirmed reality, flattered by an apparent sisterhood with science, and strengthened by the spirit of enthusiasm.

But the astrologer, beside these qualities of feeling and intelligence, must also have possessed both the will and the power of devoting himself to deep seclusion, and severe application. A course of long, assiduous, and untiring study, was the only method of acquiring a knowledge of the history of the earth and the heavens. Days spent in retirement, and nights in sleepless vigils, afforded even too brief a period for gathering the lore of centuries, which he must master before his eye could clearly discern the future. He must frown upon the allurements of the world, surrender its social pleasures, and hie away to his lone tower, and there commune with the sages of past ages, and the celestial bodies whose motions and influences they recorded. In time, the face of man became strange. Solitude grew sweet, for there he was in companionship with the patriarchs of his science, or with the sublimest works of God. When fatigued, the music of the spheres solaced him; when desponding, Hope pointed to the splendid prize accessible only to unwearied industry; and when successful, he had the proud consciousness of possessing the key of fate. To him, the heavens assumed a new appearance, and were arrayed in more lovely apparel: the firmament became an arch, gemmed with the prophets of the world, and each star was a 'Pharos hung in air' — a beacon light of the future.

Such were the life and character of the Astrologer. When we

reflect on the mysterious sympathies — the soaring ambition which gave them birth — the enthusiasm which was imparted and strengthened by the excitement of an exclusive devotion to one science, and by its sublime studies, — we may obtain some explanation why Astrology was so fascinating to its professors, and so capable of abstracting them from the common feelings and pursuits of mankind.

Its origin, like that of astronomy, is enveloped in darkness. In China, which can justly lay claim to the most ancient astronomical observations, at an early period it came under the protection and supervision of the State. In Rome, Egypt, and Greece, it was a familiar study; but Chaldea seems to have been its birth-place, and her astronomers its sages. Thence it was rapidly diffused among the adjoining nations, generally receiving unhesitating belief; but occasionally meeting with strong expressions of disapprobation from such minds as Tacitus and Cicero.*

Seleucus cast the horoscope of Otho, and foretold that he would succeed to the empire. † The prophecy was fulfilled, and Astrology became popular. But even prior to this period the astrologers had been inmates of the imperial palace, and friends and counsellors of its lords. It is related that Tiberius determined to test the wisdom of Thrasyllus, and after having learned his future fortune, to keep the secret, by precipitating him from a rock into the sea. Thrasyllus predicted empire. Tiberius then asked him to examine his own genital hour, and to discover, if he could, what event was about to occur. The wily astrologer, having received intimation of the reward intended by his noble master, looked into the position and the relations of the stars, started back, suddenly became pale, and answered tremblingly to Tiberius, that some calamity was just impending over his own head, and that he was then exercising his art for the last time. Tiberius, thus convinced of his prophetic ability, embraced him, and ever after made him his bosom friend. ‡ In Greece, also, it had its advocates, and Ptolemy composed an explanatory treatise on the subject § — but it received no general countenance, till after the time of Alexander. Rooted thus in antiquity, it came down to modern times, extending its way wherever science and superstition could establish their dominion; and from its being closely connected with the study of Astronomy, retaining its power even to our own day.

The principles of the art were ingenious. Each sign of the zodiac possessed its attribute. The most important of these was the horoscope, or the one just rising above the horizon, at the hour of birth, or at the time of a prediction. The planets were either propitious, malignant, or mixed, and their aspects happy or unhappy. Saturn portended calamity and sadness, and beautiful Venus || joy and good fortune. In their ephemerides, they noted the daily appearance of the heavens, and claimed, by comparing these observations with history, the power of foretelling the precise circumstances which would happen during the life of any individual. Some of these ephemerides they asserted to be

* Tac. Lib. 16: 'Contemnamus Babylonios et eos,' etc. Cic. 1. de Divin. 'Nec Babylonios teutaris numeros.' Hor. Ode 11. Lib. 1.

† 'Fore ut imperium adsciseretur.' Tac. Lib. 1. 22.

‡ Tac. Annal. Lib. 6.

§ It appears to be a question whether this work is not a forgery.

|| Juvenal. Sat. 6. 568.—600.

many thousand years old, and to contain records of the situation of the stars at the period of every important occurrence.

Nor were these their only claims to notice. The action of the moon on the human body when diseased, its influence on the insane, and that of the sun on animal and vegetable life, betokened a mysterious sympathetic connection. Why then should not the other heavenly bodies produce similar effects? As science advanced, and other facts were added, the disposition to generalize farther assisted this belief; and we find even the immortal Kepler, in 1606, expressing this opinion: 'I maintain that the colors, and aspects, and conjunctions of the planets, are impressed on the natures or faculties of sublunary things; and when they occur, that these are excited as well in forming as in moving the body over whose motion they preside.'* It is pleasing to turn from this failing of a great man, to the sarcasm of Galileo, where he denominates astrologers 'Nativity-casters, who believe that God, when he created the heavens, had no thought beyond what they themselves can conceive.'

Such were the pretensions of Astrology, and such the character of its advocates. Janus-like, they assumed to stand between the past and the future, and to 'read the fate of men and empires.' '*Nulla non avido futura de se sciendi*,' says Pliny; and this was the master chord of the heart, upon which they skilfully played, and secured riches and followers. What wonder that multitudes should crowd to their retreats? — the lover to learn whether his mistress would be true — the warrior to hear of his next battle — the politician the result of his schemes, — and the rebel the success of his struggles? And when there, how every surrounding object added awe and admiration to their previous emotions! A modern poet has drawn a beautiful picture of one of these scenes — an astrologer's tower :

——— 'All about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man:
'They govern worldly fate, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. The farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, — an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn:
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars;
And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood;
The star upon her head was soft and bright, —
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings,
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright;
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien —
And this was Jupiter — * * *
And at his side I saw the sun and moon.'

It would have been strange, indeed, if the understanding had stood firm against this united appeal to our foibles, our sympathies, and our aspirations — an appeal made, too, by the seductive voice of pretended science.

* Principles of Astrology, 1606.

On the contrary, from these combined causes, Astrology, unchecked by the progress of knowledge, must have retained its commanding influence, as long as the materials upon which it operated continued to be principles of human nature.

Accordingly, we find believers in its truth, at the close of the seventeenth century, and these individuals, otherwise of no inconsiderable abilities. It is said of Charles the Ninth of France; that having been assured by an astrologer that he would live as many days as he should turn about on one leg, His Most Christian Majesty was accustomed to engage in this spinning exercise an hour every morning! This might readily be expected of such a monarch; but it is somewhat difficult to credit, that Charles the Second, a prince of capacity, should have relied on the predictions; or that the canting Round-heads should have trusted to the prophecies of the successors of the magicians of Chaldea.

It is wonderful how long this bold imposition preserved its grasp on the heart and imagination, though Reason combatted its conclusions, and Science frowned on its daring assertions. Without examining well into its character, it is almost impossible to believe that it still stood, though not unshaken, during the revolutions made by Bacon in the long established principles of philosophy, and even after the splendid astronomical discoveries of Galileo. But these were its last struggles, and with the exception of some eastern countries* where faith is still attached to it, its doctrines meet with general disbelief. Its falsity has been exposed by the severe scrutiny of modern observation. It was the sister of Astronomy, and began its existence in that land which was the birth-place of knowledge and religion. In the midst of the plains of Shinar and from the great Observatory of Babel† did the astrologer first watch the motions of the stars. As its source began in the youth and increased with the progression, so has its power been destroyed by the perfection of science; and now, when we know that the laws which regulate the universe are at complete variance with its pretensions, we can perceive the true glory of knowledge, in sweeping away those relics of superstition which clog the footsteps of man in his march toward perfection.

But still we cannot think Astrology deserves the name of a 'degrading superstition.' It sprang from the best feelings and from the noblest ambition. It claimed affinity with science, and ranked its most devoted students among its members. Knowledge owes it a heavy debt, for the most valued observations were made by the astrologist for a long series of centuries. Astronomy could hardly have arrived at its present station as the most complete of sciences, without these records; and it is certain that the principal cause of its study in Arabia and Modern Europe was the wish to develope the future by the assistance of the stars. ‡

* In 1791, a Reis Effendi was appointed by the Sultan, but before accepting the office, requested time to consult the stars.

In Judea, it is usual to find an astrologer one of the town officers. *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*: vol. 2, 8.

† Pliny, Lib. 6. c. 26. Strabo, 16. 739.

‡ Two hundred years ago, the court astrologer of the Emperor Rudolf, whose name is embalmed in the history of Astronomy, says: 'Ye overwise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of Astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not that she must support her mother by her charms? How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to Astronomy, if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens!'

'L'homme porté par les illusions des sens à se regarder comme centre de l'univers se persuader facilement que les astrés influent sa destinée, et qu'il est possible de la prévoir par l'observation de leur aspects au moment de sa naissance,' remarks La Place. Be it so. Yet this vanity has been the foundation of a science which has tended more than any other to enlarge the sphere of thought, and elevate the human character—in the end to overturn the very superstition which gave it rise—to place man on an eminence where he sees his true title to superiority, and to afford one of the most glorious of the many proofs of the existence of a God, and of the ultimate destruction of the globe. Such superstitions, if they be so called, are fruitful of good: they excite curiosity, and cultivate a taste for science; and at last, like the palm of Palestine, there springs from them a young and vigorous tree, receiving strength from the roots, and nourished by the ashes of the parent.

A.

LINES TO A CLOAK.

BY AN AUTHOR WRAPPED UP IN THE THREAD-BARE SUBJECT.

'THE Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke.'

MARMION.

I.

How oft when woe the heart hath wrung,
Doth Friendship show the drooping feather;
But thou, old friend, hast ever clung
Most closely in the stormiest weather:
When sunlight bathed my path in gold,
Thou didst not share the joys which crowned me;
But when the changeling world grew cold,
I felt thy warm embrace around me.

II.

Yet have I oft, in graceless scorn—
How little did such scorn become me!—
Vowed that thou wert not to be borne,
And rudely, rashly cast thee from me;
Oft have I lain, in thee up-coiled,
On the damp earth with night dew soaken,
And little recked *thy* nap was spoiled,
So long as *mine* remained unbroken.

III.

How many a league, on sea and shore,
Have thou and I together wended;
If *I'm* no better than before,
Who can deny that *thou* art mended?
And yet—the fact I may not hide—
Thou vergest toward thy dissolution;
Those dreadful stitches in thy side
Are ruining thy constitution.

IV.

Thinner thou growest day by day;
I grieve to see the course thou 'rt taking,—
Thy being hourly wastes away,
The thread by which it hangs, is breaking.
Farewell, old friend! thy worth is known,—
Let the world jeer thine aspect needy,
Thy *tears* have been so often *sown*,
I marvel not thou lookest '*seedy*.'

SHALL I SUCCEED ?

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

‘Hope ever gets the better of distrust.’

‘We must part, then,’ said Rosalie — ‘is it so? Ah, Eugene, I confess I tremble for you. Thrown out under such circumstances, at this time of life, to push your way in the world, what toils, disappointments, and sufferings may await you! What chance can there be for the young, poor, and friendless, where Prosperity laughs at Misfortune, Power tramples upon Weakness, and Temptation preys upon Inexperience?’

‘A dreadful picture is that you have drawn of the great world, my dear Rosalie,’ said Eugene, smiling. ‘Suppose we view it in another light. Let us consider it as one vast and glorious amphitheatre, upon whose arena, genius and industry, exertion and talent, are striving for the rewards which await the meritorious.’

‘And how many hearts,’ rejoined Rosalie, sadly, ‘are broken in the conflict! How many are trodden down beneath the feet of the jostling aspirants! If one succeeds, yet how many fail! Beside, others have friends to help them on, — you have none. None but one, and she can only aid you by her prayers. Others have wealth — you are poor. Your path is solitary before you. Neither influence nor fortune smiles upon it.’

‘Is it then under the most favorable circumstances that the greatest and most successful characters are formed?’ replied Eugene, proudly. ‘The oak of the mountain or the forest, is not nurtured in a hot-house, but it strikes its roots and rears its branches amid the winds and storms of its native skies. Look around you, Rosalie. Is it the nursling of wealth or fortune, who has been dandled into manhood on the lap of Prosperity, who carries away the world’s honors, or wins its mightiest influences? Or, is it not rather the man whose earlier years, like mine, were scarcely cheered by a single proffer of aid, or smile of approbation, and who has drawn from adversity the elements of greatness? You take it for granted that I shall be weak, unsuccessful, unfortunate. I have the confidence to believe that, under God, I shall be neither.’

‘You know not the future, my dear Eugene. How many misfortunes may be in store for you! And at the best, how much toil, how many anxieties, how many sorrows, may cluster around your destined path, and must inevitably attend upon the duties and difficulties of the most arduous of professions!’

‘Out upon thee, for a bird of ill-omen!’ said Eugene, laughing. ‘Do you not know that fortune ever flees the faint heart? And as to difficulties, the greater the obstacles, the greater the conquest; the greater the conquest, the greater the glory. You speak of sorrows — they are in a degree the common lot of all.’

‘But must have friends, or other blessings, to aid in bearing them.’

‘True.’

‘But you, if you fail — if your favorite object eludes your grasp — if your vision of ambition flees before you, or vanishes away — if treachery betrays and wounds you — what have you then for consolation?’

'Hope, Rosalie, — hope, and your sweet self.'

'Nonsense! — this is nonsense, Eugene.'

'By your leave, no : and so says that smile, which — pardon me — demands return. There! — 'I've done the deed!' — and now suffer me to tell you, Rosalie, that there is nothing which industry will not achieve, when combined with perseverance, and directed with an undivided aim to one great object. Think you that poverty is a sure prelude of failure? Do you recollect what Ragideau, the counsellor of Josephine, told her on the eve of her marriage with Napoleon? 'You are about to do a very foolish thing, Madame; you are going to marry a man who has not a second shirt to his back!'

'But you are not exactly a Bonaparte, I apprehend,' said Rosalie, smiling.

'Humph! Well, never mind, I like splendid examples.'

'Bonaparte was a soldier, and not a lawyer. He was also aided by a rare concurrence of accidental circumstances,' continued Rosalie.

'Well, we will talk of lawyers, then. A wealthy English gentleman once asked Lord Kenyon what he thought of the probable prospects of his son, in the legal profession. 'Your son does not want talents,' was the reply; 'but he must first spend his own fortune — marry, and spend his wife's fortune, — and then there will be some hopes of his succeeding at the law.' Now, luckily, my dear, I have not the preliminary of spending two fortunes to go through, before I may succeed at the law.'

'That is very true, but not very comfortable, Lord Kenyon to the contrary notwithstanding,' said Rosalie.

'What think you, Rosalie? There was a young shoemaker out here in Connecticut, once on a time, who took it into his head to be a lawyer!'

'A shoemaker!'

'And why not? He was two-and-twenty years of age when the idea or fancy first struck him, — entirely uneducated, except in a common school, — poor, and not only dependent, but having others dependent on him. Was not this folly?'

'What then?'

'Why, he took his book and placed it before him, thus, and with his last upon his knee, and his hammer in his hand, he read and hammered, and hammered and read, from morning till night, *vice versa*.'

'And what was the result?'

'He *did* become a lawyer.'

'I suspected as much,' said Rosalie.

'And a member of Congress,' continued Eugene, 'and Chief Justice of his State: in fine' —

'In fine?'

'In fine, Roger Sherman.'

'Roger Sherman!' exclaimed Rosalie.

'The same. Shall I speak of Franklin?'

'O la! no,' said Rosalie — 'his story is worn out, already.'

'I could tell you a tale of English lawyers, for variety.'

'What is it?'

'All in good time. There dwelt, during the last century, in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, (which by the way, my Lord Coke says is no part of England,) — no, I am wrong — in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, — a coal-merchant, or corn-merchant, just as you please, by the

name of Scott. He had two sons, John and William. Owing to his embarrassed circumstances, he was unable to afford them the advantages of a university education, and could only send them to a grammar-school in their native town, where they accordingly began and completed their classical education. Was not this an inauspicious beginning ?

‘Go on — go on,’ said Rosalie.

‘Nay, remember that these youths were intended for the bar — in England, too — where the friendless and untitled are obliged to contend with ten times the difficulties which oppose them here. What would Rosalie have said, suppose this John or William were a lover of hers, and he were about to leave his home for the metropolis — the great London — to commence the study of his profession in the Inns of Court ?

‘No matter, — go on.’

‘Well, John and William occupied the same chambers together, and pursued the same studies. Poor, friendless, and unaided, twelve long, tedious years, (these English lawyers, by-the-by, have to undergo something of a quarantine,) twelve years they devoted themselves to their solitary pursuits. At the end of that time, the elder was admitted to the bar.’

‘And how did he succeed ?

‘Why, but badly, at first. His awkwardness and timidity stood in his way: few expected any thing of him; and some even ridiculed his attempts to succeed. But he found a friend. Friends are not such bad things, after all, my dear. His friend aided in bringing him out, and after some years of obscurity, he suddenly burst forth upon the world, a star of the first magnitude. His business rapidly increased; he became a member of parliament; then solicitor-general; then attorney-general; then Sir John Scott — and then’ —

‘Then what ?

‘Lord Eldon, and Lord Chancellor of England.’

‘And William ?

‘Was made a judge, and became Lord Stowell.’

‘Both lords ?

‘Nothing more nor less, my dear girl. And the decrees of the one were as right and irreversible as those of Minos, while the decisions of the other are splendid monuments of his genius, acuteness, and wisdom.’

‘Well, perhaps you may succeed. You are certainly sanguine enough — and confidence is half the battle.’

‘*Possunt quia posse videntur.*’ You acknowledge so much, do you, my sapient little counsellor ? But you were speaking of toils, Rosalie. Now as to this matter, I would adduce the opinion of Lord Chancellor King, (I like these great names,) whose motto was’ —

‘What ?

‘*Labor ipse voluntas.*’

‘Really, I am much the wiser.’

‘Which being interpreted, doth signify, (as my Lord Coke would say,) ‘Labor is of itself a pleasure.’

‘There is no contending against such authorities.’

‘You give up, then, do you ?’ said Eugene, laughing.

‘But stop!’ said Rosalie; ‘because Scott became Lord Chancellor, and Erman Chief Justice, it does not follow that you are to be’ —

'Lord Chancellor, or Chief Justice? Not at all, my dear. But it *does* follow, I apprehend, that with industry and good fortune, - I may, in the 'Far West,' provide for myself and Rosalie a home and a livelihood. So, Good bye! — don't cry, now. God bless you, my dear girl!'

LAYS.

I.

Joy! Joy!
The long dark night is past;
The weary way is done;
Bright o'er the mountain, fast
Ascends the cheering sun.

Joy! Joy!
My heart revives again;
My soul new lights its fires;
I speed along the plain,
With hope that never tires.

See! See!
The well known hill is nigh;
The spiry poplars rise;
The brook is winding by:
There still my cottage lies.

Hark! Hark!
What welcome sounds of home!
I know their meaning well:
Far, far my foot may roam,
Yet deep and strong their spell.

Hark! Hark!
The longing heifer lows;
Shrill barks my faithful Tray:
His master's tread he knows,
And, see! he bounds away.

Shout! Shout!
The goal, the goal is nigh;
My love is at the door:
We run, we leap, we fly;
We meet to part no more!

II.

Give me that fond music,
That charmed my heart so sweetly:
Softly breathed its numbers,
Deep to my inmost soul.
The light-winged dance obeys it;
The maidens trip it fealty;
All darker passion slumbers;
Full tides of gladness roll.

Still the sound is flowing,
Like summer brook at even,
Over pebbles leaping
In sparkling joy along.
The wind is faintly blowing;
The clouds are bright in heaven;
The spirits there are keeping
A festival of song.

Wake the sounding viol!
Dark eyes, with speaking glances,

Kindle high with pleasure,
As rings the well known strain.
With easy gliding motion,
Involved in graceful fancies
Of light uncertain measure,
Responds the mimic train.

III.

MORNING is lightest,
Only when heaven is fair.
Beauty is brightest,
Only when virtue is there.

Crystal of fountain,
Foam from the heart of the sea,
Snow of the mountain,
Virtue! are emblems of thee.

Beauty! we lend thee
Blossom and gem of the mine;
Stars to attend thee;
Thine are the rose and the vine.

Flowers by the fountain,
Mirrored below in the spring;
Gems on the mountain,
Studding the snow as a ring.

Clearer and whitest
Softened by veiling their glow:
Fairest and brightest
Only are loveliest so.

IV.

'Tis dawn —
The rosy light is breaking;
To song the birds are waking;
And starry beads are shaking
Along the grassy lawn.

'Tis noon —
Blue rise the hills before me;
Pure swells the azure o'er me;
And radiant blossoms pour me
The balmy breath of June.

'Tis even —
Gay clouds, like curtains, lie
Athwart the golden sky;
The wind goes whispering by,
Like soothing voice from heaven.

'Tis night —
The world how hushed and still!
Dim towers the shadowy hill;
Earth's guardian spirits fill
Their urns with holy light.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE DUTIES OF THE AGE.

THE Duties of the Age, though they can scarcely be made to appear so interesting as those which spring from the more private and intimate relations of life, have nevertheless their importance, and may deserve at least an occasional discussion. They may not appear as really to be duties, as many others. We may scarcely feel that it is given to us to exert an influence on so large a scale. Yet in this, I see but the stronger reason for presenting them, if, as I believe, there are such duties. It is the very character of the moral signs of every age, that they elude observation: and the signs of these times, especially, are signals of duty. The great work to be done in the world, is a work to be done in the minds and hearts of men; nay, and in the minds and hearts of *all* men. The cause of human nature is the great cause now to be carried forward. Liberty is only an opportunity for its furtherance. Good governments are only auxiliaries. Nay, such governments, the wisest and freest, so far from being wonder-working engines for carrying forward the great cause of human welfare, are themselves to be sustained by the steady hands and faithful hearts of the whole body of the people.

Indeed, the main duty, I think, which we owe to the age, is the duty which we owe to our own institutions. The eyes of the world are upon us, it is often said; and they are fixed upon us, we may add, with a more and more intense interest. Thousands there are, in every enlightened nation of the world, who are hoping that their communities may enter upon the same or a similar career, and they are naturally looking to us, as the forerunners in the great race of political freedom. The advocates of despotic rule are as eagerly watching for our failure. They say that it is all very fair in theory, but will prove to be impracticable in the experiment. If it does prove impracticable, if the experiment does fail, a shock will be given to the hopes of political liberty, for which no man may dare to answer! — what do I say? — for which every man in this country, shall bitterly answer, in the overwhelming anarchy and misery that will follow. Nay more, — if failure and overthrow do await the experiment here, the guilt as well as the ruin will be our own. The fault will not be in our stars, not in our circumstances, but in ourselves. The ruin will come, because we would not arouse ourselves to provide against it; because we would not see the signs of the times; because our pulpit, and our press, and our conversation, did not hold the right language, and because our practice did not conform to it.

There must be public spirit among such a people. If every man pursues his own private interest, with an eye to nothing else; if his whole soul is bent upon accumulation, or upon pleasure; if he thinks it but a dream of enthusiasm to have account of the public weal and the world's welfare; if he cannot understand even the old Roman patriotism, nor the Grecian citizenship, he is not faithful to the country, nor to the age in which he lives. He is not qualified to act his part now, and here. In some other period, when no hope was rising before the world, in some other land where all public spirit and all cheering promise were pressed down beneath the iron rule of arbi-

trary power, he might have acted his selfish part with some excuse — but not now, I repeat, and not here. And if he cannot act it here, fitly nor with dignity, neither can he with safety. He may busy himself with gathering up his little heap of treasures, or with expending it; he may think scorn of those who look beyond — while the storm is rising that may scatter his gains, and whelm his fortunes in the ruins of his country. And it will rise; this very selfishness, infecting the whole mass of our citizens, will furnish the very materials, the very elements of that wide-spread destruction; a universal grasping on the part of every man, and of every community, and of every state among us; a perpetual strife about revenues, and appropriations, and tariffs, regardless of all considerations but gain, must, if not checked, rend the whole fabric of society and government.

In such a country as this, there must not only be public spirit, but a jealous guardianship over the morals of the people. Men must speak and act, as though they felt that the hope of this nation lay in its morality. If parents and guardians among us, if the influential and the wise see, or suspect, that vice is making inroads in the habits of the rising generation, they must arouse themselves, and set themselves to arrest it, as they would to stop an army of incendiaries approaching our cities and villages. And it is high time to look to one of the fruitful sources of vice among any people — I mean youthful extravagance — and I may add, extravagance among all classes. There is a most urgent call for more of the primitive sobriety and simplicity in our habits and modes of living. Our children are too commonly educated to wants which honest industry can with difficulty supply. This applies especially to the rich, perhaps, but it applies to all classes. The property that is to be divided among several heirs, cannot supply to each one all the comforts and luxuries which it was capable of yielding to them as members of one family. If, therefore, our luxuries keep full pace with our means, it is certain that habits will be formed which it will be, by-and-by, difficult to satisfy. In the same proportion, the temptation to dishonesty will increase; the temptation to rash speculation or selfish overreaching in trade; and at any rate, the exposure to that entire, and restless, and anxious absorption in business, which is not good, either for the mind or the heart.

In speaking of duties to our country, I cannot entirely pass over the duty of honest suffrage. *When* — I am ready to ask — are the consciences of citizens and Christians among us, to be awakened to this subject? When is suffrage to be made a matter of honest judgment, and, I say, of conscience? It is the organ through which the will of a mighty people expresses itself. If that will is formed by passion or prejudice, or if it is bent and mechanically directed by the force of party combinations; if it is guided neither by reason nor conscience, it is impossible to calculate the evil that may flow from this boasted and abused privilege. The right of suffrage is considered as the glory of freemen, and the safeguard of free institutions. It is the glory of freemen; but it may be made their shame. It is our safeguard, if we will rightly use it, but it may become our ruin. Yes, a people while boasting of their free elections, may vote away their freedom. And they will do so, sooner or later, if they choose the incapable or the unworthy, if they choose those whose lives are stained with private vices, vainly

expecting them to be more faithful to the public, than they are to their private relations,—if they choose, to gratify their own bad passions, to please a party or to gain a place. If such are the offerings which they bring, the very altars which are reared to liberty, will be the altars on which it will be sacrificed and slain : there will be blood upon those altars ; and it will be the blood of the sacrificers—the priests will be the victims !

I would not be thought to speak in tones more monitory than becomes a remonstrance so humble as mine must be. But I will freely say, that if I had exercised the privilege of suffrage, and had always exercised it with thoughtless indifference, or with blinding prejudice and passion,—if I had never consulted calm reason, nor holy conscience ; if I had never felt that a stronger bond was upon me, than private favor or political expediency,—I should feel that I could not complain, if I were doomed to walk a slave, in the land that once was free. I should feel that I had forsworn myself, and abjured the grace of Freedom, in her very temple !

From the duties that we owe to our country, I would now pass to a single view of the duties that we owe to one another,—not merely as members of the same community, but simply as men.

A proper adjustment of the relations that ought to subsist between man and man, offers one of the greatest difficulties in the present, and yet more in the prospective state of society. It was one thing to stand upon the footing of political equality ; and men were slow to understand that. In the old world, they do not yet understand even so much of their common rights and duties. A hereditary aristocracy is found in every country of the world but this ; and that aristocracy as little thinks of admitting the mass of the people to a political equality with itself, as it thinks of admitting the lower creation to that privilege. This political equality is one thing, I say ; but it is quite another thing, to stand upon the ground of that mutual and equal respect, which beings of the same nature, and creatures of the same God, owe to each other. And this kind of equality, I apprehend, is about as little understood among ourselves, as the other, the political equality, is understood by the people and the privileged classes of Europe. And yet this, I think, is what the progress of society is urging, and will finally compel us, to understand.

The lower classes of society are rising in importance : the higher are proportionably sinking in importance. This is undoubtedly one of the great changes that is going on in the world. It is a change—not to be resisted ; it is a change not to be regretted ; but it is a change which certainly brings with it duties that have never yet been discharged on earth. There is reason to fear, that the sense of oppression and wrong, long endured, may break out into violence and anarchy. There is perhaps some reason to fear,—though I have too much confidence in our communities to say there is great reason to fear it—that in this country, a party, absurdly enough entitling itself the Working-men's Party—since all here are working men—that such a party may arise, and gathering all the materials of popular prejudice and discontent against wealth, and learning, and eminent talents, may gain strength to hurl from the high places of power and influence, all that is respectable and dignified in the land.

But if there be any such danger, the only barrier against it must be found in the discharge of those duties to which I have referred. It must be found in a more intelligent, and a more Christian-like regard for themselves, and for one another, among all classes of society. I freely avow it: I do not believe that the regard which the rich pay to the poor, and employers to the employed, is what it ought to be. I observe a style of treatment, a tone and bearing, a manner of speaking of one to the other, which I do not believe is right; a treatment, and tone, and bearing, and language, which I do not believe that creatures of the same nature, and of the same God, should assume toward each other; which I am persuaded could not, for one moment, stand the scrutiny of our Christian principles; which I am certain that devoted, and humble, and thoroughly-enlightened Christians could not use. But I as freely say, that I am just as little satisfied with the feelings and treatment of those styled the lower classes toward those denominated the higher. The bond of brotherhood is not yet felt in society, as it must be, to preserve it from strife and disunion, amidst the new questions and claims that are arising out of its progress.

This new spirit of society on which I would insist, may seem to be a slight and frail defence against danger, to those who can think of nothing as a safeguard, but some law, or constitution, or frame-work of government: but I believe that the time has come, when nothing can save society but the spirit of society. Let men be enlightened, sober, true-hearted, and kindly affectioned, and I fear nothing for them. But let them want the only safe and saving spirit of society, and though mountain barriers were lifted around them, and between them, they would only create the wider divisions, and be beaten down at last in the fiercer wrath.

There are situations and times in which the subject of our duties most naturally presents itself in the form of peril; when we see our duties most clearly and strikingly, through the danger of neglecting them. Such is the state of our American communities, and such are the times in which we live.

Let me then more distinctly say, that there are dangers arising from our political institutions, against which it is our duty most earnestly to guard.

One of our dangers is that which springs from the boundless strife for precedence. Where is the man in this country, less than the highest, who takes his condition in life, and position in society, as that in which he expects to live and die? None is so poor, but he hopes to be rich; none so low, but he seeks to be far higher; none so ignorant, but he aspires to wisdom; none so inconsiderable, but he aspires to influence. I do not call this an evil condition of things, but I call it a dangerous condition. I say not, that nothing like it ever existed before, or that nothing like it now exists elsewhere; but I say that the same thing exists nowhere else, and never did, *in the same degree*. In all other countries, multitudes are doomed, and feel that they are doomed, as inevitably, to poverty, to mediocrity, to a humble lot, as they are doomed to life. There are barriers in society beyond which they never look — above which they never think of rising. The distinctions of rich and poor, educated and ignorant, noblemen and commoner, prince and peasant, are so marked and fixed, that, on many points, these classes never

come into collision. It is not so here. And just in proportion as all classes are mingled, just in proportion as the path of advancement is left open to all, is there danger of competition, rivalry, and strife — of anger in feeling, of extravagance in expense, of slander in society, of quarrels between families, and all social disorder and discomfort. I do not think there is the same, or as much danger of out-breaking feuds, of open and civil war; but the danger is of social war, of universal social strife — the strife for precedence.

Another and distinct danger is that of universal coldness and distrust in society. No man's place, no woman's place is unalterably fixed in society. No man here is *born* a gentleman; no woman is *born* a gentlewoman. Every position in society may be disputed; every position, therefore, is defended; and defence produces distrust. Hence, every body is on his guard; every body is afraid to make advances; each one is afraid that he shall be misconstrued, repelled, or ridiculed. Hence the minds of men are liable to become misanthropic, their manners cold, their maxims cautious, their morals severe and unamiable, their intercourse constrained, and their friendships reserved. And especially is all this liable to happen between persons who are in different situations in life. 'I would appeal,' says an eloquent writer* on this subject, 'to those who remember the earlier state of our domestic relations, when the scripture terms of *'master and servant'* were in use. I do not fear contradiction, when I say, that there was infinitely more of good will then, than now; more of trust on the one side, and fidelity on the other; more of protection and kind care, and more of gratitude and affectionate respect in return; and because each understood well his place, there was actually more of a certain freedom, tempered by gentleness and by deference. As a general truth,' the writer goes on to say, 'I verily believe, that with the exception of near blood relationship, and here and there peculiar friendships, the attachment of master and servant was closer and more enduring than that of almost any other relation in life. The young of this day, under a change of fortune, will hardly live to see the eye of an old servant fill at *their* fall; nor will any old domestic be longer housed and warmed, by the fireside of his master's child, or be followed by him to his grave. The blessed sun of those good days has gone down, it may be forever, and it is very cold!'

Another danger among us, is that of general and pervading discontent. While all are aspiring to higher situations, it is certain that but few, comparatively, can be satisfied. Hence the discontent of society must be almost universal; and it must be keen and bitter, in proportion as the hopes and aims of men are raised high. The fact, I am afraid, but too well agrees with this obvious theory. If I were asked to say what seems to me to be the most prolific source of social misery among us, I should say, it is this disappointed ambition, — this mortified desire of notice, — this secret, wearing, private, personal, domestic discontent. There are multitudes around us, who, if they would open their bosoms to us on this subject, would tell us, that nothing in life wears upon them like the neglect of society. I verily believe, that this state of mind has

an effect upon the very health of the country. An able medical writer* has stated, that there is more insanity in this country than in any other; and he ascribes it, in part, to this very cause.

These dangers, if they be real, point out to us our duties. And what are they? I still say, and repeat, that they are the duties of mutual love, and of Christian meekness and faith.

We must feel the bond of humanity and of Christian kindness upon us, as no other people ever felt it, or we shall be an unhappy people. We must feel a meekness that bows low before the majesty of heaven; we must cherish a faith that looks into heaven, or we shall never learn to live wisely, and peacefully, and contentedly, amidst the intermingled ties and relationships of society around us. Then the poor will not envy the rich, nor will the rich despise the poor. Then will not the high look down haughtily upon the low, nor will the low look up spitefully upon the high. Then will kindness, gentleness, deference, courtesy, self-respect, and mutual respect, be seen in our streets, in our market-places, on our wharves, in our work-shops, in our dwellings. Oh! what matter is it, if we are passing but a brief period here, and are entering upon a boundless immortality — what matter is it, that differing apparel clothes us — that differing state surrounds us — for this vanishing hour! What matter is it, — if the divinity of virtue may array us, if the goodness of heaven may enrobe us, if God himself will be our friend, and the infinite, and the everlasting, and the all-perfect, and blessed, and beautiful, may be our possession and heritage — what matter is it, that we are high or low in worldly state, in worldly honor! Gracious Heaven! — is not all this enough for thy creatures, but they must still strive for the precedence, and struggle with jealousy, and pine in discontent?

I am addressing my readers as fellow-citizens. And shall it be thought strange that I should address to them in that capacity the highest, and purest, and most spiritual law of our religion? Forbid it wisdom, and truth, and the true light that has come into the world! I tell them that they must be good Christians, or they never can be good citizens of such a country as this. I say that Christianity was never so necessary to any people under heaven, *as a people*, as it is to us. Wo betide the hour when infidelity, irreligion, irreverence to God and to the laws, shall stalk uncontrolled through this land, for it will be the hour of a sad and last farewell to all the hopes of patriotism and of humanity!

I am not one of those whose fears exceed their hopes. I see, amidst some dark signs, increasing light. I know that there is danger, but I believe that danger to every free mind, and to every free people, is the measure of opportunity. I firmly trust in the good providence, that this great opportunity is not to be thrown away. The general and great danger certainly is of moral deterioration. But I do believe that the tendency is the other way. I have lived long enough to see the vices of profaneness, gaming, and intemperance, visibly decline among us. I am persuaded, too, as I have elsewhere remarked, that the religious spirit of the country is gaining strength. Nor can we fail to notice, with regard to the late excesses of popular violence, that a firm, and

* DR. BRIGHAM, of Hartford, (Conn.)

decided, and universal public opinion has lifted its voice against them. There is, then, as I believe, a good, and reasonable, and strong hope for us. But our hope, let us never forget, stands in virtue, in morality, in Christianity. Ay, in Christianity. Grant it were an instrument formed by the powers of darkness, it is the only instrument that can work our country's well-being. But no, — beneficence comes not from hell. The most beneficent of religions — that religion on obedience to which the true happiness of unnumbered millions depends — could have come only from the Father of lights and of mercies. May that religion be our nation's defence, and strength, and prosperity !

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

'HOME of our hearts ! our father's home !
Land of the brave, and free !
The sail is flapping o'er the foam,
That bears me on to thee.'

I.

THE breeze that slumbered with the sun
Awakes, and ocean's breast
Bounds to the breath which breaketh on
The beauty of its rest.
Our gallant craft, whose snowy wings
Late unexpanded hung,
O'er the bright water swiftly springs,
Through rattling blocks, the cordage rings,
The arching wave its pearl-shower flings —
The winds have found a tongue !

II.

Away ! away ! In tangled wreaths
The rock-weed dashes by,
And every swell that round us seethes,
Grows greener as we fly.
Hail ! graceful garlands of the deep,
Hail ! waves of emerald hue, —
Long has it been our lot to sweep
The vast, unchequered blue ;
To scorch where cloudless skies expand
In torrid climes afar,
Unblest by grasp of friendly hand,
Or voice of love, so soft and bland :
But hark that shout ! ' What see'st thou ? ' ' Land !'
That land is *Home* ! — Hurrah !

ROUGE ET NOIR:

A PENCIL-SKETCH OF A NIGHT SCENE IN LONDON.

THE motives which induced me, in the year 18 —, to embark in the good ship Thunderbolt, Captain Driver, bound from New-Orleans to London, as they in no way bear upon what I have to relate, would be of little interest to the reader. To detail the occurrences of the voyage, would be supererogatory, as well as irrelevant — for the regular routine of squalls, calms, and head winds — the heaving of the vessel, and the corresponding and sympathetic heavings of the passenger's diaphragms — the glories of a marine sunset — the scintillating magnificence of Ocean's constellated mirror, when, on a calm, moonlight, and starlight night, the tall bark, with her drooping drapery unstirred by a single zephyr, seemed as if floating on an inverted firmament, with all its gems unfixed and quivering — the various devices for expelling sea *ennui* — the first sight of land, and the last sight of water — 'are they not all written' in the journal of — every emigrating individual who has committed the sin of print?

Referring the reader, therefore, who is fond of sentimental yarns, and cockney descriptions, to the pages of such journalists, I beg he will substitute *their* reminiscences for *mine*, and do me the favor to make his first acquaintance with me on solid land.

I do not recollect precisely the time I had been in London — probably about a fortnight — when one night, on returning from the King's Theatre, where I had been to witness the opera of *Der Freischütz*, I found, on entering the little parlor of my snug lodgings in Northampton Square, a late number of an English Magazine lying upon the table. Not feeling bedward inclined, I took it up, and finding it contained an article entitled 'Hells of London,' which had caused a considerable sensation, but which I had not before seen, I revived the fire, (it was in November,) snuffed the candles, swung the back of my old-fashioned easy chair against the wall, in the manner deprecated by Mrs. Trollope, and placing my feet on one corner of the brass-rimmed fender, luxuriously commenced its perusal. It is impossible for me to say how long I had been thus occupied — for I was too much absorbed in my subject to take note of time — when I was interrupted by a light, hesitating tap at the door of my room. Supposing that my landlady, who occasionally called to have a chat and a glass of brandy toddy with me as she 'progressed' to her dormitory in the fourth story, was doubtfully speculating on the possibility of my being awake, and the contingency of the brandy toddy, I immediately responded with a loud sonorous 'Come in!' Straightway the latch was noiselessly turned, the hinges, guiltless of their usual discordant creak, oleagiously revolved, and slowly entered — not my bustling landlady, nor, alas! any other lady — but a tall, pale, elegant elderly man, with hat in hand, and that perfect self-possession and consummate tact of manner, which enable a man of the world to cloak the most infernal impudence of *act*, with the semblance of polite and friendly attention. More interesting particulars, connected with this individual, have blotted from my memory all reminiscence of the minutiae of his costume. I can only partially enlighten the curious in such matters, by stating, that it was either

black, or invisible green, and as decidedly *recherche* and *tonnish*, as if Baron Stultz had turned out the coat, and that noble and fashionable *artiste*, the Earl of Harrington, had 'shaped' the unspeakables. Advancing to the table near which I sat, the stranger bowed gracefully, and in a voice whose tones were indescribably musical and insinuating, observed:

'I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Major Goëthe Mysticott, of the United States Army?'

'You have, Sir', I replied, wondering where the deuce he got his information: 'pray, may I inquire whom I have the pleasure of addressing?'

'Oh! I am a very obscure individual,' said he, with an odd sort of emphasis on the word 'obscure,' — 'my name is of little consequence.'

'In the Church, I presume?' said I, glancing at the clerical color of his garments, and thinking him for the moment some religious enthusiast, on a crusade against the depravity of the age.

'Ahem! — why not exactly, — though I feel a *warm* interest in some of its affairs — the collection of tithes, for instance.'

'Ah! In the law perhaps?' suggested I, imagining from the significance of his last observation that he came to serve a tithe process on my hostess.

'No, I never *take*, though I have been accused of sometimes *giving* a retaining fee.'

'Of my own profession?'

'No, Sir; but I can well appreciate the *glowing ardor* of the spirit that burns for glory,' returned the stranger, with a slight twitching of the corners of his mouth.

'Will you permit me to ask you what is your profession?' I inquired, tartly, for I felt nettled at the manner in which he evaded my 'leading questions,' and determined to assume the tone peremptory.

'I'm *Surveyor-General*,' said the stranger, with a quiet smile.

'Do you wish to see Mrs. —?' (my landlady.)

'No, Sir.'

'I presume you have business with some of my fellow lodgers?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'May I inquire with whom?'

'With all, Sir.'

'Well, have the goodness to despatch any you may have with *me*, as expeditiously as possible.'

'Humph! — few people who deal with me are in such a hurry, Major Mysticott; but you'll perhaps not be so impatient, when you know me better.'

'I say, stranger,' exclaimed I, waxing wroth at his cool, imperturbable, though still courteous demeanor; 'I suppose you think it's a devilish fine joke to walk into a gentleman's private apartment, at this hour of the night, without stating who you are, or where you come from.'

'Devilish fine.'

'You *do*, hey? Well, then, if you don't enlighten me on those two points, within as many minutes, I shall take the liberty of kicking you down stairs.'

'Where do I come from? I think you said, Major: now don't you think you could guess?'

'D ——— n! Sir.'

'You are perfectly correct,' said the stranger, calmly laying his hand on my arm, as, uttering the above elegant expletive, I was about to seize the poker: 'you are perfectly correct.'

Then leaning over the table, he whispered in my ear — no matter what — it was *sufficient*.

Reader, have you ever been much at sea? If you have, you probably understand the meaning of the term 'taken aback,' and are aware that the predicament it denotes, is caused by a sudden and directly retrograde change of wind, which sends the vessel, with a startling revulsion, on her haunches, as it were, while every sail, beam, plank, spar, and rope in her fabric, is quivering beneath the sudden shock of the counteracting impulses. I was in a similar situation, on receiving the stranger's whispered information, and sat for some moments with every nerve and sinew paralyzed, — every artery beating like the hammer of a fulling mill, — and 'each particular hair' twisting like a young black-snake, with exquisite horror. The bland tones of the intruder's voice, however, soon, in some measure, re-assured me; and I ventured to steal a look toward his lower extremities, in order to ascertain if his feet had any 'little peculiarities' about them.

The D —, I mean the stranger — laughed, as he observed the direction of my eyes, and tapping his exquisitely-polished boots with a long, tapering, flexible black cane, which he held in his hand, exclaimed:

'Pshaw! — you'll see nothing of *that*. Hoby made these Wellingtons. I asked him, when he was measuring me, if he could hide the deformity of a club-foot. 'Yes,' said the fashionable *artiste*, with confident *nonchalance*, though it was the D —'s own.' He little thought — but no matter. The boots are *sans reproche*.'

'That's a neat cane you have,' said I, in a tremulous semi-tone, more for the sake of trying if my tongue would perform its office, than any thing else.

'Yes,' he replied, handing me the before-mentioned long, black, flexible, tapering riding-rod: 'but, Yankee as you are — I mean no disrespect — I don't think you'll ever guess what it's made of.'

'Whalebone?'

'No.'

'Hippopotamus hide?'

'No.'

'India rubber?'

'No.'

'What is it, then?'

'My tail.'

'Your t-t-ta-tail!' stammered I, dropping it with precipitation.

'Yea,' said the narrator of this extraordinary fact, gravely. 'Yes: I found it inconvenient in society. Old habits are difficult to eradicate, and I had been so long accustomed to wag it at my ease in my own dominions, that I was unable to resist the propensity here. It had an odd effect in company, and frequently led to unpleasant *eclaircissements*, — so I determined to divest myself of so annoying an appendage. Unwilling, however, to part with an old friend, I had it, as you perceive, mounted with gold, and it really makes a very stylish rattan.'

At this point of the colloquy, St. Paul's clock struck one, and was

immediately responded to, in every variety of tone, from the innumerable steeples that seem to take their cue from his patriarchal chime.

'It's getting late,' observed the *gentleman*, 'and that reminds me of the object of my visit. Do you feel any inclination to see one of the establishments of which you have been reading, in actual operation? If so, it will give me pleasure to be your *cicerone*.'

'I should like it, of all things,' replied I, hesitatingly: 'that is, I should — I mean, it would give me pleasure — but — are there any — ahem! — any' —

'Oh! make yourself easy,' said my visitor, (who of course every body has by this time discovered to be a branch of the Satanic family,) 'make yourself perfectly easy; there are no *conditions*, — my offer is disinterested — quite uninfluenced by any mercenary motives, I assure you. As a 'talented' stranger, coming from a country I respect, (I bowed to the double compliment,) I shall be happy to show you some of the 'happy institutions of this favored land' — to *lionize* you, in my peculiar department. Now is the time to inspect it to advantage; and if you will accompany me to St. James-street, I will show you how the most bare-faced villany flourishes almost within the precincts of a court.'

During the last few moments, I had been invigorating and bracing my somewhat relaxed courage, with two regular 'North-westerns,' from a decanter of brandy which stood on the table, and I now felt fully primed for any thing.

'*Allons*, stranger,' I exclaimed, as I threw a huge Spanish cloak carelessly over my shoulders, and snatching up my hat, stood ready to attend him, — '*allons*, my old boy,' I continued, putting on my chapeau, with an emphasis, and giving it a 'devil-may-care' slap on the crown, as much as to say, 'Who's afraid?' — d — me, let's go!

Having reached the street, we proceeded to the nearest hackney-coach station. There was but one vehicle on the stand. It was a miserable, broken-sprung affair, to which were *attached* two shadowy caricatures of horses, whose locomotive power, compared to the *vis inertia* of the unwieldy, shattered machine behind them, seemed as nothing to infinity. Their heads, divested of bridles, were turned toward the empty seat of the driver, and there was a touching expression of hopeless hunger in their countenances, as they gazed wistfully on the loose hay which formed its cushion: it was a Canaan they might not attain. My companion, however, displayed no sympathy for their sorrows.* Hastily slipping on the bridles, he seized the reins, motion-

* Few minor peculiarities of the British capital will impress an observing and humane American more forcibly, than the sad appearance of most of the cab, hackney-coach, and omnibus horses. They are indeed most piteous to behold. Whipping into '*the raw*,' is not unfrequently the chief dependence of their cruel owners, for effective locomotion. The '*raw*' is a sore place on a horse — an opening in the hide, which leaves the bare flesh and nerves exposed as a mark for the heavy, sweat-saturated lash of the driver. In an examination, not long since, before a committee of Parliament, touching cruelty to animals in the metropolis, the following description of the London mode of 'getting the work out of a horse' was elicited from the testimony of a learned omnibus driver, on the Paddington road: 'You may take your oath, there's nothing like a *raw* for getting the go out of a horse, as long as there's any in him. You call it cruel, but I'll just take and tell you how it is, now — and I'll leave you to guess. You *buggy gen'men*, an' sich, they takes and uses all the 'igh courage out of a horse, — very good. Then they sells him to us, and we flogs the *work* out of him: but arter a bit he gets whip-hardened, and worked down, as it were, though it's like there's plenty of *go* in him still, if we could

ed me to ascend the box, leaped up after me, and then taking a heavy whip from the top of the carriage, began to apply it with singular energy, perseverance, and effect. Had any member of the 'Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals' seen the infliction, his Infernalship would probably have had a taste of 'Martin's act.' 'T is said they 'needs must go that the D——l drives:' be that as it may, the belabored quadrupeds dashed on at a rate that promised to bring us expeditiously to our destination. On reaching the Haymarket, my companion suggested the propriety of alighting—alleging, reasonably enough, that if seen by any of his quality friends 'tooling' such a shabby 'drag,' he should lose his reputation. We consequently drew up, and descending from our 'bad eminence,' proceeded onward on foot.

'It's scarcely worth while to pay old Crockford a visit to-night,' observed my guide as we paused in front of that magnificent Pandemonium in St. James-street, which bears his name: 'the house is sitting, and we should find his saloons almost deserted. The lordly *roués* and titled debauchees who frequent them, are amusing themselves with a game at legislation, instead of hazard, or *rouge et noir*, and perhaps gambling away the resources of their country with as much recklessness as they have exhibited in the dissipation of their own. Have you ever been within the walls of St. Stephen's?'

'No, — but I purpose witnessing some of the debates, before I leave London.'

'Do so, by all means; but *first* see the interior of Crockford's, that you may be able to appreciate and admire the consistency with which men, who having mortgaged every unentailed rood of land, and forestalled the income from every reversionary acre, go to the Senate-house and prate in 'good set terms' about 'the distresses of the nation,' and 'the necessity for financial reform.'

As he concluded this cynical tirade, we were again moving on our progress, occasionally impeded by the intrusive blandishments of gaily dressed Cyprians — those 'painted palaces, inhabited by Disease and Death' — who, even at that untimely hour, were promenading the well-lighted side-walks. We had not proceeded far, when my conductor stopped before a massive, gloomy-looking building, the outer door of which was ajar. Within, as we could perceive through the opening, was a long passage, terminated by a second door, covered with green baize, and containing a small glass pannel, through which a discretionary survey was taken, previous to the admission of a visitor.

'This,' said my guide, 'is the famous — street Club-house, —

only get it out of him. Well, then comes the use of the *raw*, — and if the *raw* don't come natural, by the rubbing of the traces, and sich like, why some folks will *make* a *raw*, with a bit of blister-plaster, or what not; (but I don't hold with that 'ere, for we shouldn't like it ourselves,) and it's mortal to see how you may get all the rest of the work out of a horse, quite sprightly, by *whipping into the raw*, till he hasn't a leg left to stand upon, and is good for nothing but the knackers' (horse-meat venders') shambles. It may be *cruelish*, perhaps — but then it's all fair, *in the way of trade*. We buy the horses for the work vat's in 'em, and we've a right to get the 'work out of 'em — or else 'vat's the use! Perhaps it was this humane Jehu, who made the following protest to a cockney, who, being in a hurry, and on the box, had requested permission to drive his cattle, and had accidentally discovered, and whipped into, 'the *raw*:' 'Come, young gem'men, guv me the *ribbins* ag'in: I don't stand *that*. I keeps that 'ere *raw* for my own private use. It makes 'em wery lively of a Sunday, or sich — oh, uncommon?'

second only in notoriety and splendor to the 'Great Fishmonger's.' Follow me.'

A tap at the inner door, and a glance from the porter at my companion's *card*, and we were on our way up a magnificent circular staircase, bowed along, with sickening servility, by half a dozen of those powdered, frizzed, liveried automatons, that seem a necessary appendage to every fashionable English 'establishment.' Arrived on the first floor, we were ushered along a short corridor, and through a door similar to the one below, into a large saloon, fitted up in a style of the most luxurious splendor. From the centre of a circular group of figures in *bas-relief*, forming the middle compartment of the richly decorated ceiling, was suspended an immense and costly chandelier, the pendants of which were as large as eggs, and — as if the blaze of light it afforded were insufficient — bronze candelabra, supported on brackets of Italian marble, were arranged along the walls. The floor was carpeted with the richest woof of Persia, and pictures and statues of the most voluptuous cast met the eye on every side. Ottomans, covered with rose-colored damask, occupied two series of draped recesses extending the whole length of the saloon. At short intervals, tables were set out, with every variety of refreshments, while at either end, large mirrors doubled the seeming extent of this vista of profusion. But the few guests who here and there lounged upon ottomans, or languidly partook of the ostentatious banquet, were little in keeping with the scene around them. Jaded, haggard, and in one or two instances stupified by intoxication, they looked more like the misplaced tenants of a mad-house, than legitimate guests in such a palace of enchantment. Their presence there was a proof that the 'fickle goddess' had been unkind, for where is the gambler who would linger even among the bowers of Paradise, while within hearing of the dice-box, if he had the wherewithal to stake on the 'hazard of the die?' Declining the refreshments offered to us by the waiters, we walked to the upper end of the apartment, and *Signor Diavolo*, throwing aside the curtains from a recess in the wall, unclosed a door which they had concealed, and, followed by me, entered another apartment. It was a large square, or rather octagon hall fitted up less gaudily, but scarcely less expensively, than the one we had quitted, and filled with the paraphernalia, the harpies and the *victims* of play. *Rouge et Noir* was the game. In the middle of the room, surrounded by twenty or thirty players, stood a long oval table, covered with green cloth. Each end was divided into two compartments, and the centre of each compartment was occupied by a small piece of red or black cloth, to mark the distinction between the divisions of *rouge* and *noir*. On each side of the table, midway its length, sat two men upon raised seats, called, as my familiar informed me, the *groom-porter* and *croupier* — the office of one being to deal and call the game, — that of the other to draw or pay the stakes. For this purpose, the latter was furnished with an instrument shaped like a hoe, with which he pulled the money toward him in the one case, and pushed it over to the players, in the other. Lamps, with circular reflecting shades, hung overhead, throwing the full blaze of their lustre on the glittering piles of gold and silver, intermingled with bank notes, which lay immediately beneath, while they left the remoter space in comparative gloom.

A confusion of execrations and exultations, mingled with a sharp,

monotonous, and often-repeated cry of 'Make your game, gent'men, make your game,' 'Game is made,' etc., now assailed my ears.

'A *coup* has just been dealt,' observed my companion, 'and you hear the usual accompaniments of cursing and self-gratulation which mark its result, together with the accustomed technical warning of the dealer to the players to make their bets before the commencement of the next. We will see this event, which, as it is the last in the deal, will be a heavy one, and then sit down.'

'Game made?' repeated the dealer: 'Game is made,' — and he commenced dealing.

'Thirty-nine black,' said he, naming the number of *pips* in a line of six or seven cards, which he spread out, face upward, before him.

The countenances of those whose money was on the *red*, where far the heaviest stakes lay, broadened and brightened, while the visages of such as had backed *black*, became proportionably elongated; and one man, who had thrown down a *rouleau* of notes on the latter, gave a deep groan, and pressed his hands over his ears and eyes, as if to avoid hearing and seeing the expected catastrophe.

'Forty! — *black wins!*' exclaimed the groom-porter, as he laid down a second line of cards under the first: 'draw the red.'

'Hurrah!' shouted he of the *rouleau*, — 'hurrah! Ha! ha! ha!' — and he laughed hysterically.

'Fire and fury! — it's not possible!' — said a trembling punter, who had ventured his all on *rouge*.

'Shall I count the cards again?' said the dealer, with a supercilious sneer, as he separated them, with a hand glittering with jewels.

'Lend me a hundred and fifty pounds on *that*,' said a young exquisite, in an under tone, as he passed a richly-chased gold snuff-box to the banker.

'With pleasure, captain — *two hundred*, if you like,' was the soft reply.

'Will you let *me* have *ten* pounds?' asked a carelessly-dressed but gentlemanly-looking young man, addressing the same individual: 'I have lost my last shilling.'

'What have you to leave as security?' returned the harpy, coldly.

'Nothing but my word of honor that I will repay you; but you may trust to *that*.'

'Tis n't negotiable,' said the wretch, with a grin.

'For God's sake, dont trifle with me!' exclaimed the applicant, in a voice choking with emotion. 'It is — it is — to buy my wife and children bread. I have lost a quarter's salary to-night, and I have not a friend in the world who will assist me, — for alas! who will aid a gambler?'

'Can't help it,' said the former speaker; 'you should have had more prudence: we don't *force* gentlemen to play. There's a gentleman,' continued he, pointing to a man on the opposite side of the table, whose military dress, splendid gold watch-chain, rings, etc., seemed little in keeping with the coarseness of his countenance, speech, and manners, — 'who has won a thousand of us to-night, and *we* dont ask *him* for a loan. Every body can't win; sorry for you Sir, but — really — can't assist you.'

'God help me!' said the unfortunate man, as, dashing his hat over his eyes, he turned to leave the room. '*God help me!*' The words were

simple, but the tone of utter abandonment in which they were uttered, was heart-rending.

'Tell the porters not to admit that gentleman again, till further orders,' said the person he had solicited, to the waiter, adding, in a sneering whisper, 'which will be given when his next quarter's salary is due.'

'Let us take our seats at the table,' said my *Fides Achates*, 'and while they are sorting the cards for a new deal, I will sketch you the characters of some of the players.' We seated ourselves accordingly.

'That tall, cadaverous, middle-aged man opposite,' he continued, indicating, by his glance, a person with a parchment complexion, and fixed, filmy eyes, whose convulsive movements gave him the appearance of a galvanized corpse, 'is a Scotchman, who lately sold his commission — a captaincy — in the army, under the impression that he had discovered a system which would insure him victory at all games of chance. He has already lost two thirds of his money, yet still, with trembling hand and palsied frame, he continues to practice his *infallible* plan, as if mathematical calculations could defeat the legerdemain of those trained plunderers. That fine looking young fellow next him, is a young Irishman, who has but just made his *début* in the sporting world, yet has even now spent all his ready cash, and mortgaged for half their value the rich acres of his paternal heritage.'

'Who is that remarkably tall man, with the hook-nose, and flowing hair?' inquired I, interrupting my informant: 'I think I have seen him before, and that in the pulpit.'

'Ha! ha! — you mistake him for *Indig*. They strongly resemble each other in person, nor is there so much difference in their callings as might appear at first sight. One performs on a stage, in Drury Lane, the other in Newman-street, — and one exhibition is about as theatrical as the other. The former opens all hearts, and purses, by means of strains which Orpheus would have envied; the latter arrives at the same end, through the agency of a stern brow, an impressive voice, and something, compounded of impudence and enthusiasm, which fools mistake for inspiration.'

'This, then, is P — 'ni,' said I.

'Yes,' returned my guide: 'you see the celebrated juggler, who, — having discovered that peculiar action of horse-hair upon catgut, which is necessary to gull John Bull out of his guineas — treats him to a few scrapes and grimaces, receives his thousands from the dramatic treasury, speeds to the gaming table, and, damning any starving beggar who may supplicate him for a penny on the road, loses the whole amount, returns to his professional duties, fiddles, receives, and is again plundered. The rest of these worthies around us, with the exception of a German baron, a Spanish count, and a French valet, are hangers-on of the 'establishment,' — human jackals, who cater for the principals, and are allowed a certain per centage on the '*game*' they bring in. Now look behind you,' continued my companion, 'and you will see a little more *private* speculation.'

Turning my head in the indicated direction, I saw two men seated within a sort of alcove, at one end of the apartment, playing — as I gathered from catching some of the technicalities of the game — *piquet*. The face of one of them was much flushed, and he seemed under the

control of strong nervous excitement. The countenance of his antagonist wore the calm and confident sneer of contemptuous superiority.

'Go,' said my prompter, pointing to the latter, 'touch that man on the elbow, tell him (in a whisper) that the person he is fleecing is a friend of yours, and that you have observed his tricks, and will expose him. You will see the result.'

Partly urged by curiosity, and partly by a mysterious and increasing influence exercised over my volition by my companion, I rose and did as he desired. The fellow instantly nodded, gave me a knowing leer, and covertly insinuating about a dozen sovereigns into my hand, smiled benevolently, as if he had done some very meritorious action, and coolly pursued his game.

'I cannot keep this plunder,' said I, resuming my seat.

'Why not?' reasoned my Mentor: 'you have as much right to it as the man who lost it: he pilfered it from his employer.'

'Then to him it ought, in justice, to be restored.'

'Not at all: he holds an office under government, and of course filched it from the treasury.'

'Then it belongs to the administration.'

'No, they unjustly taxed the people to obtain it.'

'It is the property of the nation, then.'

'Why, yes,' *sophisticated* this member of the *lower house*, — 'but as I don't see how you could beneficially divide such a sum amongst a population of twenty millions, I think you may as well act as their representative, and keep it yourself'

'Make your game, gent'men, — last deal to-night, — only cards for three *coups* more,' vociferated the groom-porter.

Two highly successful ones for the bank followed.

'*Last coup*, gent'men,' said the official.

Hoping to recover, or at least mitigate, their losses, many of the players staked their remaining funds on the coming event, and every eye was bent with deep anxiety on the dealer.

'Thirty-one,' said he, — 'thirty-one — *après*,' — and the stakes were raked into a marked space, where they were to remain for the decision of another *coup*; all '*trente un après*,' being, as my companion informed me, a clear profit to the proprietors of the Hell, since, in such cases, the winnings were paid, but not the losings. Cards for a second *coup* were now taken promiscuously from those already dealt, and the dealer once more commenced his operations.

'Thirty-two black — thirty-three — red *loses*,' said that functionary; and anon the long hoe of the croupier was at work dragging in the heaps of money from *rouge*, and returning the trifling stakes of the betters on *noir*.

'I'm just clean done!' said the Scotchman.

'Be gar, I am de smash up!' cried the Frenchman.

'Och! thunder! — what sort of a *coup* d'ye call that?' — shouted the son of St. Patrick.

'That, Sir,' said the cashier, with a bow, as he carelessly tossed the money into an open cash-box before him — 'that, Sir, is what *we* call a *coup de grab*!'

As play had been announced to have concluded for the night, or rather morning, the room was soon nearly emptied of its occupants —

my cicerone and I being the last lingerers, save the two proprietors, who remained to divide the spoils. At this period, and just as we were about leaving the hall, there was a sound of voices, in loud and peremptory altercation, from the adjoining saloon. In an instant after, the door which communicated from it was thrown open, and two athletic young men, apparently intoxicated, rushed into the play room.

'Hillo! old boy,' exclaimed one of them, addressing the eldest of the two *Hellites*: 'Hillo! — not going to shut up store yet?'

'Finished for this evening, Sir,' said the man to whom he had spoken, with a bow.

'Oh!' replied the former speaker, 'as you've already turned three hours of morning into evening, I guess it won't make much odds adding an extra one to the account. Just wake up, commodore, and look here,' he continued, taking from his pocket and shaking a purse, well filled with gold and notes, before the dazzled optics of the black-leg: 'I mean to lose this, or break your bank, before I clear out.'

The sight of the money, and the apparent inebriation of its owner, were too much for the cupidity of the principal villain. He glanced inquiringly at his colleague, and was answered by an assenting nod.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the former, 'we'll accomodate you with *one* deal, — though I assure you we are breaking the rules of the Club in obliging you.'

Cards were shuffled and cut, and the brothers, for such, from their strong resemblance, I took them to be, seated themselves on opposite sides of the table, one near the groom-porter, the other at the side of the *croupier*.

'These young men,' said my guide, are from your side of the Atlantic, — Kentuckians, I believe: they have lost large sums of money here, and suspecting foul play, are feigning drunkenness, in order to throw these fellows off their guard, and with full determination, should their suspicions be verified, to have either restitution or revenge. Keep your eye upon the dealer: you will see sport anon.'

Resolved to assist my countrymen, should their temerity expose them to danger, I awaited the *denouement* of the affair in silence. For some time, all went on smoothly and quietly, neither party winning more than a mere trifle, and the proceedings of the proprietors appearing to be fair and honorable.

At length, a very heavy stake was thrown down by each of the brothers at the same time, and on the same color — namely, black.

'Watch!' said my companion, — and I distinctly saw the dealer place part of the cards he had dealt, on the *undealt* pack in his hand, as he pretended to throw the former into the basket, in the centre of the table. The *coup* proceeded, and *black lost*. In an instant, a grasp like that of a blacksmith's vice was on the throat of the dealer. 'Villain!' shouted the excited Kentuckian, shaking him as a terrier would a weasel, 'I've caught you at last!'

The *croupier*, who was *vis-à-vis* with his colleague, was immediately seized by the brother of the assailant, in a similar delicate manner, and thus resistance, or cry for succor, was rendered impossible. But they did not attempt either, and seemed as much paralyzed by fear, mentally, as they were bodily, by the unrelaxing clinch of their opponents.

'Scoundrel!' resumed the former speaker, — refund to us the money you have robbed us of, or it will go ill with you. You will find the amount *there*,' he added, handing him a small piece of paper, with his left hand, — still keeping his dexter digits firmly twisted in the cravat of his trembling captive.

'My — dear — Sir!' gasped the wretch, deprecatingly, unwilling to part with his spoils, though shaking like an aspen from terror, and the choking, — 'my good — Sir, — we have — lost so — immensely — lately,' —

'Pay it!' said his antagonist, sternly.

'But my' —

'Pay it! I say, or' —

And the click produced by cocking a pistol filled up the pause more eloquently than words.

'Allow me to go — and fetch it — from — my — my — bureau, below, — then,' stammered the rascal, not forgetting his cunning, even in his abject fear.

'What! and alarm all your coadjutors! No, no, my friend, — it won't *suit*,' replied the young man: 'Fork up, and that instantly, or take the contents of *this*,' he added fiercely, as he thrust the cold barrel of a pistol against the supplicant's cheek.

The argument was too cogent to be trifled with. Notes to the required amount were counted out, with trembling hands, by the baffled swindler, and quietly transferred to the pocket-books of the brothers, who, after giving the two partners in iniquity a brace of hearty shakes, by way of receipts, wished them a '*very good morning*,' walked off, and left them to their unsatisfactory meditations.

'I will now bid you good bye!' said I to my companion, as we again stood in the open air.

'Ha! ha! ha!' roared he, in a tone that petrified me with horror: 'do you think I part with my acquaintances so easily?'

'But you promised,' said I, with a quivering lip, for I did not at all join in his mirth.

'Promised! Ho! ho! ho!' and seizing me by the arms, he dragged me forward with such rapidity that I could not even tell the direction we were taking. Suddenly he stopped. I turned to remonstrate with him on his unamiable conduct. As I looked at him, his countenance changed, — it broadened — reddened — *smiled*!

'Eh! ah! — what the dev —! I mean Mrs. Thoroughgood, is that you? Why where's — Oh! I *see*,' continued I, expanding my optics to their full width: 'I've been *dreaming*!'

This fact was now self-evident, for there stood my venerable landlady, in her white cap, and apron, with my breakfast in her hand; and the bright light of an *unfoggy* morning was staring me full in the face.

'Sorry to disturb you, Sir,' said the kind-hearted soul, — 'but I was obliged to draw back your chair to set the table, and you made such funny faces, I couldn't hold from laughing.'

YEARS have elapsed since the dream I have related occurred, — yet so vividly are its incongruous circumstances impressed upon my memory, that I had no difficulty in transcribing them from its records.

That my imagination should thus have run riot through scenes in which I had never mingled, may seem extraordinary; but it is easily accounted for. The graphic descriptions contained in the magazine article I had been reading, in conjunction with the operatic *diablerie* I had witnessed, were the elements of my fantastic vision. Should any reader complain of its dulness or inconsistency, I can only say *he* has it just as *I* had it, and must refer him, for farther satisfaction, to Messrs. Morpheus and Somnus, the *real* authors, who are alone amenable to criticism for its defects.

O. P. Q.

A BATTLE-FIELD BY MOONLIGHT.

THE mortal strife was o'er, and dimly shone
 The waning moon upon the field of blood:
 Rank upon rank, in swaths of carnage mown,
 Lay the dead combatants for many a rood,
 Mixed, man and steed, in crimson brotherhood;
 A stifling mist steamed from the gory plain,
 Tainting the freshness of that solitude;
 While with glazed eyes, and leaden stare inane,
 Glared through the ghastly haze the faces of the slain.

Bright, here and there, among the trampled wreck
 Of arms and banners, soiled with bloody clay,
 The moonlight glimmered on some star-like speck
 Of burnished steel, unsullied in the fray;
 Afar, the white tents of the vanquished lay,
 Whence frequent pealed the victor's bacchant cheer,
 Oft mingled with the wounded charger's neigh,
 Or groan of dying warrior, — while more near
 A dog's long, piercing howl smote on the startled ear.

It was the wail of a lorn brute that crouched,
 Faithful in death, his master's corse beside;
 Aught, save Ambition's heart, it would have touched,
 To see with what devotedness he tried
 To win some sign of love, where none replied;
 Then, all his coaxing wiles essayed in vain,
 He gazed on the pale features, as to chide,
 But could not their mysterious look sustain —
 And turning from the dead, howled to the winds again.

With tireless feet, hard on the soldier's track,
 Through smoke and dust, had toiled that noble hound,
 To bay that lone, heart-broken coronach,
 And die upon his post, without a wound!
 Stilled was the voice at which he wont to bound, —
 Stirless the hand that late his head caressed;
 And he was no base changing: morning found
 The dog and warrior pillowed breast to breast, —
 The dead brute's shaggy cheek close to the hero's prest.

Where, with a sudden bend, a river swept
 Around a vine-crowned hill, the God of gore
 Had thickest poured his bolts; you might have stepped
 On human carcasses from shore to shore —
 A bridge of death, which late the living bore
 To farther massacre: the thwarted stream
 Oozed through the weltering pile with sullen roar,
 And shook and swayed it, till the dead did seem
 To move like phantom shapes, in a delirious dream.

They slept in peace, insensate as the swell
 That round and o'er each tombless victim broke ;
 Far better thus than left, half-crushed, to yell
 In torture's spasm, for the mercy stroke.
 A few maimed wretches, seamed with gore and smoke,
 Yet writhed and gasped upon the river's brink ;
 Thirst burning thirst, their very groans did choke, —
 They saw, the blessed waters rise and sink,
 Mocking their fiery lips, and none to give them drink !

The wolf glared grimly from his mountain lair,
 Snuffing the steam of death ; then, as night's queen
 Put on her robe of cloud, and died in air
 The maudlin clamor from the festal scene,
 The fierce-eyed monsters, ravenous and lean,
 Came trooping onward with their fiend-like call :
 The fang left little for the beak to glean
 Where'er they swept : and fleshless bones were all
 Vouchsafed for vulture's feast, or worm's cold carnival.

'T is thus Ambition paves the path to Fame.
 Conquest ! — oh, re-baptise it, call it Guilt !
 Man — wouldst thou blazon forth a conqueror's name,
 Write his high exploits with the blood he spilt :
 Lo ! Glory's sword is red, from point to hilt !
 Go wash it, cleanse it, with the heart-wrung tears
 Of those its edge has widowed, if thou wilt :
 Tear back the wreath that laurel'd victors wear ;
 Behold the mark of Cain, Earth's primal curse — 't is there !

PHILOLOGY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D.

PHILOLOGY, in the opinion of the world, is a subject, among the various branches of literature, not of the most importance, but rather to be ranked among those which are secondary in use and interest. Probably it is too much undervalued by the greater part of men, who are contented to conform, in the employment of language, to the current usages of the age in which they live, without examining the origin or propriety of those usages.

There are, however, some important advantages to be derived from an accurate knowledge of the origin of words, of their connections, of their modes of formation by derivation and combination, of their primary signification, and of the analogies or resemblances which lead to kindred derivative senses. Such accurate knowledge sometimes illustrates the obscure signification of words ; but farther, it unfolds the process of thought in the human mind, and occasionally throws light upon history.

Etymology is an interesting and useful branch of philology ; but it has been treated with so little learning and sound judgment, and so much extravagance of fancy and conjecture, as to have impaired all confidence in its results, and expose the study of it to neglect or contempt.

In my researches into the origin and connection of words, I have found reason to believe, that although the origin of many words is

wholly lost, and that of others is so obscured as to admit of no certainty, yet words formed by the more fixed consonants, may be traced to their primitive form and signification, with a good degree of certainty, and with results obviously useful. A few examples will be here offered in confirmation of this opinion, and these will serve to explain the manner in which I have treated this subject in compiling my dictionary.

It is to be observed, as a preliminary, that all moral and abstract senses of words are derived from the names of physical objects, or from physical actions and properties. No person who has carefully examined this subject, can question this fact.

We know that the Greek word *ῥα* signifies *time*, or *season*, an *hour*, and *beauty*, or *comeliness*. From this word is formed *ῥαῖος*, *timely*, *seasonable*, *beautiful*; and *ῥαίζω*, *to adorn*. The same word in Latin signifies *time*, in general a *season*, or particular time, and an *hour*. From this word the French language has *heure*, an *hour* or *time*, whence *heureux*, fortunate, happy.

The question now is, to find from what primary signification all these senses have proceeded, and what physical action or properties gave rise to the primary signification.

The original verb from which this word is formed is not known; but by means of other words of like signification, it is ascertained that the primary signification of *time*, is an *event*, a *falling*, *coming*, or *happening*, from a verb signifying *to come*, or *fall*. The first signification of *ῥα*, then, is *time* or *season*. The sense of *hour*, or a particular portion of duration, is *secondary*, and must have been assigned to the word after men began to measure portions of duration. The third signification proceeds from the fitness, propriety, or usefulness of *coming*, or being in *due time*, or being *seasonable*. That which is in season, or good time, is *fit*, *proper*, and hence *beautiful*. See *tide*, below.

The sense of *fortunate*, whence *happy*, as in the French *heureux*, is from *falling*, *coming to*, or *happening*. See *happy*, below. The first idea is *lucky*, coming in good time, or bringing good; hence, by an easy transition, the sense of *happy*.

In our mother language, the Saxon, *tid* signifies *time*, or *season*; it has no other signification. In modern English, it has lost that sense, except in some compounds, as *Shrove-tide*. *Tide* now signifies the *flowing* and *rise* of the waters of the ocean. This sense we should not now derive from the sense of *time*; but its application to the rise of water must have originated when the nation understood the word to denote a *coming*; a *tide*, then, is the *coming* or *flowing* of the water toward the land. We know that this must be the sense, for the compound *betide* retains the original signification, *to come*, *fall to*, or *happen*. 'Wo betide thee!'

In English, the derivative *tidy* signified, in Spenser's time, *seasonable*, as *tydig* still does in the Dutch. This sense is obsolete; and it now signifies *neat*, *cleanly*, in *good order*. The order of derivation, in this case, is nearly the same as in the Greek *ῥα*: *time*, or *season*, from *coming*, or an *event*; then *seasonable*, *timely*, in *good time*; then *fit*, *neat*, in *good order*. It is presumed that every lady who is a good house-keeper will admit that *tidiness* is always *seasonable*; and their husbands will agree with them.

From this word we have *tidings*; which, in strictness, means things that come, or arrive; hence news.

We have an example of a similar process of formation in the word *happy*. This is from the Welsh *hapiaw*, to *come*, to *fall out*, as an event; whence *hap* and *happen*.

The Latin *tempus*, time, furnishes other senses derived from a similar radical sense. The plural *tempora* signifies *times*, and the *temples*, the *falls* of the head. That the radical sense is to *come*, or *rush forward*, is certain, from the fact that *tempestas*, tempest, is from this word, *tempus*, or its root.

In all these examples, we observe nearly the same process of forming derivatives, of similar signification.

The word *thank* in English, and the corresponding word in Dutch and German, express gratitude, a sense of favor and obligation. What is the primary signification? We should have no direct means of determining this question, were it not for the compounds of the word in the Dutch and German. In these languages, the German *abdanken*, Dutch *bedanken*, signify to dismiss, send away, or reject. The primary sense of *thank*, then, is simply to *send back*, or *return*; and its moral signification, in which only it is now used, is the result of the continued appropriation of the word to that use — the *return* of kind feelings or of expressions for favors received.

The radical sense of *justice* and *equity*, is *straight* as a line, or *smooth* and *even* as a surface. The opposite qualities, *wrong* and *injustice*, are expressed by words which signify a *deviation* from a straight line or an even surface. The printer uses the word *justify* in its original sense. Types *justify* when they are exactly of a length, and form an even surface. The word *wrong*, from *wring*, to twist, like the word *perverse*, from the Latin *perverto*, gives the true primary sense of moral evil — a deviation from the straight line of duty, rectitude, or divine commands.

The word *right* in English signifies primarily *straight*, as a *right line* in mathematics. This is the Latin *rectus*, a participle of *rego*, to rule, guide, or manage. But these explanatory words do not express the radical signification, which is, to *strain*, to *stretch*; for government is *restraint*. Now *straining*, *stretching*, gives the sense of *straight*, or *right*.

The consideration of this word *right* suggests the question whether the *right* arm of the human species is generally made stronger than the *left*, or whether the greater strength of the right arm, which occurs in most men, is the effect of habitual use. I am inclined to believe that generally the superior *strength* of the right arm proceeds from nature, rather than from use; though the *dexterity* of that arm may be from habitual use. Certain it is that, in some cases, the right limb is the largest; and it may be the intention of the Creator to give that arm the superiority, to enable men to apply it in sudden emergencies, when an equal strength and facility of use in both arms might delay action, by causing suspense for a moment in deliberating which hand to employ.

Of the antiquity of this estimated superiority of the right arm, we have abundant evidence. It was this opinion that rendered omens on the *right* hand auspicious among the Romans, and inauspicious on the *left* hand — the *light* or *weak hand*.* So in Scripture, the exertion of great power by the Almighty is expressed by the use of his *right hand*.

* Gr. *ἀριστερ*, to be deficient: not the hand which remains, or is *left*, as Tooke supposes.

This preference or superior strength of the right hand, has also rendered the right side the place of honor. Of the antiquity of this preference, we have a remarkable proof in the conduct of Jacob, who, when about to bless the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim, the younger son, and his left hand upon the head of Manasseh, intending by that act to signify that the greater blessings were to attend Ephraim.

But of this preference of the right hand, we have still higher evidence; for when Christ had finished the great work of redemption, he was exalted to the *right hand of God*; and at the final judgment, the Scriptures inform us, saints are to have seats assigned to them on the *right hand* of Christ, while sinners must take their places on his left hand.

In the progress of language, the radical meaning of words is sometimes wholly lost or greatly obscured. The word *thing* is as frequently used as almost any word in the language. Yet I have never found the person, learned or unlearned, who could tell me the original sense of the word.

In Saxon, *thing* has the general sense in which we now use the word; and also that of *cause* or *sake*. It signifies also a *meeting* or *council*. From the noun is formed the verb *thingion*, which signifies to *meet*, to *plead*, *petition*, or *supplicate*.

In Swedish and Danish, the same word *ting* signifies *thing*, *business*, and *court of justice*; *ting-dag*, that is, *thing-day*, is court-day; and *ting-bog*, in Danish, that is, *thing-book*, is a book of records.

In German, *ding* is a *thing*, *sake*, *matter*, and a *court*; and *dingen*, signifies to haggle or hire, and to go to law; and *ding-stag*, thing-day, is *Tuesday*.

In Dutch, *ding* is *thing*, *business*; *dingen*, to attempt, to cheapen, to plead; and *dingsdag*, thing-day, is Tuesday.

Various and different as these senses are, they all flow naturally from the primary sense. The signification of the primary verb or radix was to press, drive, urge; whence falling out, happening, or arriving. The latter gives the ordinary sense of *thing*, which is, an *event*, that which comes. This sense occurs very often in our version of the Scriptures, in the phrase, *after these things*.

From the sense of *pressing*, *urging*, was derived that of petition, pleading, a court of law; a *suit* in court being a *pressing* for one's right. Hence it coincides with *sake* in our mother language, and the Latin *sequor*, whence through the French, we have *suit* and *prosecute*. Hence in German and Dutch, *thing-day* is *Tuesday*, that is *court-day*, the day of commencing courts — and this practice of opening courts on Tuesday has continued to this day.

Now historians inform us, that *Tuesday*, in Saxon, was derived from *tis* or *tiis* or *tiwes*, the Mars of the North, answering to the Latin *dies martis*, the day of Mars. The explanation of this history is this: the word *thing* was originally *thig*, *n* being casual, as in the Latin *tango*, *tactum*. *Tiig*, *tig*, is strife, contention, combat; and strife deified made the fabulous Teutonic god of war, or combat. *Tuesday*, then, is the *day of strife*, or of *combat*, when courts were opened for the trial of causes, or perhaps when right was sought by private combat, according to the practice of rude nations.

In this manner, we are all able to explain and prove important historical facts, which, without etymology, or the derivation, connection, and original signification of words, could not be understood.

The following is another example. The words *smite* and *slay* radically signify solely to *strike*; but by usage, they have come to signify to *kill*. To *slay a bargain* was good English in our mother language; but we now use the phrase to *strike a bargain*, from the practice of ratifying agreements, by striking and shaking hands.

The additional sense of *killing* which *smite* and *slay* have received, originated in the use of *clubs* and *stones* as the principal instruments of death, before the use of iron, and probably before the invention of bows and arrows. The practice of *stoning* persons to death had not ceased in the age of the apostles.

But the principal instrument for killing enemies, in the first ages of the world, was the *club*. Hence the story of Hercules, who performed mighty feats with his club. The story, when stripped of fanciful circumstances, is simply this: In rude ages, every leader of a band of soldiers or freebooters was armed with a huge club; and the stoutest and boldest fellow was elected to be chieftain. Hence we read of many persons called by the name *Hercules*.

From this use of the club among savage tribes originated the *scepter*, the ensign of royalty. And it is remarkable that the shape of the scepter is nearly the same as that of many war clubs from the South Seas, which are now seen in our cabinets. I know not that this story of Hercules has ever before been explained. It is a confirmation of this explanation, that the Latin *Scipio*, a word of the same elements, and probably of the same origin as *scepter*, signifies a stick or staff.

It is by a knowledge of the primary sense of words, that we are able to account for the connection of words which express very different senses. Thus the Latin *cano*, to sing, and *caneo*, to be white, are from the same radix. The radical sense is to *shoot* or *drive*, by which signification was expressed the shooting of the morning light, or in general the radiation of *light*, from which proceeds the sense of *white*; and to *sing* is to shoot, drive or strain forth the voice.

That such is the primary sense of *speaking* as well as of *singing*, we have indisputable evidence in the Latin *pello*, to drive, from which is formed *appello*, to call, and hence, through the French, we have *appeal*. Hence also *peal*, a burst of thunder, and the sound of a bell.

So, in Hebrew, the radical sense of דָּבַר *davar*, a word, is a driving. Hence it signifies also a thing, matter, business, that which arrives, like *thing*; also a *plague* or *pestilence*. So *plague* is from Latin *plaga*, a stroke, from driving or force, Greek *πλάγῃ*. So we call a severe calamity a *stroke*; and affliction is from Latin, *figo*, to strike or dash against; English to *flog*.

The utility of finding the radical meaning of words, is remarkably obvious in the different significations of the oriental בָּרַךְ *barak*. This word in Hebrew is rendered to *bless* and to *curse*. How can such opposite senses be deduced from the same primary signification? The fact presents no difficulty to a person well versed in etymology. The same word in Arabic signifies also to *bless*, to *bend the knees*, and to *rain violently*; also to *rush*, to *assail*. These facts show that the primary sense is to *rush*, or *drive*; that the utterance of the human voice, is a

driving, or pouring forth of words, and that this art has been appropriated both in a good and a bad sense, that is, to words uttered in blessing and in cursing. Perhaps in the latter use, the sense would be better expressed by *railing*, or *reproach*. The Latin *precor*, probably from this radix, bears a strong analogy to the oriental word.

Now, in consequence of not understanding the radical sense, and the different modes of applying it, some lexicographers and translators of the Scriptures have contended that the word never expresses cursing, and of course that the word in Job. ii. 9, which, in our version, is rendered *curse*, ought to be rendered *bless*. 'Bless God and die.' It is thus rendered in the Italian version of Diodati, and in the French version, published by the American Bible Society. But undoubtedly our English version of the word is correct.

British writers on law, in consequence of mistaking the etymology of the word *fee*, have erected the feudal system on a false foundation. Supposing the word *fee* to be the same, when it signifies *emolument*, and when it signifies a *tenure* of lands, or particular estate, they have ascribed the grant of feuds to a wrong cause, and considered them as rewards for *past services*, when in fact, they were *estates* in trust, granted to secure future services. *Fee*, emolument, is from the Saxon *fea*, or *feo*, money, originally *cattle*, the German *vieh*; but *fee*, an estate, is a contraction of the Latin *fides*, Spanish *fe*. An estate *in fee*, was originally an estate *in fide*, in trust.

In like manner theologians have mistaken the meaning of the Hebrew word for atonement, *casar* or *cofar*. The similarity of this word, to the English word *cover*, led lexicographers and commentators to conclude these words to be radically one; that the English word was derived from the Hebrew, and that the original meaning of atonement in the Old Testament, is a *cover for sins*. This opinion has been strengthened by the use of the word in reference to the ark; the word, in that application, being used for *pitch*, or the material which was used for paying over the bottom and sides of the ark. Gen. c. xiv.

But by inspecting the word in the cognate dialects, Chaldee and Arabic it will be seen that the sense of the Hebrew word is to separate, remove, or drive off: and thus in its sense of atonement, it signifies purification, the rejection of whatever defiles. Hence it is applied to the sanctuary or holy place, the altar and tabernacle. Hence the word *casfer*, in Arabic, is used to denote the Hottentots in Africa, who *rejected* or *denied* the religion of Mohammed.

These examples will be sufficient to show the use and importance of etymology, when rightly understood and applied. But this is a field of inquiry, which is yet very imperfectly explored. Even the German philologists, who have done much for interpretation, have very limited and imperfect views of the primary signification of words, and of the manner in which that signification has been applied, in derivative senses.

In my next number, I shall treat of the *Orthography* of the English language.

New-Haven, January, 1836.

FLOWERS IN AUTUMN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE PARTISAN,' ETC.

I.

SWEET roses, that alone, beneath the sky,
 The mellow sky of Autumn, are of all
 Life's and remember'd nature's blandishments
 Purest and sweetest, — ye shall happy fall
 Into a yellow sickness, and die.
 The gentle heart that loves your luxury,
 Deeming ye pilgrims from some sweeter sky,
 This might appal;
 But that your purple hues and delicate scents
 Have taken up abode with Memory —
 She will not let ye fly!

II.

Upon your broken stalk,
 Hung, drooping in her tears and desolate,
 Sadly, in wild but well-accustomed walk,
 She mourns your hapless fate:
 Well she remembers, when, in early spring,
 The swallow won his wing;
 How she has sought, in thought-imprison'd mood,
 Your solitude, —
 Glad to behold ye, speechless monitors,
 Having a sweet, sad sorrow, too, like hers.

III.

And ye repaid her, — well repaid, in kind —
 For where, in what far vale,
 Where summer's infant warbler, from a throat,
 Bursting with joyous scream and attic note,
 Pours to the blooming year his garrulous tale, —
 Could she have stray'd to find
 Odour like that ye lavish'd to the gale,
 At the warm instance of the Southern wind?

IV.

Ye shudder not to die —
 Ye struggle not to fly,
 With feeble yearnings striving to oppose
 The blight that o'er ye blows.
 Sure some true instinct bids ye moralize,
 And fits ye to restore to the pure skies
 The sweets we know ye by!
 And, meekly, to your doom,
 Ye bend to meet the summoning of Death,
 And, with no murmuring breath, —
 Save when the harbor'd zephyr from ye goes —
 Resign ye your rich bloom!

V.

Ah, happy thus to fall, —
 To melt into the sleep of earth, and all, —
 The long repose, the prelude calm of heaven,
 Ah, sweet the instinct given,
 That takes from Death his dart,
 And schools the throbbing and impatient heart,
 Calmly with life, — its little hopes, its toys,
 Of sweetest promise, and most cheering noise, —
 Unmurmuring thus, like ye, sweet flowers, to part!
 And such hath been your teaching — this, I feel,
 As, with a pictured gaze, I fondly look,
 Upon your leaves, where, as in written book,
 A pure philosophy ye do reveal, —
 So were ye uncomplaining called to die,
 And yield your parting odours to the sky.

THE PEZHOOTAH WECHASHTAH:

OR INDIAN MAGICIAN: AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE 'FAR WEST.'

THE sun threw its meridian glare over the wide prairie to very little vegetable purpose, — for not a tree or a shrub, or even a blade of grass, was to be seen. The deep snow, unbroken, save here and there by a dot in which its dazzling brightness forbade the eye to recognise a buffalo, seemed like an ocean of radiance. There were no features in the landscape to excite the particular attention of the traveler — no mountains, no rocks, no precipices; but the *tout ensemble* was sublime from its dreary vastness. Dreary as it was, it had its tenants. Love, Hate, Envy, and Ambition, had their dwelling, even in that cheerless desert. In the leathern camp there pitched, was a heart as bold, a pride as over-weening, and an intellect as subtle, as gave Napoleon and Mahomet sway over the destinies of millions.

A hundred conical leathern tents had poured forth their occupants, for the air was still and warm, though it was the middle of January. But the tents were not struck, nor the dogs harnessed. The horses continued to turn up the snow, in search of provender, unmolested. Nevertheless, the confusion was great. Children screamed, women scolded, dogs howled, and men spoke in the tones of those who have suffered a wrong, and who know that the offender is out of present reach. But there was that in each warlike countenance which told that vengeance was only deferred.

In a few minutes the women had cleared the snow from a large circular spot of ground, skins were placed for seats, and a small fire was lighted in the middle. The pipe passed from mouth to mouth, and the swarthy warriors proceeded to discuss two important questions: 'Who had stolen half the horses of the band, over night, and what course should be taken, with regard to the thieves?'

The scouts who had been out, declared that so deep had been the fall of snow in the night, they had been unable to find any trace whatever of the marauders; and the assembly was about to break up, uncertain whether to blame the Pawnees, the Chippeways, or the Assiniboins, but determined to exact a bloody retribution, from each and all of them, when another runner came in, and craved to be heard. The substance of his report created not a little amazement. He had been farther than others appointed to the same service, and had come upon the place where the thieves had stopped. Under the trees, he had discovered some of their foot-marks, which the snow had covered elsewhere, and was assured that they were white men; in confirmation whereof, he produced a hatchet, which they had left behind them, with a carved helve, and of a make very different from those used by the Indians. His auditors were wild with astonishment. A white man steal a horse! Those who had always censured the praiseworthy practice of horse-stealing, were surely coming to their senses, and it was time to look after them, or they would know almost as much as the Dahcotahs before long. And then, that the few inhabitants of the little village of Pembina, whom they could destroy as easily as a boy crushes an egg-shell, should dare to commence hostilities, or make war in any way, save by lying and cheating! — who had ever heard of such a thing!

One wild-looking warrior instantly started up, and proposed that the whole disposable force of the camp should proceed directly to burn Pembina, and kill and scalp the settlers. But, though he dilated with much unction upon the honor to be won, and the plunder to be obtained, it was still a moot question. The snow was too deep, the supply of buffalo was unusually precarious, and there was some danger in attacking a town defended by a fort, with cannon, though that fort was a mere stockade. Beside, it would injure the trade, and perhaps some hundreds of the half-breed hunters would take part with the whites. The voices being nearly equally divided, it was proposed to send for the Pezhootah Wechashtah, or Medicine Man.

It may be well to observe here, that, with the Indians, the healing and magic arts are intimately blended. The physician compounds and exhibits his medicines with superstitious rites and incantations. God is not the only object whom the savage sees in the clouds and hears in the wind. Fancy peoples the earth, the air, the waters, and most inanimate objects, with invisible and intangible forms, the dread or attraction of which often have as powerful an effect on the poor native, as the air-drawn dagger had on Macbeth. Every thing that operates on a disease, every thing that is supernatural, and in short, every thing that he cannot understand, is to him a *medicine*.

In the meanwhile, the Pezhootah Wechashtah had been holding council with his own dark thoughts, in his tent, which was the best and most spacious in the camp. None but himself was allowed to enter the sacred precinct by the door. All others, whose occasions brought them thither, even his sultanas, were obliged to creep under the skirt of the tent, in token of reverence. The chief of the tribe would not have dared to enter otherwise, or without permission first obtained. The tent was painted, outside and in, with figures of imaginary creatures, more hideous than the griffins and dragons of heraldry; and at the door waved a white bannaret, on which was depicted a rude resemblance of a human skeleton. Here, reclining on his *medicine-bag*, sat the famed and feared Medicine Man of the Dahcotahs, smoking a pipe four feet long, whose stem was adorned with hair that had at no remote date grown on a Chippeway cranium.

The Pezhootah Wechashtah was by no means one of the aged, withered personages, whom the word sorcerer suggests to the mind. His stature was almost gigantic — his proportions were perfect. His action and expression were ever graceful, and at times dignified and noble. A high, expanded forehead gave token of what was behind it; his nose was aquiline. All Indians have good eyes, but his might have blinded the basilisk. The lower part of his face was more fully developed than is often seen, giving, at the same time, a fierce and sensual cast to the whole countenance. His age, to a European eye, might be thirty; but an Indian, or one accustomed to Indians, would have pronounced him ten years older.

The interior of the tent indicated nothing less than the dwelling of a man of religion. His gun, lance, and shield were there, as well as several bows, which few arms but their owner's could bend, and as many quivers of arrows, — certain death to Blackfoot or buffalo; for the Medicine Man, when he chose it, was as formidable a hunter and war-

rior as sorcerer. Horse gear, rich skins, and an abundance of culinary utensils, completed the paraphernalia of the tent.

The Pezhootah Wechashtah did not often hunt. Fear and reverence supplied his tent with the choicest morsels. He did not often wield lance, gun, or bow in battle: it gave him no pleasure to enter into competition, where he might be equalled or excelled — and to have excelled others, might have excited envy. Nor did he care to exert himself to effect petty results. It would have gratified him little to have proclaimed at the war-post that he had shot an unsuspecting foe from an ambush, or butchered a helpless woman or infant. Not that humanity entered into his calculations: such exploits were beneath his pride. He seldom spoke in council, or entered into familiar conversation. Indeed, he confined himself, as much as possible, to his own lodge; for his rude wisdom told him, that familiarity must necessarily breed contempt. The name of chief, warrior, or hunter, was to him matter of scorn or indifference; though, when he took the field, Death spoke from the muzzle of his gun, or hissed on the point of his shaft — and he was obeyed as never was chief before or since.

When about twelve years of age, the Medicine Man had been made prisoner by the Chippeways, who sold him to a Hudson's Bay trader, who carried him to Montreal, and sold him to a Catholic priest. This worthy man was one of a mission sent to the extreme west for the pious purpose of converting and civilizing wild partridges, and having failed in this, he conceived the more ridiculous idea of converting a wild Indian. The young savage evinced no lack of capacity or docility. He was baptized, and during the five years he remained in Montreal, acquired some tincture of humane learning. But twist a young tree as you may, it still seeks its native bent. One morning one of the Indian's fellow-students was found stiff and stark on the door-stone, where he had probably been lying some hours, stabbed to the heart, and his reputed murderer was no where to be found. About a month after, he appeared, a thousand miles off, among his tribe. Broadcloth and breeches were discarded forever, and the book gave place to the gun, the bow, and the spear.

Shortly after, having killed and scalped an enemy, and foretold an eclipse, he acquired the reputation of a man and a necromancer of no mean order, and was admitted into the *Grand Medicine*, the Free-masonic institution of his tribe. He also foretold the deaths of several persons who had become obnoxious to him, and as these invariably came to pass, it was considered certain that he held communication with the invisible world; though there be some ill-disposed persons, who pretend that one Cameron furnished him, yearly, with a store of choice poisons, some quick, and others of slow operation. Such is ever the lot of the exalted. Set up a cap on a pole, and some one will be sure to pelt a stone at it. The Indians, good souls, had no suspicion of him.

An accident raised his reputation still higher. A large party of his tribe assisted at the attack on Fort Sandusky, so gallantly and successfully defended by Colonel Croghan. The Pezhootah Wechashtah was among them, and received a very small rifle bullet in the very centre of his forehead. As he happened to be looking up at the moment, the ball slid round his skull, under the scalp, and came out at the back of his

head.* His long hair concealed the passage of the shot, and he ever after boasted that he was proof against lead and steel, without fear of contradiction. Seeing is believing. The Indians had seen him shot through the head, without falling. So, with the aid of a few cures and juggling tricks, such as putting his hand in boiling water without scalding, getting free from the strictest bonds without assistance, etc., he established himself in almost despotic authority over his people.

Fortune seemed to favor him. We remember when he was called to the relief of a trader by the name of Moore. The man had an abscess in his throat, was in great pain, and had eaten nothing for three days. He held Indian doctors in utter contempt, and it was not till nature was thoroughly exhausted, that he yielded to importunity, and allowed the Pezhootah Wechashtah to be brought in. After some magic ceremonies, the man of art began a dance, in which he threw himself into such grotesque attitudes, that the patient, agonized as he was, could not restrain a hearty laugh. The abscess broke in the effort, — the trader arose and walked, — and the savages triumphed in the superiority of the Pezhootah Wechashtah over the white medicine men.†

Once only was the Medicine Man foiled, and even then his matchless effrontery and the credulity of his people bore him out. Having been bound hand and foot, he was put into a small tent by himself, where he contrived to extricate himself in a very few minutes. A white man who was present, and who had been bred a sailor, offered a bet, that if he were allowed to tie the knots, all the spirits of the Indian mythology would not loosen them. The challenge was accepted, and the magician was made fast. After trying his best, for upward of an hour, he fairly gave out, and covered his defeat, by declaring that the mariner was also a great medicine man, and that one of the craft could not contend against another! To prove this, he proposed to the white to change places with him, which was thankfully declined. Nevertheless, the tar gained great esteem among the Indians for his supposed occult abilities.

But to return to our tale. The Pezhootah Wechashtah was sitting in his tent, as we have related, while the council convened, and thus he soliloquized :

‘The fools! — the senseless dogs! — ay, truly, they are dogs in comparison with myself, for I use them as such. If another strike them, he is requited with a stab, but from me they endure it tamely. They counsel together! — *they!* Well, let them! — but, if their counsels do not please me, I will make their wisdom vain, with a word. And yet they submit not to me, but to my friends, the good and evil spirits. Fools! — there is, there can be, no spirit but the ready hand and the unsparing, determined will. Ha! ha! — that I, who have conversed with spirits for twenty years, should never have seen one! How many have perished by my hands, and yet they all rest

* This actually happened to another man, (a very distinguished American officer,) as well as to our hero.

† Before our readers laugh at the Dahcotahs, let them remember the almost precisely similar, and yet more ridiculous, case of Mrs. Mattingly, who, thirteen years ago, being resident at Washington, was cured of an abscess by the prayers of the right reverend Prince Bishop Hohenloë, in Germany. The Catholic priests all cried ‘a miracle!’ and every imported vassal of St. Peter in the United States believed them.

quietly in their graves, or on their scaffolds. Be it so. Let them still fear spirits; for truly they have one among them. Let them still serve that spirit. Why should I hunt, when a thousand will plod the prairies, and die in the drifts, that my kettle may not be empty? Why should I raise my hand, when so many shake the spear at my bidding? Why should I marry? — And so it should be. The dog, and the horse, and the wild buffalo acknowledge the superiority of man, who has engines to take, and curbs to restrain them; and even so it is fitting that the souls of mud and clay around me should obey my guiding hand, and minister to my will. O, Chankomanee, my son, my son! — why can I not bequeath this power to thee! Why can I not give thee thy father's head, for his hand thou hast' —

Here the meditations of the magician were interrupted by three strokes of a stick on the outside of his leathern tabernacle, the usual form of requesting admittance. A young and passably-handsome squaw crept in, and stood before him, with her hands folded, and her eyes cast down.

'Father,' she said, 'the thieves are discovered, and my husband is returned.'

'And what then?' replied the sage. 'If he had returned before day, thou wouldst have had more cause to be thus abashed. But fear nothing. Thou hast acted in obedience to the Great Spirit, and hast no cause for fear or shame. Thou art under his protection. Thinkest thou I needed the tardy information of thy husband, to tell them where their steeds are gone? Long ere I awakened thee, it was revealed to me.'

'And wherefore did you not admit and inform them, then, my father?'

'Silence, woman! Ask not for knowledge unfitting thy condition. Thou, at least, shouldst know one reason why they were not admitted.'

The woman blushed to the roots of her hair. After a pause, she drew from under her robe, the hatchet lost by the marauders, and timidly said: 'Father, the thieves left this behind them; and great part of the band, with the chief at their head, are for riding to Pembina to revenge the wrong.'

'That shall they never do,' said the Medicine Man. 'The Great Spirit forbids it, for it is not the *hats** of Pembina, who have the horses. Well do I know, who the hatchet belongs to. But why, foolish woman, dost thou weep?'

'Because, father,' she replied, 'I fear for thee.'

The wizzard laughed.

'Laugh not,' she said, 'I am but a weak, fond woman, but I speak not with a forked tongue. Thou knowest that my husband and his two brothers, have ever thwarted thy will, and derided thy knowledge and thy wisdom. Nay, more; my husband has threatened, that he will make trial of thy invulnerability, the first time thou dost cross him in council, and to-day he has declared for war. And he says, that if no one else will follow him, he will himself, and alone, bring a scalp from Pembina.'

'Go,' said the Pezhootah Wechashtah, scornfully; 'the snow is deep,

* Men with hats. — i. e. white men.

and his feet will be cold. I will give him moccasins for his journey.' He took from a bag a pair of moccasins and socks, and handed them to his paramour. 'When he starts for Pembina, and not before, give him these. But, as thou lovest thy life, give them to no other, or let mortal know that thou hadst them from me. What now?—is there aught more? Fearest thou still, and thinkest thou that the spirits who do my bidding will suffer him to harm me?'

'I know that my father is wise and terrible,' replied the woman, 'but still I fear for him. Yet it is not that. They say—they say,' she stammered, — 'that he is to marry the chief's daughter, though she be betrothed to my brother-in-law.'

'Heed not thou that,' returned the dangerous man. 'Many wives I may have; for I must strengthen my hands, but thou art my only beloved. Dry thy tears, and listen. To-day thy husband will fire his gun at me; it may be, twice. Take this bullet. Go to thy lodge, draw that which is in his gun, and put this in its place. Then, if he would fire again, take this other bullet and give it to him. Be careful not to mistake them. And now, begone: thou hast tarried here too long. If thou dost but lisp what has but now passed, thy tongue shall cleave to thy palate!'

The woman withdrew, and he of whom it might be said that 'he never spared man in his anger, or woman in his lust,' proceeded to seek the council. He passed the messengers on his way, without deigning to listen to them, and burst into the centre of the assembly. Throwing his robe from his massive shoulders, he began:

'The Great Spirit speaks through my voice, and the spirits of the air, and the spirits of the earth, and the spirits of the waters, are stirring within me. Go not to Pembina! A black cloud hangs over the path, and the earth yawns at the end of it. In the clouds of the night, a spirit stood by me, and pointed to the North, and I looked, and our horses were not among our English brethern; therefore strike them not. He pointed to the South, and I looked, and lo! a score of mounted Long Knives, driving our cattle before them. And the Spirit withdrew, and my eyes closed. The Northern foot is of lead, the war-eagle screams, and his hunger must not be appeased. Famine is in the land—the buffalo roams afar—no powder, no guns, no blankets. The Evil Spirits gnash their teeth—men faint—the cannon roars, and women and children shriek'—

For a quarter of an hour, with frantic gestures, and frothing at the mouth, he continued his wild and incoherent rhapsody, every sentence having some obscure allusion to the evils to be apprehended from the measure proposed. At last he fell, as if exhausted.

'He has not been out of his lodge for three days,' said an Indian, 'or spoken with any one, and yet he knows what has happened, and who has done it!'

'Look!' cried another, 'he has gotten the hatchet that the Elk-at-Bay brought in. A moment ago, it lay by the council-fire, and no one has touched it!'

The Elk-at-Bay rose and delivered himself in the plain, simple terms in which an Indian always expresses his thoughts, unless when about to perpetrate a premeditated speech. 'Foolish though they be,' said he, 'in some things, the men with hats are wiser than we. They laugh at

spirits, and so do I. I never saw one. No spirit ever did me good or harm, and I do not think they can; for the Great Spirit himself is too benevolent in his nature to afflict the creatures of his hand, who have woes enough of their own. Our Father can untie himself, when bound, and dip his hand in scalding water unhurt, and so can I, though no spirit helps me. The spirit who hath spoken with him is either a dream or a lying spirit. It has told him that the Big Knives, and not the people of Pembina, have stolen our horses. What likelihood? Behold, Pembina is but a day's journey, and the Big Knives are forty sleeps off. We do not go so far to steal horses ourselves. But our father loves rich gifts, and the people in the North have bestowed many on him, and doubtless it was one of their spirits who whispered to him to leave this great injury unrequited, and so our wives and infants must starve, that his stomach may be filled, and his back covered. It shall not be so. I will go to Pembina, if I go alone, and if I get not some recompense for my three horses, I will leave my body there.

'Our Father is wiser than I, and certainly can foresee many things as clearly as I can tell when it will rain, and when be dry. He says his head will not be harmed by a bullet. Perhaps the Big Knives do not load their guns heavily, but if'—

Here the bold speaker was interrupted, and as his views were considerably above the intellect of his hearers, his speech elicited a general grunt of disapprobation. Slowly and heavily the Pezhootah Wechashtah gathered himself up, as he interrupted the Elk-at-Bay. 'Stay,' he cried, 'the cloud that darkened my spirit is departed, but the flash that illumed it still glows. The lying spirit who told me whither the horses are gone, has told me what you were about to say. You would have proposed to me to stand your fire, to prove that the Great Spirit is not careful of my safety. I know why you seek my death, but though your heart is weak and you deceived, do not dare me to the proof.'

'I do dare you to it,' replied the stubborn Elk.

'Be it so, then,' said the Medicine Man: and turning to the Elk's wife, with a glance of intelligence, he desired her to bring her husband's gun.

'It was well loaded this morning,' said the Elk, and if the ball goes not through him, my hand and eye are no better than an old woman's.'

His wife handed him the gun, and, not without trembling, saw the sorcerer bare his broad chest within twenty yards of its muzzle. All remonstrances were unheeded alike by both disputants. The Pezhootah Wechashtah stood firm, and the Elk looked heedfully to his flint and priming. He deliberately leveled his piece; the sorcerer stood firm as a rock. He fired, and the ball was distinctly heard to whistle through the prairie, but the mark still stood erect, untouched, without the stirring of a muscle. A shout of admiration rent the welkin.

'There is some trick in this,' said the Elk, with an air of deep mortification. 'Has my eye lost its clearness, or my hand its steadiness? We shall see.'

So saying, he turned to his wife, who stood by with his horn and bullet-pouch, and demanded another ball, with which he re-loaded his gun. He then set up a little snow shovel, on precisely the spot where the sorcerer had stood, fired, and struck it.

'See!' said the Medicine Man, 'the senseless wood weeps blood at the impiety of your first attempt.'*

It was even so. The bullet had recoiled from the mark, leaving a dark red stain where it had struck. All present were lost in amazement. 'You will now give up your intention of going to Pembina?' said the Medicine Man.

'I have said it, and I will go,' replied the other.

'The foot that travels that road will never return. The Spirit that cannot lie has said it,' rejoined the Medicine Man.

'Then he may also have said that I am resolved to fling away my body,' answered the Elk.

Even those minds which are least accessible to superstition, are sometimes affected by it. The doomed man blackened his face with soot, arranged his arms, took a change of moccasins, and departed, singing his death-song, for he felt assured that he was taking the war-path for the last time. A few days after, his dead body was found in a wood on the river *Aux Parcs*. The lower limbs were frightfully swollen, and the whole body was purple. Congelation had evidently arrested the process of decomposition, while the subject was yet alive.

The spring advanced, and the Pezhootah Wechashtah had not yet succeeded in attaining a union with the chief's daughter; 'for,' said the old man, 'she is promised to Dahkinkeeah, and he declares that he will be the death of me, if I give her to any one else. And he is just like the Elk-at-Bay, his brother — very determined, and likely to keep his word. I would advise you to beware of him, for he looks upon you as the cause of his brother's death, and you will do wisely not to anger him.' Thus he evaded the terrible alliance proposed, though the Pezhootah Wechashtah's reputation had been somewhat enhanced by the discovery that the horses of the tribe had actually been stolen by a party of Americans, as he had stated. These enterprising persons had taken a drove of neat cattle across the prairies, all the way from Charentort, on the Missouri, to Pembina, and made prize of the horses on their return. There are some foolish persons who are in the habit of explaining every thing incomprehensible by natural causes; such, no doubt, will say that the Medicine Man might very well have fallen in with these drovers, in one of the solitary rides he was accustomed to take. He was no fool, they will affirm, and he might easily have recognised the hatchet, for its helve was remarkable, and he was very capable of putting this and that together, so as to arrive at a just conclusion. Such people would not believe that the moon is made of green cheese, though it should be demonstrated.

An uncharitable person might say, too, that the fangs of the rattlesnake retain their venom years after extraction, and might be so arranged in a pair of shoes as to prick the wearer's feet, and cause his death; and thus, it may be urged, the Elk-at-Bay might have come by his death. But it is held that every man ought to be deemed innocent, till proved guilty, and a very good maxim it is. Now, as the Medicine Man never was convicted, or even tried, for this crime, it is

* We could easily explain how these results might have been effected, but then — our readers would be as wise as we. Nothing is simpler than to make a bullet miss, or to bring blood out of a plank.

unfair to suppose that he committed it. Beside, his own people never so much as suspected him; and surely, they ought to know most about the matter. We give no credit to speculations, unsupported by a shadow of evidence.

One day the Pezhootah Wechashtah, being on one of his solitary rambles, met a third brother of the Elk-at-Bay, not yet mentioned in this narrative. This young man had been absent all winter, on a visit to the Sioux of the Mississippi, and was now returning to his family. The Medicine Man was the first of his band whom he had seen for a year, and well had it been if they had not met. After a short but important conversation, the youth turned to pursue his way, when the treacherous sorcerer shot him between the shoulders, and he fell dead. The Shianne was then up, high out of its bed, and huge masses of ice were thronging down, crashing and rending each other, tearing up large trees, and grinding them to pieces. The Medicine Man cast the body of the man he had so ruthlessly slaughtered into the fierce current, which quickly ground the very semblance of humanity out of it.

Soon after, the Pezhootah Wechashtah had one of his periodical visions, in which he prophesied the extinction of the whole family of the Elk-at-Bay, and hinted that the chief and his kin would be involved in the same calamity, if the will of the Great Spirit were not soon obeyed. Thus the old man was excessively annoyed, and placed, as it were, between two fires. On the one hand, were the resentment of Dahkinkeeah, his child's inclination, and his own promise, — on the other, superstitious terror, importunity, threats, and gifts. Worn out, at last, the chief sought an interview with the sorcerer.

'I would give you my daughter,' he said, 'but in truth, I dare not. Though I am old, I am not tired of living, and my life would be a short one, did I appear voluntarily to injure the family of the Elk-at-Bay. You have yourself proclaimed it to be the Great Spirit's will that you should wed my daughter. Now, give such a proof of the divine command, that the whole tribe shall cry shame on him who contravenes it.'

'If I do so, will you cease to be disobedient to it?' said the sage.

The chief gave assent, and departed.

'A fine chief this,' thought the Medicine Man. 'In his best days he was a slave, instead of being a ruler, as I am. To keep his name and his place, he sacrifices all that makes life desirable. To prove his generosity, he must be the worst fed, lodged, and clad in his tribe. To prove his valor, he must ever be in the way of blade or bullet. To preserve what little influence he has, he must study the humors of all, and submit to them. Such are our chiefs. Better be a dog. But I — I submit to nothing, — I make no sacrifice. All is mine, and all bend to my will. One family alone resist me — but not long!'

That evening saw the elders of the band convened in the Pezhootah Wechashtah's tent. His rival, too, was present. The pipe passed round, and then the host arose and spoke.

'This old man has asked of me a manifest proof that it is God's will he should give me his daughter. If I give him such a proof, will all here consent that she shall be mine?'

All assented.

'Then listen. You know that I have not been in the lower country

for years, and you also know that no one has come among us from thence for more than twelve moons. If I tell you what is on any particular spot there, will that be such a proof as will satisfy you?

All assented, and the lover added, 'Yes, for the thing cannot be.'

'Well, then, do some of you name the spot.'

This was declined, as none present had sufficient knowledge of the country.

'Then I must name the place myself. Six paces north from the spot where the second brook crosses the road through the Bois Franc, as you go from the Prairie *Aux Fleches*, stands a hollow oak tree. Send thither a runner, and in that tree he will find a blanket, a pair of leggins, and' — He enumerated several other articles. Dahkinkeeah himself admitted, that if the things were found, as described, it would be sufficient evidence of the Medicine Man's right to ask and have whatever might seem good unto him.

A messenger was despatched with instructions, and in about a month returned with the goods, which he had found as directed. The guests were bidden to the wedding, and the young lady most concerned retired to the woods to weep (according to squaw custom,) and to take leave of her disconsolate lover.

'This Medicine Man,' said the damsel, 'must indeed have a spirit for his comrade.'

'If he has,' replied the young man, 'it must be an evil spirit. I never heard that it did good to any one. It would be a good deed to drive it away from our band.'

'If it be an evil spirit,' said the lady, 'it is so much the more to be feared.'

'Had my brother been afraid of evil men or spirits,' returned Dahkinkeeah, 'he would have been alive now. There are no cowards in my family, Wenoona.' They parted.

THE guests were assembled, the feast was spread, and the pipe was smoked. Nothing remained to complete the nuptial rites, but to carry the bride, forcibly, to the bridegroom's tent. This was done, and the Medicine Man followed.

He entered, and found the chief's daughter in darkness, but not in solitude. At her side stood her lover, with a sharp arrow drawn to the head. He remembered his brother's experiment, and would not trust to lead and gunpowder. At the moment the Medicine Man darkened the door, the shaft was buried in his bosom, to the very feather.

A horse stood near, tied to a tree. Dahkinkeeah sprang on, the damsel mounted *en croupe*, and before the Pezhootah Wechashtah's fate was discovered, they were far beyond the reach of pursuit.

The wounded man survived his wedding but three days, insisting to the last that he had fallen by the hand of the Evil One. According to his own directions, he was buried on horseback, (that is sitting on a living horse, which was ingaved with him,) on the top of a high bluff, commanding a long reach of the Shianne. This was done, that he might start fair in the other world, as became his quality, and that he might have the earliest view of his friends, the traders, coming up the river. No man passes that way, without being made acquainted with one land-mark — THE MEDICINE MAN'S GRAVE.

TO VIOLET ———.

Light of my life! — where'er thou art,
 My spirit fondly turns to thee;
 And every pulse that thrills my heart,
 Is thine before mine own it be;
 Thine, in the day-beam's blessed light,
 And thine, at eve's delicious hour,
 Thine, underneath the shadowy night, —
 And every season hath some power
 To make me thine!

So will the current of my days
 Be still to make me more thine own;
 Thine still the charms I love to praise,
 Thy voice be still my music's tone:
 Thine 'mid the burning hopes of youth,
 And thine as manhood's powers unfold;
 Thine, all my soul-spring's living truth,
 And time but shows me tested gold, —
 Still ever thine!

Newburyport, (Mass.)

2-

A REFUTATION

OF M. HUME'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MIRACLES.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK BRASLEY, D. D., PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ALL philosophers have remarked, that the difficulty in the proof of a miracle arises out of its contrariety to the laws of nature, as ascertained by our experience and observation. That a dead man should be restored to life, is so contrary to all the facts which we witness in the course of our affairs, that it requires testimony strongly corroborated, to render such an event credible. Thus far is acknowledged by all intelligent men, and the advocates of religion think they meet with this satisfactory proof in reference to the Gospel miracles. At this point M. Hume interposes, and undertakes to show, that no human testimony, however corroborated, can authenticate a miracle. Let us see how he compasses his conclusion. His argument is this: All our knowledge of facts depends upon experience, and this is true, even of that derived from human testimony. An invariable experience amounts to certainty — a variable experience, to different degrees of probability. Our experience of the uniform laws of nature is invariable; that of the truth of testimony is variable, since men may deceive and falsify. In the case of miracles, therefore, which are violations of the laws of nature, there is an invariable experience, amounting to certainty against them, while there is in their favor only that probability which is founded upon our variable experience of the truth of testimony. Here, then, will ever be certainty in knowledge poised against probability, and the argument complete against miracles. This argument is ingenious, and deserves a more satisfactory answer than I have ever seen. The learned divines, who have adverted to it, as appears to me, have not rightly apprehended it, and could of consequence have furnished no complete refutation.

The whole force of this syllogism turns upon this single proposition : that our experience of the truth of human testimony always rests upon a variable experience, because the reports of witnesses are found to be false as well as true. This is an arrant sophism. Because men sometimes tell falsehood, does it follow that there is no testimony which amounts to certainty? M. Hume reasons as falsely as the sons would have done, at the death-bed of their father, in the fable, who was furnishing them an admonition to unity by his bundle of sticks, had they exclaimed, 'Father, behold these sticks may separately be easily broken, and therefore, when united, may also be broken.' The father would have refuted them, by an appeal to fact, and, as he did, have shown them, that when taken separately, they were very frangible, but when united, resisted his utmost strength. Like that of these sons, is M. Hume's reasoning, and it may as readily be refuted. Because the separate or ordinary testimony of men is fallible and deceptive, does it follow that there is no concurrence, or corroboration of testimony, which is irrefragable, and amounts to perfect certainty? When, since the creation of the world, was such a testimony as that of the Apostles and Evangelists found to be false? When this lesson is furnished by experience, it will be time enough to discredit the miracles of the Gospel, upon the ground that their authenticity rests upon a variable experience, or mere probability. As far as the experience of mankind has extended, in reference to a testimony thus corroborated, it may be said to be invariable in its favor.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Insect bird of the glowing plume,
 Fairy king of the world of bloom,
 That drinkest honey and rich perfume
 From thy vassals in bed and bower, —
 Say, did the rim of the rainbow fling
 Those regal hues on thy glowing wing,
 That gleam as thou hangest quivering
 O'er the cup of yon dew-brimmed flower?

Rays from all gems of the rock and mine
 Seem confused in that crest of thine,
 As, a moment perched on yon trelliced vine,
 Thou stayest thy rapid flight;
 Safe support as the proudest tree
 Would to the foot of the eagle be,
 Doth yon slender tendril yield to thee,
 Nor bends with its burthen light.

Thou art gone! — thy form I do not see,
 But I hear thy soothing minstrelsy,
 Sweeter than ever the toiling bee
 Out-poured from her 'mellow horn.'
 Perchance thou piercest the jasmine's cell,
 Or drawest, as from a golden well,
 From the amber depths of the lilly's bell,
 Bright tears of the dewy morn.

While kissing the blossoms of gold and blue,
 Dost thou not pilfer each glorious hue,
 And deeply thy tiny plumes imbue
 With the colors from nature won ?
 But no, — for Flora when gayest drest,
 Hath not a tint in her varied vest
 Like those which flash from thy jewelled breast,
 In the blaze of the summer sun.

Lo! thy scented feast is forever spread ;
 When Northern flowrets are pale and dead,
 Thou to a sunnier clime art fled,
 Where their beauty forgets to fade.
 When roses sleep on the bending stem,
 And the diamond dewes all their leaves begem,
 Thou veilest thy head, and dost dream of them
 Till riseth Night's curtain of shade,

Thou hast power from each blossoming thing
 Drops of the richest balm to wring,
 And thy life, if brief, is a joyous spring, —
 A bright lapse 'neath a shadeless sky.
 Not so with Man — when he thinks to dip
 In the rose of Pleasure his glowing lip,
 A viper stings as he stoops to sip,
 And he turns away to sigh !

AN ACTOR'S ALLOQUY.

NUMBER FIVE.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS, the dramatist, in the preface to his comedy 'Begone Dull Care,' complains most bitterly of the difficulties attendant on dramatic composition. Reynolds has no right to complain: his pieces are pointless, vapid, and monotonous, and owe their celebrity solely to the talent employed in their personification. The same characters, plot, and incidents run through all his works; but Lewis, Munden, and Quick gave a current stamp to the crude mass, and made it pass as sterling ore.

But if Reynolds, with such powerful auxiliaries, and such unbounded luck, found the profession of a playwright full of annoyances and disagreeables, how must they effect a young, enthusiastic mind, unfriended and unknown, and with a share of that ill-fortune which generally attends the sons of genius in the onset of their career? Why have we so few first-rate dramatic writers at the present day? Why should not the lights of learning burn their votive lamps before Thalia and Melpomene, in whose trains follow every sister muse? Is it not as proud a thing to rank as classmate with Shakspeare, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Knowles, as with Milton, Cowper, Southey, and Coleridge? The amphibii of the tribes, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Byron, Scott, Moore, etc., are but so many instances in proof, that the drama would attract the attention of men of genius in a greater degree, but for the many distressing annoyances or 'difficulties,' as Reynolds calls them; and on these difficulties I shall take the liberty discursively to enlarge.

Successful dramatists have generally been as well paid as any other class of authors. Goldsmith made as much money by one of his comedies, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' as he did by his three Histories of England. Reynolds received from two to three thousand dollars each for the generality of his trashy articles. Knowles, who is so assiduously endeavoring to smother the effect of his fine writing by the badness of his acting, was offered nearly five thousand dollars for any play he chose to put into the hands of the Drury Lane manager. If these instances are now but few and far between, it is because the taste of the public has been vitiated by the stream of French vaudeville, melodrama, and opera, which has been for some years running into and defiling the pure waters of our old delight, — even to undermining the banks and soiling the brightness of Avon's wholesome spring.

The immense size of the patent theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, compelled the tragedian to rant and shout, and forced the comedian to buffoonery and caricature. Pieces combining scenery, dancing, and spectacle, were displayed to great advantage on their mammoth stages, and the legitimate drama fell into decay. Driven from these large and dreary buildings, the best actors found a refuge in nearly a score of smaller edifices, termed Minor Theatres, where the audience can both see and hear; and the first *artistes* of the present day are to be found enlisted under the banners of the enterprising managers of the Adelphi, Surrey, Olympic, and Victoria theatres. Most of these minor houses are licensed by the magistrates for an entertainment of music and dancing only; and when first established, the performances were compelled to be deeply imbued with such delights. The 'burletta' appeared, an order of *petite* drama, somewhat resembling the French vaudeville, but written in common-place jingling rhyme. If singing and dancing were not sufficiently frequent in the construction of the piece, a piano was tingled in the orchestra, while the actors were speaking the miserable nonsense the law allowed them to utter. To represent such entertainments, Elliston rented the Surrey Theatre; and to gratify his vanity and fondness for acting, he had Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of 'The Beaux Stratagem' metamorphosed into a burletta, and degraded himself by playing the character of Archer, one of the finest of his assumptions, in such doggrel as this:

'A footman sure am I,
In a genteel fami-ly.'

Shakspeare did not escape, but suffered at the hands of the common hangman, one Mr. Lawler, who executed these enormities. Elliston's Macbeth drew money at the patent theatres, therefore he played it *in verse* at the Surrey. I recollect the opening of the dagger soliloquy:

'Is this a dagger that I see before me?
My brains are dazzled by a whirlwind stormy;
The handle toward my hand — clutch thee I will;
I have thee not, but yet I see thee still.'

This is the sort of stuff monopoly endeavored to force upon the London public, scarcely twenty years ago. Some few years afterward, Booth played King Richard at the Coburg theatre, according to the text of the Drury Lane prompt-book; an information was laid against

Mr. Glossop, the proprietor, and the magistrates awarded the penalty of fifty pounds for every offence.

To do Elliston justice, he struggled manfully in the cause of common sense, and to his example we owe the total alteration which has since taken place. When lessee of the Olympic, he published an able pamphlet against the tyranny of the patentees, and vindicated the right of the minors to an extended nature of their performances. Two years afterward, he was lessee of Drury Lane, and prosecuted the other theatres for doing what he had himself declared the law allowed them to do, and which he had been the first to advocate and practice.

The royal monopoly of the regular, or as the patentees term it, the legitimate drama, was originally centred in Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres alone, except a license from the Lord Chamberlain to the owners of the little theatre in the Haymarket, for a few weeks in the summer. The case now is very different, though the law remains the same: but the evident villany of the act of parliament has cut its own throat, and the law is actually a dead letter. The new theatre royal, Haymarket, has a license for eight months in the year; and although the inanity of the present proprietor has caused it for some time past to be most miserably conducted, it is the best house in London for the performance of good and sterling plays.

To supply the constant demand occasioned by the new theatres, and gratify the rage for novelty, a new breed of authors has appeared. Burlettas, divested of the rhymes, operettas, where sense is sacrificed to sound, and other *petites*, beside the endless varieties of melo-drame, employ a formidable tribe of translators, adapters, arrangers, and compilers. The manner in which these pieces are produced, frequently hides the disgusting nakedness of the subject: in this, the managers follow the example of the magistrates of Douia, who, when the Emperor Charles entered their gates in great state, under triumphal arches and festoons of flowers, put a clean shirt upon the body of a malefactor that was hanging in chains at the city gate.

The American dramatist suffers under still greater disadvantages than the English scribe. There never can be any encouragement given here to this department of literature, until the whole theatrical system is changed. Even the amateur playwright would scorn to throw away his time in concocting dramas, which there is no possibility of ever seeing played. The '*star*' system directs the attention of the audience to the actor, not the drama. These corruscant creatures have their arrangement of pieces calculated for the display of their own peculiar powers, and carefully avoiding the remotest chance of eclipse by not allowing a stray light an opportunity even to twinkle. Then again, why should a manager pay for original pieces, when half a dollar will purchase the last new successful play from London, in four or five weeks from its first production? 'The Dramatic Author's Protection Act,' lately passed in London, forbids the performance of any play without some remuneration to the author: consequently every piece is printed there as soon as performed; but here in America, a dramatist has no such protection; for if an author were to print an original and popular drama, it would be played in every theatre in the States, in defiance of his prohibition: although, if an action at law was to be brought for infringement of the copy-right act, it is not quite certain but

that the jury would consider a repetition of the words before an assemblage of people as an act of publication.

Not many months ago, an actor wished to obtain possession of a highly popular manuscript farce: he applied for it, and was refused. He employed persons to sit in the gallery, and take down the words during its performance; but, unluckily for these short-hand thieves, the farce was changed upon the night in question, in consequence of the illness of one of the performers. He then endeavoured to borrow from the actors engaged in the representation, the written parts given them to study from, but they scorned his dishonesty, and refused. He then visited the front of the house himself, made memorandums and notes of the plot, and principal portion of the dialogue, put it into shape at his leisure, went to another city, and produced the piece under its original name, and announced himself not only in the bills, but from the stage, as the author of the farce!

If I have not given sufficient reasons why men of talent do not bend their attention to the drama, perhaps an exemplification of some of Reynolds' classified 'Difficulties of Pleasing' may be agreeable, and then, as the old song says,

'We'd have you understand how hard it is to write.'

After various platitudes and truisms, such as 'Were there no dramatic writers, there would be no dramatic critics,' Mr. Reynolds 'points out some of the difficulties attendant on dramatic composition.'

- 'First DIFFICULTY — to please YOURSELF.
- 'Second DIFFICULTY — to please the MANAGER.
- 'Third DIFFICULTY — to please the ACTORS.
- 'Fourth DIFFICULTY — to please the LICENSER.
- 'Fifth DIFFICULTY — to please the AUDIENCE.
- 'Sixth DIFFICULTY — to please the NEWSPAPERS.

'Add to all this, the actors must *please* not to be taken ill — the weather must *please* not to be unfavorable — the opposing theatre must *please* not to put up strong bills, and then — what then? Why then, '*please* to pay the bearer.'

Let us get over our difficulties one at a time. The first 'difficulty,' pleasing one's self, is no difficulty at all to an author, and if a man finds it difficult to please himself, how can he hope to please an audience? The tone of all Reynolds' productions evince how delighted he is with himself: it was his modesty that tempted him to place this easy task as the first and greatest difficulty on his list. He says in the same preface, that it was a constant cry, 'Why don't you give us a sterling comedy?' Now that would have been a difficulty; but see how he gets over it: 'The ancients have culled the flowers from the dramatic garden, and have left only the weeds.' Why, Mr. Reynolds, why did you continue, for so many years, to cull the weeds?

As to the second difficulty, pleasing the manager, such authors as Mr. Reynolds would in these times find it rather a tough job; but it could not have been very troublesome in his day, for he had many pieces produced, and the manager would not have accepted them if he had not been pleased so to do. This observation is ungrateful, Mr. Author.

No one need envy the manager whom many authors try to please. I was once engaged in the former capacity, and the quires of rubbish that I was compelled to wade through, absolutely sickened me of even

the sight of a manuscript. I was forced to remember some of the points of each piece, for the scribblers knew every line by heart, and asked my opinion of such and such passages: 'How did this character come out!' 'Was not that situation in the fourth act new and good?' etc. I do believe, from the number of pieces presented to that theatre alone, that every man, and every other woman in the world, have, during some portion of their lives, been concerned in the fabrication of a dramatic piece. I remember quieting one fellow, who would not be convinced that his tragedy, in six acts, called 'THERMOPYLÆ, or THE PHENOMENA OF BRAVERY,' written in Alexandrines, was not calculated to advance the interests of the theatre by its production. 'Have you ever read any thing like it?' said he. 'Never.' 'Would it not create an immense sensation, if performed?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Then why not produce it?' 'We should perhaps find it difficult to allay the sensation.' 'I see; you are afraid it would fail; you surely do not understand my tragedy,' said he, with an arrogant air. 'My dear Sir,' said I, bowing, 'I confess that I have not presumption enough to take such a liberty.'

There is or was a manager of the name of Farrel, in London — Jack Farrel, originally a tailor's apprentice in Dublin: feeling the *cacoethes actendi*, as Liston calls it, he passed through the gradations of stage-sweeper, back-combatant, side dancer, and pantomimist, and arrived in due time at the important dignity of stage-managership in a London minor theatre. Armed with such authority, he would seize upon the first-rate parts in the new pieces, and murder them most *manglingly*. Ugolino never gnawed the head of his arch enemy with more earnestness than Farrel used in breaking the scone of poor Priscian; and many a poor devil of a dramatic author has envied Dante's hero his privilege of retaliation upon an enemy's skull without brains. Farrel wished the constables to remove a noisy sailor from the gallery, and pompously desired the officer to 'take out that incendiary!'^{*} I never shall forget the agony of a young author, who related the following anecdote. Farrel was pleased with a domestic drama of my friend's writing, and seized upon the principal character for himself; it was that of a fiery-spirited, intemperate young man, smarting under real and imaginary wrongs. He describes to a friend the many insults he has received from an oppressive landlord — among others, the destruction of a little flower garden, and the death of his childrens' pet lamb, worried by his tyrant's dogs, under the eyes of his dying wife. In conclusion, he should have said: 'And the jasmine, whose odorous tendrils wound round the lattice, and shaded our humble portal from the summer's heat — whose star-like blossoms have so often graced my wife's dark hair — this jasmine, planted by my father's hand, was torn up by the roots, and flung disdainfully across the path; the bright green leaves and silvery flowers alike were dabbled with the victim's blood.' Thus wrote the author. How did Mr. Farrel speak it? 'And there *was* the flowers of the garden — the jasmines — and the daisies — all smothered in the blood and g — ts of the poor dear little sheep!'

^{*} Somewhat akin to this, is the recent blunder of a Western journalist, who, after announcing the *scuttling* of a steam-boat, by some revengeful miscreant, adds: 'Unquestionably, and without doubt, the horrid deed was the work of an incendiary!'

Now this manager was pleased with the piece, and pleased with his own performance, but the author was not; and in general, it is an even chance between the two; for however difficult an author may find it to please a manager, no manager, who knows his business, will ever think of attempting to please an author.

'Third difficulty — to please the actors.' This, being an impossibility, is a difficulty worth all the other five. The stage is a school for emulation, and when a new piece is to be produced, every actor anxiously hopes for a fresh opportunity of displaying his talent. All the performers cannot be gratified — there must be some bad parts; and why should an actor hypocritically pretend to be pleased with a piece which cramps his exertions, and gives his rival a superior scope? These feelings must be very general, till the theatres are managed *à la Française*. Many a good play has been damned, because Smith had a better part than Brown, or because Wiggins played an inferior character, while Tompkins was out of the cast. The discontented gentleman plays booty; is perfect *perhaps*, and attentive; pretends to do his best, but goes over the course like the jockey who is booked to lose — with much evident exertion, much violent pretence, but distressing his nag, instead of gracing him with the palm of victory. The obligation between actor and author is mutual; and as the author, for his own sake, does his best for the actor, the actor should, in common fairness, let the author be heard, with all the assistance his talents are able to give.

I could enumerate many instances where actors, by inattention, have been the instrument of condemnation to unfortunate authors. John Kemble's *versus* George Colman, in the 'Iron Chest' case, is well known. The farce of 'Master's Rival,' written by the inimitable Peake, was damned at Drury, with Liston and all the first-rate talent of the day, and succeeded immensely the very next week at Covent Garden, supported by a most inferior cast. There was an eccentric fellow of the name of Powell, at the Coburg Theatre, some twelve or fifteen years ago, not he of the Ellistoniana, but John Powell, or Colonel Jack, a blustering, good-humored, good-looking man, reckoned very much like the late *died-in-deep-debt* Duke of York, and Jack prided himself on this resemblance, which was personally and prodigally true. He had a round, sonorous voice, a portly look, and a white aristocratic head, with but little hair outside, and less brains within. He was an eccentric, devil-may-care sort of fellow, and fond of his pipe and a pot of Barclay's porter. He once addressed a dashing Cyprian, as she was stepping into her carriage, with: 'Harlot, give me sixpence; I have spent thousands on your sex.' Mr. Milner, an author of considerable repute, produced a superior sort of drama or three-act tragedy at the Coburg Theatre, now the Victoria, and on the night of performance, sat in one of the private boxes, with many of the dramatic *litteraires* of the day. One of the principal incidents in the play, was the abduction and supposed murder of an infant, heir to vast estates: the ruffian was secured, but obdurately refused to give any information; a respectable old gentleman, a friend of the family, and supposed to possess considerable persuasive power, entered the cell of the prisoner, to remonstrate with him, and work upon his feelings by Christian-like counsel and admonition, and finally to extract the momentous secret from his breast, as a boy

picks the periwinkle from his shell. Colonel Jack was the actor selected for this part. He had been engaged at that theatre scarcely a fortnight, and the first night of Milner's new piece was John Powell's last appearance. 'Now,' said the author, as the actor appeared, 'now listen to what I consider the best bit of writing in my play.' Poor Milner! — the Colonel had never known too much of his part, but since dinner he had taken in so much Barclay, that he had quite put out Milner. Instead, therefore, of the finely-written speech of some thirty lines, he blustered up to the prisoner, and shouted out: 'I say, how came you to *assarcinate that hinfant*?' The other actor, Bradley, could not reply, and Powell, finding he could not awaken remorse in the villain's breast, went on with the second part of his subject: 'What *did* you do with the body of the *babby*?' Shouts of laughter foretold the fate of the play. Milner groaned, the prompter roared, Powell swore, the audience hooted. The play was damned, and the author lost the fruits of many weeks of application — but then the actor was discharged! How gratifying!

'They manage these matters better in France.' Talma once said that a French actor would no more dare appear before his audience imperfect in the words of his part, than to appear before them in a state of intoxication. Yet I have seen actors puffed and praised for constantly practising both of these amiable propensities.

Singers are the greatest nuisances that authors have to deal with. Dibdin tells some queer anecdotes of them in his *Reminiscences*. A mere singer never knows the words of his or her parts, and even in the poetry of the songs, will make very strange mistakes. An eminent Henry Bertram, in the finale of the opera, which ought to run thus:

'If you deny us your applause,
We've neither right nor might,'

always says, instead of the last line:

'I'm neither right nor tight.'

I have heard a man sing the ballad of Will Watch, the bold Smug-gler, with thrilling effect, — yet instead of singing:

'He was borne to the earth by the crew he had died with,'

he altered it to

'The crew he had *dined* with!'

Sinclair continually makes a strange mistake in *Rob Roy*. Francis Osbaldistone has to say: 'Rashleigh is my cousin; — but, for what reason I know not, he is my bitterest enemy.' Sinclair uses a different punctuation, and says: 'Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I know not; — he is my bitterest enemy.' Not singing the original song in *Guy Mannering*, one night, he gave the following speech as a cue to the leader to strike up the symphony of the substituted song: 'Here I am, all alone on this cursed heath, without sixpence in my pocket, like — Love among the Roses!' Miss Forde, a vocalist of some pretensions, played Barbara in the *Iron Chest*: when her lover is torn from her to be tried for his life, she ought to sing the very pretty and pathetic ballad of *The Willow*; but this young lady said: 'Poor Wilford! he goes to certain death, I fear; but never shall I forget — Merrily oh,' etc., and off she went, at a hand gallop, into the lively and patriotic song of 'Merrily every bosom boundeth.'

A young lady, who was pretty and intelligent, lately played Ophelia, and sang the snatches of songs in the mad scenes with much sweetness and effect. The newspaper critics advised her to try Desdemona, and sing the original ballad. Her 'John Jones' at the opposition theatre caught the idea, and instantly played the part, but not knowing the original, she introduced 'Give me but my Arab Steed,' and 'The Bonny Wee Wife.' This is absolutely a fact,—and the lady was a popular 'star' singer in the Atlantic cities, not many years ago. Shakspeare made Desdemona musical, and why should not her representatives sing modern music as well as wear modern dresses?—and that they all of them do. I should like to see Macready standing on the stage as Othello, and some pretty little actress, like Miss Watson, hopping round him, and singing, 'If I had a beau for a soldier would go.' It would not be more preposterous than the Italian version of the tragedy, where Othello kills his wife to an *affettuoso* movement. Our friend Reynolds assisted in operatising Shakspeare, but not one of his versions keep possession of the stage, despite the *assistance* of the music and the scenery.

N. B.

CARE.

TWIN to all of mortal birth,
Omnipresent fiend of Earth !
Phantom lone and gloomy ! thou
Of the stern and haggard brow,
And the eye that sleepeth never,
And the heart that acheth ever—
Is there one sublunar spot
Which thy presence cloudeth not ?

Lo ! on yonder swarded dome
Wealth has reared his regal home,
From whose towering casements beam
Morn's first blush and eve's last gleam ;
While within, voluptuous Ease
Dwells with Beauty's witcheries,
Breathing from the pictured walls
And the statue-peopled halls,
While around assiduous press
Crowds in mute obsequiousness :
Yet, pervading as the air,
Thou, grim spectre, too art there,
Frowning, an unbidden guest,
Banquo like, at every feast ;
Drugging the bright wine with gall,
Writing horror on the wall,
Hanging o'er the wassail board
Conscience' hair-suspended sword,
And in Fancy's boding ear
Whispering many a thrilling fear.

Lo ! in yonder fairy spot
Smiles the shepherd's humble cot,
Sheltered by the fragrant leaves
Which the shadowy summer weaves ;
While the hum of social bees
From its flowery trellises,
And the laugh of jocund rills
Echoing from the circling hills,
And the minstrelsy of birds

Bleat of flocks and low of herds
Charm the listening air around
With the poetry of sound :
Yet the cotter's anxious mien
Tells that nature's sweetest scene,
If a human heart be there,
Feels thy presence, haunting Care !

Lo ! in Pleasure's gay retreat
Where the young and thoughtless meet,
With the graceful myrtle crowned,
And the zone of mirth unbound,
As the waltz spins giddily
To the viol's stirring glee—
Spirit, thou art of the throng
In that haunt of sense and song,
Seen in many a darkling glance
In the mazes of the dance,
When the eye forgets to smile,
And the mask is dropped the while ;
Ah ! should Pleasure pluck apart
All her guises of the heart,
We should find thee, carking Care,
Couched in aching misery there !

Gaily o'er yon sunny sea
Bounds the peopled argosy,
Gliding on from clime to clime
O'er that fathomless sublime,
Bird-like, with a fairy motion,
When the breeze just rocks the ocean—
Steed-like when the groaning mast
Writhes before the rushing blast ;
Yet upon that breathing deck
Thoughts of tempest and of wreck,
Darkling in the pilot's eye,
Spirit, tell that thou art by.

Hark ! upon the Sabbath air

Softly swells the voice of prayer,
And Devotion's chanted hymn,
Or the thrilling requiem
Stealing from the solemn choir,
Where the temple lifts its spire;
Yet like Morn's proud Son that fell,
Who, as holy legends tell,
Frowning came, and grimly trod
Where were met the sons of God;
Thou dost show thy darkling mien
Where the lowly Nazarine
Meekly bows to be forgiven
In earth's outer court of heaven.

Lo! in yonder lone recess
Wrapped in midnight stillness,
Bends the student, passion-held,
O'er the volumed lore of eld;
Holding commune unconfined
With the mightiest of mind,
Who, though passed from earth away,
Still the wand of magic sway,
With the power from genius caught,
O'er the realms of living thought.
Yet that watcher's haggard air,
Feverish pulse and ghastly glare,
And Consumption's hectic streak
On his wan and sunken cheek,

Mark the moody fiend that lowers
O'er his few and fated hours.

Is there then no happier scene,
Crowded haunt or dingle green,
Lordly hall, or lowly cot,
Which thy presence cloudeth not?

Yes: beyond that gulph abhorred
Bounded by life's silver chord;
Where no night in darkness falls
O'er the amethystine walls;
Where no blight befalls the flower,
Sultry drought, or sleety shower;
Where no dagger-thought of guile
Lurks behind the masked smile;
Where all tears are wiped forever,
And the loved and loving never
Feel or fear the doom to part
Strike an ice-bolt to the heart;
Where earth's unimagined choirs
Ever on their golden lyres
Harp Redemption's wondrous hymn
To the listening seraphim, —
There in that serene abode,
Radiant with the smiles of God,
Immortality's blest home,
Spirit, thou canst never come!

P.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

NUMBER THREE.

METHINKS I see him now, standing as was his wont, behind the little desk in front of the pulpit, in the — street church. The same suit of rusty black which, for the last twenty years, has on Sundays encased his six feet two inches of skin and bones, still hangs upon him. The long, thin face, the smoothly-combed hair, the upturned eyes, the subdued look, the meek expression, and withal the proud humility of manner of Obed Parsons, while in the discharge of his duties as leader of the choir, are now before me. I can see him standing with his huge psalm-book in his left hand, held at the extremity of his outstretched arm, while his right, keeping the time, moves up and down with the regularity of the walking-beam of a steam-boat — every time it sinks, touching the book, and, while it rests for a moment upon the fingers, rising and falling with a 'short, uneasy motion.' I can see the peculiar and ridiculously-tender expression which his features for a moment assume, as his eye glances to the pew, at the right of the pulpit, occupied by Deacon H —, and his pretty daughter Grace; and never shall I forget the mingled look of sadness and despair which overspread his countenance the last Sunday he appeared in church, while, partly turning toward her, he sang the following lines of the psalm which had been selected for the conclusion of the services of the day:

'My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
My needful food I find:
By reason of my sad estate,
I spend my breath in groans;
My flesh is worn away, — my skin
Scarce hides my starting bones.'

The two last lines, in the spirit which he appeared involuntarily to apply them, were but too true. His flesh *was* worn away to such a degree that his 'skin could scarcely hide his starting bones.' Poor Obed! — thine was indeed an unhappy fate. Nature, in forming thy unseemly person, it is true, gave thee a mind in some respects peculiar, but she also endowed thee with sensibilities as keen and tender, and with a heart as susceptible, as she ever bestowed upon the most lovely of her creations. If the pen of one who loved thee with all thy peculiarities — who knew thee well, and prized the abundant good that was to be found in thy simple and unpretending nature — can do aught to rescue thee from that oblivion into which thy name and history are fast sinking, the effort, at least, shall not be wanting.

Obed Parsons was one of those characters marked from the cradle for a particular vocation. Born in Italy, he would have been a *Ravaglia*, but born as he was in the eastern part of Connecticut, he lived and died a Yankee Singing-master. Most truly could Obed Parsons have been said to have been a psalm-singer by nature. The propensity (as I believe craniologists call it) was developed in him during his most tender years, not where they find it, on the head, but through his mouth. His infant cries were metre, and while he yet lay upon his mother's breast, instead of the crowing, joyful sound by which babes first manifest their sense of enjoyment, the notes of 'Old Hundred' drooled from his lips. The good old Presbyterian psalms with which his venerable grandmother every evening sang him to sleep, in the morning were recognised in his first waking cries. As he grew in years, he grew in musical power. On his first attendance at meeting, the music of the choir affected him as sensibly as it did the Ettrick Shepherd's dog, and like that susceptible animal, he instinctively raised his voice, and added his infant notes to the song of praise that went forth throughout the congregation. He soon after became conspicuous in the neighbourhood for his skill in psalmody; and before he was thirteen years old, he taught a singing-school in his native town. His life, for the next ensuing fifteen years, would present little of interest to the reader, and I shall therefore take the liberty of passing over it with the single remark, that it was characterised by the usual spirit of change and enterprise to be found in those migratory sons of New-England, who, from the earliest times, have devoted themselves to the duties of public instruction. After making the tour of most of the towns and villages in what are denominated the Northern States, and becoming at different periods a sojourner in each of them, at the age of twenty-eight, a bachelor, poor in the goods of this world, and poorer still in flesh, but rich in his melodious powers — long, lank, and extensive in person, but with a wardrobe scanty and stint — he arrived in the city of New-York. Through the influence of some natives of the town of his birth, then holding the elevated stations and performing the high functions of dea-

cons in the — street church, he was appointed the leader of its choir. The close of his first year found him the teacher of a school for the improvement in psalmody of the junior members of the congregation.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' says Shakspeare, 'which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.' Byron extends the remark to women, and observes that there is also 'a tide' in their affairs, and I doubt not that he was correct in the observation. For my own part, I have observed, that in the lives of both sexes, there are periods which seem marked by events that exercise a controlling influence over their after existence. The hue and tenor of their lives are changed; different feelings are aroused, different cares vex them, new anxieties arise, and sources of joy and sorrow are opened which had before been closed to them. This, in an especial manner, was the case in the instance of my friend Obed. The singing school in the city was an epoch in his life, from which he could date a changed existence. Let me here remark, that it very frequently happens, that incidents which at first appear so trivial and insignificant as hardly to be worth our attention, are subsequently found to have been the moving causes of the greatest changes in our character and circumstances. The life of Obed Parsons most happily illustrates this observation. Among the pupils in his singing-school was a cherub-looking little creature, of the name of Grace, the only daughter of one of the principal deacons of the — street church. Although possessing a person of almost perfect loveliness, her only attraction in the eyes of Obed was her voice. It was, indeed, of the most clear, soft, and bird-like tone; and from the moment it first struck the ear of her teacher, he was so enamoured of its sweetness, that he at once determined to employ much of his time in its cultivation. He did so, and the hours he devoted to the instruction of Grace, soon became the happiest of his existence. His delight seemed for some time to be without earthly alloy, and to consist entirely in training to the more perfect praise of his Maker, a voice of such peculiar melody.

It was a rare and singular contrast — that of the master and scholar, while engaged in their exercises: he bending his long, thin, bony form, and gathering up his rambling limbs, to get his face down to hers — she with her *petite* figure, and compact and delicate proportions, standing by his side, — they looked like a willow switch and a grape vine forming a vegetable alliance.

After the lapse of a few months, a change was observed to have taken place in the character of Obed. The self-complacency which had heretofore been observable in his every look and motion, particularly while engaged in the performance of his official services, appeared to have given place to an air of fretfulness and unhappiness. He would occasionally sing out of time, and by leading the congregation astray, cause the most fearful discord in the exercises. On one occasion, I particularly remember, he named 'Kingsbridge' as the tune we should sing, and just as the congregation had commenced industriously on that, he himself struck up on 'Denmark.' At length this wandering from his duties became so frequent — his manner so absent and flighty, and his mistakes so ludicrous, and occasionally so annoying — that it was found necessary to suspend him from office. He was soon afterward taken ill, and at last was confined to his bed, from which he never arose.

It was at this period, that my intimacy with Obed Parsons com-

menced. From his peculiar appearance and manner, together with the singular traits of character I had observed in him, he had early become an object of interest to me. On learning his serious indisposition, I called to see him; and finding that I could be of service to him, continued my visits. They ended only with his life; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I contributed to soften the last moments of one of the most singular and eccentric, and yet the most harmless of human beings. A few days before he died, he confirmed my suspicions, and acknowledged that his unfortunate and unreciprocated attachment had been the cause of his unhappiness, and finally of his death. He informed me that I would find the progress of his feelings detailed in the latter part of a journal he had kept, and which he desired to leave in my hands.

This journal, which I examined after his death, I found to be voluminous, and for the most part filled with memoranda relating to his early life. From that portion of it which was written during his residence in New-York, and more particularly from those entries which have reference to his feelings for Grace —, I shall, as they better illustrate some of the peculiar features of his character, make a few extracts. His emotions, it will be seen, frequently find vent in sacred verse, slightly amended, at times, to suit his peculiar condition. His psalm-book was his *vade-mecum*, and all his ideas of heaven-born inspiration, in the matter of poetry, were gathered from its pages. The first passage which I shall present from my friend's journal, runs as follows:

'October 21, 18—. At length my school is established, and I am, after a long and weary wandering, fixed, as I hope, for life. It is a most comfortable feeling that permanent settlement produces. I was fearful that there would never be an end of my journeying, and that,

'Like Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found,'

I should travel over the wide world, and never find the rest that is granted unto others.'

'October 30, 18—. Methinks I never heard so sweet a voice as that possessed by Grace —. It is a pleasure for me to teach her to sing. It cannot be but that to God all sounds of worship are equal; but it always seemed to me, that the voice of childhood raised in prayer, and that the song of praise breathed in the sweet, musical voice and soft accents of a pure and lovely girl like Grace, must be more acceptable to him than that which is poured forth in the rough and coarse voices of men.'

'November 11, 18—. I fear my mind is dwelling too much on Grace —. And yet it is but natural. I have always loved to contemplate the beautiful, whether of the animate or inanimate of Nature's works; and of a surety, Grace is most lovely. Her name, even, is melody. What saith the Psalmist?

'Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear,
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.'

'December 3, 18—. I love her! Yes! — that is the feeling which has made me so uncomfortable of late: and last evening, while I was teaching her the difficult parts of 'Reading,' she smiled so sweetly and kindly upon me, that I could almost believe that I, even I, homely and lowly as I am, might find favor in her sight. O that it may be so! Could she but look into my heart, and see the purity, the intensity, the almost idolatry of my affection, she might forget my awkward manner, my unsightly figure, and my ungraceful gait. But this cannot be, and yet I will hope:

'My soul, wait thou with patience
For Grace, and Grace alone;
On her dependeth all my hopes,
And expectation.'

'December 27, 18—. I think people begin to observe the state of my feelings toward Grace. It is quite likely; for I cannot always control myself. And why, should I care if all the world know that my affections flow out unto one who is all loveliness? I do not:

'My tongue shall be as quick
Her praises to indite,
As is the pen of any scribe
That useth fast to write.'

Let it pass from mouth to mouth, from tea-table to tea-table, that Obed Parsons has had the folly, if they will call it so, to love one far above him, 'in every good and perfect gift.' But as for thee, dear Grace,

'O keep me in thy perfect way,
And bid temptation flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.'

'January 25, 18—. The people laugh at me, and the youth of our congregation, on whom God has showered blessings of every kind—beauty, wealth, and all the comforts of life—think it a matter of sport and laughter that one as poor, lowly, and unblest as I am, should possess the same feelings, the same tenderness, and susceptibility, as themselves. They jeer at me, and tell all manner of lies, to make me appear ridiculous. I am a subject of mirth and merriment with them, and not unfrequently an object of scorn and contemptuous treatment. Often, too,

'Forsook by all am I,
As dead and out of mind;
And like a shattered vessel lie,
Whose parts can ne'er be joined.'

I am sorely tried, and sometimes, I think, overmuch. My life, I hope, has not been a sinful one, nor my thoughts such as should call down such a punishment as this:

'O Lord! I am not proud of heart
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ,
In things for me too high;
With infant innocence thou know'st,
I have myself demean'd;
Composed to quiet like a babe,
That from the breast is wean'd.'

'February 9, 18—. Even Grace turns away from me, and treats me coldly. The injurious reports which my revilers have put in circulation, have not been without effect:

'False witnesses with forged complaints,
Against my peace combined,
And to my charge such things they laid,
As I had ne'er designed.
The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid,
And did by malice undeserved,
My harmless life invade.'

'February 28, 18—. I have spoken to her, and now all is over with me. My suspense is ended, and ended in a manner that I ought to have expected. O that I could exchange the certainty of misery for the hope I once enjoyed,—even that 'hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick.' Yet why should I wish that?

'While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consumed without relief,
All day I did with anguish roar,
But no complaint assuaged my grief.'

'March 10, 18—. I cannot bear the sight of my fellow-creatures. I do not like to go to church any more, and my duties as leader of the choir, once my pride and delight, have become hateful to me:

'I'm like a pelican become,
That does in deserts mourn,

Or like an owl that sits all day,
On barren tree forlorn;
In watchings or in restless moan,
The night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds,
That lonesome trees frequent.'

'March 27, 18—. * * * My heart is broken, and I shall soon be at rest, in a place where the enmity of those who revile me cannot penetrate, and where their persecutions cannot reach me.'

OBED was buried, at his own request, in a church-yard near the outskirts of the city, where the grass can grow and the sun shine upon his grave. I have erected a neat little monument to his memory, on which I caused to be cut an inscription, which for comprehensive and touching simplicity equals, I think, the celebrated one of '*My Mother*,' in Trinity Church-yard. It is as follows:

'OBED OBIT.'

'*SPEAKING* of death, reminds me' (as my dear old friend and fellow-penny-a-liner, 'OLLAPOD,' would say,) that it was only yesterday that I read in the newspapers the announcement of the demise of a man who has afforded me many, very many, moments of enjoyment. The deceased was an auctioneer, who, some two or three years since, used to sell books in Chatham-street, a few doors below the old theatre. He was, 'take him all in all,' the strangest compound that I ever met with. His character was made up of eccentricities — of qualities the most widely different — of impulses the most irregular — and of feelings the most variable, and incongruous. Nature had intended him for a gentleman, but had left him 'unfinished;' and those who had charge of his education, had designed him for a scholar, but they had also left their work incomplete. He possessed many of the feelings and sensibilities of the former, and not a little of the learning and acquirements of the latter; but his gentlemanly feelings had become so warped and blunted by the associations of his after life — his learning so mingled with the tinsel acquisitions of his later years — so strangely merged in the vulgar wisdom and low cunning he had acquired in the decline of life — that, like the faded and worn-out garment of a man of fashion, his present appearance barely enabled one to guess for what he had been designed, — the momentary feeling of delicacy, the flash of wit, the classical remark, like the unsoiled spot in the garment, telling that he had been different from what he now appeared. He was, when I first stumbled upon him in my evening rambles through the city, in appearance nearly sixty years of age. In person, he was tall and spare, with a sunken chest, and a face on which want, and care, and probably dissipation, had left deep marks. He was afflicted with a hacking, consumptive cough, which would frequently interrupt him in his occupations, and oblige him to leave his little stand, and lean against his bookshelves, until the paroxysm had subsided. On these occasions, he appeared to suffer severely; but as soon as he regained his voice, he would ascend his stand, and resume his business.

The little room he occupied, was in one of those old hovels which still deface Chatham-street. In size, it was about sixteen feet by ten. The ceiling was very low — barely sufficient to allow a man to stand upright — and the few panes of glass in the door admitted so little light, that the occupant was obliged to burn candles whenever, during the day, he wished to arrange his goods for the evening sale.

His collection of books was as extraordinary as himself. None appeared, in his estimation, to be worthy a place on his shelves, until they had 'done the state some service.' Then, when they had been jostled in life until the gloss was off, and their newness and freshness of look were gone; when they had been thumbed, and used, and abused, until they presented an appearance as ragged, worn-out, and faded, as himself, and the tenement he occupied, they were fit to be his companions, and the sources of his profit. Some of them were rare, and extremely valuable, from the difficulty with which they could be procured. With them were mingled the most worthless trash, and the most commonplace productions — all, however, presenting the same appearance of tattered antiquity; a portion, because they had been preserved for ages; others, because they had been daily conned for a twelvemonth in a school-boy's hand.

My first attendance at his sales was nearly five years since. One evening, I was hurrying to the theatre, when a crowd about his door arrested my steps. Peals of laughter, and shouts of applause, which reached me from his room, made me desirous of gaining an entrance into it. After much difficulty, I succeeded in forcing my way through the crowd, and obtained a place to stand within his door.

At the moment I attained my position, he commenced a reprimand to some boys in one corner of the room, who had disturbed him by jesting bids on books they had not the means to purchase. 'Young gentlemen!' he commenced, in a voice and with a manner of peculiar solemnity, 'it is related in that best and most valuable (but least saleable) of all books — the Bible — that when some rude and heartless boys scoffed at and made fun of one of the Lord's servants, who was stricken in years, and afflicted with a bald head, he sent two she bears to devour them. What punishment your conduct this evening, to a poor old man, who stands here with one foot in the grave, striving with all his remaining energies to gain a decent and honest livelihood — what punishment, I say, your conduct, in interrupting my sales, this evening, with your d — d jabbering, and laughing, and false bids, deserves, I will not pretend to state; but if you don't, every one of you, get out of that door before I can reach you, I will break every bone in your rascally bodies!' He then made a move towards them, but before he had advanced three steps, all the boys ran out of the room. 'Gentlemen,' said the auctioneer, (resuming his stand, and taking up an old book,) it was a remark of Plato, that 'a good book is a good thing;' he might have added, 'whatever its outward condition may be, so long as its contents remain entire.' Both the sides of this book are wanting; but I am sure the intelligent gentlemen I address will not the less value that standard work, Goldsmith's History of Rome. What will you give for it? This book was soon sold. Two or three more were put up, and 'knocked down,' without any ceremony. At length, he brought a thin, small volume, most deplorably torn and defaced, and opened upon it as follows: 'Pope,' gentlemen, in saying that 'a little learning is a dan-

gerous thing,' had no reference to the first rudiments of an education. No matter how little we get of that, it is better than nothing. A man who can merely read, has an immense advantage over one who cannot, while he who adds to this the accomplishment of writing — that faculty which poor old Dogberry mistakingly thought 'came by nature' — is still more the superior of him who cannot wield the pen. How anxious ought we then to be to secure these advantages to our children! If there is any person within the sound of my voice, whose progeny cannot read, let me beseech him to delay the performance of his duty to them no longer. I hold in my hand a book which he will find indispensable in his labours. It is — Webster's Spelling Book! — let him buy it: What will you bid for it?

'Here, gentlemen,' again he commenced, taking up an old copy of '*Viri Roma*,' 'is a book that I have had in my possession for a long time. I have not attempted to sell it, because, until this evening, I have not had an audience of sufficient intelligence to appreciate it. Now I see before me gentlemen whose acquirements in the classics will enable them to put a proper estimate on this rare and excellent work. Will you allow me, Sir, to recommend this to your particular attention? (addressing himself to a little snub-faced tailor, who kept his shop a few doors below him;) you will observe it is written by one of the most celebrated of our ancient Latin authors. A momentary examination will satisfy you, that it is filled with passages of great eloquence and beauty.' 'Five shillings!' bid the tailor: 'Nine shillings!' echoed the auctioneer, 'just a-going for nine shillings — a book intrinsically worth ten times that sum! Nine shillings, nine, nine, (did I hear '*twelve*'?) going for nine shillings, — once — twice — *gone*!' 'Sir,' continued he, handing the book to the tailor, and receiving his money, 'you have made the best bargain that will be had here to-night, merely by having an education superior to your neighbors. Here, gentlemen, is an instance of the great advantage of learning. Let me improve the happy moment, while you are duly impressed with its importance, and offer you another assistant to the advancement of the mind. The volume to which I allude, and which I now hold in my hand, is the first and best edition of Valpy's Greek Grammar. What do I hear 's bid for it?' 'Fifty cents,' modestly squeaked a shrivelled old linen-draper, suddenly possessed with an ambition of learning. 'It's yours,' quickly responded the auctioneer.

In this manner, book after book was sold. I observed in the room many respectable persons, who evidently were there merely for the purpose of amusement. Occasionally they would purchase a book, and after paying for it, leave it on the counter, to be again added to the stock of the auctioneer.

For my own part, so much was I pleased with my first evening's entertainment, that I became a frequent attendant at his sales. I was often enabled to buy works that were valuable to me; but my purchases were generally made with a view of sustaining the concern, and making the auctioneer some compensation for the amusement he afforded me. I therefore followed the custom I found prevalent among the more respectable portion of his audience, of leaving some of the volumes I purchased, to be re-sold; and I have now in my possession an old copy of the '*Columbian Orator*,' which, after having been bid off, paid for, and left by me nine times, I at length brought home.

STANZAS.

Untwine these flowers! — I will not wed
 With wretchedness, in Joy's disguise;
 Would ye the victim forth were led
 With *garlands* to the sacrifice?
 Oh! wreath for Hope these blossoms rare,
 These parasites of dew and sun, —
 But if ye *will* bedeck Despair,
 Go seek a broken, withered one!

This rose, long folded to my breast,
 Must nestle there no longer now;
 Faith's latest gift, Love's last bequest,
 'T will well beseeem my traitress brow.
 Take it, and on that brow bestow
 Its scentless leaves and sapless stem, —
 Ye will but crown the queen of woe
 With sorrow's fitting diadem.

Oh God! — that gold and baubles bright
 Should weigh against that gem divine
 That fills with its most holy light
 The heart's unpurchaseable mine!
 Ye know not what a wreck ye make,
 In urging this unholy vow:
 One heart, in climes afar, will break —
 And mine — but that is broken now!

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER TEN.

THERE is a pensive, melancholy feeling, which overpowers the heart of a resident in a city, when he goes at twilight, from the scene of his business and his cares, to the fireside of home. As he passes along the crowded thoroughfare, jostled by the hundreds that meet him — as he looks forward through the uncertain atmosphere, to forms and dwellings dimly descried, by twinkling lamps in the distance, and sees damp walls and streets receding from his footstep, — he falls into a train of musing. How many deeds does the night bring on! How many an unsuspected and impatient eye watches the golden sun go down into the glowing bosom of the West; how many hearts beat high with suspense or disquiet, while the wan twilight deepens into evening, and the stars, one by one, glittering like diamonds through the infinite air, 'set their watch in the sky!' The affianced bride waits for her lover, counting the footsteps that fall upon the pavement, and taxing the discipline of her ready ear with the task of decision whether they be *his* or no; the church-goer longs for the bell, whose voice proclaims the hallowed hour of prayer, and lingers in fond solicitude for the moment when the chapel-ward step shall be taken. In unnumbered bosoms are kindled the emotions of praise — and they are pure and holy. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a truly calm and chastened affection. It is alike lovely, when bestowed on God or man. The relinquishment of self — the trusting dependence on the Great Power of Nature — the fond aspirations for better enjoyments — these are the true solace and hope of mortality.

For one, I am a deep lover of the 'poetry of heaven.' Delicate and perfect indeed is the 'glitterance of the stars.' I love to watch their birth in the depths of the evening firmament; and to see the moon walking in their midst — the Queen of the Evening, whose blue pathway glitters with the fadeless jewelry of the universe. Some of these glorious spheres spring with their holy lustre upon the sight with the quickness of thought, blessing the eye with their sweet radiance, and almost haunting the ear with that music which seems to echo from that dim period of the past, when the morning stars sang together. When I behold them, devotional feelings possess my heart; and I go back on the wings of memory to the far away scenes of my boyhood. I think again, as I did then, that all created things make melody to their God, and, singing as once I sung, I say :

Ask of the ocean-waves that burst
In music on the strand —
Whose murmurs load the scented breeze
That fans the Summer land;
Why is their harmony abroad —
Their cadence in the sky,
That glitters with the smile of God
In mystery on high ?

Question the cataract's boiling tide,
Down stooping from above —
Why its proud billows, far and wide
In stormy thunders move ?
It is that in their hollow voice
A tone of praise is given,
Which bids the fainting heart rejoice,
And trust the might of Heaven ?

And ask the tribes whose matin song
Melts on the dewy air,
Why, like a stream that steals along,
Flow forth their praises there ?
Why, when the veil of Eve comes down,
With all its starry hours,
The night-bird's melancholy lay
Rings from her solemn bowers ?

It is some might of love within,
Some impulse from on high,
That bids their matin-song begin —
Or fills the evening sky
With gentle echoes all its own —
With sounds, that on the ear
Fall, like the voice of kindred gone,
Cut off in Youth's career !

Ask of the gales that sweep abroad,
When Sunset's fiery wall
Is crowned with many a painted cloud —
A gorgeous coronal —
Ask why their wings are trembling then
O'er Nature's sounding lyre,
While the far occidental hills
Are bathed in golden fire ?

Oh ! shall the wide world raise the song
Of peace, and joy, and love,
And shall man's heart not bid his tongue
In voiceful praises move ?
Shall the old forest and the wave,
When summon'd by the breeze,
Yield a sweet flow of solemn praise,
And *man* have less than these ?

No one, I fancy, can regard the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, or the revolutions of this goodly frame the earth, without emotion. I at least cannot. When I behold the moon, coursing her sweet and mysterious way through the azure vault of evening, or the sun, mounting from his golden tabernacle of morning clouds, to smile from the zenith upon a beautiful world, I am filled with wonder and admiration. The coming on of Spring—the advent and departure of the Summer—are to me scenes and themes of amazing thought. Then, how solemnly does Autumn come on; rustling his fallow leaf, and shaking his withered spray, in token that Winter is near!—telling the heart, as Wordsworth does the eye, that

‘Summer ebbs; each day that follows,
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of Winter lie.’

I VALUE every season as it affords me subjects for reflection. New-Year’s day is fruitful of thought. Standing upon the threshold of a cycle, we look forward with questioning eyes into the unknown future, wondering what it may bring to us of weal or wo. Merciful is the cloud that hangs over that untrodden way—grateful the uncertainty which begirts its uninvestigated span. Methinks it adds a fresher glow to that social communion wherewith we greet the opening year; that it gives to love a holiness, to friendship a charm. I would that the time-honored custom of Gotham might be extended through the Atlantic cities; that friends might be gathered together around each other’s firesides at the morning of the year, there to renew the sweet feelings and generous sympathies of life.

It is the renewal of precious and holy feelings, that makes the new year in New-York so delightful. The citizens bid a truce to care; and the generous principle of friendship comes fully into play. To tell the truth, the custom begins to *radiate* from the commercial metropolis, and its delights, ‘like flower seeds by the far winds sown,’ are already springing up in other towns. I had a taste of them at the commencement of this present year, in the Rectangular City; enough to convince me that the mode is germinating freely, and will soon abundantly fructify. It fell on the day, that I had some dozen friends to visit; and the employment was truly a New-York affair, altogether. One hospitable household, well known for the kindness of its members, and the regal bounty of its domestic appointments, conducted the matter in veritable Gotham style. On a table which groaned—if mahogany *can* groan—with its burden, were placed all sorts of rich edibles, and copious excellencies of great variety, in the way of potation. Many were the pleasant-tasted things that reminded me, through the interpretation of the palate, that I might consider myself in New-York; and as, for the nonce, ‘I drained huge draughts of Rhenish down,’ I can assure the reader that the American London was ‘in my flowing cups freshly remembered.’ Great, however, is the stability of my brain; and so it was, that I escaped without injury; though I do religiously believe, that should ‘some persons’ imbibe thus much of things spiritual and substantial, their footsteps would indicate a knowledge of the curvilinear zig-zag.

It is right wholesome to me, to perceive the effect of the new year on an old bachelor. His forehead wears less wrinkles then, and that part to which phrenologists assign the organ of benevolence, seemeth to bulge, as it were, with a preternatural expansion. He becometh frisky; 'takes much to imbibe'—and thinks seriously of changing his condition. I never knew but one, that the new year could not revivify, and he was a biped whom long years of 'scoundrelizing' had indurated, in the region of the heart, to perfect ossification. The sarcophagus of a mummy, or the flesh of a patriarchal turkey—the cock of his peculiar walk of life—could not be harder. I met him, 'the first of last January *was a year*,' as they say in Brotherly Love. 'Well, Tompkins,' said I, 'your bosom friend Jones has been swept away, within the past year, into the vortex of matrimony.' 'Yes,' said he, with some such a grin as Satan may have shed upon Ithuriel in Paradise—'yes,—Tom has gone, and I am *glad of it*. I don't know why I *should* be, though; for he never did me any injury!' He sported this remark for a new year's original—yet, like his wig, I believe it was not natural, but borrowed for the occasion.

It is diverting in the extreme, to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusement-furnishing public, about Christmas and New-Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie *affiche*. Curiosities, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember, not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold *an American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage, and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one, and ungrown; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slips of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshalled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals,—among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs—to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony—'there is the proud bird of our country, that *was* caught in the West, and *has* been thought to have killed many animals in his life-time. He *was* five hours and twenty-three minutes in being put into the cage, *so* strong *was* his wings. Look at him *clus*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *irish* of his eye.'

An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering fowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, spectral eye at his visitors. No-

thing could be so perfectly burlesque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long. I shall never be deceived by show-bills again.

APROPOS of holidays. To the young and the light-hearted, they are what they seem. To those who have passed the purple and flowery boundaries of minority—that ‘infancy’ of law—they are forbidden gardens of pleasure, whose fruitage is only for the eye. To the adult, it is a season of preparation for the payment of bills—or *williams*, as they should be more classically denominated—that fall due on or about the first of the year. These absorb his soul. The mercer, the *bottier*, the manufacturer of those glossy receptacles which environ the chamber of the soul, all such send in their accumulated williams, until the sight thereof astounds the receiver. Forthwith he sets about defraying the same; and great is his satisfaction, when he says *eureka!* of their end. I have a ‘coteremporary,’ if he be yet alive, sojourning in foreign lands—N. Pantagruel Wilkins by name—who was once visited, about Christmas, by the senior of the firm of ‘Wright, Wright and Wiggins, mercers, drapers, and fabricators of good habits.’ The elder of the house—a fat and burly biped, with a turnip countenance, and nose of extraordinary redness—bore to Wilkins his bill. Wilkins was oblivious.

‘Can you tell me, my dear Sir, where you have ever seen me before?’

‘Certainly—yes, Sir—I can. You are a customer of ours, at — street, No. 27. Here’s your bill.’

‘Ah—so it is: Wright, you are right. But, my dear Sir, there is one trifling circumstance connected with this bill, which makes it a little awkward. I have not the wherewithal to settle it. This is the only obstacle in the way, at present. I do not quote often,—but you will allow me, on this occasion, to observe, in the language of the cockney to Mathews’ cab-driver—‘I han’t not got no money whatsomdever; on the contrary, it is quite the rewarse.’ Besides, my friend, I have a plan from which I never depart, in the cancelling of my liabilities. I pay my blank-book demands *alphabetically*. Your firm is Wright, Wright and Wiggins. The plan strikes you, I see, visibly; and its propriety is as clear, seemingly, to you, as the light on a lily, in the spring-time, or the glow on the red side of a bursted peach, in October. The divine thought touches you nearly, and you acquiesce, evidently. *Adios*, my friend: as soon as I reach your name in my payments, some ten months hence, I will advise you promptly. I say this, with a difficult nerve; but I trust you twig me decidedly. I mean as I say. Good morning—good morning!’

READER, since I last communed with thee, the despot Sickness has held me in subjection. I have had dull days, and weary nights,—but my books have been companions, and I have had, beside, friends and newspapers. I mention this thing, partly to excuse my brevity, and lack of variety, and also as a prelude to this piece of advice: *Lend not*

thy umbrella, nor suffer thou it to be stolen from thee. In this wise, did I procure my indisposition. The night was dark, the rains descended — the floods came, and beat against me — the umbrella was loaned — it has never come home. Heaven forgive the borrower ! There are some who do not even borrow this in-rainy-weather-much-to-be-desired-and-requisite article. They *steal* it, without compunction. I lately heard a man of God, at a Wesleyan conventicle, deliver the following speech from the altar: 'I would ad'nonce to the cod'ngregation, that, probably *by mistake*, there was left at this house of prayer, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceeding-*ly* pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, new, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of these articles, the one was taken and the other left; though it is a very improper mistake, and should be discountenanced, if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a *leetle* too common !'

Pas encore, à present, cher lecteur.

Philadelphia, January, 1836.

OLLAPOD.

SONGS OF THE CRUSADES.

NUMBER ONE.

THE FIRST CRUSADERS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

'JERUSALEM ! — Jerusalem !' The blessed goal was won,
On Siloe's brook and Sion's mount as streamed the setting sun,
Uplighted in his mellowed glow, far o'er Judea's plain,
Slow winding toward the holy walls, appeared a bannered train.

Forgot were want, disease, and death, by that impassioned throng;
The weary leapt, the sad rejoiced, the wounded knight grew strong:
One glance at holy Calvary out-guerdon'd every pang,
And loud from thrice ten thousand tongues the glad hosannas rang.

But yet — and at that galling thought each brow was bent in gloom —
The cursed badge of Mahomet swayed o'er the Saviour's tomb:
Then from unnumbered sheaths at once, the beaming blades upstreamed,
Vowed scabbardless till waved the cross above that tomb redeemed.

But suddenly a holy awe the vengeful clamor stilled,
As sunk the storm before His breath, whose word its rising will'd;
For conscience whispered, the same soil where they so proudly stood,
The Son of Man had trod abased, and washed with tears and blood.

Then dropped the squire his master's shield, the serf dash'd down his bow,
And, side by side with priest and peer, bent reverently and low,
While sunk at once each pennon'd spear, plumed helm, and flashing glaive,
Like some wide waste of reeds bow'd down by Nilus' swollen wave.

From eyes that never wept till then, the warm tears fell like rain, —
Proud Tancred's eagle-glance was dimmed, loud sobbed the good Lorraine;
And 't was a blessed sight to see each warrior fierce and wild
Become before his God that hour, e'en as a little child.

With chastened souls, and holier thoughts, the legions slowly rose —
 Wrongs were forgot, and feuds were healed, between the deadliest foes;
 Priests doffed the sandal, harnessed knights their mail-clad feet unshod,
 And like unshriven penitents, that hallowed soil they trod.

But where were all that peerless host, the flower of every land,
 That late before Byzantium their giant conquests planned?
 The swarms of high-soul'd chivalry that thronged the Nissian plain,
 The leagues of spears that quiver'd there, like fields of golden grain?

Of that vast, bounding human flood, this host was but a wave:
 Where were the burnished myriads gone? Go ask the desert grave!
 The Arab's creese, the Persian's lance, the Tartar's bow and sword —
 Their edge and point perchance may tell where sleep that boasting horde!

Around the towers of Antioch, beneath Edessa's wall,
 The moving sands, for miles around, formed one wide heaving pall:
 The spotted pestilence with war, awhile the feast had shared,
 And Famine clung the drooping wreck that swift destruction spared.

Yet were those visitations just: licentiousness and shame
 Had quenched with steaming infamy the pure chivalric flame,
 And sin, and all to which it leads, had checked their proud career,
 Far more than shaft of Tartar bow, or charge of Syrian spear.

But Death had struck to purify: the stern, unwavering few
 Whose virtue pleasure could not tempt, nor avarice subdue,
 Escaped the Moslem scimitar, the toils of Grecian fraud,
 Spread on Judean winds at last the bannered cross abroad.

What though the haughty Saracen now held each wall and tower:
 Soon to the symbol of their faith, the crescent flag would lower, —
 Soon would the blades of Christendom within the barriers glance,
 And soon the blood of Moslem dogs course down the Latin lance.

And so it was: the walls were won — then Murder bared his arm;
 From Omar's mosque to Herod's gate, red streams flowed thick and warm;
 And o'er a city drenched in gore, ere massacre could cease,
 The holy standard they upraised of HIM, the Prince of Peace!

New-York, January, 1836.

J. B.

M A R S.

Lo! ~~where~~ he sits enthroned — the crimson God!
 High on a hecatomb of reeking dead:
 His altar is an empire's blasted sod,
 With blazing cities, for an offering, fed!
 In his mailed hand there gleams a scalpless skull,
 Brimming with blood, and o'er its gory brink
 A demon-vulture, lean and horrible,
 With thirst eternal, ever stoops to drink!

R.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES. By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' etc. In one vol. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WITH a rapidity equalled only by that of the author of *Waverley*, in his best estate, Mr. Bulwer pours upon us work after work, each, however it may compare with its predecessors, far superior to the productions of any living novelist. The '*Last Days of Pompeii*' have not yet lain a sufficient length of time upon our tables, and the shelves of our circulating libraries, to lose the character of a new novel, and lo! the reading world is surprised with another elaborate romance from the prolific brain of the same author. When the subject chosen by Mr. Bulwer was first mentioned to us, we wondered at his hardihood, in following in the steps of the accomplished authoress of the tragedy of '*Rienzi*,' and thought that his production would almost necessarily prove in substance but a repetition of Miss Mitford's. We were, however, agreeably disappointed. Considering that the hero is the same in the tragedy and in the romance, and that each had the same materials from which to choose their several stories, Mr. Bulwer, to use his own language, 'will be found to have trespassed but little, if at all, upon the ground previously occupied.' We regret that our limits will not allow us to transcribe the beautiful and just tribute to Miss Mitford, with which the author concludes his preface. There is something so delightful and appropriate in the interchange of courtesies between writers, when in any way introducible, from the nature of the subject, that we hope to find our author imitated, in this respect at least, by his literary brethren. But to our subject. '*Rienzi*' is an historical romance, professing to portray the principal events in the life of that extraordinary man, who rose from the humblest station to the pinnacle of power, solely by means of his commanding talents, and who fell a victim to the misguided rage of that people, whose welfare and political stability he was endeavoring to secure. The work commences with a description of a rencounter in the streets of Rome, between the rival factions of the Colonna and the Orsini, in which a brother of *Rienzi* is killed. He was a mere boy, and received his death wound from one of the Colonna, as, hurried along in the tide of fugitives, he was mistaken for one of the opposite party. This untoward event awakens feelings in the breast of *Rienzi*, which might otherwise have lain dormant, and he resolves to revenge the death of his brother, and effect the liberation of his country. It would occupy too much space, to detail the means used by him to bring about this end: suffice it to say, that after a long series of intrigues, he succeeds in undermining the authority of the nobility, and is chosen as their ruler, by the unanimous voice of the people. He adopts the title of Tribune, as the most grateful to the popular ear, and proceeds to reform the prevalent abuses which had reduced his country to such a state of degradation and wretchedness. But the fickle mob, ever ready to destroy the work of their own hands, desert him, and recal the Barons, whom they had banished, alleging the excommunication of the Pope as an excuse for their treachery. *Rienzi* goes into voluntary exile, and

wanders through different countries; his restless thoughts continually engrossed with the hope of returning to his native city, and once more assuming the reins of empire. His desires are at last realized. The misgovernment of the nobility becomes intolerable; they are again expelled, and Rienzi is recalled. He conquers all the external enemies of Rome, and seems firmly based in his authority, when the people, infuriated at the imposition of a necessary tax, rise in rebellion, and sacrifice, in their infatuated rage, their best friend and protector. Immediately after this event, the exiled Barons re-enter the city, and commence anew that system of tyranny and exaction which has continued to disgrace the history of Rome, with but few intervals, down to the present times.

Such is a mere skeleton of the story which the fertile imagination of Mr. Bulwer has clothed with life and beauty. The distracted state of Rome, agitated by civil dissensions, is vividly portrayed, as are also the characters of the leaders of the contending factions. Sir Walter de Montreal, the chief of the 'Free Companions,' is one of a class with which Europe, and Italy in particular, absolutely swarmed during the fourteenth century, and to whom more than one monarch was indebted for his throne. Adrian di Castello is evidently a favorite character of the author, but we think his picture of the young noble, his feelings and actions, quite unnatural. It seems to us impossible that a leading member of the nobility should so far lose sight of the principles which regulated the policy of his order, as to become the friend and admirer of him who was its greatest enemy. The author seems to have felt the improbability of this, and by way of covering the defect, has imagined an attachment between the young noble and Irene, the sister of Rienzi. The narrative, by this means, becomes more consolidated, and thickly interwoven with incident, though it leaves the plot as defective as ever. Cecco del Vecchio, is a well-drawn portrait of a demagogue of the lowest class, the slave of his passions and prejudices. The page, Angelo Villani, we consider an unnatural character, and believe that no one in his situation would have felt much sorrow for the loss of a father whom he had never known as such, who had cast him, an illegitimate son, upon the mercies of the world, and who was therefore in every thing but the name, an utter stranger; or that he would have experienced that intense desire of revenge against a man who had loaded him with benefits, and who, as Villani must have known, ordered the execution of Montreal, with a view solely to promote the safety of the State. Nina de Raselli, the wife of Rienzi, is well contrasted with Irene, his sister; the former haughty and imperious, the latter retiring and gentle in her disposition. But in a rapid detail of political changes, and the fierce collision of the people and the aristocracy, female characters necessarily occupy a subordinate place, and were it not an established and imperative custom to introduce a love story into every novel, they might have been dispensed with altogether. The remaining personages who figure in the work, are described with great fidelity to history, and contribute much to the effectiveness of the plot. Indeed, Mr. Bulwer deserves especial commendation for the care with which he finishes the portraits of persons who appear but once, it may be, in the whole course of the narrative, and which are too often executed, by writers of no ordinary reputation, in a careless and unworthy manner.

We make no apology for extracting a portion of the last chapter of the work, as affording a favorable idea of its general style:

"Meanwhile the flames burned fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke; the wood cracked; the lead melted; with a crash fell the several gates; the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude; the proud capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! he passed the flaming door — the smoulder-

ing threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed; he was in the middle of the crowd. 'Plenty of pillage within,' he said to the bystanders, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load; 'Suso, suso, a gliu traditore!' The mob rushed past him; he went on; he gained the last stair descending into the open street; he was at the last gate; liberty and life were before him.

"A soldier (one of his own) seized him. 'Pass not — where goest thou?'

"Beware, lest the senator escape disguised!' cried a voice behind — it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head — Rienzi stood revealed!

"I am the senator!' he said, in a loud voice. 'Who dare touch the representative of the people?'

"The multitude were around him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along — the senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed — that grim and solemn monument! — as if itself of fire!

"There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna — the Orsini — the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!' cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger into the senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal!' muttered Villani, 'thus the trust is fulfilled!' and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan, in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion; the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, as he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd —

"Fool, miserable fool! *thou and these at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!*

"They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth — as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him — a voice shrill, sharp and wild, was heard above all the clamor. At the casement of the palace, (the casement of her bridal chamber,) Nina stood! — through the flames, that burst below and around, her face and out-stretched arms alone visible. Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the capitol, a blackened and smouldering mass."

We have endeavored to give our readers an intelligible sketch of a plot which branches out into so many ramifications, in the progress of the narrative, that to mention all, would be to insert the book at length. Whether Mr. Bulwer has gained or lost in public estimation, since his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and 'Rienzi,' we do not know; but for ourselves, we do not regard them as among his most felicitous efforts. We had much rather peruse a novel like 'Pelham,' or 'The Disowned,' than the whole class of historical fictions written since the death of Scott. With *him* died the art of giving soul and body to the departed great; and the utmost efforts of his successors, creditable as they may be to their abilities, have sufficed only to raise dim, unsubstantial, phantasmagoric shadows, without individuality or life. Mr. Bulwer has been obliged, for the sake of effect, to do violence to history, and to concentrate in his narrative many events which, in the true records of the times, occupy a much wider space, and are scattered here and there without any connection. This is one great evil attendant upon attempts to depict the life of those long dead, in a fictitious work, that every event is slightly bent to accommodate it to a preconceived plot, and though each individual deflexion from the straight line of historical truth may be small, yet the sum of all is considerable; and the whole, when sufficiently *romanticised*, and fit for readers who would reject with disgust a musty tome of Guiccardini, or Machiavelli, is calculated to produce decidedly injurious impressions. Beside, there is but little praise to be earned by writing work after work, of the description of 'Rienzi,' on the score of originality. The information of the writer is drawn from sources accessible to all, and, to impart any interest to his characters, he must

attribute to them motives and actions which they never felt, nor performed; and then, if his book sells, it is not because the world admire the fidelity, but because they wonder at the novelty of his descriptions. These experiments ought not to be tried upon so important a subject as history. If Mr. Bulwer seek a proper field for his abilities, let him 'sketch the living manners as they rise,' and resurrectionize no more Romans. If dandies must be his theme, we pray him to keep them clad in swallow-tails or *rédingotes*, as the taste of their tailors may dictate, with suitable accompanying nether habiliments, and on no account to allow them to exhibit themselves in togas, or in slashed jerkins 'with the sleeves curiously cut.' By so doing, he will not only consult their comfort, but also that of the ancients, who doubtless feel uneasy in their graves, at the imputation thrown on them by the behavior of their namesakes of the nineteenth century.

But badinage apart: we trust that the next attempt of our author will relate to present times, and that the changes in the political or social system of his native land may bring forth, ere long, another 'Pelham,' or 'Paul Clifford.'

THE THREE CUTTERS: AND OTHER TALES. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N., author of 'Peter Simple,' etc. One vol. Portrait Edition. New-York: JOHN L. PIPER AND COMPANY.

STORIES OF THE SEA. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N. In one vol. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have here two neat editions of the same work, under dissimilar titles—the first differing only from the second named in two good lithographic engravings, copied from the *Naval Annual*—the one a portrait of the author, the other a pleasing picture of 'The Mast-headed Midshipman,'—a charming little fellow, who sits musing upon the cross-trees, with his arms folded over the main back-stay. Of the work itself, little need be said. To speak of the merits of Captain Marryat, as a describer of scenes and characters in real life, would be superfluous, since amid the strong competition of very able writers, who are constantly appearing before the public, he not only preserves his standing, but increases rapidly in popularity. It is much to his praise, that he has been able, without in the least exhausting the novelty of the subject, to furnish so many descriptions of sea-life, each differing essentially from the others, and all replete with interest. The volume under notice, consists of three separate stories—'The Pirate,' 'The Three Cutters,' and 'Moonshine,'—the latter of which originally appeared in the pages of this Magazine. Of these, we think the second by far the best, though the first contains several exquisite morceaux, of which we quote the following:

"The weather side of the quarter-deck of H. M. frigate Unicorn was occupied by two very great personages: Captain Plumbton, commanding the ship; who was very great in width if not in height, taking much more than his allowance of the deck, if it were not that he was the proprietor thereof, and entitled to the lion's share. Captain P. was not more than four feet ten inches in height; but then he was equal to that in girth: there was quite enough of him, if he had only been *rolled out*. He walked with his coat flying open, his thumbs stuck into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, so as to throw his shoulders back and increase his horizontal dimensions. He also held his head well aft, which threw his chest and stomach well forward. He was the prototype of pomposity and good-nature, and he strutted like an actor in a procession.

"The other personage was the first lieutenant, whom nature had pleased to fashion in another mould. He was as tall as the captain was short—as thin as his superior was corpulent. His long, lanky legs were nearly up to the captain's shoulders; and he bowed down over the head of his superior as if he were the crane to hoist up, and the captain the bale of goods to be hoisted. He carried his hands behind his back, with two

fingers twisted together : and his chief difficulty appeared to be, to reduce his own stride to the parrot march of the captain. His features were sharp and lean as was his body, and wore every appearance of a cross-grained temper."

In the description of Sleeper's Bay, on the coast of Africa, where the 'Avenger' is lying at anchor, the author gives the following outline sketch of desolation :

"On the western coast of Africa there is a small bay, which has received more than one name from its occasional visitors. That by which it was designated by the adventurous Portuguese, who first dared to cleave the waves of the Southern Atlantic, has been forgotten with their lost maritime preëminence; the name allotted to it by the woolly-headed natives of the coast has never, perhaps, been ascertained; it is, however, marked down in some of the old English charts as Sleeper's Bay.

"The mainland which, by its curvature, has formed this little dent on a coast possessing, and certainly at present requiring, few harbors, displays, perhaps, the least inviting of all prospects; offering to the view nothing but a shelving beach of dazzling white sand, backed with a few small hummocks beat up by the occasional fury of the Atlantic gales—arid, bare, and without the slightest appearance of vegetable life. The inland prospect is shrouded over by a dense mirage, through which here and there are to be discovered the stems of a few distant palm-trees, so broken and disjointed by refraction that they present to the imagination any thing but the idea of foliage or shade. The water in the bay is calm and smooth as the polished mirror; not the smallest ripple is to be heard on the beach, to break through the silence of nature; not a breath of air sweeps over its glassy surface, which is heated with the intense rays of a vertical noonday sun, pouring down a withering flood of light and heat; not a sea-bird is to be discovered wheeling on its flight, or balancing on its wing, as it pierces the deep with its searching eye, ready to dart upon its prey. All is silence, solitude, and desolation, save that occasionally may be seen the fin of some huge shark, either sluggishly moving through the heated element, or stationary in the torpor of the mid-day heat. A site so sterile, so stagnant, so little adapted to human life, cannot well be conceived, unless by flying to extremes, we were to portray the chilling blast, the transfixing cold, and 'thick-ribbed ice,' at the frozen poles."

In the story of the 'Three Cutters,' the author has described, with a discriminating and practised hand, the Yacht, the Revenue Cutter, and the Smuggler, with their several crews, so that each stands out from the canvass, a separate and perfect picture. From the opening of 'Cutter the Third,' we take the annexed passages :

"Reader! have you been at St. Maloes? If you have, you were glad enough to leave the hole: and if you have not, take my advice, and do not give yourself the trouble to go and see that, or any other French port in the Channel. There is not one worth looking at. They have made one or two artificial ports, and they are no great things; there is no getting out, or getting in. In fact, they have no harbors in the Channel, while we have the finest in the world; a peculiar dispensation of Providence, because it knew that we should want them, and France would not. In France, what are called ports, are all alike, nasty, narrow holes, only to be entered at certain times of the tide and certain winds; made up of basins and back-waters, custom-houses and cabarets; just fit for smugglers to run into, and nothing more; and therefore they are used for very little else.

"Now, in the dog-hole called St. Maloes, there is some pretty land, although a great deficiency of marine scenery. But never mind that: stay at home, and don't go abroad to drink sour wine, because they call it Bourdeaux, and eat villainous trash, so disguised by cooking that you cannot possibly tell which of the birds of the air, or beasts of the field, or fishes of the sea, you are cramming down your throat. 'If all is right, there is no occasion for disguise,' is an old saying; so depend upon it that there is something wrong, and that you are eating offal, under a grand French name. They eat every thing in France, and would serve you up the head of a monkey who has died of the small-pox, as *Singe au petite vérole*—that is, if you did not understand French; if you did, they would call it *Tête d'amour à l'Éthiopique*, and then you would be even more puzzled. As for their wine, there is no disguise in that—it's half vinegar. No, no! stay at home; you can live just as cheaply, if you choose; and then you will have good meat, good vegetables, good ale, good beer, and a good glass of grog—and what is of more importance, you will be in good company. Live with your friends, and don't make a fool of yourself."

We admire the author's honest and hearty contempt of *fashion*, as displayed in the apings of foreign cookery. The satire upon French ostentation, in this matter, is both just and felicitous. It reminds us of the remark made by a French *cuisinier* to

an American gentleman in Paris: 'Ah! Monsieur, you 'ave not de grand art de cuisine, in your countree: you know notting of dat. You throw away many good victual, for you shall not know how to cook dem. Now, dat vat you call de buck-skin pantaleon, we shall make one fine soupe of him!' Monsieur doubtless meant, that from even the skin of a deer, good dishes might be constructed; but we question whether, in an emergency, he would hesitate to employ the veritable *culotte*, for a similar purpose.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY. By THEODORE SEDGWICK. Part First. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a treatise on Political Economy, containing a mass of facts of the most interesting nature, in the collection and arrangement of which the author has been for a long time employed. The science of political economy has not yet met with the attention it deserves, in this country, owing principally to the circumstance, that the facts and illustrations which are found in the pages of Adam Smith, Say, Malthus, and Macculloch, are drawn from the scenes presented by the native land of those celebrated writers, and the condition of their own countrymen, and are, therefore, from the nature of things, partially, and often wholly, inapplicable to ourselves. It is with a view of remedying this defect in foreign treatises on political economy, that Mr. Sedgwick has written a work of a character purely American; and having for his object to show the value of property, and the means of acquiring it, has, with great industry, brought together, in the compass of two hundred and sixty pages, a quantity of facts that of themselves render his book extremely valuable, and which, accompanied as they are with sound inferences, and useful advice, should be read by all classes of the community. The title of the volume shows its design; and while the vices of extravagance and indolence are severely reprehended, and their baneful effects strongly set forth, the advantages of frugality, and a proper employment of time, to individuals and the nation at large, are ably depicted. The fallacy of the vulgar notion, that a national debt is a national blessing, and that extravagance in the higher classes is attended with a corresponding benefit to the lower, must be apparent to all who give the present work even a cursory perusal. We commend to our readers this excellent treatise, as one from which all may draw some information, and many perhaps be induced to put in practice, in their own domestic economy, the precepts so ably inculcated.

ONE IN A THOUSAND: OR THE DAYS OF HENRI QUATRE. By the author of 'Richelieu,' etc. In one vol. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE press is at this juncture so prolific in novels, romances, *et id genus omne*, that to give each the time it deserves for a perusal, would not only consume the entire day, but take largely from the hours usually devoted to sleep. We have contrived, however, to look over the work of Mr. JAMES, whose title heads this notice, and are compelled to pronounce it much inferior to its predecessors. The author has selected an epoch sufficiently interesting, and the historical events which he has incorporated into his work, contribute materially to strengthen the purely fictitious portion; but still there are such evident marks of haste in the execution of the whole, and such a want of discrimination in his description of the characters, that we do not believe the book will become a favorite with 'one in a thousand' of the reading world. The trade

of book-making has of late been carried to a truly fearful extent, and the reputations of many of the best modern authors have been seriously injured by the rapidity with which they have poured their productions before the public. Mr. James is especially liable to censure for the undue haste and want of correction which characterize this work. The plot is uninteresting, and were it not occasionally relieved by the introduction of Henri Quatre, and a few historical characters, would be insufferably dull. The battles of Ivry and Dunkirk are described with a power which recalled the best scenes of 'Richelieu' and 'De L'Orme,' but these and a few other bright spots serve only to place the intervening portions of the work in stronger contrast.

'One in a Thousand,' though afforded for a mere trifle, is well printed, upon clear types, and fine white paper. And this leads us warmly to commend the new enterprise of the Messrs. HARPERS to the literary public, of whom they have long been bountiful benefactors. They have recently commenced publishing a cheap and handsome series of novels, to embrace only the best and most popular works, as those of Bulwer, Marryat, James, D'Israeli, Grattan, Theodore Hook, etc. The series commenced with *Rienzi*, and *The Gipsy* and *One in a Thousand* soon followed. All the works are to be neatly and accurately printed, and substantially bound in muslin, for FIFTY CENTS per volume — each volume containing an entire work! The publishers well observe in their circular: 'It is scarcely necessary to point out the great and numerous advantages afforded to the purchaser by this mode of publication over that of periodical libraries. In the first place, the works will be in almost every instance much cheaper — the purchaser will have it in his power to select such as he pleases, instead of being obliged to receive whatever the publisher may choose to give him — the care and risk of loss, attendant upon the necessity of preserving the numbers as they come out, will be avoided — the expense of binding will be saved — the form in which they will be published, duodecimo, will be found much more convenient, as well as beautiful, than the lumbering quarto or octavo — and finally, the purchaser will escape the vexation of having to wait from week to week for the continuation of a story in which he has become interested.' Success to the experiment!

MAHMOUD. A Novel. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a romance upon the model of 'Anastasius,' though greatly inferior in talent to that work. The hero is the reputed son of Stamati Morozi, a Greek merchant of Smyrna, and is sent at an early age to the Morea, where he begins a life of startling and varied adventures. After many personal encounters with the Turks and the Pirates of the Archipelago, he is taken prisoner by the Algerines while on a voyage to Egypt, and carried to Algiers, whence, after several vicissitudes, he departs with the caravan, over land for Cairo. By devoting himself unscrupulously to the interests of Mohammed Bey, at that time an aspirant for power, he becomes, upon the successful termination of the intrigues of that able and blood-thirsty chieftain, a personage of importance, occupying a station corresponding to that of Minister of the Police in European governments. The work concludes with his elevation to the rank of Bey, and the discovery that he is the son of a Pacha and a Sultana. The incidents are well told, and sufficiently stirring to secure a perusal by most novel readers, though the constant succession of murders, and the darkest atrocities, is apt to pall upon the taste, and grow tiresome, before the conclusion. This redundancy of horrors constitutes the great fault of the work; since it is difficult to conceive that any one could pass through such scenes and trials, without being killed a dozen times, and maimed

for life yet oftener. But the heroes of romance are privileged beings, and laugh to scorn the assaults of bullets and daggers. If the reader can reconcile the improbabilities of the narrative, he will find it abundantly entertaining.

The following account of the hero's escape from a harem, where he had been suddenly surprised by the aga-lover of his mistress, is spirited, and is a fair specimen of the author's powers:

"The two negroes now loosened their hold of me, and I was commanded to rise; they remained, one on each side, with drawn sabres, eyeing me with looks of savageness, very expressive of their eagerness to commence the operations of their trade.

"On my right there was a low window, shaded by projecting lattice-work, looking into the garden. I had determined to attempt my escape at this outlet, had not the entreaties of Cobah to save her rendered me regardless of personal safety. I revolved in my mind, with amazing rapidity, the several chances of escape which the window held out to me. I measured the colossal forms and proportions of the negroes at my side. As to the aga, he was less than nothing in my estimation.

"While my mind was undergoing this fever of agitation and doubtful hope, the aga advanced with the cup of liquid in one hand, and a handjhar in the other. He gave me the alternative of swallowing the contents of the former, which were poison, or of submitting to tortures from which my mind recoiled with horror.

"Make your choice," he cried. "By Allah and our holy Prophet, such will be your doom. Choose!" he repeated, in a louder tone, advancing still nearer.

"Never in the whole course of my life did I labor under such terrible excitement as on that occasion. The idea of enduring the horrible and protracted torture of a loathed existence, roused all my energies. I felt myself suddenly glowing with unwonted vigor—the strength of an Atlas was imparted to my frame—my sinews seemed to knit with preternatural tenseness and rigidity.

"Almost before thought could conceive the daring project, I had laid one of the negroes sprawling on the floor. His companion darted upon me—I grasped him with the strength of a Hercules—we both fell—I was uppermost.

"I seized him by the throat with a gripe so fierce and powerful, that he was compelled to let go the hold which he had taken of my dress. All this was the work of an instant—I was free! I sprang upon my feet, and with one bound darted through the window, leaving the aga overcome with wonder and dismay at my escape.

"On alighting in the garden below, the two slaves who had been intrusted with the execution of Cobah, issued from a low building on my left, fresh from their inhuman employment. I flew past them—a few paces brought me to the garden wall—I vaulted over it with ease, such velocity of motion and activity had terror imparted to my limbs, and gained the street in safety.

"The two negroes had scaled the wall almost at the same instant as myself, and followed me with a perseverance which left but a trifling distance between us. Despair, however, lent wings to my flight. Fortunately it was a time of day when the heat of the sun confined the inhabitants to their houses, to enjoy their siesta. The cries of the negroes brought several to their doors; they satisfied themselves with merely gazing on in stupid wonder, but did not offer to molest me.

"As I approached the more bustling part of the city, I was several times opposed, but the swiftness of my career bore down every obstruction. I now entered the principal street, where the dey's palace stood.

"Half a dozen janizaries stood lounging in the shade of the gate-way. The cries of my pursuers immediately roused them into action. They drew their swords, placed themselves across the street, awaiting my approach. Gasping for breath—worked up to a climax of phrenay—I turned like a tiger at bay upon my pursuers.

"A vast body of people had now collected, and came rushing on like a river which had broken its banks. A few seconds I stood convulsively panting in the middle of the street, gazing alternately on the wild and undulating crowd, and the threatening attitude of the janizaries. I knew my fate if taken by the former—I should be torn to pieces—I was decided in an instant.

"I had but one hope left: I flew towards the janizaries, threw myself at their feet, crying out 'Allah! Allah! I am a Mussulman!'

"The populace—like all mobs, turned by a feather—lately bent on my destruction, now manifested an equal solicitude to protect me, and even proceeded to treat the slaves and domestics of the aga, who clamorously demanded me to be given up to them, with a roughness which speedily put an end to all further interference in that quarter. The slaves, however, rushed upon me with their weapons, and attempted to cut me down.

"He is an adulterer!" they shouted—"take his life—take his life."

"He is a true believer!" returned my protectors—"the sacrifice is too great." They pushed and buffeted the slaves till they were forced to relinquish the contest, and the latter retired, muttering, curses on me and the people."

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE DRAMA. — The past month has not been marked by any thing especially novel or interesting in theatricals. At the PARK, MR. WALLACE, (assisted by MRS. SHARPE,) has finished a short engagement, — MR. REEVE has made a second tour of his line of characters, — a new play has been brought out under the auspices of Mr. Wallace, and most effectively damned, — and — *voilà tout*.

Mr. Reeve's second engagement has not added to his reputation as an actor. He has proved himself a very funny man, capable of creating roars of laughter whenever it pleases him — a clever imitator — a grotesque *farceur*, and — no comedian.

Mr. Reeve has been the means of introducing to our acquaintance a set of farcical compositions; and, taken together, we can safely challenge all Grub-street, assisted by the playwrights of the Bowery, to produce an equally stupid mass of irredeemable trash. Who the creators of these illegitimate bantlings may be, we dare not assume the risk of a supposition. Their paternity is not announced in the play-bills, neither is their genealogy the subject of a prologue. They have a being — their works are in visible existence before us — but the appellatives of the bright spirits who created them, are unknown to the world, in this instance; although from exertions like these we cannot but hope that Fame has acknowledged them. If not, we call upon them in the name of all that is glorious in genius, we invoke them by the immortal shade of Shakespeare — the mantle of whose spirit has fallen upon them — to come out from the obscure depths of Shin-bone Alley — to descend from the skiëy influences of their elevated sanctuaries in Pudding-Lane, and, hiding the amiable blushes of modest genius, bow their honorable heads, and receive the crown of immortality, which their dram-atic spirits have woven!

But seriously. If, from this pile of unmeaning fooleries, we could select one piece more execrably absurd than the rest, it would probably be that exquisite compound of delicate probabilities, and Punch-and-Judy witticisms, yclept '*The Mummy*.' This condensation of stupidity is just what one might expect to see exhibited in the ring of a circus, in honorable companionship with *The Miller of Brentford*, *The Dumb Soldier*, and other equally intellectual compositions. Why is it that an audience, and that audience seated in the Park Theatre, an establishment that is the pride of the American public to hold up as the first in the Union — why is it that such an audience will submit to an insult to taste and propriety, so gross as that which is imposed by the representation of such vile abortions of mercenary farce-writers, as '*The Mummy*,' '*Catching an Heiress*,' '*The Climbing Boy*,' *cum multis aliis*? Why is it? Because they have so long been accustomed to look upon every thing which has received the stamp of a London audience (no matter of what theatre) as current coin, that they quietly receive all emanations from that source, with a religious faith in their sterling value, without taking upon themselves the responsibility of an opinion:

'Tasteless, insipid, indolent, and tame,
At second hand we chiefly praise or blame.'

The public are to be censured, that such things are. They are the quiescent cause. They hold the remedy in their own hands. We are constantly told of the immoralities of the stage: we are reminded of what the stage was, and what it ought to be; managers are blamed for suffering their establishments to be prostituted; actors are reviled for assisting in the degrading exhibition; and authors, beyond all, are condemned for creating the nauseous dose. Yet after all, neither manager, author, nor actor, deserve the weight of condemnation. 'Tis their vocation, Hal.' The public are the cause, and most accursed effect. They, by their constant greediness for every thing which has the appearance of novelty, swallow with avidity the most execrable stuff that the dry remnant of exhausted ingenuity can invent. They declare their delight with the new-comer, so long as its newness lasts: it grows old, they are impatient for another importation—behold! they have it: the author is paid, the actor receives his salary, the manager fills his treasury, and the public are satisfied. What would they more? While the best productions in the language go tamely off; while the sparkling wit of Shakspeare and Sheridan sinks pointless upon the dull souls of the fashionables in the boxes, (the umpires of taste forsooth!) the stale jokes, coarse witticisms, licentious innuendoes, or broad and glaring indecencies of such abominations as *Cupid, The Climbing Boy, Catching an Heiress*, and *Scan. Mag.*, are applauded to the echo! Who, in such a state of its affairs, will dignify the stage with the approbation which the great and good of former days have bestowed upon it? Who will make himself so ridiculous, as to declare the stage a model, 'holding the mirror up to nature'? If Nature can see herself reflected there, then verily do we blush for that venerable lady.

The stage exercises an influence over the passions and feelings of the multitude, unequalled even by the pulpit, (we speak it with reverence,) and unexcelled by the press. Many, perhaps most persons, attend the theatre 'to beguile the time.' They consider it a place of amusement—and so it is, but it is amusement blended with an influence, which instructs to good or evil. None are so indifferent, as not to be affected, to some extent, by what is thus vividly brought before them. Their feelings and sympathies are excited, to some degree, let it be great or small; and in that proportion are they likely to receive an impression either for good or evil, according to the moral excellence of the subject. There can be no doubt of the favorable influence of a well-conducted stage. It is a truth settled long ago; nor can there be less doubt of the pernicious effects of many of those disgraceful exhibitions which, under the name of plays, are suffered to pollute it.

MISS MASON made her first appearance in this country on the 26th ultimo, in Knowles' play of *The Hunchback*. Owing to the lateness of the period, we have barely time to notice, slightly, her performance of *Julia*.

The 'play of the 'Hunchback' has become such a general favorite, and the part of *Julia* has been so often represented by the best performers, that almost every person who witnesses its representation now, is a qualified critic to judge and compare the merits of every new personator of the character with her predecessors in the part. Whether this circumstance presented itself to Miss Mason, in the shape of an objection or otherwise, we are unable to say: but we are happy in asserting, that her representation of the character suffered not at all in comparison with any that have gone before her.

To a very flexible countenance, full of thought and expression, Miss Mason adds the great requisite of a strong, pleasing, and most effective voice, with a figure sufficiently commanding to give expression to the heroic characters of tragedy, and not too dignified for the less aspiring personages of the lighter drama. Her conception of the character of *Julia*, although differing in some particulars from others that we have seen, appeared to be true, natural, and according to the intention of the author. Her acting throughout the 'Letter Scene,' in the fourth act, was especially correct, considering the situation of the characters. Instead of the loud and violent expressions of surprise, to which we have been accustomed, when *Julia* seems to recognise in

the tones of the Secretary, the voice of Clifford, Miss Mason gave utterance to her suspicions in a voice hushed to a whisper — a suppressed murmur, which Clifford could not be supposed to hear: while throughout the entire scene, she evinced the true feeling of the character — the utter anguish of heart at Clifford's apparent indifference, the contrast between the deep humility of her love, and the proud respect which she owed herself — more forcibly by the subdued and trembling emotion of her voice and manner, than could possibly have been effected by the less natural method of violent expression which we have sometimes witnessed. We consider Miss Mason's conception of this scene, at least, entirely original, and she is entitled to much credit for its justness and natural truth. Should this lady, through all her characters, maintain the high opinion which has been formed of her from the performance of Julia, she can hardly fail to become a favorite with the American public. c.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — '*Norman Leslie*,' dramatised from Mr. FAY's well-known novel of that name, has for nearly a month drawn crowded audiences at this theatre. It has several defects, but more of popular attractions. There is in its compass much stirring action, for the most part well represented; and the scenery is highly creditable to the artist of the establishment.

HOW TO WRITE A ROMANCE. — An admirable satire upon a certain class of fictitious works, is given by CAPTAIN MARRYAT, in the last number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*. It represents, in the form of a dialogue, an author writing a romance, after the old-school model, per order of a London book-seller, who has informed him that there is a great reaction in the literary world in favor of such efforts. The principal scene of the novel is laid in a castle, perched so high in the air that the highest-soaring eagle appears like a wren below. Connected with the castle, are subterranean passages, leading to a cave at high-water mark, on the sea-beach, covered with bushes, and just large enough at the entrance to admit of a man squeezing himself in. The heroine has never seen her lover, to whom, however, she is most devotedly attached, and suffers every thing for his sake. She is confined in various dungeons, for three or four years, where she is half starved, sleeps upon wet straw, among sundry reptiles, is attempted to be ruined by villains, and slays several would-be ravishers. The hero is the captain of a band of robbers, but the reason of his connexion with them is a profound secret, as is also the incentive to implicit obedience on the part of his followers. There is no regular plot, but abundance of castles, dungeons, corridors, creaking doors, good and bad villains, clanking of armor, daggers for gentlemen, and stilettos for ladies — dark forests, and brush-wood — drinking scenes, eating scenes, and sleeping scenes — robbers and friars, purses of gold, instruments of torture, etc. The writer describes his style as the intellectual and ethereal. 'You observe,' he says, 'that it never allows probabilities or even possibilities to stand in its way. The dross of humanity is rejected: all the common wants and grosser feelings of our natures are disallowed. It is a novel which is all mind and passion.' Corporeal attributes and necessities are thrown on one side, as they would destroy the charm of perfectibility. Such being the opinions of the author, no surprise will be elicited by the following extract. The heroine is imprisoned (in a dungeon of the castle, four feet square, and six hundred feet under ground,) by the distinguished person who is in love with her. The subterranean passages are so intricate, that he has forgotten the way to her cell; so likewise has the 'colored person' whom he has appointed to attend her:

'The beauteous and divinely-moulded form of the angelic Angelicanarinella pressed the dank and rotten straw, which had been thrown down by the scowling, thick-lipped

Ethiop for her repose. She, for whom attendant maidens had smoothed the Sybaritic sheet of finest texture, under the elaborately-carved and sumptuously-gilt canopy, the silken curtains, and the tassels of the purest dust of gold! Each particular straw of this dank, damp bed was elastic with delight, at bearing such angelic pressure; and, as our heroine cast her ineffably-beaming eyes about the dark void, lighting up with their effulgent rays each little portion of the dungeon, as she glanced them from one part to another, she perceived that the many reptiles enclosed with her in this narrow tomb, were nestling to her side, their eyes fixed upon her in mute expressions of love and admiration. Her eclipsed orbs were each, for a moment, suffused with a bright and heavenly tear, and from the suffusion threw out a more brilliant light upon the feeling reptiles who paid this tribute to her undeserved sufferings. She put forth her beaucous hand, whose 'faint tracery' — (I stole that from Cooper,) — whose faint tracery had so often given to others the idea that it was ethereal, and not corporeal, and lifting with all the soft and tender handling of first love, a venerable toad, which smiled upon her, she placed the interesting animal so that it could crawl up and nestle in her bosom. 'Poor child of dank, of darkness, and of dripping!' exclaimed she, in her flute-like notes, 'who sheltereth thyself under the wet and mouldering wall, so neglected in thy form by thy mother Nature, repose awhile in peace where princes and nobles would envy thee, if they knew thy present lot. But that shall never be; these lips shall never breathe a tale which might endanger thy existence; fear not, therefore, their enmity, and as thou slowly creepest away thy little round of circumscribed existence, forget me not, but shed an occasional pearly tear to the memory of the persecuted, the innocent Angelicanarinella!'

In a favorite chapter of horrors, several lovers of the angelic Angelicanarinella are made to assemble in a dark gallery, where they do not expect to meet any one but the hero, whom they intend to murder, — each one having, unknown to the others, made an appointment with him, on the pretence of telling him a great secret. The following is the *dénouement*, by which a great number of troublesome personages are suddenly removed out of the way of the author — each one falling, it will be seen, 'without a groan:'

'Absenpresentini felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath. 'No, no,' muttered the other, 'the secret of blood and gold shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death.' In a second, the dagger of Absenpresentini was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains,' exclaimed Absenpresentini. 'It does remain with you,' cried Phosphorini, driving his dagger into his back: Absenpresentini fell without a groan, and Phosphorini, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed, 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?' 'Not you,' cried Vortiskini, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned Phosphorini, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said Vortiskini, as he sheathed his sword. 'Thou shalt,' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies,' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his society does Manfredini sacrifice his life.' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan."

'At this most monstrously-appalling sight, the hair of Piftlianteriscki raised slowly the velvet cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine — (I think that's new) — his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might, with ease, have thrust a musket bullet into each — his mouth was opened so wide, so unnaturally wide, that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood slowly trickled down each side of his bristly chin — while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear. Not a word could he utter, for his tongue, in its fright, clung with terror to his upper jaw, as tight as do the bellies of the fresh and slimy soles, paired together by some fish-woman; but if his tongue was paralysed, his heart was not; it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp, subterranean —'

But we pause — leaving the reader to reflect upon the many bethumbed romances he has seen in the hands of admiring boarding-school girls, or sentimental young men, to say nothing of 'benign ceruleans,' the incidents of which were not one whit less improbable, nor the language less inflated, than the foregoing. The names of the characters — so fashionably-foreign, and musically dulcet — should by no means be lost sight of.

'THE LAUREL.' — Through inadvertence, we have omitted to notice in its appropriate department a neatly-executed volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, from the press of Mr. E. R. BROADBENT, of Boston, entitled, '*The Laurel: a Gift for all Seasons.*' It is a collection of poems, by native authors, and considering its compass, is by far the best yet published. The editor, whose name is not given, has executed his task with good taste and correct judgment, and his labors deserve well at the hands of the public. We annex two or three brief extracts from the preface, for the well-expressed truths which they convey :

'The fact is, that the causes of our deficiency in works of poetry, as well as in other departments of literature, are to be looked for, not in any imaginary want of the outward elements of inspiration, or of the inward sympathies that feel and appreciate them, and the genius which gives to them expression, — but in the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and under which we grow up, and in the general necessity, by which we are impelled to action. So many opportunities of honorable enterprise are presented to our young men, and such are the diverting prospects held out to them, that they often lose, in the excitement of politics or the bustle of trade, those poetic aspirations which they may at one time have cherished. In this new country, where the most lavish resources of nature and of art are daily being developed,

'All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,
And many a cloud drifts by, but none sojourns.'

'We have no time to 'strictly meditate the thankless muse.' A new rail-road may interfere with the progress of a new poem, and the turmoil of an election may not chime with the melody of verse. A good poet in this country often subsides into a second-rate politician ; or he may turn his attention from the speculations of fancy to speculations in stocks. One of our most enchanting bards is in the 'cotton trade and sugar line'; another is a cashier in a bank ; and another (proh pudor !) is a partisan editor.

'It would be absurd to deny, that all the sources of inspiration, and all the external influences which can operate upon a poet, abound in unlimited exuberance in this country. Nature has been most lavish of her wonders. Our ancient and magnificent forests, in one of which, to borrow an idea from John Neal, a whole nation of Europe might lose itself — our inland oceans, where fleets might wander, and have wandered for weeks, without coming in sight of each other — our mountains bristling with dark woods — our stupendous cataracts, our immense prairies rolling their waves of verdure as the sea rolls its billows, and like the sea bounded on all sides by a level horizon — our princely and abounding rivers — our line of sea-coast, indented with noble bays, sublime in storm and beautiful in calm — all these natural characteristics cannot be regarded as deficient in the elements of the loftiest poetry.'

Would that those of our writers who are prone to adopt affected innovations, and to import their subjects as well as forms of speech, could feel as they ought the force of the paragraph last above quoted ! With all the obstacles that exist in this country to a successful cultivation of the divine art, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that (to use an expressive but not over-elegant phrase,) the 'general run' of American poetry, within the last five years, has been superior to the trans-atlantic average. Our present writers have less of the affected, the super-celestial, and the meretricious, about them, than the mass of their brethren across the water. And if they would enter yet more deeply into the poetic resources of the glorious land they inhabit, we should have a still smaller number of copyists of foreign thought, and second-hand modes of expression — writers who, instead of permitting their words to be suggested by the sentiments, display —

'In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness.'

Take our best authors — prose-writers and poets — ay, and artists, also — and it will be found that their purest inspiration has been derived from scenes and events connected with their own land. In no country is the poetical spirit more rife than in America ; and this in despite of utilitarian tendencies, and the miserable efforts of incom-

potent consors, who have sat in the seat of the scorner, 'winnowing the corn, but to feed upon the chaff'

Most of the selections in this little volume are familiar to the public, and their authors generally and favorably known. There are some productions, however, which we do not remember to have seen before, and with the writers of which we 'shall desire more acquaintance.' Mr. SHERRY, whose name as a poet, now for the first time meets us, introduces himself with proper credentials, as the annexed fragments from a love-passage, may bear witness :

'She loved me, often promised that her love
Should cling to me, while she should cling to life ;
She called upon the burning stars above,
And whispered something of that sweet word, wife ;
But what is endless love, except where cash is ?
The fabled fruit of blooming gilded ashes.

'Do you like letter-reading ? If you do,
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones ;
Gay, sober, rapturous, solemn, very true,
And very lying — stupid ones, and witty ones ;
On gilt-edged paper, blue perhaps or pink,
And frequently in fancy colored ink.

'And then the seals — a silver crescent moon,
With half a line of melting French or Latin ;
The flower which has an eye as bright as moon,
And leaf as delicate as softest satin,
Called the Forget-me-not, but known as well
By twenty names I cannot stop to tell —

'A leaf with half a dozen words, that mean
'I only change in death ;' a gentle dove,
With an Italian motto — you have seen
Fifty just like them, if you've been in love
And had occasion to write billet-doux,
Or had them written in return to you.

'Do you like trinkets ? I have chains and rings,
And ringlets of her own dark, glossy hair,
Lockets, and favors, and the little things
That gentlemen in love are wont to wear ;
Among the rest, a pair of hearts — in token
Of her own faithlessness, one heart is broken !'

He parts with the 'delicious little arrangement of flesh and blood,' on a lovely autumn evening, after an interchange of solemn vows, little thinking, as he says (the entire line is Burns's, Mr. Sherry,) that parting was his last :

'I knew there was a rival in the case,
A very rich and very stupid fellow ;
With bushy whiskers on an ugly face,
And a complexion not a little yellow ;
Six feet in height, and of a stately carriage,
And of an age to make a prudent marriage.

'But that did not diminish my surprise,
When, on the very afternoon succeeding,
A black-sealed billet met my startled eyes,
Filled to the brim with entertaining reading ;
It was, indeed, most singularly phrased,
And left me quite peculiarly amazed.

'She was extremely sorry, on her soul,
Hoped I might still continue as a brother,
But circumstances, she could not control,
Forced her, alas ! to marry with another ;
And friends, regardless of her deep affection,
Had interfered to sever our connexion.

'I am not of the family of Stoics,
And thought at first of nothing short of death ;
And fell into the most insane heroics,
And raved till altogether out of breath ;
Then took a little walk to make my mind up,
On some fit means my short career to wind up.'

The reader will share our pleasure on learning, that notwithstanding the awful squinting toward *felo de se* conveyed in the last stanza, Mr. Sherry yet lives to write — and for aught we know, writes to live.

We are sorry to perceive one or two glaring errors in some of the best selections of the work. How *could* the editor, for example, in the 'Hymn to Nature,' substitute *heavy* for *heaving*, in the following line:

'God of the wild and heaving deep!'

It is made to disfigure a most sublime and beautiful poem, (by the Rev. Mr. PRABODY,) two stanzas of which we subjoin:

'God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm!

'God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm noon's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne!"

We should be glad to revive in the minds of our readers the remembrance of many of the fine poems in this collection, which once enjoyed an honorable newspaper celebrity, but are now doubtless thrust aside by things more intimately connected with this working-day world. The touching stanzas by Miss LOUISA P. SMITH, (subsequently Mrs. SAMUEL JENES SMITH, who deceased in this city three or four years since,) those by ROCKWELL, LONGFELLOW, PRENTICE, and several others, less familiar, perhaps, to the readers are equal to any fugitive efforts in the volume. We must close with the annexed oddly-pathetic poem, by O. W. HOLMES, Esq., a fine prose-writer, and no mean poet:

'THE LAST LEAF.

'I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door, —
And again,
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

'They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

'But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone!'

'The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb!

'My grandmama has said —
Poor old lady — she is dead
Long ago;
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

'But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

'I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches — and all that,
Are so queer!

'And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring —
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling.'

O. W. H.

We are glad to perceive that it is the intention of the editor, should the present volume meet an adequate acceptance at the hands of the public — which we cannot doubt — to issue another, which shall embody a still greater amount of American poetry, worthy of being embraced in such a collection.

LITERARY RECORD.

BYRON'S WORKS.—The first volume of DEARBORN'S fine edition of Byron appears, just as the last pages of this Magazine go to press, — leaving us only time and space to remark, that it is well-executed, on a large, clear type, and embellished with a superb portrait of the author, and a tasteful vignette title-page — both from the *burin* of DICK, upon whose skill they reflect great credit. The edition will embrace six volumes — the first two containing Moore's life of the author, letters, journals, etc., together with a large number of letters and other prose writings, not to be found in the English copy. The poems, in which will be included many not contained in the London edition, will occupy the remaining four volumes. The success which attends the publications of Mr. DEARBORN, is a sufficient evidence that native readers are not indifferent to the external qualities of internally excellent books. The course of the 'American Murray,' in this regard, might be emulated by publishers of less merit, but more pretensions.

BEAUTIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER.—Part second of J. DISTURNELL'S 'Picturesque Beauties of the Hudson River and its Vicinity' has recently been issued. It well sustains the promise afforded by the first number, which we had pleasure in recommending to the favor of the public, a few months since. The following are the views contained in Part Second: *New-York, from Staten Island*: drawn by E. W. CLAY, and engraved by J. A. ROLPH. *Hoboken*: drawn by JAMES SMILLIE, and engraved by R. HINSHELWOOD. *A view on the Hudson*: painted by J. G. CHAPMAN, and engraved by A. DICK. Ample encouragement should be awarded to this laudable enterprise, which does honor to the arts in America, while it illustrates some of the finest native scenery. The letter-press department is well supplied by COL. S. L. KNAPP, and the whole is tastefully presented.

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY.—The forty-seventh number of the Family Library is devoted to the Natural History of Insects, — a subject, the interest of which is by no means confined to the mere entomologist, but is very attractive to the general reader. The present volume contains, among other things, illustrations of the transformations of the butterfly — observations on the metamorphoses of insects — the natural history of various insects which form cocoons — of the silk worm moth, and silk — of Indian moths, and others reared from their silk — of luminous winged insects, etc. It is illustrated by numerous clearly-cut wood engravings.

'THE OUTLAW.'—The BROTHERS HARPER have in press a novel, bearing the foregoing title, which, if we may judge from a cursory perusal of the English copy, will be found to create a pleasing and sometimes a powerful interest. Mrs. S. C. HALL, favorably known in England and America as the writer of several exceedingly clever 'Sketches of Irish Character,' is the authoress: and the simplicity and feeling that have made those records so popular, are distinctive characteristics of her last agreeable work. It will soon be published.

'COMMON SCHOOL ASSISTANT.'—The cause of Common School Education will be greatly aided, we are inclined to believe, by a monthly periodical, bearing this title, the first number of which has recently been issued at Albany. It is under the charge of J. ORVILLE TAYLOR, who has devoted many years to the subject of Common Schools, and may be supposed to understand thoroughly the wants or deficiencies of these important institutions. The cost is but trifling — the subscription being but fifty cents per year.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Inaugural Address delivered by the Rev. GILBERT MORGAN, on assuming the presidency of the Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, is a sound and able paper — honorable, both in sentiment and manner, to the author. We had marked one or two passages for insertion, which, however, we are unable to present. The cause of education and of literature in the West, is advancing with rapid strides.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST
TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.*

NUMBER ONE.

It is with difficulty that I persuade myself that it is I who am sitting and writing to you from this great city of the East. Whether I look upon the face of Nature, or the works of man, I see every thing different from what the West presents—so widely different, that it seems to me at times as if I were subject to the power of a dream. But I rouse myself, and find that I am awake, and that it is really I, your old friend and neighbor, Piso, late a dweller upon the Cælian hill, who am now basking in the warm skies of Palmyra, and notwithstanding all the splendor and luxury by which I am surrounded, longing to be once more in Rome, by the side of my Curtius, and with him discoursing, as we have been wont to do, of the acts and the policy of the magnificent Aurelian.

But to the purpose of this letter,—which is in agreement with my promise to tell you of my fortunes since I parted from you, and of my good or ill success, as it may be, in the prosecution of that affair which has driven me so far from my beloved Rome. O, Humanity!—why art thou so afflicted? Why have the immortal gods made the cup of life so bitter? And why am I singled out to partake of one that seems all bitter? My feelings sometimes overmaster my philosophy. You can forgive this, who know my sorrows. Still I am delaying to inform you concerning my journey and my arrival. Now I will begin.

As soon as I had lost sight of you weeping on the quay, holding in your hand the little Gallus, and the dear Lucilia leaning on your arm, and could no longer, even by mounting upon the highest part of the vessel, discern the waving of your hands, nor cause you to see the fervor with which I returned the sign of friendship, I at once left off thinking of you, as far as I could, and, to divert my thoughts, began to examine, as if I had never seen them before, the banks of the yellow Tiber. At first the crowds of shipping, of every form and from every part of the world, distracted the sight, and compelled me to observe what was immediately around me. The cries of the sailors, as they were engaged in managing different parts of their vessels, or as they

* The present paper is the first of a series, in which it will be attempted to present a picture of the state of the East, in the reign of Aurelian, and of the fall of Palmyra—private adventure being added, to serve as a medium for describing the manners and opinions of the age.

called out in violent and abusive terms to those who passed them, or as their several galleys struck against each other, in their attempts to go up or down the river, together with the frequent roarings and bellowings of whole cargoes of wild beasts from the deserts of Asia and Africa, destined to the amphitheatre, intermingled with the jargon of an hundred different barbarian languages, from the thousands who thronged the decks of this fleet of all nations. These sights and sounds at first wholly absorbed me, and for a moment shut all the world beside — even you — out of my mind. It was a strange yet inspiring scene, and gave me greater thoughts than ever of the power and majesty of Rome. Here were men and ships that had traversed oceans and continents to bring the offerings of their toil, and lay them at the feet of the mistress of the world. And over all this bustle, created by the busy but coarse spirit of commerce, a splendor and gayety were thrown by numerous *trerekes* and boats of pleasure, which, glittering under the light of a summer's morning sun, were just setting out upon some excursion of pleasure, with streamers floating from the slender masts — music swelling up from innumerable performers — and shouts of merry laughter from crowds of the rich and noble youths of the city, who reclined upon the decks, beneath canopies of the richest dyes. As these *Cleopatra* barges floated along with their soft burden, torrents of vituperative epithet were poured upon them by the rough children of Neptune, which was received with an easy indifference, or returned with no lack of ability in that sort of warfare, according to the temper or breeding of the parties.

When the novelty of this scene was worn out, and we had fallen a few miles below the city, to where the eye first meets the smiling face of the country, I looked eagerly around, first upon one, and then upon the other bank of the river, in search of the villas of our fortunate citizens, and waiting impatiently till the well-known turn of the stream should bring me before yours, where, with our mutual friends, we have passed so many happy days. It was not long before I was gratified. Our vessel gracefully doubled the projecting point, blackened with that thick grove of pine, and your hospitable dwelling greeted my eyes; now, alas! again, by that loved and familiar object, made to overflow with tears. I was obliged, by one manly effort, to leap clear of the power of all-subduing love, for my sensibilities were drawing upon me the observation of my fellow passengers. I therefore withdrew from the side of the vessel where I had been standing, and moving to that part of it which would best protect me from what, but now, I had so eagerly sought, sat down and occupied myself in watching the movements and the figures of the persons whom chance had thrown into my company, and with whom I was now, for several weeks, to be shut up in the narrow compass of our merchant-barque. I had sat but a little while, when the master of the ship, passing by me, stopped, and asked if it was I who was to land at Utica — for that one, or more than one, he believed, had spoken for a passage only to that port. 'No, truly,' I replied; and added: 'Do you, then, cross over to Utica? — that seems to me far from a direct course for those bound to Syria.' 'Better round-about,' rejoined he, in his rough way, 'than risk *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; and so would you judge, were the bowels of my good ship stored with your wealth, as they are, or, it may be, with that of some of your friends. The

Roman merchant likes not that narrow strait, fatal to so many, but prefers the open sea, though the voyage be longer. But with this wind — once out of this foul Tiber — and we shall soon see the white shores of Africa. Truly, what a medley we seem to have on board! Jews, Romans, Syrians, Greeks, soldiers, adventurers, merchants, pedlars, and, if I miss not, Christians too; and you, if I miss not again, the only patrician. I marvel at your taking ship with so spotted a company, when there are these gay passenger-boats, sacred to the trim persons of the capital, admitting even not so much as a case of jewels beside.' 'Doubtless it would have been better on some accounts,' I replied, 'but my business was urgent, and I could not wait for the sailing of the packet-boats; and beside, I am not unwilling to cast me where I shall mix with a greater variety of my own species, and gain a better knowledge of myself by the study of others. In this object I am not likely to be disappointed, for you furnish me with diverse samples, which I can contemplate at my leisure.' 'If one studied so as to know well the properties of fishes or animals,' rejoined he, in a sneering tone, 'it would be profitable, for fishes can be eaten, and animals can be used: but man! I know little that he is good for, but to bury, and so fatten the soil. Emperors, as being highest, should be best, and yet, what are they? Whether they have been fools or madmen, the Tiber has still run blood, and the air been poisoned by the rotting carcasses of their victims. Claudius was a good man, I grant; but the gods, I believe, envied us our felicity, and so took him.' 'I trust,' said I, sighing deeply, 'that the present auspices will not deceive us, and that the happiness begun under that almost divine ruler, will be completed under him whom he designated as most worthy of the sceptre of the world, and whose reign — certainly we may say it — has commenced so prosperously. I think better of man than you do, and I cannot but believe that there will yet rise up among us those who shall feel what power, almost of a god, is lodged in the will of a Roman emperor, and will use it like a god to bless, not curse, mankind. Why may not Nature repeat the virtuous Antonines? Her power is not spent. For myself, I have faith that Aurelian will restore, not so much the greatness, as the peace and happiness of the Empire.' 'So have not I,' cried the master of the ship: 'is he not sprung from the loins of a peasant? Has not the camp been his home? Was not a shield his cradle? Such power as his will craze him. Born to it, and the chance were better. Mark a sailor's word: he will sooner play the part of Maximin, than that of Antonine or Severus, or of our late good Claudius. When he feels easy in the saddle, we shall see what he will do. So far, the blood of barbarians, slain in battle, has satisfied him: when once in Rome, that of citizens will be sweeter. But may the gods befriend us!'

At this point of our discourse, we were interrupted by loud and angry vociferations from the forward part of the vessel, where I had long observed a crowd of the passengers, who seemed engaged in some earnest conversation. The tones now became sharp and angry, and the group suddenly dispersed, as the hoarse and commanding voice of the master of the ship reached them, calling upon them to observe the rules of the vessel, which allowed of no riot or quarrelling. Upon this they separated, this way and that. Toward me there moved one whom

I hardly know how to describe, and yet feel that I must. You will here doubtless exclaim, 'Why obliged to describe? Why say so much of accidental companions?' But you will answer yourself, I feel persuaded, my Curtius, by supposing that I should not particularly notice a mere companion of the voyage, unless he had connected himself in some manner with my fortunes. Such has been the case with this person, and one other whom I will shortly introduce to you. As I was saying, then, when that group dispersed, one of its number moved toward me, and seated himself near me. He was evidently a Roman and a citizen. His features were of no other nation. But with all the dignity that characterized him as a Roman, there were mixed a sweetness and a mildness, such as I never remembered to have seen in another. And in the eye there was a melancholy and a deepness, if I may say so, more remarkable still. It was the eye of one who was all sorrow—all love—and all purity; in whom the soul had undisputed sway over the passions and the senses. I have seen an expression which has approached it, in some of our priests, but still far below it in power and beauty. My first impulse was to address him, but his pallid and thoughtful countenance, together with that eye, restrained me, and I know not how I should have overcome this strange diffidence, had not the difficulty been removed by the intervention of a third party. This was no other than one of those travelling Jews, who infest all cities, towns, and regions, and dwell among all people, yet without mixing with any. He was bent almost double by the weight of large packages of goods, of all descriptions, which he carried, part before and part behind him, and which he had not yet laid aside, in hope, I suppose, of effecting some sales among the passengers. 'Here's old Isaac the Jew,' cried he, as he approached toward where I sat, and then stood before me resting his pannier of articles upon a pile of merchandise, which lay there—'here's old Isaac the Jew, last from Rome, but a citizen of the world, now on his way to Carthage and Syria, with all sorts of jewelry and ornaments: nothing that a lady wants that's not here—or gentleman either. Most noble Sir, let me press upon you this steel mirror, of the most perfect polish: see the setting, too; could the fancy of it be better? No? You would prefer a ring: look then at this assortment—iron and gold rings—marriage, seal, and fancy rings—buckles, too: have you seen finer? Here, too, are soaps, perfumes, and salves for the toilet—hair-pins and essences. Perhaps you would prefer somewhat a little more useful. I shall show you, then, these sandals and slippers: see what a charming variety—both in form and color: pretty feet alone should press these—think you not so? But, alas! I cannot tempt you.' 'How is it possible,' said I, for another to speak, when thy tongue wags so fast? Those rings I would gladly have examined, and now that thou hast discharged that volley of hoarse sounds, I pray thee open again that case. I thank thee for giving me an occupation.' 'Take care!' replied the voluble Jew, throwing a quick and mischievous glance toward the Roman whom I have already mentioned—'take care how my friend here of the new faith hears thee or sees thee, an' thou wouldst escape a rebuke. He holds my beauties here and my calling in high contempt, and as for occupation, he thinks one never need be idle who has himself to converse with.' 'What you have last uttered is true,' replied the person

whom he addressed: 'he need never want for employment, who possesses the power of thought. But as to thy trade and object, not to that nor to what thou sellest: only to being myself a buyer.' 'Ha! thou wilt not buy? Trust Isaac for that. I keep that which shall suit all, and enslave all to my purposes: I would have made thee buy of me before, but for the uproar of those soldiers.' While uttering these words, he had placed the case of rings in my hands to examine them, and was engaged himself in exploring the depths of a large package, from which he at length triumphantly drew forth a parchment roll. 'Now open all thine eyes, Nazarene,' cried the Jew, 'and thou shalt see what thou shalt. Look!' And so saying, he unfolded the first page of the book, upon which the eye of the Roman had no sooner fallen, than his face suddenly glowed as if a god had shone through him, and reverently seizing the book, he exclaimed: 'I thank thee, Jew; thou hast conquered: I am a customer too. Here is my purse—take what thou wilt.' 'Hold, hold!' interrupted the Jew, laughing, 'I have not done with thee yet; what thou hast bought in Greek, I would now sell thee again in Latin. Thy half convert, the soldier Macer, would greet this as a cordial to his famishing soul. Take both, and thou hast them cheaper.' 'Your cunning hardly deserves such a reward,' said the Christian, as I now perceived him to be, 'but you have said well, and I not unwillingly obey your suggestions. Pay yourself now for both, and give them to me, carefully rolled up.' 'No better sale than this shall I make to-day, and that too to a Jew-hating Nazarene. But what matters it whom I tax for the upholding of Jerusalem? Surely it is sweeter, when the cruel Roman or the heretic Christian is made unconsciously to build up her walls.' Thus muttered the Jew to himself, as he skilfully bound into a parcel the Christian's books. 'And now, most excellent Sir,' said he, turning toward me, 'what do you find worthy your own or your lady's finger? Here is another case—perhaps these may strike you as rarer for their devices, or their workmanship. But they are rather better suited to the tastes of the rich Palmyrenes, to whom I am bearing them.' 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'these are what I want. This seal ring, with the head of Zenobia, for which I sought in vain in Rome, I will buy, nor care for its cost, if thou canst assure me of its resemblance to the great queen. Who was the artist?' 'As I stand here, a true son of Abraham,' he replied: 'it was worked by a Greek jeweller, who lives hard by the Temple of Fortune, and who has engraved it after a drawing made by a brother, an inhabitant of Palmyra. Two such artists in their way are not to be found. I myself, moreover, bore the original drawing from Demetrius to his brother in Rome, and that it is like the great queen, I can well testify, for I have often seen her. Her marvellous beauty is here well expressed, or as well as that which partakes so much more of heaven than of earth can be. But look at these, too! Here I have what I look to do well with. See! Heads of Odenathus! Think you not they will take well? These also are done with the same care as the others, and by the same workmen. Nothing of the kind has as yet been seen in Palmyra, nor indeed in Rome. Happy Isaac!—thy fortune is made! Come, put them on thy finger, and observe their beauty. King and queen—how lovingly they sit there together! 'T was just so when Odenathus was alive. They were a noble and a loving pair. The queen yet weeps for him.'

'Jew,' said I, 'on thy word I purchase these. Although thy name is in no good repute, yet thy face is honest, and I will trust thee so far.' 'The name of the unfortunate and the weak is never in repute,' said Isaac, as he took my money and folded up the rings, his whole manner suddenly changing. 'The Jew is now but a worm, writhing under the heel of the proud Roman. Many a time has he, however, as thou well knowest, turned upon his destroyer, and tasted the sweetness of a brief revenge. Why should I speak of the massacres of Egypt, Cyrene, and Syria in the days of Hadrian? Let Rome beware! Small though we seem, the day will yet arrive when the glory of Zion shall fill the whole earth — and He shall yet arise, before whom the mighty Emperor of Rome shall tremble in his palaces. This is what I say. Thanks to the great Aurelian, that even a poor son of Abraham may speak his mind, and not lose his head. Here's old Isaac: who'll buy of old Isaac — rings — pins — and razors, — who'll buy?' And so singing, he turned away, and mixed with the passengers in the other parts of the vessel. The wild glare of his eye, and deep, suppressed tone of his voice, as he spoke of the condition and hopes of his tribe, startled and moved me, and I would willingly have prolonged a conversation with one of that singular people, about whom I really know nothing, and with none of whom had I ever before come in contact. When I see you again, I shall have much to tell you of him; for during the rest of the voyage we were often thrown together, and, as you will learn, he has become of essential service to me in the prosecution of my objects.

No sooner had Isaac withdrawn from our company, than I embraced the opportunity to address myself to the remarkable-looking person whom I have already in part described. 'It is a great testimony,' I said, turning toward him, 'which these Jews bear to their national religion. I much doubt if Romans, under similar circumstances of oppression, would exhibit a constancy like theirs. Their attachment, too, is to an invisible religion, as one may say, which makes it the more remarkable. They have neither temples, altars, victims, nor statues, nor any form of god or goddess, to which they pay real or feigned adoration. Toward us they bear deep and inextinguishable hate, for our religion not less than for our oppressions. I never see a Jew threading our streets with busy steps, and his dark, piercing eye, but I seem to see an assassin, who, with Nero, wishes the Roman people had but one neck, that he might exterminate the whole race with a single blow. Toward you, however, who are so nearly of his own faith, I suppose his sentiments are more kindly. The Christian Roman, perhaps, he would spare.' 'Not so, I greatly fear,' replied the Christian. 'Nay, the Jew bears a deeper hatred toward us than toward you, and would sooner sacrifice us; for the reason, doubtless, that we are nearer him in faith than you; just as our successful emperors have no sooner found themselves securely seated, than they have first turned upon the members of their own family, that from this, the most dangerous quarter, there should be no fear of rival or usurper. The Jew holds the Christian — though in some sort believing with him — as a rival — a usurper — a rebel; as one who would substitute a novelty for the ancient creed of his people, and, in a word, bring ruin upon the very existence of his tribe. His suspicions, truly, are not without foundation; but they do not excuse the temper with which he regards us. I

cast no imputation upon the virtues of friend Isaac, in what I say. The very spirit of universal love, I believe, reigns in his soul. Would that all of his race were like him.' 'What you say is new and strange,' I replied. 'I may possibly bring shame upon myself by saying so, but it is true. I have been accustomed to regard Christians and Jews as in effect one people; one, I mean, in opinion and feeling. But in truth I *know* nothing. You are not ignorant of the prejudice which exists toward both these races, on the part of the Romans. I have yielded, with multitudes around me, to prevailing ideas, taking no steps to learn their truth or error. Our writers, from Tacitus to the base tools — for such they must have been — who lent themselves to the purposes of the bigot Macrianus, and who filled the city with their accounts of the Christians, have all agreed in representing your faith as a dark and mischievous superstition. I have, indeed, been struck with the circumstance, that while the Jews make no converts from among us, great numbers are reported to have joined the Christians; and of those, not a few of the higher orders. The late Emperor Philip, I think it clear, was a Christian. This might have taught me that there is a wide difference between the Christian and the Jew. But the general hatred toward both the one and the other, together with the persecutions to which they have been exposed, have made me more than indifferent to their merits.' 'I trust the time will come,' replied the Christian, 'when our cause will be examined on the ground of its merits. Why may we not believe that it has now come? The Roman world is at peace. A strong and generous prince is upon the throne. Mild and just laws restrain the furious bigotry of an ignorant and sanguinary priesthood. Men of intelligence and virtue adorn our profession, from whom those who are anxious to know the truth can hear it; and copies of our sacred books, both in Greek and Latin, abound, whence may easily be learned the true principles of our faith, and the light of whose holy pages would instantly dispel the darkness by which the minds of many, even of the virtuous and well-disposed, are oppressed. It is hardly likely that a fitter opportunity will soon offer for an examination of the claims of Christianity. We have nothing to dread but the deadness and indifference of the public mind. It is not credible that polytheism should stand a day upon any fair comparison of it with the religion of Christ. You yourself are not a believer, (pardon my boldness) in the ineffable stupidities of the common religion. To suppose you *were* — I see by the expression of your countenance — would be the unpardonable offence. I sincerely believe, that nothing more is wanting to change you, and every intelligent Roman, from professed supporters of the common religion, (but real infidels,) into warm believers and advocates of the doctrine of Christ — but simply this — to read his sayings, and the delineation of his character, as they have been written down by some of his followers. You are, I see, incredulous, but not more so than I was myself only a year ago; yet you behold me a Christian. I had to contend against, perhaps, far more adverse influences than would oppose you. You start with surprise that I should give evidence that I know you; but I have many a time seen you at the shop of Publius, and have heard you in your addresses to the people. I am the son of a priest of the Temple of Jupiter — son of a man, who, to a mildness and gentleness of soul that would do honor to

the Christian, added a faith in the religion of his fathers, deep-struck and firm-rooted as the rocks of ocean. I was his assistant in the duties of his office. My childish faith was all he could wish it ; I revered a religion which had nurtured virtues like his. In process of time, I became myself a father. Four children, more beautiful than ever visited the dreams of Phidias, made my dwelling a portion of Elysium, as I then thought. Their mother—but why should I speak of her? It is enough to say, she was a Roman mother. At home, it was my supreme happiness to sport with my little ones, or initiate them into the elements of useful knowledge. And often, when at the temple preparing for the days of ceremony, my children were with me; and my labors were nothing, cheered by the music of their feet running upon the marble pavements, and of their merry voices echoing among the columns and arches of the vast interior. O days thrice happy! They were too happy to last. Within the space of one year—one cruel year—these four living idols were ravished from my arms by a prevailing disease. My wife, broken-hearted, soon followed them, and I was left alone. I need not describe my grief: I will only say, that with bitter imprecations I cursed the gods. ‘Who are ye,’ I cried, ‘who sit above in your secure seats, and make your sport of human wo? Ye are less than men. Man though I am, I would not inflict upon the meanest slave the misery ye have poured upon my defenceless head. Where are your mercies?’ I was frantic. How long this lasted I cannot tell, for I took no note of time. I was awakened, may I not say saved, by a kind neighbor whom I had long known to be a Christian. He was a witness of my sufferings, and with deep compassion ministered to my necessities. ‘Probus,’ said he, ‘I know your sorrows, and I know your wants. I have perceived that neither your own thoughts, nor all the philosophy of your venerable father, have brought you peace. It is not surprising: ye are but men, and ye have but the power and the wisdom of men. It is aid from the Divinity that you want. I will not discourse with you; but I leave with you this book, which I simply ask you to read.’ I read it—and read it—again and again; and I am a Christian. As the Christian grew up within me, my pains were soothed, and days, once days of tears and unavailing complaints, are now days of calm and cheerful duty: I am a new man. I cannot describe to you, my Curtius, the effect of this little narrative upon myself, or upon those who, as he spoke, had gathered round, especially those hard-featured soldiers. Tears flowed down their weather-beaten faces, and one of them—Macer, as I afterward learned—cried out: ‘Where now are the gods of Rome?’ Probus started from his seat, apparently for the first time conscious of any other listener beside myself, and joined the master of the vessel at the helm. I resigned myself to meditation; and that night fell asleep, thinking of the Christian and his book.

Five days brought us in sight of the African coast, but quite to the west of Utica. So, coasting along, we presently came off against Hippos, and then doubling a promontory, both Utica and Carthage were at once visible—Utica nearer, Carthage just discernible in the distance. All was now noise and bustle, as we rapidly drew near the port. Many of our passengers were to land here, and they were busily employed, with the aid of the sailors, in collecting their merchandise or their baggage.

The soldiers destined to the African service, here left us, together with the Jew Isaac, and the Christian Probus. I was sorry, indeed, to lose them, as beside them there was not one on board, except the governor of the ship, from whose company or conversation I could derive either pleasure or knowledge. They are both of them, however, destined to Palmyra, as well as myself, and I shall soon expect them to join me here. You smile at my speaking thus of a travelling Jew, and a despised Christian, but in the issue you will acknowledge your as well as my obligations to them both. I confess myself attached to them. As the Jew turned to bid me farewell, before he sprung on shore, he said: 'Most noble Piso, if thou forsakest the gods of Rome, let it be for the synagogue of the children of Abraham, whose faith is not of yesterday. Be not beguiled by the specious tongue of that heretic Probus. I can tell thee a better story than his.' 'Fear not, honest Isaac,' I cried, 'I am not yet so weary of the faith of my ancestors. That cannot be altogether despicable, which has had power to bind in one mass the whole Roman people for so many ages. I shall be no easy convert to either you or Probus. Farewell, to meet in Tadmor.' Probus now passed me, and said: 'If I should not see you in the Eastern capital, according to my purpose, I trust I shall in Rome. My dwelling is in the Livian way, not far from the Pantheon, opposite the well known house of Vitruvius, still so called; or at the shop of the learned Publius, I may be seen every morning, and may there be always heard of.' I assured him that no affairs could be so pressing, after I should return to Rome, as not to allow me to seek him, but that I hoped the fates would not interpose to deprive me of the pleasure of first seeing him in Palmyra. So we parted. And very soon after, the merchandise and passengers being all landed, we set sail again, and stood out to sea. I regretted that we were not to touch at Carthage, as my desire had always been strong to see that famous place. An adverse wind, however, setting in from the North, drove us farther toward the city than the pilot intended to have gone, and I thus obtained quite a satisfactory glimpse of the African capital. I was surprised at the indications of its vastness and grandeur. Since its attempted restoration by Augustus, it has steadily advanced to almost its former populousness and magnificence. Nothing could be more imposing and beautiful, than its long lines of buildings, its towers, walls, palaces, and columns, seen through the warm and rosy mist of an African sky. I could hardly believe that I was looking but upon a provincial city, a dependant upon almighty Rome. It soon sunk below the horizon, as its glory had sunk once before.

I will not detain you long with our voyage, but will only mark out its course. Leaving the African shore, we struck across to Sicily, and coasting along its eastern border, beheld with pleasure the towering form of *Ætna*, sending up into the heavens a dull and sluggish cloud of vapors. We then run between the Peloponnesus and Crete, and so held our course till the Island of Cyprus rose like her own fair goddess from the ocean, and filled our eyes with a beautiful vision of hill and valley, wooded promontory, and glittering towns and villas. A fair wind soon withdrew us from these charming prospects, and after driving us swiftly and roughly over the remainder of our way, rewarded

us with a brighter and more welcome vision still — the coast of Syria and our destined port, Berytus.

As far as the eye could reach, both toward the North and the South, we beheld a luxuriant region, crowded with villages, and giving every indication of comfort and wealth. The city itself, which we rapidly approached, was of inferior size, but presented an agreeable prospect of warehouses, public and private edifices, overtopped here and there by the lofty palm, and other trees of a new and peculiar foliage. Four days were consumed here in the purchase of slaves, camels, and horses, and in other preparations for the journey across the Desert. Two routes presented themselves, one more, the other less direct; the first, though a little more circuitous, appeared to me the more desirable, as it would take me within sight of the modern glories and ancient remains of Heliopolis. This, therefore, was determined upon; and on the morning of the fifth day, we set forward upon our long march. Four slaves, two camels, and three horses, with an Arab conductor, constituted our little caravan; but for greater safety we attached ourselves to a much larger one than our own, in which we were swallowed up and lost, consisting of travelers and traders, from all parts of the world, and who were also on their way to Palmyra, as a point whence to separate to various parts of the vast East. It would delight me to lay before you with the distinctness and minuteness of a picture, the whole of this novel, and to me most interesting, route; but I must content myself with a slight sketch, and reserve fuller communications to the time when once more seated with you upon the Cœlian, we enjoy the freedom of social converse. Our way through the valleys of Libanus, was like one long wandering among the pleasure grounds of opulent citizens. The land was every where richly cultivated, and a happier peasantry, as far as the eye of a traveler could judge, nowhere exists. The most luxuriant valleys of our own Italy, are not more crowded with the evidences of plenty and contentment. Upon drawing near to the ancient Baalbec, I found, on inquiry of our guide, that we were not to pass through it, as I had hoped, nor even very near it, not nearer than between two and three miles. So that in this I had been clearly deceived by those of whom I had made the most exact inquiries at Berytus. I thought I discovered great command of myself, in that I did not break the head of my Arab, who doubtless, to answer purposes of his own, had brought me thus out of my way for nothing. The event proved, however, that it was not for nothing; for soon after we had started on our journey, on the morning of the second day, turning suddenly around the projecting rock of a mountain ridge, we all at once beheld, as if a veil had been lifted up, Heliopolis and its suburbs, spread out before us in all their various beauty. The city lay about three miles distant. I could only, therefore, identify its principal structure, the Temple of the Sun, as built by the first Antonine. This towered above the walls, and over all the other buildings, and gave vast ideas of the greatness of the place, leading the mind to crowd it with other edifices that should bear some proportion to this noble monument of imperial magnificence. As suddenly as the view of this imposing scene had been revealed, so suddenly was it again eclipsed, by another short turn in the road, which took us once more into the mountain valleys. But the overhanging and impenetrable foliage of a Syrian

forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning sun, soon reconciled me to my loss—more especially as I knew that in a short time we were to enter upon the sandy desert, which stretches from the Anti-Libanus almost to the very walls of Palmyra.

Upon this boundless desert we now soon entered. The scene which it presented, was more dismal than I can describe. A red, moving sand—or hard and baked by the heat of a sun, such as Rome never knows—low, gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries—the bones of camels and elephants, scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness—at a distance occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses—these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our eyes, during the four wearisome days that we slowly dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region. A little after the noon of the fourth day, as we started on our way, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals, at a spring which here poured out its warm but still grateful waters for the traveler, my ears received the agreeable news, that toward the east there could now be discerned the dark line, which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts, and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm trees which mark the site of Palmyra. It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves landing, as it were, from a sea upon an island or continent—in a rich and thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital, in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our path. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequent villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendor of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals which they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried at times in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, 'Palmyra! Palmyra!' I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the East, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the North and toward the South. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other, and so confound and deceive the

observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, and most faultless design, that it is not easy, nay it is impossible at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun, stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens in its matchless beauty, casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld any thing that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids—pointed obelisks—domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being every where in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty; and made me feel for the moment, as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow travelers seemed equally affected: and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful exclamations broke forth. ‘What is Rome to this?’ they cried: ‘Fortune is not constant. Why may not Palmyra be, what Rome has been—mistress of the world? Who more fit to rule than the great Zenobia? A few years may see great changes. Who can tell what shall come to pass?’ These, and many such sayings, were uttered by those around me, accompanied by many significant gestures, and glances of the eye. I thought of them afterward. We now descended the hill, and the long line of our caravan moved on toward the city.

LOVE.

Love is a sea upon whose swelling breast
Lie strown the wrecks of fond affection lost,
And constant hearts beneath its waters rest,
By adverse breakers on their passage cross'd.

w.

L A Y S.

FAINTLY breathes the maiden's song
Through the twilight grove :
Softly sweet it steals along —
'Tis the song of love.

Evening slumbers hushed and still ;
Mute the hum of day ;
Only winds the gurgling rill
Under flowers away.

Whispered voices echo far
Through the shadowy vale ;
Glimmers by a twinkling star
Dian's crescent pale.

Fade in darkness bush and tree ;
Rock and wood grow dim ;
Wide o'er plain and silent sea
Wavering phantoms swim.

Still the maiden's murmured song
Trembles through the grove ;
Steals, like spirit's breath along —
'Tis the song of love.

In sheeted gold the river glides
By rock, with forest crowned ;
Deep mirrored in its crystal tides,
Bright swell the hills around.

High over yonder mountain wall,
That darkly girds the west,
Broad flashes light heaven's airy hall,
And stream on ocean's breast.

Shot upward as a furnace flare,
Day's funeral fires ascend ;
Then fading through the hazy air,
The softer colors blend :

And as each fleecy cloud they stain,
Filling the sky with bloom,
The freshening breeze along the plain
Wafts from the flowers perfume :

And wakened by the gentle hour,
From garden thicket flows

Love-music, worthy of its bower,
Its sheltering bower of rose.

It steals along in softest tone,
The siren melody —
I sit and drink the song alone ;
My spirit then how free !

Sitting by a meadow brook,
In the month of June,
Once a short repose I took,
Just at sunny noon.

Blossoms, many-tinted, shone
O'er the meadow far ;
But one blossom stood alone,
'Mong them all a star.

Once it seemed a full blown rose,
Golden lily then ;
Wreaths of snow-drops now uncloze,
Blossoms the rose again.

Who can tell the wondrous flower —
Flower that reigns alone ?
He, who Beauty's magic power
O'er the heart has known.

How gentle the water's motion —
How silent the silver sea —
The moonbeam sleeps on the ocean,
How calmly and peacefully !

My bark, on the mirror gliding,
Seems borne by spirits along,
Or in tremulous stillness riding,
Deep fixed by the siren's song.

Bright quivers the sea before me,
Like gush of furnace in flow ;
The stars are glittering o'er me —
Bright glitter the stars below.

What voice faint uttered is stealing
In silence along the sea ?
It wakes my inmost feeling —
Thou fairest, it leads me to thee,

The night is still — on meadow and silvery fountain
The moonbeam sleeps, like innocence cradled in love :
With softened smile, it rests on the snow of the mountain,
And tints the sky, like wing of ethereal dove.

A cloud sails by, with lightest and easiest motion,
Now bossed with pearl, now shining with purple and gold —
It glides away, like vessel afar on the ocean,
And spirits of bliss seem borne on its silvery fold.

A gentle wind, with fragrance of jessamine laden,
Steals faintly on, as longing for calm and repose,
And with it steals the lingering song of the maiden,
Whose lonely heart is lightened by song of its woes.

O ! list the song — if beauty and innocence ever
Have touched thy soul, thy heart will respond to the strain.
The voice of love, of sorrow and longing will never,
In soothing tones, be lost to thy spirit again.

PHILOLOGY.

NUMBER TWO.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE orthography of the English language has been always in a changeable condition. This has been owing not only to the usual causes which slowly operate in every nation to vary the sounds of letters, or to weaken them till they are lost, but to the numerous invasions of England by foreigners, and the intermixture of different tribes, or nations.

The first Saxon or English writers were acquainted with the Latin language; but probably not with the Greek. Hence they used the Latin characters only. The letter *c*, as in Latin, had, in the Saxon pronunciation, the use of *k*, a close articulation, before all the vowels; before *e* and *i* as well as before *a*, *o*, and *u*. *K*, however, was used in the Gothic version of the Scriptures.

After the Norman conquest, *c* before *e* and *i* was used as a sibilant, equivalent to *s*. In consequence of this change, it became necessary to add *k* after *c*, in words terminating with this letter, and before the vowels *e* and *i*. Thus *lic* and *liccian* in Saxon became *lick* in English. In like manner the change of the sound of *g* in such words as the Saxon *hæg*, *eg*, *weg*, rendered it necessary to prefix the letter *d* to prevent the French sound of *g*; and hence we write *hedge*, *edge*, *wedge*. This mode of writing such words being established, the word *allege*, from the Latin, ought to be conformed to it in orthography; and written *alledge*. To this rule there is no exception, or ought to be none. *College*, *sacrilege*, *sortilege*, are not exceptions, for the accent is on the first syllable. If it were on the last, and the vowel short, it would be necessary to insert *d* and write *colledge*.

The combination *th* had different sounds in Saxon, which were distinguished by different characters, as they might easily be, and ought to be in English.

The combination *ch* was not in the Saxon; we have it from the French. The combination *sh* is from the Saxon *sc*, answering to the German and Dutch *sch*, and the Swedish and Danish *sk*.

Dr. JOHNSON remarks in the preface to his dictionary, that 'when he took the first survey of his undertaking, he found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rules.' True, but unfortunately he did not reduce it to order; nor did he furnish or follow rules to extricate the language from confusion. To prove this fact, let the reader attend to the following examples; some of which are taken, and more might be taken, from his dictionary.

Enchant, inchant; encumber, incumber; enclose, inclose; enquire, inquire; enquirer, inquirer; endorse, indorse; ensnare, insnare; ensure, insure; ensurance, insurance; beal, befall; recal, recall; miscal, miscall; instal, install, instalment; enthal, intral, intrhalment; intrhall; empale, impale; controul, control, controll; assise, assize; (amortise, amortization, Walker;) contemporise, extemporize, temporize, (WALKER, JAMMISON, etc.) catechise, catechize; chastise, chastize; epitomise, epitomize; enterprize, enterprize; surprise, surprize; moralise, moralize; methodise, methodize; patron-

ise, patronize; (pulverise, pulverization. JOHNSON and WALKER. But of three hundred words with this termination, ninety are not in Walker's dictionary.)

Blamable, blameable; tithable, titheable; tamable, tameable; salable, saleable; tunable, tuneable; ratable, rateable; reconcilable, reconcileable; appeasable, appeaseable; advisable, adviseable; moveable, movable; provable, proveable; reprovable, improvable: (Mr. Barnes, in the Red Book, has remarked, that in the latter class of words, JOHNSON and WALKER have about as many discrepancies as possible; ten on one side and nine on the other.)

Abetter, abettor; instructor, instructor; visiter, visitor, (JOHNSON writes the former of the two last words in his dictionary and the latter in his Rambler,) abridgment, abridgement; judgment, judgement; lodgment, lodgement; acknowledgment, acknowledgement; artisan, artizan; courtesan, courtesan; apostasy, apostasy; ecstasy, ecstacy, extacy, extasy; allege, alledge; askue, askew; duchess, dutchess; basin, bason; daub, bedawb; chymistry, chemistry; bailif, (JOHNSON) bailiff; brasier, brazier; brier, briar; cider, cyder; cipher, cypher; caldron, cauldron; calif, califf, caliph; camphor, camphire; checker, chequer; risk, risque; relic, relique; cheesnut, chestnut; tease, teaze; cimetar, cimeter, cymetar, scimeter, scimetar, scymetar, scymeter; (JOHNSON, in different places, spells this word *five* ways, WALKER *six*, Bailey, and Chalmers *six*, the whole number *fifteen*, twice as many as there are letters in the word,) cleft, cliff; cion, scion, scyon; cist, cyst, cysted, encysted: clench, clinch; clothe, cloathe; loth, loath; clew, clue; coif, quoif; connection, connexion; inflection, inflexion; reflection, reflexion; poise, poize; croud, crowd; oxyd, oxid, oxide; dandruff, dandriff, dandruff; bark, barque; gulf, gulph; profane, prophane; guarantee, guaranty; diocese, diocess; disc, disk; dispatch, despatch; (JOHNSON writes *despatch*, in his vocabulary, but *dispatch*, under *speed*.) sceptic, skeepic; dower, dowry; draft, draught; seizen, seisin, disseizin, disseisin; embarcation, embarkation; panel, pannel; defence, defensive; offence, offensive; expence, expensive; fantasm, phantasm; fellow, felon; feudal, feodal; gaiety, gayety; opaque, opaque; plow, plough; molasses, moloeses; (See Bailey, and Encyclopedia Britannica,) riband, ribbon, ribband; wo, woe; musquetoe, moschetto, muschetto, musketto, musquitto; (See WALKER, Jameson, etc.) cognizance, recognisance; cognisee, cognisor, cognisable; (See Walker and Jameson.)

This is a specimen of English orthography, which might be greatly enlarged. Many of these discrepancies are seen in almost every publication at this day.*

In this department of my dictionaries, I have adopted certain rules, by which words of particular classes are rendered uniform.

1. In words of Latin origin, terminating in *or*, I have retained that termination without addition. The French, to accommodate those words to their pronunciation, write the termination *eur*, as in *ardeur*, *honneur*. The early English writers wrote the terminating syllable *our*; as *ardour*, *honour*, *pastour*, *inferiour*. Why the letter *u* was introduced, I do not know; as in common pronunciation *ardor*, *ardour* and *ardur* sound exactly alike; but *ardour* is neither Latin nor French. The letter *u*, being useless, began to be rejected from many words of this class long before the days of Dr. Johnson; and of course he wrote *author*, *ancestor*, *successor*, *pastor*, and many others without *u*; but he retained that letter in many other words, and it has been retained in dictionaries of later compilation. From the fear of differing from that lexicographer, the

* THAT very critical philological scholar, DANIEL H. BARNES, late principal of the High School in New-York, was so harassed and perplexed with the differences and discrepancies of orthography in the English Dictionaries, as to lose all patience. His pupils were continually asking him: 'How shall I spell this word, and how shall I spell that word,' and he had no one authority to which he could appeal for an answer.

While my quarto Dictionary was in the press, he solicited and obtained permission from the publisher to read the sheets as they were printed. Before the work was completed, and a few weeks before his unfortunate death, he visited New-Haven, to express his high satisfaction at the manner in which I had executed my work; and in particular, for my reducing orthography to rules or system. In expressing his satisfaction, he used this strong language: 'Your Dictionary, Sir, is the best book of the kind that has been published since the flood. As soon as it is published, I will lay it on my table, and tell my pupils, 'That is your canon; follow that, and no other book.'

letter *u* has been retained in several dictionaries, even in words from which universal usage has rejected it. Ash wrote words of this class in both ways, but preferred the modern spelling without *u*. Entick wrote all the words of Latin origin without *u*. There seems to be a great absurdity, as well as inconvenience, in banishing the *u* from one part of such words and retaining it in another part. I have rejected it from all words of Latin origin; and for the purpose of uniformity, I have also rejected it from a few words of a different origin; as from *demeanor*, *endeavor*, *neighbor*, *savior*; the latter in conformity with *junior* and *senior*.

2. In certain derivatives or compounds, the final or servile *e* of the original words is rejected, as in *blamable* from *blame*; *desirable*, *provable*, *movable*, *reconcilable*, and others; but *e* is retained when it follows *c* and *g*, as in *noticeable*, *serviceable*, *changeable*, *chargeable*, this letter being supposed to be necessary to the proper sound of *c* and *g*. In this class of words, the English books all abound with discrepancies.

3. I write *s* in *defense*, *offense*, *pretense*, *recompense*, in accordance with *intense*, *subtense*, *suspense*, not merely because *s* is in the originals, but because the derivatives *defensive*, *offensive*, *pretension*, *recompensing*, require the letter *s*, having never been written with *c*. The letters in the original and derivative words ought to be the same, unless a deviation from this rule is required by the pronunciation. Thus I write *hight* and *highth* without *e*, because this letter is not in *high*. Mitford has done the same in *hight*, and Milton in *highth*.

4. The letter *k* after *c* in words of Latin and Greek origin; began to be rejected about the middle of the last century. Johnson retained it, and from his dictionary it has been copied into other compilations. But custom has, in this case, triumphed over the authority of dictionaries. The terminating *k* has been dismissed from the laws and judicial proceedings of courts in Great Britain, from periodicals, and almost every respectable composition, for half a century. In the United States, the Congress never adopted it; and it has been rejected from all laws and processes, and by almost every writer of distinction, for nearly the same period of half a century. It is a useless letter, *c* at the end of words having the power of *k*; and it is worse than useless to write a letter at the end of several hundred words, from which it must be rejected in compounds and derivatives. To write *publick*, but *publication*; *musick*, but *musical*, is very absurd, and, what is practically of more consequence, it is very perplexing to learners, whether natives or foreigners. This letter however is retained in *traffic* and *mimick*, on account of the derivatives, *trafficking*, *mimicking*, *trafficked*, *mimicked*, for *c* before *e* and *i* would have the sound of *s*. The adoption of my pointed *c*, which is always a close palatal, like *k*, would render it unnecessary to make this exception.

For a similar reason, *k* is retained in monosyllables and words of Saxon origin, as in *lick*, *stick*, *deck*, *mock*, which take *ed* and *ing* in their derivatives. It would not answer to write *liced*, *moced*.

The usage in rejecting *k* in the class of words mentioned is now so general, that it is to be regretted any attempts should be made to revive the old orthography. Where no clear principle of propriety occurs to oppose usage, it is expedient that men should surrender their predilections for a different spelling, and unite with their fellow citizens in uniformity of practice.

5. In the words whose terminating syllable is from the Greek ω and Latin *izo*, there is no uniformity in usage, either in Great Britain or the United States. The French write the corresponding syllable *ise*, and many writers follow their practice. The British dictionaries abound with discrepancies in this particular. Johnson and Walker have *cauterize* with *z* but *epitomise* with *s*; Johnson has *modernise* with *s*, and Walker with *z*. Such discrepancies run through all books, newspapers, and periodicals. Not one British writer appears to have ever attempted to systemize the spelling of this class of words. I have reduced the whole class to uniformity. The Greek and Latin termination *izo* has in combination a definite signification, to *make*, or one nearly allied to it. *Legalize* is to make legal. I therefore write *z* in the termination of all the words of this class; which distinguishes them from words from the French, formed from other originals, as *advise*, *revise*, *surprise*, *merchandise*, *enterprise*.

I would here notice an error in the common spelling of *systematize*. The letter *t* ought to be introduced only when the original word ends in a vowel: as in *apostatize*, *anathematize*, *dogmatize*, *stigmatize*. In all other cases the uniform rule is to add *ize* only to the word, as in *civil-ize*, *moral-ize*, *legal-ize*. Hence the propriety of *system-ize*.

6. In the orthography of words, in which the initial vowel is from the Latin *in*, which in French is usually *en*, there is no uniformity. We continually see *enquire* and *inquire*; *enclose* and *inclose*; *encumber* and *incumbrance*. And the like discrepancies occur in words not of Latin or French composition, as in *embitter*, *imbitter*; *embody*, *imbody*; *endorse*, *indorse*.

Now, in reality, it would be a matter of no consequence which letter is used, *e* or *i*, if men would be agreed in the use of one or the other. Happily, the spelling, in most words of this class, is settled; and it is desirable that the few discrepancies which still exist should be dismissed.

7. The disregard of uniformity is remarkable in the orthography of certain words which have been borrowed from the Greek language. For example, in words of which one component part is from the Greek $\tau\omicron\mu\omicron\varsigma$, we see the final vowel is generally expressed in English by *y*, as in *anatomy*, *phlebotomy*, *bronchotomy*, *lithotomy*. But to this practice *epitome* and *apotome*, are exceptions. Why have these solitary words been left without the pale of the rule?

In like manner, the same vowel, in other words, has been changed to *y* in English; while, without a shadow of reason, it has been in numerous instances expressed by the vowel *e*. Thus we have from the Greek $\gamma\omicron\gamma\alpha\phi\iota\alpha$, *geography*, *topography*, *chirography*, and many others, with the last vowel changed into *y*; and from $\epsilon\upsilon\phi\omega\omicron\iota\alpha$, we have *euphony* and *sympphony*; while from other sources we have *strophe*, *antistrophe*, *catastrophe*, *hyperbole*, *syncope*, *anemone*, and many others, in which the Greek vowel is expressed by the English *e*. This causeless and absurd discrepancy is very troublesome to learners; indeed no irregularity in the language is more vexatious; for the general rule, in our language, is, that the final *e* forms no syllable; but in the words thus formed from the Greek, it *does* form a syllable, and this perplexes the learner. When he first sees the words *epitome*, *hyperbole*, he pronounces them in three syllables, *epi-tome*, *hyper-bole*; and when he is informed of his mistake, he finds no rule to guide him, but every word of this sort is to be learned by itself.

8. Another extraordinary instance of inconsistency, is in writing the French word *mètre*, in the French manner, but in all its compounds, writing it *meter*; as in *barometer*, *diameter*, *hygrometer*, *thermometer*. What can be more absurd! unless it is the practice of writing *one part* of a numerous class of words in the French manner, and *another part* of words, of a precisely similar formation, in the English manner. Thus from *chambre*, *nombre*, *désastre*, *désordre*, *diamètre*, *tigre*, *chartre*, *arbitre*, *tendre*, *entre*, *fièvre*, we have *chamber*, *number*, *disaster*, *disorder*, *diameter*, *tiger*, *charter*, *arbitrator*, *tender*, *fever*, *enter*; while *centre*, *lustre*, *theatre*, *sceptre*, *mitre*, *sepulchre*, and others, remain in the French form. How can a nation, having the smallest regard to the regularity and beauty of their native language, retain, age after age, such palpable inconsistencies?

9. Usage has established the general rule of doubling the letter *l* after broad *a*, as in *fall*. To this rule, there are only two or three exceptions. Hence the propriety of writing *ll* in such words as *befall*, *inthrall*, *install*, *miscall*, *recall*. When written with a single *l*, *befal*, the reader is apt to give to *a* its short sound, as in *cabal*. It is useful also to write *ll* in the simple words on another account; which is, that the derivatives may be uniform. Thus if we write *install*, we shall probably write *installment*, as well as *installing*; whereas we sometimes see *instalment*, which is a departure from analogy. For a similar reason it is expedient to write *foretell*, *distill*, *instill*, *fulfill*, with *ll*, for the derived words *foretelling*, etc. are always thus written.

10. *Connection*, *deflection*, *inflection*, *reflection*, are sometimes written with *x*; but it seems most expedient for uniformity, to write them as regularly formed from the verbs, *connect*, *deflect*, *inflect*, *reflect*.

11. There is a large class of words in which the common spelling is almost always wrong. It consists of verbs, in which the final consonant is doubled in the derivatives. To understand this remark, it must be observed that verbs, ending in a single accented consonant after a single vowel, have that consonant doubled in the participles and other derivatives; as in *abetting*, *permitted*, from *abet*, *permit*. The reason is, that unless the consonant is doubled, the reader is apt to mispronounce the words. *Abeting*, *permitting*, would naturally be pronounced, with the long sound of *e* and *i*, *abe-ting*, *permi-ting*. The same rule is observed in monosyllables.

But when the last consonant is not accented, there is no danger of such mistake, and the consonant should not be doubled. Thus in *appearing*, the last consonant of *appear* need not be doubled, for the accent falls on the vowel *e*.

In like manner when the accent falls on any syllable, except the last, there is no danger of mispronunciation, when the last consonant is not doubled; as in *limited*, *limiting*, *exhibited*, *exhibiting*. Hence the impropriety of doubling the final consonant in the derivatives of *equal*, *cancel*, *cavil*, *label*, *libel*, *travel*, *worship*, and about seventy other verbs of this class. See the list of these verbs in my *Elementary Spelling Book*, pages 157 and 158; and a more copious list in the *Red Book*, by Daniel H. Barnes pages 225, 226, 227.

How would such words as the following appear, with the last consonant doubled? — *abandoned*, *limitting*, *prohibited*, *murmuring*, *ruined*, *delivered*, *happening*, and two or three hundred others? Yet the

same rule that forbids the doubling of the last consonant in these words, is applicable to all words of like formation, and accentuation. Dr. Lowth noticed the impropriety of the common usage, more than sixty years ago; and Walker agrees with him in censuring this inconsistency. He saw no reason for writing *libelling* and *levelling*, but *offering* and *suffering*.

There are other inconsistencies in practice, though extending to a smaller number of words. Thus from the Latin *conceptus*, *deceptus*, we have *conceit*, *deceit*, without the *p* of the Latin; but *p* is retained in *receipt*, from *receptus*: but why?

We have *brief*, *grief*, *relief*, from the French, without alteration; but to *bailif*, *plaintif*, *pontife*, *tarif*, from the same language, is added another *f*, so in *sherif*, and *mastif*, which are of a different origin.

Embassy having *e* for its initial letter, it is most proper to begin *embassador* with the same letter, that it may stand in a dictionary with *embassy*, showing its alliance with it. This would remove one discrepancy. The elegant Blackstone always wrote *embassador*.

From *visitor* is formed *visitorial*; this word then ought not to be written *visiter*. *Visitatorial*, is outrageous.

From *practice*, the noun, is formed the verb to *practise*. What can have led men to write the verb *practise*? We may as well write to *notise* from the noun *notice*.

Bass in music is so written from the same word in Italian, *basso*. It should be written as in all other uses, *base*, that is, the foundation of a tune.

Appraise is badly formed and badly pronounced. It should be written *apprize*, as a regular derivative from *prize*, *price*. *Apprise*, to give notice, from the French *appris*, is correct.

Plow, the noun, should be written like *plow* the verb, just as we use *cast*, and to *cast*, *rake*, and to *rake*.

Scythe is a false orthography. The original is *sythe*.

From *high* we should write *highth* or *hight*. The original and true word is *highth*, but rhyme in poetry often requires *hight*. As the letter *e* is not in *high*, I have rejected it in the derivatives, that the orthography of one may correspond with that of the other.

The letter *u* in *build* is an intruder. The original word was *bild*.

There are a few words, the common spelling of which is so palpably wrong, that it ought to be rejected by universal consent; for it is not only a departure from etymology, but some of the words it converts into nonsense. Thus, *comptroller*, formed from the French *compter*, Latin *computo*, is not only erroneous, but, according to its derivation, absolute nonsense.

Segar for cigar, Spanish *cigaro*, a little roll, is a mere blunder of grocers.

Gangue for *gang*, is an egregious mistake; the word, in all the Northern continental languages, is *gang*, as it is in English. *Gang*, a going, a course, a vein.

Furlough is also an egregious blunder. The word is *furlow*, from the Danish or Dutch; that is, *fare leave*, leave to go. Now what an enormous mistake to convert *leave* into *lough*!

Redoubt is another blunder. One would suppose that the writer who first made the mistake considered the last syllable to be the English

doubt. It is the French *redoute*, which has no more connection with *doubt*, than it has with *dragon*.

Redoubtable is also a mistake, *b* being substituted for *g*, or *gh*, of the original word. But this is lost in the French *redouter*, and the English word should follow the French.

Island for *iland*, Saxon *ieland*, is a modern conception, and evidently a mistake of some writer who supposed the first syllable to be the French *isle*. Nothing can be farther from the truth. It is wholly Saxon, and in the Bishop's Bible it is uniformly written correctly *iland* or *yland*.

Molasses, from the French *mélasse*, Italian *melassa*, is a false spelling. We might as well write *malasses* or *mulasses*. Edwards, in his History of the West Indies, uniformly writes it *melasses*, which is correct.

Chymistry and *chemistry* are both wrong. English writers have blundered about the origin of the word for half a century; but it is now known. The true orthography, from the Arabic, is *chimistry*.

What could induce writers to change the original word *zink* into *zinc*? and then to add the termination *ous* to form an adjective, instead of the proper Teutonic termination *y*? The true words are *zink*, *zinky*.

What could induce English writers to substitute *oxide* for *oxyd*, the true word, as formed by Lavoisier and his associates? When universal custom had settled the rule that the Greek upsilon is to be represented by *y*, why depart from the practice? Why write *oxide* with *i*, and *oxygen* with *y*?

Mould is an incorrect spelling. This is not from the French *moule*, but the Saxon *mold*, as written by Pope, Goldsmith, and others.

Calcareous is written with *e* instead of *i*; but it is a general rule to follow the Latin in similar words, and the Latin has *i*, *calcarious*. This word seems to be a solitary exception, and it is better to correct the spelling, and write *calcarious*.

Heinous is a wrong spelling. It is the French *haineux*, and ought to be written *hainous*, as it is pronounced.

Sovereign is from the Norman, and absolutely barbarous. Those who made the word seem to have thought it to be formed from the Latin *supra* and *regnum*. It is from the Latin *supernus superus*, Spanish *soberrano*, Italian, *sovrano*.

In our law books, we read of divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. But where do the lawyers find the Latin *thorus*? I have never been able to find any other spelling of the word than *torus*.

Az is often or usually written *axe*. Why this fondness for lengthening words by a final *e*, when nothing in the origin of the word is an apology for it? Why not in like manner write *oze* for *ox*, and *taxe* for *tax*?

I write *deposit* without the final *e*, as I find it in the writings of Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story and Daniel Webster.

In my Dictionary, I have anglicized *aid de camp*, plu. *aid de camps*, with the English pronunciation. I have anglicized also *maneuver*, *reconnoiter*, and *rendezvous*. In the latter word I have followed Hook. I have also discarded all diphthongs, as in *Cesar* and *Athenæum*.

One point more. I write *bestowment* and *withdrawment*, in preference to *bestowal* and *withdrawal*. This is to prevent a kind of hiatus, or difficulty of uttering, in distinct syllables, the same vowel sound, or one nearly the same, one at the end of the second syllable, the other at

the beginning of the third. In such case, one syllable ends and the other begins with the same, or nearly the same, aperture of the mouth and position of the organs; and unless there is a short or slight pause between the syllables, the two sounds blend into one, and the syllables are not sufficiently distinct. In order to a clear distinction, the position of the organs must be varied by an articulation, or by a change of the vowel sound. The introduction of the consonant *n* into these words produces an articulation, and renders the syllables distinct. The same reason does not apply to the word *avowal*, for the diphthong *ow* has a sound so different from the following *a*, as to distinguish the syllables.

We may perceive the justness of these observations in uttering *zoology* and *zoological*. In the noun, the first vowel *o* has a different sound from the second, and this makes the distinction of syllables obvious, and the pronunciation easy. But in the adjective, the two letters *oo* have the same sound, and the distinction of syllables is less obvious.

In the utterance of *cotemporary* and *contemporary*, there is an obvious difference in the ease to the speaker. In *cotemporary* there are two articulations, *n* and *t*, quite distinct, and requiring a change in the position of the organs. In the pronunciation of *cotemporary*, the vowel *o* opens the organs, and one articulation only is required; by which means we save one articulation. Hence *cotemporary* is the preferable word.

Some objections have been made to my orthography of a few words, which differs from that which is commonly used, and also to my giving countenance to some words which are deemed *vulgar*.

With regard to the first objection, let it be remembered, that in altering the common orthography, I do nothing more than reject most palpable errors, and restore words to their original form. The common orthography, in a few words, is so corrupt, as to obscure the true original word, and lead to a false etymology. In some cases, this false spelling leads to a wrong pronunciation; in others, by leading to a wrong origin, it makes the word to express a meaning quite different from the true one. The false orthography has, most evidently, proceeded from oversight or ignorance.

The first authors who wrote *comptroller*, *furlough*, and *redoubt*, would never have thus written them, if they had not mistaken their origin. It is the duty of the lexicographer to correct such mistakes.

With regard to the second objection, that I give countenance to vulgar words, it may be observed, that the English carry their objection, on this point, to a most unjustifiable extent, and the people of this country are prone to adopt their opinions. In Great Britain, the objection has probably originated, or been pushed to excess, by the contempt which is felt for an ignorant and degraded population. The distinctions of rank would naturally generate such contempt. But in this country it savors of extreme obsequiousness, or of supercilious arrogance, to denounce words as too low to be admitted into respectable use, when they are generally used by a whole people, or by artisans, as a part of their stock of technical terms. Words necessary to an art or occupation, among mechanics, are not to be classed with vulgarisms.

In addition to this, there are words in which the great body of people have retained the correct primitive form in their pronunciation, while the learned, or at least authors, have corrupted the spelling, and with it

the pronunciation. For example, *drouth* and *highth*, the popular words used, are the original words, and certainly correct. Who can, with a show of reason, condemn them? They are genuine English; but the word *drought* is a corruption. Lord Bacon used *drouth*; the word stands on the best authority, that of original formation and of national usage, and I shall not place it among vulgarisms.

Artisans in this country, and for aught I know, in England, use the word *pinchers*. This is regularly formed from *pinch*, as it ought to be, like *nippers* and *pliers*. Who can with propriety condemn the word? Who will charge with vulgarism a regularly formed word, necessary in the arts, and attempt to introduce the use of *pincers*, a word not formed from any original in our language? The people, in their use of the word, are more correct than authors: the principle of regularity supports them, and I trust will always support them.

But men need not give themselves any trouble on this subject. The truth is, as all history and experience testify, that when a word has gained a very general use among any class of men, or in a nation, and when it is found necessary or useful in the occupations of life, no human effort can exterminate or suppress it. This word is as good a word, and as reputable, as the name of any household utensil, or instrument of daily use. It can no more be banished from use, than the words *shovel*, *tongs*, and *hammer*.

Forty years ago, or more, the British periodicals denounced many words as of *American* growth, and ridiculed the use of them. Among the proscribed words were *lengthy*, and the verbs *test* and *to advocate*. And from that time to the present, there have been men, in this country, joining in the clamor about *American vulgarism*, and *unauthorized words*. I then foresaw, what has actually proved to be true, that such clamor was vain and useless. The word *lengthy* continues to be used, and will continue to be used. As to *test* and *advocate*, no person now denies to them the authority of good usage. Whenever a new term, or the use of an old word in a new sense, is found to be *necessary* or *useful*, it will find its way into the best usage, in spite of all the objections of fastidious criticism.

In the year 1794, I first introduced, into a pamphlet entitled the *Revolution in France*, the word *demoralize*, to express the fatal effects of the violent proceedings of the Jacobins on the morals of the nation. This word soon found its way into the writings of men of distinction in this country, and into the *Critical and Quarterly Reviews in England*. Todd then introduced it into his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and Chalmers into his abridgment. Now the word is in common use. These facts are probably not known beyond the limits of my family.

During the French revolution, also, the word *vandalism* was introduced, to express the cruelties and wide-wasting desolations of the revolutionists. Whether it was first used in France or in England, I am not certain, but it is a word now in common use. The adjective *vandalisé* had been used before that period.

The orthography and pronunciation of words may be gradually changed, as these depend more on writers and the higher classes of society. But a useful word cannot be suppressed by any authority whatever, nor will it sink into disuse, except by a slow process, and by the substitution of an equivalent term.

Custom, in cases of this kind, has a controlling influence. It resembles a great river which flows with a slow, steady, silent but irresistible current. Critics may complain, and sneer, and remonstrate, but at last they will be compelled to submit to the dominion of customary usage.

It is very desirable that we may give an English form to foreign words, as far as it is practicable. Especially let us have no *French-Indian* orthography. The river which Finley, in his map, writes *Wisconsin*, Bradford writes *Ouisconsin*. What common reader knows these denote the same river? The French have no *w* in their language, but *we* have, and let us use it when it is wanted. And what shall be done with the *saints* in the names of places? Must our language be forever disfigured with this mummary of superstition?

PRONUNCIATION.

WITHIN the last sixty or seventy years, several attempts have been made to settle the pronunciation of the English language upon a fixed standard which might give it a general uniformity. The great variety of dialects in Great Britain, seemed to call for some efforts of this kind. These attempts have not, however, had all the success that was desired, and perhaps expected.

The first efforts of this kind were made by Elphinstone, Kenrick, and Nares. Their works soon gave way to the scheme of Sheridan. Sheridan presented an analysis of the sounds of English letters, which has not been improved by later orthoëpists. But in several classes of words, his pronunciation was so different from the common English usage, that it was promptly condemned. Such were his *shooperior*, *shoopine*, *ishoomult*, and *multishood*. Sheridan also discarded the Italian sound of *a* from every word in the language; his notation of the sound of *a* in *past* and *father* being the same as in *hat*.

Walker succeeded Sheridan, and attempted to correct his pronunciation in particular classes of words. He restored the Italian sound of *a* in several words, but not in the whole class; he also restored the sound of *su* and *tu* in such words as *superior* and *tumult*. But he introduced or sanctioned other peculiarities, which succeeding orthoëpists have condemned. His notation of the sound of unaccented *y* at the end of words, as equivalent to *e* long, is a gross error, and Jones, a later writer, declares Walker's *aspercetee*, *probecetee*, to be *ludicrous*. Certainly there is no such pronunciation in England or the United States. Walker's pronunciation of *gradjual*, *edjucate*, *obeejent*, *congratshulate*, and other words of these families, is condemned by Jameson, the latest writer on the subject, who says, that in a solemn discourse, it would be *intolerable*.

The sound of *e* or short *y* before *i* and *y* in *kind* and *sky*, as if written *keykind*, *skei*, though authorized by Sheridan and Walker, is rejected by Jameson. It is a fault like that of the vulgar, in *geown*, *keownty*, and proceeding from the same cause, the tendency to utter the sound of *e* after the palatals *g* and *k*.

Jameson has restored the *h* in *humble*; and the old pronunciation of *pe-tal* and *pro-logue*. He has also rejected the final *e* in *suite*, in the phrase, 'a gentleman and his *suit*;' the latter word being the same as

in the phrases, 'a *suit* of cards,' and 'a *suit* of clothes,' and to be pronounced in the same manner.

Jones and Perry have restored the Italian sound of *a* in such words as *ask*, *mask*, *past*, *after*, and they pronounce nearly all the words of this class, as they have always been pronounced by educated people in the United States. This is the same pronunciation as in England.

Of all the orthoepists in England, Perry has given the pronunciation of words, in general, which is the most common among well-bred people, and which may be denominated *national*. In the notation of the other orthoepists, particularly of Sheridan and Walker, there are many peculiarities, which, if they had any authority in usage, must have been quite local.

But it must be observed, that the higher classes of society in England are said never to take their pronunciation from books. They regulate usage by their own practice; and the books on orthoepy are intended to communicate that usage to inquirers. But unfortunately, the several authors who have published books for this purpose, differ so much from each other, that they furnish no certain standard. Their differences amount to more than a thousand; and thus their works tend rather to divide and distract the public, than to unite opinions, and establish uniformity.

It may be here remarked, that the purest English spoken in England is among educated people in the central parts of the island, including London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Many of the principal emigrants to this country, on its first settlement, were educated at the English Universities, and they brought with them the purest pronunciation of the language. Such dialectical variations as were brought by the common people from different parts of England, have been nearly lost in this country; and now, educated men in New-England speak the language almost precisely as the same classes do in England. I have been several hours in company with gentlemen in Cambridge, England, without hearing any difference of pronunciation which would distinguish an Englishman from an American.

There are, however, differences of notation in the books on orthoepy, which occasion no small embarrassment to the lexicographer. In general, the rule I have adopted, in regard to such differences, is, to find and to follow the general analogy among the words of like formation. Thus, when I see that the orthoepists differ in the pronunciation of *detinue*, I resort to the whole class of words of like formation: *avenue*, *retinue*, *revenue*, *residue*, and finding the accent generally settled on the first syllable, I place it on that syllable in *detinue*. In this country, I have never heard the word pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.

This I believe to be the only method by which even a tolerable degree of uniformity can be effected. The practice of quoting authorities on one side and the other, will not accomplish the object; for men will never be agreed on the question, which is the *best authority*; and to present to the public a book, with a thousand differences of notation, is to perplex inquirers, and keep the pronunciation of words in perpetual fluctuation.

It is a general rule in the language, that the termination *ous* added to a word, does not change the accent; the derivations then retain the

accent of the primitives, as *glorious* from *glory*; *humorous* from *humor*. For this reason, I accentuate *circuitous* on the first syllable, and pronounce it in three syllables, (*cir-kit-ous*.)

I accentuate *alternate*, the adjective, on the second syllable, but the verb on the first. The reasons are: this is the general rule in the class of verbs to which this belongs; the most numerous class in the language, as *abdicate*, *aggregate*, *consecrate*, etc., but especially for another reason, that if we lay the accent on the second syllable of *alternate*, we must accentuate the same syllable in the participle, *altern'a-ting*, etc. This renders the pronunciation difficult, or less easy, than when a primary accent is laid on the first syllable, and a secondary accent on the third, *al'terna'ting*.

The same reasons are applicable to *compensate*, *confiscate*, *demonstrate*, *extirpate*, the derivatives of which are pronounced with much greater ease, when they have two distinct accents, the primary on the first, and the secondary on the third, *com'pensáting*, *con'fiscáted*, *dem'onstráting*, *ex'tirpáting*. These accents accord, also, with those of the nouns *com'pensátion*, *con'fiscátion*, *dem'onstrátion*, *ex'tirpátion*.

To this rule the exceptions are, such words as have harsh combinations of consonants, as *inspissate*, and also *remonstrate*, with an accent corresponding with that of *remon'strance*.

In opposition to the usual pronunciation of *sulphuric*, I lay the accent on the first syllable, as in *sulphur*; and in accordance with *choleric*, *heretic*, *lunatic*, *splenetic*, *plethoric*. *Cherubic* would have the accent on the first syllable, had not the poets placed it on the second, as they have in *horizon*, both of which are deviations from analogy, as is the accent of *elegiac* on the third.

Mineralogy and *genealogy* are sometimes pronounced *minerology*, *geneology*, but in opposition to analogy, and all good usage. The letter *a* before *l* in these words, has the same sound as in *generality*, *liberality*, and *analogy*.

Orthoëpists differ in the notation of *wound*, some directing the *ou* to be pronounced as *oo*, *woond*. But in all our best poets, *wound* is made to rhyme with *bound*, *found*, *sound*, and this fact alone should determine the pronunciation of *wound*.

The common pronunciation of *humor* is *yumor*, just as our most vulgar people pronounce *verb* for *herb*. In the name of good sense, of analogy, and of euphony, let me remonstrate against such an outrageous vulgarity.

Deaf was formerly pronounced *deef*, as the like digraph is pronounced in *leaf*, *sheaf*; and so our ancestors pronounced the word. The modern English pronunciation is *def*, evidently from the Danish dialect, and a departure from analogy; there being not another example of this sound of *ea* before *f* in the language. As the old pronunciation is yet used by a great portion of our citizens, and this is in accordance with analogy, it is very desirable that we should adhere to it.

Herd for *heared* is an old corruption; but *heard* accords in orthography with *feared*, *reared*, *seared*: and *heard*, thus pronounced, redeems the language from one anomaly.

Shone is, by the English, pronounced *shon*; a corruption which I believe is not known in this country, and I hope it never will be. When the usage in England differs from that in this country, and ours is ac-

cording to analogy, I would strenuously adhere to our own practice. If in any instance we have the advantage in point of regularity, let us maintain it.

The English seem either to have no system in the regulation of sounds or accent, or they disregard them. Thus they accent *catholicism* on the second syllable. No fault can be more obvious ; and no rule more readily acknowledged than this : that the termination *ism* never changes the accent of a word to which it is added. Let any man cast his eye on the list of such words in page 132 of my *Elementary Spelling Book*, and he will be convinced that *catholicism* ought to have the first syllable accented ; as *jesuitism*, from *jesuit* ; *favoritism* from *favorite* ; so *catholicism* from *catholic*. There are other tables in that book, in which words with like terminations are collected for the purpose of exhibiting the analogies by which the accentuation is regulated, an advantage not furnished by any other book of the kind.

One general remark ought here to be made. The accentuation of words, in our language, is subject to change. Several words have had the accent shifted from one syllable to another, since the age of Milton. This is a reason why the compilers of elementary books in this country should not rely implicitly on the authority of Sheridan, Walker, or other authors who wrote half a century ago. Thus *acceptable* was formerly accented on the first syllable, as was *confessor*, and *commendable*. But this practice is obsolete, or it has never been adopted in this country ; and the words ought not to stand in our elementary books thus accented.

In my decisions on spelling and pronunciation, it has been my aim that no alteration of common usage should be dictated by caprice or arbitrary opinion. Whenever I have deviated from such usage, it has been in pursuance of some analogy, or other substantial reason ; some sound principle in the construction of words which is considered to be idiomatic, or inherent in the language. The more we can raise the authority of *principles* over the *caprices of custom*, the more effectually shall we secure the permanent regularity of the language.

The defect of words in the English dictionaries, and in the abridgments of them in this country, is too apparent to need proof. In addition to this defect, may be mentioned another. There are more than a hundred participles in *ing* which lose their participial use, and are used as adjectives, not one of which is noticed in any English dictionary, nor in any American abridgment of the English books.

THE STAR OVER THE WATER.

See that glorious star on high,
Shining o'er the tranquil main !
Which appears a second sky,
Where that star may live again.
Mark it in calm purity
Mirror'd in the glassy sea.

Now behold the evening breeze
O'er the quiet waters sweep :
That bright image in the seas,
Trembles with the trembling deep ;
But departs not, for the star
Still is shining from afar.

So the Christian's heaven appears,
Mirror'd in life's placid sea :
So it shines through happy years,
In its pure serenity.
For undying hope must be
Shadowed from reality.

But if tempests should arise,
With the storm that hope may shake,
Though reflected from the skies,
It can never quite forsake ;
And will still, while surges roll,
Tremble, and yet light the soul !

LEAVES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

'In many of the German productions, there is something fantastic and ghost-like, something that does not seem adapted to this world, and reminding us of the fact, that the attention of the German author is oftener directed to the mysterious chaos in his own bosom, than to the world around him.'

QUARTERLY SPECTATOR.

DEATH'S REVEILLE.

IN Hinnon's vale, under a pall of night, Death rests alone. The wind groans through his ribs. Tat-too! tat-too!—with a hand of bone he beats his rumbling drum. They start,—the murderers start. From wormy beds beneath the sod, their mouldering heads look out. Through bolted dungeon doors peer out white skulls, and the skeleton black that swung in the air, leaves the raven asleep on his creaking chain. The Annakim at Ashtaroth, the Syrian who slept on Abbana's and Paphar's banks, the Jew at Armageddon, the Greek at Phlegra, Colchis, and Mycale, wakes. The slumbering hosts of Panym land, armed knights and infidels at Ascalon, Aspramont, and Montalban, start to life.

Tat-too!—tat-too! To field!—to field! They start. By meteor-lights they march. Like a storm they rattle by. Their pattering foot-falls cease. They're met. But neither shield, nor spear, nor steel, are there: nor bright-eyed Asian, fair-haired Greek, or bearded Jew, has eye, or beard, or hair.

Death shot his iron eye along the serried files, as numberless as autumn's corpse-like leaves. 'My merry, merry men,' quoth he, 'ye glad the sight of Death; for ne'er met such embodied force on earth. Ye are a host, a sea of murderers. But now, with six long thousand years of toil, my bones are weary, and my darts are dull. Gorged Pestilence and War a-sleeping in their dens, on rotting bones and bloody knives, walk no more to and fro. Methinks I, too, will sleep awhile beneath the sod. Who'll do meantime my nameless deeds on earth? To gorge and batten upon dainty infancy, ripened beauty, and savory manhood, he must be merciless. To let loose havoc, war, the plague—to hurry on decay, sow thick diseases, keep his weapons bright, he must not rest.' He has ceased.

As when sepulchral blasts grieve through the church-yard cypress-tree, the plaudit of that bony host comes murmuring along. Instant a mouldering form preëminent appears. Upon its front are crimson types, that seem to say: 'My merit learn from this. The streets of Rome, the Imperial, I made a place of weeds. By me, in Cæsars' palaces, the fitful night wind answered to the owl. When the war-dogs did tire, Famine I let loose to prey on men, till they did feed on one another, and mothers upon their soft babes. The fairest of earth's lands I seamed with graves, till Attila was called the scourge of God, and my fast-flocking victims found Death's halls too small.'

The Visigoth is gone. Now prompt and fresh from earth, the far-known Corsican appears; fresh blood-stains spotting o'er his leprous bones, with characters whose import is like this: 'If faith to our great master win the guerdon high, who more true than I? If tireless ser-

vices, who brought to our hungry hell a game so numerous? I murdered nations in a day. A continent my battle-field, where hosts of fair, brave men did melt away as snow-wreaths riddled by an April rain. Its rivers ran with blood. Blood made fat its soil. Dead — heaps on heaps of dead — were piled, till the filmy air did rot.'

From far, a wasted form comes wandering by, and on its front an awful mark is set. Beneath its tread, blood crieth from the ground: 'Revenge, ambition, fear, made others faithful. I for our master's love a brother slew. I first did smear with blood the earth, as yet immaculate, and showed the murderous deed to million-multitudes of men. But for that act, a gentle race had tempered the fierce blood of those who now make of each other dainty fare for us, and *murder* been till now a word unknown. I am the first — the captain of the murderers!'

Death yields him up his shadowy mace. They're vanished like the night. Darkness films the staggering earth, and faint and stagnant over it gasp the closing sepulchres. The murderer is abroad.

PART I.

THE stars are faint, the moon is sick,
The air is foul and black:
'I've slept too long,' Death, starting, shrieked;
And whistled for his pack.

Sullen and grim, Murder strides in,
His locks are matted and hoar,
And his knife gleams bright in his eye's red light,
All crimson and clotted with gore.

From rattling bones comes galloping War —
The gloom lightens up to a glare:
O'er his lip and his chin runs trickling blood,
And his thunderbolt arm is bare.

On pennons lank whirls Famine in —
On wings of grisly gray:
Her talons stained, her beak besmeared,
And reeking from her prey.

Flocking around, her hideous brood
Torment the air with moans:
Vulture Despair, and ghastly Hate —
Hoarse Madness wails and groans.

And down sweeps silent Pestilence,
Like rapid-striding night;
Within whose misty, poisonous breath,
Diseases dire delight.
Delight to flutter, whirl, and dance, as flies,
The pallid leaf on evening's gusty sighs.

DEATH. 'Faithful friends, and warriors true,
Death's resumed his shadowy mace.
On the sea and land once more,
Roam the round world o'er and o'er:
Hurry swifter than before —
Hunt the hated race!'

MURDER. By day, by night, in field, on flood,
I'll stop his breath, and spill his blood.

WAR. Loose reins to slaughter I will give.

- FAMINE. I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw him thin 's a sieve.
 FIRST DISEASE. I will poison.
 SECOND DISEASE. I will sting.
 THIRD DISEASE. Blisters, boils, and rheums I'll bring.
 FOURTH DISEASE. I'll shoot him through with torturing pains.
 FIFTH DISEASE. And I will parch his galloping veins.
 SIXTH DISEASE. And I, and I, in merry mood,
 Will peel his bones, and drink his blood.
 ALL. And then — what then ? — tell us, tell.
 DEATH. We'll have a festival in Hell.
 Friends of Death, and warriors true,
 Away, away ! — halloo, halloo !

THE BETRAYED.

'The delightful mode of instruction by parables, has been 'successfully employed by Krummacker, by Herder, and by many other eminent writers in Germany.'

QUARTERLY SPECTATOR.

UPON a sunny and unfrequented hill-side, grew a solitary rose-tree. By it stole a mazy path-way among myrtles and violets, which the stranger's footsteps had never pressed. It was in the strength of its maturity, when a single bud burst from its topmost bough. This bud the summer-beam wooed with daily fidelity, and the bee loved to nestle among its petals. The lark stooped his airy wing in passing it by day, and the nightingale sang to it his sweetest serenade, on the nearest bramble, by night. But pride entered not the heart of this queen of flowers. It shed a perfume alike on the fragrant blossom and the scentless herb. It bowed over the humble violet, and smiled upon the unpretending, modest daisy. Thus the charity and beneficence of a lovely female are diffused alike on the humble and the high, the poor and the rich.

The west wind was blithe to blow around it. But it turned aside from his dalliance, heeding not his whispers, or his wooings. Other flowerets listened to his lures, and fluttered to his sighs. They were wafted far from the protecting spray, danced in gayety for an hour, then flung, unsheltered, on the cold earth. Remember, maiden, that the heart of her who heeds the flatterer's breath, shall be thus gaily wafted, wrung, withered, and tossed aside !

Proudly the parent stem summoned all its energies to lift high the head of its cherished offspring, that it might partake bountifully of the benignant light, and the invigorating air — that it might be seen and admired. The rose repaid this fondness with dutiful affection. Often, at morning, did it distil the fragrant tear of gratitude, and at evening, it rested its fair head on the stem, as a prattler's round cheek reposes on a parent's bosom.

The fame of its beauty attracted a son of Pleasure. It won his admiration. Regardless of the agony of severance, he snapped it from the stalk. While its beauty lasted, he proudly displayed it to the giddy

and the heartless, who envied its possession. But afar from the nourishing stem, its form languished in one fleeting day, and its color faded. Then it was cast, like a loathsome weed, beneath the feet of the multitude, to wither and perish there.

Licentious profligate ! — that rose was my only beloved Lina ! I am the solitary, broken, bleeding stem !

SUMMER AND WINTER.

'I REMEMBER,' said an old man who was shivering with cold, and pinched with hunger, 'I remember, when our land was under the dominion of a beautiful and a munificent princess. She was of radiant looks, and lofty mien, and her people lived upon her smile — they perished under her frown. Flowers burst around her footsteps. Her breath gave its perfume to the violet, her cheek lent its blush to the rose. Her approach was every where welcomed by songs of gladness. The poor man opened the door of his solitary cottage to greet her, and the sick man raised his drooping head to the uncurtained window, to feast his languid eye upon her happy retinue.

But the heart of Avarice is ice. From his mountains in the North, the tyrant saw and coveted her fair dominions. He donned his robe, and grasped his icy sceptre. He gathered his ruffian armies — swift as the winds, terrible as the tempest, numerous as the missiles of the storm. They burst upon the dominions of the princess. On they drave, blighting the poor man's harvest, and locking the water-springs under fetters of adamant.

They made our land naked, as a plain over which the fire has run — mournful as a shroud enveloping the dead.

The princess dropped her garlands, and gathered up her robes for flight. Far, far to the South, she fled before her pursuer, like morning sunshine chased by an April cloud, over mountain and valley away. But there is a land where her reign is perpetual. On its limit she paused : she turned and bent upon her pursuer an irresistible smile. His spirit drooped — his foot began to falter. His sceptre dropped from his powerless hand. His sparkling diadem fell from his head, and his robe from his shoulders. Back, back he fled, and resumed his throne on the iced mountain-top. His armies followed in swift retreat to their Northern fastnesses.

Our favorite returned, bringing happiness and life to her realm, which is thus soon desolated by Winter, and soon again will revive under the life-giving smile of Summer. M.

A THOUGHT:

ADDRESSED TO MY COUSIN, WHO EXPRESSED A WISH TO DIE.

Thy form, dear girl ! to earth is due —
Oh, not to heaven repair !
For angels are on earth too few —
While there are myriads there.

P.

HANNAH HERVEY
Journal of a Journey

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TEN YEARS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,' 'FRANCIS BERRIAN,' ETC.

It was the month of June, and we were descending from Rochester to Schenectady in a packet canal-boat, a mode of travelling to most people excessively annoying, from its slowness, monotony, and destitution of excitement. I have been accustomed to be thrown upon the resources, such as they are, of my own thoughts, and never tire of being drawn thus leisurely through green meadows and fields, and having an opportunity to analyze the slowly-moving landscape, and deriving from it all the thoughts and associations which it is capable of exciting in the mind of a lover of nature.

At this time, in addition to those pleasures, we happened to have a very large assortment of fine young gentlemen and ladies, — by which I mean young persons well-dressed, and with whole lots of airs and pretensions. Among them there happened to be one or two well-informed ladies, worthy of that name, and a single young gentleman, who had sense, instruction, enthusiasm, and a heart. He felt that he did not belong to those empty-headed persons, whose claims rested upon their whiskers, opera-glasses, fine clothes, and knowledge of the mysteries and dialect of Broadway.

I was amused to observe how naturally the kindred spirits of the passage gathered round this young gentleman, from sympathy. The consequence was, we had a little circle of our own, in which we originated many agreeable conversations, with just sprinkling enough of discussion, disputation, and wit, to keep them from being tame and stagnant on the one hand, or having the slightest shade of bitterness on the other. My young friend was an extensive merchant, on the line of the canal, and had the advantage of being more or less acquainted with all the distinguished inhabitants, whose habitations came in our view, in the slow movement of the canal-boat. When we saw a pretty place, it was natural, that, in addition to the name of the owner, we should like to know something of his history and character. It was amusing to remark, with how much pith and brevity our historian despatched most of these personages, — a half a paragraph, in many instances, serving to furnish us with all of interest, that their history could offer. It was otherwise with a noble seat, that we saw opening among the green fields and trees on one of those fine acclivities, that bound the rich alluvial belt of the Mohawk valley. At a distance, it presented that happy union of nature and art, of simplicity and magnificence, of rural retirement, repose, and opulence, which always excites pleasant associations, and a curiosity to hear, if the owner of a spot so beautiful, is as happy as these appearances — unhappily so often deceptive — would indicate that he might and ought to be. 'Whose beautiful place is that?' was the united question of us all. 'It belongs to my particular friend, Henderson L. —, Esq.,' said our cicerone, 'on whom I expect to call on my return from New-York.' 'Oh! is not the owner of such a splendid place happy?' 'Yes, — but not from being the owner of such a splendid place; though that circumstance, undoubtedly, contributes an element in his enjoyment. By that beautiful mansion and its tenants hangs a tale. The sun,' he continued, 'is

pleasantly clouded in, and if you have a mind to hear me spin a yarn considerably longer than my common ones, take chairs, and task your patience accordingly. We unanimously expressed a wish to hear his narrative, which commenced in the following terms.

‘Yonder small cottage, that you see half a mile to the right, was, two years since, the residence of Mr. Morrison Hervey, head of an English family, that moved to this part of the country a few years ago. Before I advance in my narrative, I ought to premise, that although my father resides fifty miles from this place, he had become acquainted with Mr. Hervey in New-York, and had conceived an opinion so exalted of his capabilities as an instructor, that being an earnest partisan of a private education in preference to a public one, he applied to that gentleman, to receive me in his family, as his pupil. As my father was rich and he poor, and as I was the only, and perhaps I ought to add, spoiled son, there was no difficulty in settling the arrangement.

‘Behold me, then, an indolent, indulged, and untaught subject, removed fifty miles from home, and placed in a position as unlike that in which I had hitherto moved, as can well be imagined. But I pass wholly by every thing that occurred here to myself, in order to give you, as I promised, the story of the family; and all that part of this, which has its scene laid in England, I shall despatch in a word. Mr. Hervey was an Oxford graduate, a genius, truly and emphatically such — a poet, and as sensitive, shy, and proud, as such persons generally are. He tried the church awhile, and abandoned it. He tried the law, and became disgusted with it. He tried verse-making, and as he was nameless, unpatronized, unknown, and wrote from the enthusiasm of a rich and elevated mind, and of course overshot the taste and comprehension of the circle in which he moved, the little poetasters and gazette-paraphrists barked his verses into nonentity in their clique. He was more successful in making love to the beautiful seventh daughter of a country curate, with a living of sixty pounds. She was only inferior to him in talents; being in inefficiency, in aimless incapability, in simplicity of character, and excellence of heart, his perfect peer and yoke-mate. Though it be mathematically true, that minus into minus makes plus, it is not a practical fact, that poverty added to poverty becomes wealth. After reducing love and a cottage to their very lowest endurable experiment, in various efforts for a subsistence, and when their family already amounted to five children, a small succession from a remote relative of Mrs. Hervey’s fell to them in New-York; and in the hope, that chance might prove more favorable in opening some avenue to subsistence in the new world, than it had in England, they sailed for America. Their bequest was rapidly exhausting in New-York, in different trials of pursuit, as little persevered in, and as little successful, as those in England. Mr. Hervey’s health and spirits were declining, and as usually happens to minds of his temperament, the final experiment, that suggested itself to his thoughts, invested with a thousand soothing associations, was to turn farmer, and die in his own fields, and be buried under his own trees. Between two and three thousand dollars remained to him, with which, on the recommendation of a friend, he purchased yonder tract of land, furnished that cottage, and became its occupant.

‘Such was the family in which I became an inmate. It presented the most striking contrasts, and compounds of gentle and affectionate

intercourse, kept up almost in a state of want; of refinement and elegance of manners, in a disorganized and slatternly family establishment; of high-minded pride of feeling and deportment, sustained in the necessary discharge of offices and labors alike servile and profitless. Every thing in this new world was a study to me. Uninstructed as I was, I was soon made to feel the native resources and the vast acquirements of the mind that was to form mine. This, united to a quick perception of the admirable character which swayed that mind, awed me into a steadfast and unconscious respect for him and his household. The laughable shifts to which this family were often obliged to resort for subsistence from day to day, and the reckless mismanagement of every thing, within and without, were calculated to produce, and under any other circumstances would have produced, any other feeling than that of respect.

Four of the five children, George and Ruth, Sarah and Thomas, were fair and balanced compounds of the character of the father and mother. Like them, they were each remarkable for personal beauty, and were gifted with the genius and poetic temperament, the shyness, pride, and inefficiency of the father, and the gentle, quiet, uncomplaining mildness of their mother. At first view, their characters seemed as uniform as was the unhappy result; there was the same want of energy and firmness of purpose that marked their father. When studied more intimately, and analyzed with a more ample experience, each showed a modification of this singular endowment of the father, that rendered the study of these most amiable and most useless of human beings a source of perpetual and high excitement to my curiosity. It seemed impossible, that under an exterior so monotonous, and a result so exactly the same, there should be couched such a strange diversity of character, alike feeble, interesting, and amiable.

Hannah, the third in point of years, and when I entered the family, fifteen, that is to say five years younger than myself, was a strange exception. She was only what would have been called pretty, or perhaps good-looking, though the least beautiful of the family, if you laid out of the view eyes of a melting, black, lustrous brilliancy, which shone with the intense expression of sense, amiability, and firmness. Her eyes were such as a sacred painter would assign to a seraph. At the same time, their brightness was tempered with a lovely and forbearing expression of gentleness, and raised the impression of the intelligence of an angel, bestowed upon the guileless and loving nature of a child. Shall I speak of her intelligence? I was ashamed to attempt the same task with her, she grasped it so much more readily and perfectly. In regard to the moral part of her nature, I shall only remark, that all my conceptions of embodied truth, dignity, and worth, were carried out in her character. So entire were my convictions, that she would not act except with the noblest motives and the highest views, that her wrong-doing, in my eyes, would have been consecrated as some perfection of right which I understood not. Strange to tell, she was active as the domestic bee — as firm as the rock on the shore of the ocean; and of invincible inflexibility of purpose. If any one should ask, how it came that such a girl should be born of such parents, and should be found in such a place, I can only refer him to the will of Him who has seen fit to scatter the fairest flowers in the desert, and the most beau-

tiful gems in the depths of the sea. A striking result of her vigor, firmness, and prematurity of judgment, was, that without ever departing for a moment from the natural character and deportment appropriate to her years, she seemed to me a mentor, twenty years older than myself; and, without intending it, and apparently shrinking from the natural influence of her character upon them, she moulded the rest of the family, and guided its concerns, as a pilot steers his vessel. Dangerous would have been the temptations of her position, but for the intrinsic and shrinking modesty of her mind, which prevented her abusing this strange precocity of judgment. But she saw and felt how revolting it would seem to others, as well as herself, to attempt to manage the family; and from the purest and most natural of feelings, she recoiled from that sort of government and direction which might have retrieved the fortunes of her unhappy kindred. As it was, almost unconsciously, she introduced gradual order, industry, and arrangement into the concerns of the family, which began to operate, to a certain extent, the retrieval of its downward course. But she took especial care, that this redemption should not seem her work; and with such a happy forethought and address, that while one year had gone round, in which they had added to the comforts of the house, and the improvements of the farm, and it was found on balancing accounts, on the last day of the year, that their income had actually exceeded their expenditure, each member felt encouraged to claim a share of the merit of this happy change. It was while leading her parents, that she contrived to impart to them the inspiring feeling, that they were the sources of this new power. The hand that wound up the machinery was concealed.

'Such was this family, promising to commence a new chapter in its history, when we heard of the commencement of the fearful ravages of the cholera at Buffalo and Rochester, and generally on the line of the canal. As my father lived at this time in Rochester, and as the cottage we have passed was retired, remote, as you remarked, from other habitations, and apparently a very healthy position, it was deemed more prudent that I should remain where I was, instead of returning to my father's family.

'It was among the inscrutable anomalies of that mysterious and formidable scourge, that Mr. Hervey's family should be the only detached farming establishment attacked with it, within fifty miles. But Mr. Hervey came in from hay-making, one beautiful evening, toward the close of July, apparently overwrought and fatigued with the exertions of the day. Apprehending no other cause for his exhaustion, he retired immediately to bed. No alarm was expressed; and his lady saw him not, until nearly nine in the evening, when he summoned her to his bedside, and complained of having felt for some time extremely restless and depressed, and a strange and unextinguishable thirst. His bedroom was so darkened, that she saw not the expression of his countenance; but, startled by the hoarse and unnatural tone of his voice, she laid her hand upon his breast, and was struck with terror, almost amounting to faintness, on remarking the death-like and marble feeling of his body. A light was brought. We all rushed in alarm to the room. None of us had yet seen a case of cholera; but we had all read so much upon the subject, and were so well informed of the more obvious and marked symptoms of this frightful disease, that the terrible

conviction stood embodied before us, that Mr. Hervey had the cholera, and that his disorder had already advanced to the stage of collapse. A sick sensation came over me; the first selfish rush of personal apprehension to the heart, as I saw myself present with that mortal malady, then generally supposed to be more contagious than any disease known. All the children but Hannah, and Mrs. Hervey with them, sunk into chairs, in a state of passive agony of terror. Never were members of a family more perfectly and deeply attached and affectionate to each other. In proportion to their love for their head, was their terror and stupified inaction. Between the exertions of Hannah and myself, such measures were put in operation, and such medicines administered, as the means of the family afforded. I, meanwhile, ran for the physician. But when, at length, I returned with him, there sat four of the children, and the mother, emblems of the group of Niobe, changed to stone; and such an expression they wore! — an expression of fear, crushed affection, and despair. Oh! it was horrible to witness! It seemed as if, during my absence, they had scarcely moved from their place. Yet the heroic, the noble-minded Hannah, wore an expression as of an angel come down to administer relief and comfort, in such a case of agony. Her energy and industry were only exceeded by a skill and judgment still more extraordinary. The physician found that she had anticipated him in all the remedies he would have prescribed, and in every possible application of friction and external heat. All was in vain. The last moments of this wonderfully-endowed, most excellent, and most useless man, were approaching. I had heard it advanced, that persons of such inefficient characters were often found capable, in emergencies, of putting forth a passive courage of endurance, as extraordinary as their ordinary weakness and languor. I had known Mr. Hervey to be subject to the most servile and unmanly dread of death. It was a sentiment that exercised such an absorbing and often manifest influence over his thoughts and actions, that he took no pains to disguise it. What horrors I had heard him express at the idea of death, even before his assembled family! This weakness was shared by all the household, with but one strange exception.

‘Death was now drawing near this man, whose heart was so full of deep and unextinguishable affection for his family. There were the loved ones sitting in his view, like statues, incapable, from agony and despair, of either words, exertions, or tears. One ministering spirit of the number was over him, exerting herself, dictating to some neighbors, the physician, and myself, what was to be done. Courage and hope were in her looks. ‘You are better, dear father,’ she would say; ‘I see by your countenance, you are better. Say but the single word, that you are better, and you will encourage the rest of us to action.’ How was I astonished, I might almost say cheered, by the words and deportment of Mr. Hervey, on this awful occasion, when so suddenly, and with so little premonition, arrested by this terrible form of death! He called his wife and children to his bedside, one by one; but, petrified with terror and conflicting emotions, they either heard not, or only manifested that they heard, by a sort of spasmodic shudder, and dropping their faces on their hands. He then said in our hearing, and in the usual hoarse whisper of his disease: ‘How am I now punished for the temperament and example of unworthy fear, which I have be-

queathed, as their only portion, to these dear ones! Blessed be God, who hath promised to wipe away all tears, and swallow up death in victory, I am delivered from the fear of death! I would have given worlds, during the long bondage of my life, through fear of this event, could I have been assured that I should feel as I do now. What a calmness! — what a repose! Oh! think, dear loved ones, when I am no more, that I had not a doubt, not a fear — and that I pass to my last rest, even as the worn traveler to the evening shade. How vain has been my existence! This life and its trials were not appointed for the faint-hearted and fearful, but for the strong in heart and purpose.'

'But I pass over this scene, to me so impressive and awful, and so indelibly engraven on my memory. I lack words to describe to you the mingled tenderness and dignity of the deportment of Hannah. All availed not. The last cold kiss of her dying father was impressed upon her lips, and it was not until he had breathed his latest sigh, that, from mere physical grief and fatigue, she yielded afterward, and merged the ministering angel in the weeping, suffering, and exhausted child. I pass over the funeral scene, and the successive attacks and death of four of the five children, merely remarking, that after the loss of the second, my father came for me, and took me from this house of death.

'The mother and Hannah were the only members of this unfortunate family that were spared. My father, deeply interested for the survivors, as soon as they were so far recovered from the same disease, which had proved so fatal to the rest, as to be capable of being moved, came here with me, and begged them, in their present solitary condition, to return with him, and consider his house their home. It is true, at the same time, with the excusable worldly-mindedness of a father, he gave me some cautions in regard to the young orphan mourner, which I assured him were wholly unnecessary, and which he also learned, by a very slight acquaintance with the person in question.

'In fact, she had not long resided in my father's family with her mother, before she had acquired in his mind the same estimate she had in mine, and I had sufficient reason to believe, that he would now have been pleased to have seen me paying suit for her favor. But she remained in my view a person of character too elevated, I might almost say holy; too much out of the common range, and the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, to be thought of by me in that light. To be plain, and to do her and myself justice, there would have been too much incompatibility between us. Beside, I had been accustomed to think, that while she evidently entertained a sisterly feeling toward me, she could never have been brought to unite herself with the only child and heir of her father's patron, or to think of him in a more intimate relation than had already subsisted between us.

'I ought not to omit, that two or three months after the death of her father, and after the cholera had passed over the country like a desolating whirlwind, and disappeared, and after sorrow had settled into a calm and hallowed melancholy, on a beautiful autumnal evening, when a train of circumstances had softened the hearts of the two mourners to a sort of communicative sadness, the mother and daughter alternately gave us the affecting details of the sickness and death of each of the four children, three of whom deceased after I left the family.

'George, the eldest of the number, was the first who fell after his

father; and he was as remarkable for the calm and intrepid dignity of his deportment, in his conflict with the last enemy, as his father had been. All the shrinking timidity of his nature, in this last trying emergency, seemed changed to fearless and calculating firmness. His mother was attacked, while he was falling into the stage of collapse. He insisted, for a number of hours, after he was under the influence of the disease, that he was in no danger, and suffered no pain. When the fearful circles of blue had extended around his mouth and eyes, and were spreading over his frame, and in the most racking contortions of spasm, when he could not but see the estimate of his fate in the involuntary shudder of all who approached his bed, he was perfectly rational, fearless, and collected, and took such note of what was passing, and such forethought in relation to the arrangements and concerns of the family, as he had never manifested before. There was something almost fearfully sublime in thus beholding a weak and yielding spirit become so calmly prescient, so self-collected, and forgetful of self, at the dread moment when it was about to pass through the change of death. They told him that his mother had become warm, and that she was considered out of danger. A delightful smile played over his wan and sunken features. He gave his last directions, and uttered his last words with his icy breath, with surprising calmness. 'My father's' said he, 'was a long struggle of agony. I rejoice that he is released from it. I have only known, since he died, how I loved him. I am going to join him. Oh! if I may be permitted to descend from that holy and happy abode, where I am sure I shall find him, I will be a ministering spirit to you whom I leave behind! I will infuse vigor, and courage, and enterprise into your natures.' Kissing Hannah with ardor, for she was the common favorite of all, he observed to her that he had no fear for the family, so long as she was spared to them. As the other children came to his bed, he gave them the most pointed charges to exercise more courage and firmness, assuring them that he felt, in his own case, that to die was not that fearful thing he had apprehended; and that the only point of importance was, during life, to discharge with vigor and diligence its duties. He complained once or twice, that a hand, as of ice, was laid upon his heart. But a moment afterward his countenance was again cheerful and smiling, as he held forth his arms toward the sky, exclaiming, 'I come! I come!' — and when they fell back, all of him that was mortal was a kneaded clod.

'Sarah and Ruth were very beautiful. The disease ran in them more rapidly to its mortal crisis than in the two preceding victims. They were affected with an excitement approaching to insanity. They recited and sang Mrs. Hemans' exquisite *Message to the Dead*, and when they had no longer voice for either, they were heard whispering these stanzas, till even their whispers became inarticulate. They called their remaining brother, Hannah, and their mother about their bed, kissed first one cheek and then the other of each, pressed their hands, and added: 'The greater number are now in the country where we are going. We will tell them that our brother and mother are going to be as firm and noble-minded as our dear sister!' They died within three minutes of each other. It should have been remarked, that they were twin sisters — lovely in life, and in death not divided. The last victim was Thomas, and his death was not less calm and triumphant

than that of those who preceded him. It may seem a narrative strange to my character and years, this in which I am now occupied. But I trust there are some other young men beside myself, who can sometimes thrill with the emotions that such scenes are calculated to inspire; and it brings to me, when I remember that I have in my turn to die, a melancholy pleasure to reflect, that this last enemy can thus be met, even by the feeble-minded, calmly and triumphantly.

‘There was a quiet, dignified, and unpretending calmness in the mourning of this mother and daughter, which I could wish that every mourner might see. It was evident, that the heart’s home of these desolate strangers was now in the country where the greater portion of their number had preceded them. But they did not so interpret their dying charges, as to consider it a duty to forget the living, in dwelling upon the memory of the dead. On the contrary, they had been expressly charged by the beloved departed, that duty remains when all things else pass away, an immortal obligation. A salutary change had passed over the mother, in experiencing these sweeping calamities. She has become quite as industrious, and almost as firm and energetic, as her admirable daughter.

‘Early last Spring, one of our neighbors, a very rich widower, without a child, some fifteen years older than Hannah, a good-natured, simple, money-getting, inert, good-for-nothing sort of personage, became smitten with the excellent orphan mourner of our family, and offered himself in form, through her mother. Every body, at a single view, seemed to consider the offer an admirable one for the lady, in every respect. It was discussed by her mother, in conclave with my parents, some time before it was submitted to herself, and so naturally do mothers, advancing in years, take the impress of the thoughts of those about them, that Mrs. Hervey adopted at once the views of my parents; and the rather, as she had become attached to them, and the town in which they lived, and as this marriage would insure the mother and daughter an independence, and perpetual residence among their friends. I supposed, as a matter of course, that she would adopt their views, and be swayed by their wishes, to marry this rich inanity. So deep was my friendship for her, so like love the sentiments of homage and respect which I entertained, that I was half inclined to make an effort to woo the lovely mourner myself, to save her from a still more unworthy union.

‘Thankful and rejoiced was I to hear the result of the interview of the wealthy suitor. The object of his passion affected no prudery, no disinclination to marriage. She hinted at the dreadful scenes which within a year had blighted her affections, and withered her heart, rendering her, as she believed, incapable for the present of the love which a wife should bear her husband. ‘But,’ she added with her customary magnanimous frankness, ‘I will not dissemble with my mother and these my dear friends, and assign the sterility of my stricken heart as the reason why I decidedly reject him. I regard marriage as so right and proper for an unprotected, and especially a poor woman, and I consider convenience, and the prospect of temporal comfort and a sufficiency, such essential elements in the motives to induce one to marry, that if I had esteem for this man, and any ground to believe that I could ever like him, I would ask him to wait until I had made the effort. But this man —

I understand you — his looks, his temper, his circumstances, are all much in his favor. But there are some associations that cluster round my internal image of a husband — for grave and melancholy as you seem to consider me, I have sometimes drawn this ideal picture — which are most remote from any thoughts that I can connect with this man. Alas! I would say, in the customary phrase, that I thank him for his good opinion of me, and so forth; but it would not be true, and I do not thank him. I am sure that I never could regard him with any feeling but one so nearly allied to loathing, that I would not marry him for the world. I am not so good as you affect to think me, but a very proud, and perhaps a capricious girl. I do think, that woman, in no age of time, was ever considered such a miserable slave as that universal impression views her, which adjudges that a rich fool, if he be neither a brute nor a demon, ought to be accepted by the first poor girl to whom he offers himself. It is, it must be, a penance to live in this relation with a fool for life, and I am determined not to marry for penance. Others may consider a girl like me a marketable article, if they choose. I am not in the market, on this condition. I am contented as I am, and while I possess these hands, I shall always consider myself and my mother independent, so far as regards subsistence.'

'I was allowed the privilege to be present at this discussion. Observing, perhaps, a good deal of surprise in my countenance, she turned to me, and said: 'My friend and brother, (she was accustomed to call me so,) 'I hope you are not offended with me for taking this view of the subject.' 'Not at all, my dear sister,' I replied. 'On the contrary, you have removed a load from my heart.' And I verily believe, in the excitement of the moment, that she would have had another offer on the spot, had she not contrived, probably in anticipation of my purpose, with her accustomed tact and decision, to give the conversation another turn.

'It happened, that not many days after this rejection of the rich lover, I visited New-York, and spoke as I felt of Hannah, to my admirable young friend, Henderson L —, of whom I will pronounce no other eulogy, than that my simple, unvarnished tale inspired him with a sort of love for her, and a determination to return with me to Rochester, and if he found her such as I had described, to make a tender of his heart to her. He was heir to one of the best estates in the country, handsome, accomplished, high-minded — sustaining the highest standing, and, in a word, a person with the very mind to be allured by such a young lady as Miss Hervey. In a few days I returned, and he accompanied me, causing me, however, on the way, repeatedly to renew my biographical sketch.

'When he arrived at our house, as she had never heard of him, and was led to suppose that his motive for visiting Rochester was business, there was in her deportment toward him none of that consciousness and reserve which it would have been almost impossible for a young person like her wholly to have avoided, had she been aware of the object of his visit. She saw, indeed, by our deportment toward him, the high regard, the great consideration, we entertained for him; and this, no doubt, insensibly influenced her estimate of him. The unequalled strength, the unpretending dignity of her character, produced a still deeper impression upon him than I had expected. Though she had

grown to be decidedly beautiful, she would not have been considered, by ordinary observers, a 'showy girl.' But seeing us making every effort to amuse our friend, and wholly unsuspecting that he had come with any thoughts in relation to her, she naturally put forth all her powers of pleasing. We soon discovered that our friend was deeply in love. Hannah was the last one among us to make the discovery, but she *did* make it; and, as was natural, became in consequence more reserved and constrained in her manner toward him—a circumstance which accelerated his declaration.

'She was not a little surprised, and she must have been more than woman or mortal, not to have been flattered. She told him, however, that she had not for him the sentiment, if she understood what it was, that is called love; but that she liked him much, and had an impression, that if he saw fit to allow her the pleasure of a longer acquaintance, she might attain that sentiment toward him. This was a way of receiving a declaration, I believe, wholly out of the mode; but there was a reason, truth, and propriety in her manner, that satisfied her lover, who continued to remain in our family. Scarcely a month had elapsed, when an incident occurred, which set the moral worth of Henderson L——, and his magnanimity, kindness, and integrity in a most striking light. It was an incident for which he could not have been prepared. It was by mere accident that it reached her ears. Her eyes glistened, as the noble action of our friend was related by me, certainly with no embellishment, but as certainly in a way which I intended, if possible, should make a direct and striking impression upon her heart. Tears stood in her eyes, as I proceeded, part of which tribute I might suppose paid to my eloquence—a circumstance always favorable to the increase of that attribute in the orator. They walked together in the woods and meadows, the evening subsequent to her learning the facts in question. With a perturbation rather unusual to her firm and collected character, she told Henderson L—— that she now loved him, and if he continued of the same mind as formerly, was ready to give him her hand, whenever he chose to ask for it.

'You will easily divine the rest. He purchased the estate we have passed, and there built that sumptuous country house, which they make their summer residence. His wife has the satisfaction, in addition to possessing the best husband I know, of making the old age of her mother comfortable, and of many a lonely evening walk to the graves of the loved and lost of her family, cut off by the dreadful catastrophe I have mentioned. These walks do not, as she affirms, render her sad, but calmly-thoughtful, and more firm and active for her duties. They repress the fulness of a joy, which in the case of such a happy nature as hers, and one which has so completely met all that she ever imagined necessary to felicity, might become too buoyant and confident. They remind her of the uncertainty of that tenure by which we hold all below the sun. I should be glad if the thousands of heartless fools, mere beaux and belles, who know nothing but what they call fashion—those biped animals of existence, who are preparing a generation of fools for the coming age—could contemplate this couple, and see what is the real dignity and enjoyment of wedded life. It is to be hoped we should no longer hear them denouncing 'blues,' and knowledge, as

pedantry, and enviously wishing to reduce every body to their own level of inanition. But my desire is useless: for these vain and senseless souls would not have eyes to see the instruction which this spectacle is so well calculated to afford'

THE DYING WIFE.

And I must die!

I must pass away from the beautiful earth,
Where the roses bloom and the birds have birth —
Ere the rude world's blight o'er my spirit has blown,
Ere the music of life has lost one tone;
As the dew-drop swept from the aspen spray,
With the summer's breath, I must pass away.
The maiden laughs in the sunny glade!
Ah why doth she laugh? Her joys must fade.
All that is dearest to her, are mine,
All that is brightest, on me now shine:
There's joy for me still in the lemon-leav'd bower,
Where the mocking-bird sits, in the hushed night hour:
There's joy for me still in the festal throng,
In the mazy dance, and the sparkling song;
There's a flush in my cheek, a light in mine eye,
And my heart beats warm — but I must die!

I must leave them now!

I must pass from the home of my childhood's mirth,
And my place shall be mourned by my father's hearth.
His hair is white and his eye is dim —
And who shall now speak of the glad earth to him?
And who shall now pour on his time-dulled ear,
The olden lay that he loved to hear?
He will sit and pine in his dwelling lone,
For I was his all, and I shall be gone.
There is one on my heart hath a tenderer claim!
I have taught my soft child to hush his name;
On his faithful breast when my head is laid,
I forget I am dying — my pain is stayed.
I trust to his words, as on hope he dwells,
But the pale lip mocks what the fond heart tells:
The cold drops stand on his manly brow, —
Oh God! must I leave — must I leave him now?

I will come again!

I will come again, in the twilight gloom,
When the sad wind wails o'er my lowly tomb;
When the shade's in the bower and the star in the sky,
The early-loved scenes will I wander by:
I will pass by the hall of the glad and gay,
For they shall laugh on, though my smile be away:
Where the aged man weeps, my breath shall be there,
I will come to my child at her young-voiced prayer:
When lovely she kneels by her father's side,
His gaze resting on her, his darling and pride.
With a dark'ning shade should his brow be crossed,
As his thoughts are afar with the loved one lost;
I will live in her form, I will speak in her eye,
I will steal from his lip the half-breathed sigh;
With her silvery voice, will I soothe his pain,
I will whisper his heart, 'I am come again!'

COMETS AND ECLIPSES.

It is both interesting and gratifying to observe the universal care and foresight which pervade every object in nature. The celestial world bears, in its order and harmony, the signs of the wisdom and providence, as well as the sublime magnificence of its Maker. The class of larger terrestrial existences show in their conformation such perfect adjustment, and beautiful arrangement, and the microscopical objects whose mechanism optics have unveiled, such just proportion and delicate adaptation, that here, also, we see the tracings of the same power and wisdom which presided over the birth of the heavens.

This supervision of God over the universe, as well in its most minute as in its grandest scale, though rendered clear, bright, and glorious, by the sun of modern science, still must have broken—perhaps with a misty, fitful light—on the darkness of the remotest antiquity. Its belief was the cause of many ancient superstitions, and was the soul of those fictions of mythology which breasted every wave of time and opinion, till swept away by a more noble creed.

It produced a faith of no ordinary dignity—which led the historian to credit that the gods looked down with interest on human affairs; and which inspired the poet to introduce them in his song, as sympathizing with the virtuous love and the honorable ambition of man—a faith beautiful and excusable; for it sprung from a persuasion congenial with that which has raised to the Most High the temple of Natural Theology. It was a pellucid spring, gushing from a silver fountain, and then winding through the barren heaths of life. Though tainted by its impurities and its passions, yet its course could be marked by the flowers of brighter hue, and sweeter perfume, blooming upon its banks.

To this same source, also, may be attributed the belief that the gods were willing to unfold, through their chosen oracles, the destiny of man, and the still more exalted idea that they occasionally manifested their approbation or anger by signs in the heavens. So agreeable is it to our vanity, so ennobling to our pride, to think ourselves objects of interest to Deity, that when celestial phenomena occurred on the eve of some important event, surely it required little credulity to imagine the skies the face of Providence, whence beamed his look of pleasure, or darted his glance of disapprobation. We should reflect, too, that eclipses and comets were of no very frequent appearance, unknown to happen in the ordinary course of nature, and varying in their aspect. How natural for those about to engage in some mighty conflict, or commence some great enterprise—whose souls were thus roused by the prospect of action and glory to emotion, or elevated to enthusiasm—when the sun lost its wonted light—to sink to despondency, or when a comet streamed over the firmament, to be nerved to greater resolution, by the bright omen of success.

Two armies are drawn up in battle array, one eager to contend for the honor of their prince—the other ready to risk their lives in protection of their homes and institutions. Cyaxares, confiding in the strength and discipline of his troops, proceeds to the encounter, and the conflict begins. As he advances, his soldiers, clothed in armor of brass, meet the bristling pike of the Lydians. For a moment they are staggered, but these weapons are soon swept from the hands of the enemy, and a more

deadly contest rages with the scimeter. The Medes falter and break ; carnage rides through their ranks like a whirlwind, and Halyattes, the Lydian, rushes on to victory. But onward come the Median chariots, winged with death, mowing down the struggling soldier, breaking the array of the foe, and arresting them in the arms of triumph. The tide of battle is turned. High swell the notes of exultation—deep the cry of despair. Hush! Those shouts cease—those groans are smothered. The conqueror stops in his course—mingled horror and wonder seize the combatants. The affrighted seer raises his hands in adjuration to the skies, deprecating the divine wrath. The arm ready to strike, falls paralyzed with fear—the dying turn round in their last agonies to witness the miracle. Every eye is turned on high, and every hand points to the portentous phenomenon. Behold a veil is drawn slowly over the sun! An unearthly light illumines the scene. Man gazes on the countenance of his fellow, and shrinks back from its ghastly hue. Darkness follows, and either army retires from the field, filled with wonder and awe. The gods forbade the contest.*

How beautiful to see a reliance upon the watchfulness, and a recognition of the sovereignty of the Creator, thus evincing their power, though erroneously, in remote antiquity—separating armies in the heat of battle, and checking the uplifted weapon of victory!

Eclipses, particularly when total, were ever regarded with terror, and considered as special interpositions. Ancient history shows a universal credence in this opinion. An account of one of these, is otherwise somewhat interesting, from its affording an instance of wit and presence of mind in a renowned captain. Agathocles, determining to carry the war into the realms of the enemy, sailed from Sicily for Africa, with a large army. At the moment of departure, the sun was eclipsed, which so daunted the spirit of his troops that they were irresolute whether or not to embark on the expedition. 'An eclipse betokens change, and good-fortune will desert Carthage,' exclaimed the ready chief. Reassured, they sat out with good-will, firmly confiding in the interpretation—nor did the result invalidate the prediction.

But Thales† and his science gave a blow to this faith, and the calculation of eclipses, confirmed by their occurrence nearly at the time foretold, eventually struck a mighty link from the chain of superstition. Long after the knowledge of these calculations became prevalent among the intelligent, comets, rarely of a size to attract attention, occasionally varying in appearance, so that no connexion between their successive returns could be established with facility, were still watched with curiosity and consternation.

When important events occupy our whole thought, how easy to connect with them every incident! Hence a comet, which appeared at the time, was said to have announced the death of Julius Cæsar; another, which, at this day, presents one of the proudest triumphs of science, the birth of Mithridates, and one in 1305, the great plague. Indeed, all which have been observed, even to a very modern date, have been viewed in the same light.

We have mentioned the probable origin of this feeling; and cannot wonder, therefore, that one so much in accordance with the other opi-

* Rollin. Hist. Persians.

† About 500 years B. C.

nions of the ancients, should have been generally disseminated. It was the natural result of the ambition of the imagination to explain facts, when Philosophy faltered, and Science confessed her ignorance. Nor did Christianity dispel it. Taught to expect a day when the heavens would be rolled together as a scroll, and to look for the advent of the Messiah in celestial signs, the early Christians had nothing in their creed to estrange them from this belief. As the corruptions of the church crept into existence, and increased in magnitude; as the pictorial grandeur of the Greek and the gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman worship reduced religion to a pomp, and the Christian to a blind bigot, the priest sought gladly to magnify his power, by appeals to fear and ignorance. When unlettered cardinals condemned the Father of Astronomy to torture and a prison, because he did not believe that 'the proposition that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, *because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures,*'* we can easily imagine, that priestcraft would eagerly grasp at every instrument, artificial or natural, to strengthen its power, and perpetuate its tyranny. Accordingly in the eleventh century, it became a prevalent idea that the end of the world was approaching. It was usual to begin charters with 'As the world is now drawing to its close,'† and one of Otho's armies, on the happening of an eclipse, actually thought the last day had come, and laid down their arms, and dispersed.

Time passed on. The fires were lighted on the altars of knowledge and philosophy, and thought was unshackled by the reformation. And yet we hear an author, otherwise intelligent, remarking of the comet of 1410, that 'it was like a two-edged sword, and portended many mischiefs and calamities that happened both in the East and West.' Another, noticing the death of Mr. Cotton, in 1652, mentions a comet, which about that time disappeared — 'it being a very signal testimony, that God had then removed a bright star, a burning and shining light out of the heaven of his church here, into glory above.'*

Another century elapsed, rich in astronomical biography. Cassini, Halley, and Newton, succeeded Kepler and Galileo. Strong philosophic minds examined these objects of terror, through the medium of a more perfect practical astronomy: they were investigated by the scrutiny of a close observation and comparison, by the keen glance, penetrating sagacity, and grasping thought of genius, till at last, with hardly sufficient premises to justify the conclusion, the return of the comet of 1682 was predicted. Nearly seventy-six years afterward, and the prediction was fulfilled.

What a proud era in the history of humanity! Not because we can penetrate into the mechanism of the heavens, and explain its laws; not because we can wing our flight beyond earth, and feel that distance is no barrier to intellect: No! But because unaided, self-moved, and self-sustained, we have swept over the long established chimeras of the imagination. They were the birth of our nature, perverted by ignorance. From the bosom of that nature, nursed by science, comes a

* Extract from the Galileo documents, brought from Rome to Paris, by order of Napoleon.

† New-England Memorial.

brighter spirit, which ends the reign of delusion. Hence arises the great and enduring glory of these discoveries. We exult in them, because they are witnesses that nothing mean and ignoble can stand before the sure and onward course of the mind, when left to its own impulses and aspirations.

These triumphs of study and of knowledge tell us of progression — of the influence of the intellectual over the destiny of the moral man. They are testimonies that science is an atmosphere of oxygen, in which bigotry becomes purified, error corrected, superstition enlightened, and thought burns purer and brighter. Soaring in this element, we can look back upon the past, separate the light of truth from the baneful exhalations of ignorance, and advance to the future, clothed in the panoply of experience.

It is not with a vain glory we should exult in this elevation. Abstractly considered, these discoveries are of little value. Their only use is human improvement. Contemplated in any other view, they are robbed of their halo. As falls a monarch when tyrannizing over a free people, so knowledge, misdirected to unworthy ends, and unproductive of utility, stands stripped of its glory and its crown — an inanimate statue.

And one great utility is in the reflection, that wrong opinions, though ever so strongly based, must perish. With the diffusion of this belief, imposture will become rare, theories will be cautiously scanned before adoption, and we can glide down the stream of time, satisfied that man will eventually be disenthralled from every false faith, and erect the proudest monuments of his progression upon their ruins. From such rich fields of contemplation, we rise wiser and better; we see the small opaque bubble of human life slowly expand into transparent beauty, and we feel assured that it will at last, buoyant and elastic, increasing in brightness, and decked with a thousand hues, float upward into a purer atmosphere.

A.

THE SLEEPING CHERUB.

BRIGHT cherub! from what holy sphere
Hast thou descended to our earth?
Comest thou the widow's heart to cheer —
To check the friendless orphan's tear?
Or dost thou come to bless the birth
Of some pure being, who like thee,
Is heir to immortality?

Within yon pearly cloud enshrined,
With brow serene, and fair as Heaven —
With folded wing, and cheek reclined,
And bright curls floating in the wind —
Thou seemest a blissful vision given
Of that celestial world above,
Where all is harmony and love.

I would not, were it in my power,
Awake thee from thy blest repose —
But I would watch that balmy hour,
When thou, like Morning's earliest flower,
Shouldst first those dewy lids unclose,
To catch the beam that lights thine eye,
Reflected from a purer sky.

FIRSTLINGS.

William Evans Barton
FIRST NUMBER.

'The very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand.'

SHAKESPEARE.

MY FIRST PUNCH.

It was a favorite thesis with the German illuminati, that man was indebted to the dominant power of either element in his composition for all his varieties of temperament. The hot and sanguine had a flare-up too much of the Persian's god; the watery tribe were 'false, uncertain as the waves;' thick-headed men, the gnomes of life, were 'heavy, cloddy earth;' the light and volatile, were air-sustained. By the authority of Sir Humphrey Davy, we have now a fifth element, steam; and the properties of the possessed are a go-ahead propensity to annihilate time and space, rule the world, and drink hot whiskey punch.

I could prose forever in praise of punch! I reverence a punch-drinker. When a man utters those cabalistic words, 'What say you to a pitcher of punch?' my heart naturally warms toward him: there is a yearning of the spirit, a mixing of the agréables of nature. Your true punch-drinker is any thing but a sot; he is a virtuoso in vinosity, and sips his punch as a lady sips her chocolate, enjoying the heavenly elegance of its taste, sniffing the aroma of its steaming fume, and experiencing, in fact, an indescribable thrill of delight whenever a proper concoction trickles over the organs of deglutition:

'Tis the true old aurum potabile,
Gilding life when it wears shabbily.'

It is a difficult thing to write a good epic, mix a decent salad, or brew a pitcher of proper punch. But few of us are blest with that exquisite perception of palate requisite to appreciate a correct mixture; and some sediment molasses and the refuse lemons, with a bucket of water stirred up in an old rum cask, is liquor good enough for the brutalized taste of an habitual drinker. We do occasionally meet with a swallowable article at the first-rate taverns; but too generally, their punch is like Desdemona,

'So sweet that the sense aches at it.'

A stale, emaciated, bilious-looking lemon, smashed into eternal squash, and smothered in dirty steam sugar, with a terrific dose of some vile distilment called whiskey, form the chief components of that hot nastiness which is dignified with the name of punch. The preponderance of saccharine matter may be agreeable to the vulgar palate, but the true punch potator scorns the foul abortion. Let us teach the million how to appreciate good punch; and like Coriolanus,

— 'Pluck out the multitudinous tongue,
Nor let them lick the sweet which is their poison.'

Punch is antique. It is asserted that the renowned Lacedæmonian black broth was nothing more than a decoction of 'Mocha's berry from Arabia pure,' and the boasted virtues of that classical soup of nigrity are equalled at least by the head-clearing, nerve-bracing, qualm-curing beverage called coffee; and I believe, also, upon internal evidence, that

the celebrated Olympian dew, termed nectar by the Immortals, was nothing more than the celebrated mountain dew, called whiskey by the mortals. Jupiter quaffed it from a Marmorean vase, handed to him by Hebe, a graceful beauty, in a loose Greeian undress; her long flowing hair curling like vine tendrils over the polished ivory of her immortal bosom; or, wafted by her ambrosial breath, reposing in twisted loveliness on her celestial shoulder; her cerulean eyes but half unclosed, evincing the delicious languor of her temperament; her rose-bud lips beaming with the truest nectar, which not even Jupiter dare sip. Can enjoyment be better pictured, than in thus lying upon a gum-elastic, cloud-stuffed couch, and having whiskey punch handed to us by such a creature, full of youth and beauty, and 'nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's cheek?' If Jove, the immortal enjoyed it, why should not we mortals be *Jovial*?

'But how,' say you, 'do we know that punch was the veritable faccolation drank in the 'cloud capt towers' by the Olympian dynasty?' I ask, does any body know to the contrary? When the destruction of Troy broke up the Polytheistical party, Venus conducted her Son Æneas to the shores of Carthage, a Phœnician colony, which, like some other colonies I could name, set up in business for herself, and proved a stout rival to the mother land. Venus requested her brother Bacchus to do the civil thing by her son, after his long tempestuous voyage. Bacchus was rather a favorite with the Tyrians, for they had taken the hint of their celebrated purple dye from the color of the nebulosities on his nose — eruptions, which, as an Irishman would say, proceeded from the 'crater.' By advice and instruction of the god, queen Dido mixed up for the son of Ilion a horn or two of something stiff, to cheer him after the fatigues of the sea. All this is beautifully told by Virgil in the first book of the *Æneid*: Punch is the real '*laticem Lyæumque*, the positive '*honorem laticum in mensam*,' that *Dido infelix* gave to *filius Veneris* in a bowl of gold, jewel-gemmed, and the Dardanian wanderer, liking the swizzle, '*hausit spumantem pateram*.'

Æneas and his Trojans took the receipt with them into Italy; it became a fashionable drink in Rome; and many an old Trojan of the present day prefers Roman punch to all other potations.

Punch progressed with population. When the Milesians first settled in Ireland, they disseminated the precious gift, and whiskey punch has continued the natural imbibition in the Emerald Isle.

The useful arts were taught to mortals by the gods: shall we insult the memories of the departed, by supposing them deficient in the elegancies of life? And what can be more elegant an art than punch-making in all its proprieties? Flora, who extracted the essence of flowers, our modern honey, for the support of these etherialities, was created Presidential Directress of the Royal Arcadian Manufactory of Ambrosia, and Ceres was directed to distil a grateful liquid from her produce, as a grateful accompaniment in the way of drink. Ceres was much worshipped in Egypt, then a great corn country; and when its countless hieroglyphs are deciphered, we shall find that punch was known in Egypt from the days of the shepherd kings, consequently long before the Latins had any intimacy with it. This, being but surmise, must not be received before the undoubted authority I have adduced of its Sidonian origin; but if Bacchus gave the recipe to Dido, why should not

Ceres make her priests acquainted with the heavenly compound? Priests have always been famous for their intimacy with the good things of life, and most likely the goddess took a private tumbler with some ardent spirited young priest during the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries — and why not? Mahomet drank sherbet with a very delightful and lady-like party of angels, in one of the sky parlors in the seventh heaven.

A young cockney friend has suggested an idea that the drink brewed by Ceres for the immortals was most likely ale or porter, because she was the daughter of 'Ops; but the mere notion of these spiritualized essences gulping down ponderous draughts of heavy wet, is too extensively ridiculous. Punch is the only nectar. At one time I thought that Helen's nepenthe was nothing more than punch, but upon close examination into Sanchoniathon, Pausanias, Diodorus Siculus, *et hoc genus omne*, I have arrived at the conclusion that it was strong green tea.

Professor Porson once exhibited his mnemonicals, by quoting some five or six hundred lines of Greek to prove that the ancients drank ardent spirits. From whence the learned academician made his extracts, I know not, or I should be happy to give them for the edification of my readers; but I remember our old dog-Latin saying at college, when, as a punishment for our peccadilloes, we had an apposition of one or two hundred lines to get by heart from the Iliad. The lines were soon learnt, spouted, and forgotten, and a noggin of nice at night paid us for our troubles, as we said:

'Punchot curabile eachum Iliad.' (*Ill I had.*)

Few, very few ladies know how to mix drinkable punch. This is really a strange affair, for the charmers generally impart a fragrance and a beauty to all they touch. A lovely mass of contrarities themselves, it is curious they cannot mix the opposites so intimately as to form splendid punch. One sweet creature smothers every other taste in saccharine matter; another, soured by her husband's neglect, or quarrelling with her leman-love, kills us by excessive acidity. One fair lady, with spirit disproportioned to her means, presents us with a tumbler of strong and stiff, that would drive us blue as blazes, did we dare to lubricate our larynx; while another, meek and timid as the light gazelle, drowns even the name of spirit in the limpid stream, and gives us a practical lecture upon sobriety, with the glass below zero, our blood froze up, and our feelings requiring a more than gentle thaw, before we can recognise ourselves as at all connected with humanity.

Billy Shakspeare was a punch drinker. He tells us to 'do our spiriting gently;' to make 'a heavenly mingle,' and amalgamate 'the opposites of those repairing natures.' His works form the most splendid and delightful bowl of punch ever offered to ungrateful man; yet many have thought that they could mend the brewage, or pretended to discover tastes and peculiarities which the cognoscent concoctor never gave. Davenant, his surmised son, Nahum Tate, and Colley Cibber, first muddled the heavenly stuff, by dipping in their rascally tin pots. Davy Garrick busied himself over the bowl, and conceitedly thought he could improve it; he failed, of course, but drank so deep of the nectar of nature, and so successfully elucidated the qualities of the bowl, that he was forgiven the iniquity of meddling. Then sledge-hammer Johnson, black-letter Steevens, obfuscating Warburton, Malone, Rees, and a string

of et ceteras, gathered round the bowl, like a coroner's inquest round an unfortunate corpus. The leviathan knocked away at the punch with a preponderation of ponderous verbosity, while the other ruffians amused themselves by carrying off as many of the lumps of sugar as they could find. Young Ireland mixed up a small jug full of his own, and passed it off as a portion of the original liquor — two or three old women got tipsy over it, before the public found out it was not the right sort of stuff. Then that never-to-be-sufficiently-whipped-enough rascal, objectionable-parts-expunging Bowdler, insisted upon extracting the spirit and fire to please the palates of some temperance toppers. Poor Zachariah Jackson, whose weak brain was turned by the fumes of the bowl, wished us to believe that it was not imperial punch, but beer, flat, insipid, table beer.

If Shakspeare had written in the unknown tongues, he could not have had more expositors and commentators. A gentleman has lately discovered that he was an anti-amalgamationist, and wrote Othello to prove that niggers will kill white wives! This person must have forgotten that the Moors were eminently conspicuous amongst the chivalry of the middle ages — that their exploits are celebrated in thousands of popular romances — and that the present nobility of Spain, confessedly the haughtiest portion of Europe's aristocracy, boast of their Moorish blood, and proudly trace their genealogy to some illustrious chieftain among their victors, during the nine hundred years that Spain was occupied by the Moors.

The stocking-maker's puff was more ingenious. He said, that all the horrors of that woful tragedy would have been prevented, if Desdemona had purchased Othello a dozen pair of worsted hose. Had he not have caught cold, the fatal handkerchief would not have been required — the jealousy would have wanted confirmation, and the smotherings, stickings, and stabblings, would not have been wanted at all.

I beg leave to produce an emendation of my own. Shakspeare's play of 'Troilus and Cressida' is seldom enacted; but in Act III., Scene II., there is a passage which has occupied a deal of my attention. I was unable to discover the meaning, till, one evening, it flashed upon me in the magic syllable of — punch! Troilus is coming to his rendezvous with the fair Cressid, and to conciliate the damsel, brings her a pitcher of fuming punch. We have nothing to do, as the commentators say, but simply insert the stage direction, '*Enter Troilus, with a pitcher of punch,*' and then the sense is complete. Voila! This is Troilus' soliloquy:

'Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be
When the wat'ry palate tastes, indeed,
This thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, *tuned too sharp in sweetness,*
For the capacity of my ruder powers.'

That this passage alludes to punch, is 'made easy to the meanest capacity.' To proceed in proof. The lady stops short in a speech, and is evidently looking into the pitcher. Troilus says:

'What too curious dreg espies my lady
In the fountain of our love?'

That is, 'What see you in the pitcher?' She replies :

'More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.'

Troilus had not brewed proper punch ; and though ladies are unable to mix it, they know what it ought to be, and do justice to the heavenly fluid whenever they have an opportunity. In the present case, Cressid drinks some six or seven tumblers, and begins to find her speech :

'Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you day and night.'

Then she tells her lover to make her hold her tongue — says she speaks she knows not what — finishes the pitcher, and consents to her own undoing in a strain most redolent of punch.

I shall never forget my first punch. I had, at the age of seventeen, occasionally 'drank of the wine of the vine benign,' but punch had been a forbidden draught, an unattainable desire. In Francesco Redi's beautiful dithyrambic, 'Bacco in Toscana,' or rather the translation in Leigh Hunt's own janty manner, are a few lines describing most accurately my sensations under my first punch :

'When I feel it gurgling, murmuring
Down my throat and my œsophagus,
Something, an' I know not what,
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus.
Something easy of perception,
But by no means of description.'

I was sent, when scarcely seventeen, on a visit to my maternal uncle, who was quietly nibbling 'the remainder biscuit' of his life in indolence and ease, not many miles from the rectilinear city. He had formerly been captain of a privateer, and but few years have elapsed since his flag-staff stood perpendicularly proud 'on the margin of fair Schuylkill's water,' in the centre of a little mound which knobbed the end of the green slope or strip of lawn leading from the river to the dwelling house. On the anniversary of the declaration, the enemies' evacuation, capitulation, and subjugation, the old hero gave the bunting to the breeze, and the floating of the federated stars in the morning air gave the neighborhood a goodly token of a holiday.

'It is not good for man to be alone,' saith the Psalmist, and my relative, with a marvellous propensity to match-making, endeavoured to impress the truth of the above axiom upon the minds of all his neighbors and friends who had not disposed of their 'unhoused, free condition.' He was not backward in espousing the principles he professed : he was the jolly widower of a third wife, and openly avowed his intention of completing the connubial quartette. His inquisitorial optics had discovered a fitting object in the person of a young widow who resided *vis-a-vis* to my uncle, but preferred a *tête-à-tête* with a dashing major who was many years my uncle's junior. So desirous was he that every body within his vortex should be mated, that he compelled an ancient Hungarian, who officiated as gardener, to marry his Scotch housekeeper : they disagreed, of course, and the locality was daily rife with rows in broken English, and Celtic and Slavonian guttural grumblings.

My uncle was an unwelcome visitor, generally, at the houses of his acquaintances. The old people feared his hymeneal propensities, and the young disliked his system of interference in all love matters. A

shot in the knee proved the prowess of an offended father, who had challenged my match-making nunkey for harbouring his daughter, who, at my relative's instigation, wedded herself to poverty and wretchedness, in the shape of a peripatetic lecturer on astronomy, whose stock in trade consisted of a broken orrery, two handsome legs, half a microscope, a smooth discourse, a magic lantern, and an unquenchable thirst.

The bullet gave my uncle a halt in his walk, but did not impede his progress in connubialization. Even the animals about his grounds were paired, and a stupid old goose, who pined after her gander that had been worried by a mastiff, and refused to mate again, was hung out of hand, as a sacrifice to Hymen and my uncle's whim.

'Well, Frank,' said my uncle, on my arrival, 'I guess you found the wind rather cool on your weather quarter this raw day. The little bay pony holds her own well — a good little craft, well-timbered, and sails free. Belay there with the rattlin of that curtain; trice it up a trifle higher, that as I sit here I may see if Major Dobkins fires his usual evening salute at widow Brown's door. I rather think there's something in the wind there, for he cut his stick at seven bells instead of stopping well on to the middle watch. If there should be a screw loose, and he be turned out of the service, I'll tip the widow a broadside myself this very night. Now come to an anchor alongside here — no, no; slew more to the starboard, for I want to put my game leg on that stool. That will do. Now, then, how old are you?'

'Seventeen, next month, said I,' timidly.

'Why, what a lazy loblolly boy you must be, not to think of getting spliced before this!'

'Getting what, uncle?'

'Spliced. Splicing, Sir, is joining the fag ends of two useless ropes into one, and making useful what otherwise would have been expended as old oakum. A good splice is the pride of an old sailor's heart.'

'What useless piece of old rope do you wish to splice me to, Sir?'

'No grinning or sneering here, you young powder-monkey! Have you tumbled into love yet?'

'In love? — oh, no, Sir,' said I, with a bashful chuckle.

'Then fall in, directly, d'ye hear? You know Epsy Parbar?'

'What, that tall, ugly gawky?'

'Who said she was pretty? Ugly women make the best wives. My first rib looked like an old Creek squaw with the small-pox, yet she was the best of the lot.'

'But Miss Epsy is antique enough to be my mother,' said I, most valiantly.

'Better able to look after such a child as you, and convoy you safe across the troubled sea of life. My little woman, who has just gone to Davy's locker, was not older than you are now when we got spliced, and I guess that Miss Epsy has not been rated on the ship's books of life so long as I have.'

'But, my dear uncle —'

'No palaver, or I'll mast-head you. You are my heir, you know. I've had three wives, but no chicks; I'm not so old a rooster but I can mate again, and then, perhaps, a chickabiddy of my own may knock you off your perch. If you pair off with Epsy, I'll do the handsome thing by you, even if I should couple again the following week. So

leave off twiddling your thumbs, and stretch away for Epsy's house, and fall in love directly. I've telegraphed her of your intention: she expects your arrival; go and report yourself; come back in the evening to me, and I will brew you a stiff north-wester, and spin you a yarn over our cigars.'

Like an obedient child, I sallied forth, and prepared to execute the commands of my dictatorial uncle. Had remonstrances been likely to succeed, I was unable to offer any, so completely did his assumption of authority deter me from daring to dispute even the propriety of his wish. I was the only son of a widowed mother, who was merely existing on the remains of her husband's effects. My uncle had signified his intention of leaving me the bulk of his property, and I knew that the slightest infraction of his orders would totally exclude me from his will and walls.

I found my intended bride even more disagreeable than I had pictured her in my mind. Her small ferrety eyes were deeply set in a little bullet-shaped head which surmounted a long scraggy throat. Her nose was of that shape familiarly termed ace-of-clubs, and seemed absolutely turning itself up in disgust at the aperture underneath it, called, in courtesy, a mouth — an immense orifice, garnished with two or three grave-stone looking teeth; while down the 'sear and yellow cheeks' several rat-tail, lanky twists of hair were dangling in melancholy limberness, but in the nearest approach to a curl that Epsy could persuade them to assume.

Peu de gens savent être vieux. Miss Parbar had been so long making up her mind to own to thirty, that she had passed forty at a hand gallop, and was still careering most joyously on her way.

Dressed in a studied *déshabille*, and shaking back the elfish love-locks which adorned

'The time-worn temples of that ancient land,'

my lengthy love received me with an affectation of maiden timidity, peeping at me through the fingers of the hand with which she shaded her pig's twinklers, and speaking in a girlish treble, with much simpering and giggling.

Ladies, if I have rudely delineated this unit of your species, impute to it the anti-erasable depth of my despair — to a devoted veneration, a passionate respect for all your fascinating sex; a respect which this *Medusan* Venus was endeavouring to subvert in its infancy, by proving that there did exist one woman in this world whom it was possible to hate!

I was not in love, as I had truly told my uncle; but like every enthusiastic lad of seventeen, I had pictured to myself an ideality of beauty, grace, and youth, which I expected some day to find perfected, when I should kneel, and instantly adore. But when I gazed upon the unlovable creature before me, and observed her uncouth, and for an old lady, indelicate behaviour, my heart sunk within me, and I felt like a poor toad that had timidly ventured out to bask in the sunshine of a fine spring morning, and was suddenly crushed by the hoof of some heedless ploughman passing by.

After spending an hour in simpering out the usual imbecilities, I bade my ancient fair adieu. It was early evening; the sky was radiant

with life and loveliness; the cold north wind whistled through the leafless boughs, and the slight crispness of an incipient frost crackled beneath my feet. I drew my cloak tight around me, and strode lustily on; but I was chilled to the heart — wretchedness and disgust were fighting for my soul, and not a single star shot a ray of hope through the Cimmerian darkness that 'blanketed' my mind. My uncle was despotic — I dare not contradict him — and yet submission and despair were one. The thought of a leap into the clear stream that gently gurgled past me flashed upon my mind, but I was too young, too full of life: hope indeed seemed hopeless, but one soft, melting thought of home, and an involuntary upspringing of that elasticity of mind which belongs alone to youth, turned my ideas, and I entered my uncle's house resolved to suffer all.

I found him sitting over a blazing wood fire, the kettle singing merrily on the Franklin, and the table spread with cigars, and the delicious paraphernalia of punch.

'Well, Frank, just in time: I've stowed away a couple of horns in my hold; mix yourself a glass, and report progress.'

'I — I cannot mix.'

'What! not mix? not brew punch?'

'No, Sir; nor did I ever drink any.'

'Whew! but true, true: where the devil should you get punch! brought up at your mother's apron string, and treated with cider and sour beer, mush-and-milk, and molasses candy. Punch is a tippie fit for men; see me brew, and learn the art. First, never brew more than you can drink while it is hot, for though punch improves by standing a short time, it is worth nothing cold. Rub half a dozen good sized lumps of sugar on the outside of the lemon, then pare off the peel so rubbed, put it with the sugar into the pitcher, and pour over it about a wine glass full of hot water; incorporate them — dash in a tumbler full of whiskey — real Irish; nothing else — and fill up with the boiling water to within an inch of the brim. There, stir the ingredients well together, and then let the pitcher stand on the stove for a minute or two. Always observe, in whiskey punch, that the water must be boiling; in 'Rack Punch' it is vice versa, or it will not cream. Never put any of the juice or body of the lemon in whiskey punch, and the peel must be as free from the pith as possible. A spoonful of ice-cream gives a nice flavor to a pitcher of punch, and a few drops of oil of cloves or extract of bitter almonds imparts a strange and spicy taste; but I prefer my punch as Falstaff did his sack, 'simple of itself.' There, taste that.'

I was cold, cheerless, and obedient. A large portion of the steaming fluid speedily vanished, and for the first time I was made acquainted with the glorious attributes of punch. The genial liquor diffused a grateful warmth throughout my frame, my senses quickened, my heart beat with an assured and strengthened pulse; my imagination seemed bursting with conceits, my tongue ran glibly, and for the first time I possessed sufficient confidence to look my dreaded uncle in the face.

'Capital stuff,' said I, gasping for breath.

'Put down the tumbler, Frank; pretty well for the first pull. Little boats must be kept near the shore. You found Epsy, as usual, moored stem and stern — make a good wife — no gadding. Mother Brown, over-

the way, has given me the slip: that privateering major has cut her out from under my very guns, or rather cut me out, and takes command of the prize craft next week, I'm told.'

My brain, under the influence of the punch, instantly conceived a project of deliverance from the hated marriage. Suffering my uncle to run on with his complaints, I had time to mature my plan, and a few more sips of punch gave me courage to execute it.

'Curse that ungrateful woman over the way! — a regular built fire-ship! I gave her a spaniel slut last week to match her favorite dog, and sent to Philadelphia for a couple of hen canaries for wives to that yellow little fellow in the cage there. Did I not marry her niece off her hands? — and though her rib did cut his cable in a month afterward, that was no fault of mine. Did I not get her favorite house-maid a husband? — a sailor, too; none of your fresh-water swabs, or duck-pond dandies, but a real blue-jacket, with a pair of whiskers as big as shoe brushes. I should like to have spliced the widow, I must say; because her big Dutch coachman will not marry, do all I can; but if I had the command of him, he should wed in a week, or clear out.'

'What a triumph for the major!' said I, with a deep sigh.

'Well, never mind; we have emptied the pitcher, so try your hand now at a brewage. Punch is the real cordial balm of Gilead, the elixir vitæ — my paregoric, my carminative, my soothing sirup, my panacea. Not too much sugar, Frank. When I lost my first ship, a pitcher or two of punch cured my tantrums. I have had three wives — enough acid there for half a dozen, Frank — and when my first wife, who had bellows strong enough to hail the main-top in a white squall — when she began firing her heavy metal at me, I gave her a broadside of punch, steaming hot; then boarded her in the smoke, and always made her strike her flag. Plenty of spirit, Frank, for both of us. My second rib was fat and lazy, bluff built and round, like a Dutch skipper; nothing roused her but a sup of punch. Stir it up well, my boy. The third and last was young and spry, and followed me about like a tame goat; could n't stand that — so, when I wanted a sly cruise, I used to bouse up her jib with a couple of horns, and then sail where I pleased. I have seen three of them go down — how many more there may be, I can't say, but the more the merrier — fill up my tumbler as full as you can. Punch is just like wedlock — mix the ingredients well-together, and you make very pretty tipples; disproportion the arrangement, or jumble the mixing, and the opposite tastes appear. Too much sugar cloyes, the acid sets your teeth on edge, the spirit affects your head, or you get the water on your brain. Some drink it too soon, and burn their mouths; others wait till it is cold, and all the flavor gone.'

'The widow over the way seems something in a hurry for her second drink,' said I, taking another sip. 'It must be very galling to your feelings — a veteran in the matrimonial service like you to be beaten by a raw recruit.'

'That's it — a bum boat, a scow to outsail a liner! — it's more than I can swallow,' said my uncle, emptying his tumbler.

'Your laurels are stripped from your brow, certainly; and you must henceforth wear the willow. The laugh will be strong against you, I am afraid.'

'Ay, curse them! How they will chuckle and grin on the wedding-day!'

'It would turn the laugh on your side, and show how little you feel the loss of the widow, if you could but get married first,' said I, plumping in my long shot.

'So it would, Frank. Right, right; but where the d—— am I to get a wife? I have spliced every body together that I could get at. There at but three single women in the neighborhood — the widow, Epsy, and the yellow girl at the doctor's.'

'And a very nice girl she is, too,' said I, in all the pertness of punch.

'Mix me another pitcher, you amalgamating swab, and don't be impudent. As you say though, if I could but sail into the port of wedlock before her, it would be a great victory.'

'The only thing to save your reputation, uncle — if you could but get some one to have you. I would give you up any body but Epsy, but really, I have taken so strong an interest in her ——'

'Epsy? ay, true — you like her, eh?'

'How could I help it? I listened with delight to her sweet toned voice, as she prattled in praise of my dear uncle.'

'Eh! what? praise me?'

'I never heard a woman so eloquent. Indeed, she spoke more tenderly about you than I approved; and when she is my wife, I shall have to take care of my insinuating uncle.'

'She is a fine frigate — rather too sharp built about the bows, but with a clean run abaft. She wants fresh rigging, though, and ought to be well manned.'

'Ah, uncle, you have proved your love in giving me so great a prize — not a giddy girl, but a steady, experienced woman, with a sufficiency of this world's wealth to justify the match. A prize that all the young fellows of her day have been unable to obtain. Then too, how delightful the neighborhood! — so close to my dear uncle's house. Epsy tells me that her peach orchard joins your seven-acre lot. If you could but find another woman as desirable as Epsy, and be married upon the same day with your too happy nephew, what a glorious quadrangular batch of beatitude we should form.'

My uncle gave the burning logs a kick with his sound leg, and remained for some minutes in quiet cogitation. I knew that my intents were thriving, but I resolved to give them the *coup de grace*.

'Epsy tells me that the major is a conceited coxcomb, and offered to back his chance against you with the widow at two to one. The honor of the family is positively at stake. What a pity that there is no single lady of your acquaintance in the neighborhood — and the time is so short, too.'

My uncle rose, and commenced halting up and down the room.

'Epsy tells me that the widow means to have a splendid day of it. She says that this is the first wedding, about here, for six years, in which you have not been concerned.'

This was a clincher, and brought him up all standing, as he would have said. He stopped right opposite to me, and filling up my tumbler, said, in a low, gentle tone of voice: 'Frank, I had no idea you were so smart a lad; I never heard you talk so well before. I have a little commission for you to execute in New-York — some private business,

requiring peculiar address. I shall get your despatches ready to night, and you must heave and away by day-break. Finish your punch; go down and see your pony fed, and then turn into your hammock.'

'Go to-morrow, Sir? But Epsy, my dear Epsy——'

'I will see her in the morning, and make your excuses. You will have to stop at New-York for a couple of weeks; here's an L for your expenses. Do not leave your moorings there till I write to you. Good night: get your traps together, and I'll meet you at breakfast about eight bells.'

My trip to New-York was to take a letter to an old friend of my uncle; it could as well have gone by post, but I knew his meaning, and was but too glad to see him fall so readily into my trap.

In a few days I received the following letter:

'DEAR NEPHEW: I have just turned your wife that was to have been into your aunt that is—I beg your pardon for marrying your intended without letting you know, but as you said, the honor of the family was concerned. We were spliced together more than ten minutes before the widow and her chum, so the major did not take precedence of the captain. Old Joe fired the pattereroes and gave the bunting a fly. I had ship's allowance on the lawn for all who liked to stop in; and black Sam came down with his bugle, and kept tootle-lookin' all day. We drove the enemy away before dinner. I never shall forget their looks as they galloped off. I will bet drinks they quarrelled before bed-time. I should have liked you to have been there, but it would not have been decent. Do not be dull; I will pick you a rib before long. Cruise about till my honey-moon is over; and then let me see you again. I have enclosed something for a new outfit, and your aunt sends her love, and thinks you had better go and see your mother. Your affectionate uncle,

JAMES SPRIGGS.'

Have I not reason to bless the operant powers of MY FIRST PUNCH?

N. B.

W O M A N.

THE world has had its mysteries—but none
More strange than this sweet riddle. From the hour
When she broke on the bowers of Paradise,
All lustre and all loveliness, the earth
Has had at once its wonder and its woe!
Nature assum'd new beauty when she came,
And through Creation's garden there went forth
A crowning creature mid its countless flowers.

To Man, the monarch of the earth he trod,
Great, yet disconsolate, amid his home,
She came like Mercy, robed beyond all dreams,
In such unvision'd mastery of form—
With brow so pregnant with divinity—
With eye so lumin'd from its god-like fount—
With tongue so angel-toned, and voiced like lyres—
In everything, so chisel'd like the work
Of some Heav'n-guided sculptor, that she sat,
At once the guardian and the joy of man,
Bound to his leaping heart!

The years went on.
She met temptation mid her home of bloom.
She listen'd—and she fell! A wilderness
Seem'd closing round them in great shadow. Song
Was lost in discord—and a poisonous breath
Went up from the black weeds that crush'd the flowers!

Then Time went hand in hand with Trial. Death,
Commission'd on black pinion, by each door
Swoop'd with his midnight wing. No summons there

Was left answer'd — but with faint white lip,
The passing victims whisper'd — 'We are here!'

A change went o'er the world — and Man was chang'd.
His monarchy was lost — his sceptre gone —
His empire, that of old he sway'd alone,
Thenceforth divided with the thing he spurn'd.
Reason, that erst in him confess'd her throne,
Found new abiding-place, and Man beheld
Matter triumphant rival of the Mind.

Yet Woman fell not, like some stricken star,
Forever from her sphere. She travel'd yet
On the same pilgrimage, and shared with Man
His greatness and his curse. She bode with him
In beautiful fidelity, though once
To her own soul unfaithful. She abode,
With Beauty yet like morning on her brow,
And joyance on her lips. With Mercy yet,
She walked beneath the roofs of weary men,
Smooth'd the low couch of sickness — and unbow'd,
Clos'd on the reeking path of pestilence,
With step unfaltering, where he who once
Rode as creation's lord earth's battle-field,
And launch'd on seas of blood for victory,
Had paled with fear — or stretched with quiv'ring hand
The drug he dared extend to misery!

How the years sped, and what dim centuries
Left like a seal on Woman's destiny,
Gray history tells. The mem'ry of young days,
When in unsham'd dependency she sat,
At once the grace and glory of his bower,
Close to the heart of Man, now pass'd away
Before new aspirations. Crown and throne
No longer closed the vista of her dreams,
But both were here. She heard deep voices call,
And saw hands beckon her to royalty;
And she became the ruler of great lands,
And saw men bow to her, as to old kings
That she had heard of — till she felt a power
Was in her that she knew not till that time:
And with the consciousness came a new hope,
And a new struggle — and she turned from tears,
And all that made her beautiful, to try
A rivalry with Man in all that made
Man aught but an immortal! She would dare
To dally with those sterner elements,
In which the Tyrant oft has sunk the Man,
Or Man, like idiot, disgraced his power.

She rul'd — and empires trembled. Her command
Was louder than the world had thought to hear,
From one whose voice was fashion'd to the tones
Of Nature's melting melodies. It rose,
Till its sound startled like the trumpet-blast,
And the heart quak'd to hear. She could command
Like despot, when his spirit is unrein'd,
And every light of Mercy has gone out
That should shine o'er his people.

Other lands

Beheld her in yet sterner vassalage
To passion and its power. Ambition rode,
A victor, through the vast world of her heart,
Strangling each blessed fountain at its head,
Or dashing streams with poison as they flow'd,
And giving to dim waste that wondrous soil,
So beautiful in fruitage and in bloom.

She gather'd, as a banner, beneath helm,
 The locks that were her glory, and with plume
 Tossing with charger's mane to battle-wind,
 Led on to victory, in the thundering van
 Of great o'ershadowing armies. The red sword
 Wav'd in the mail'd white hand, that scarce could grasp
 Its ponderous hilt, as some wild meteor blade,
 Swung by the warrior through his murky field.
 Men follow'd her, as a great captain, forth —
 Not on some errand, where the heart led on,
 But where the spirit, black as demon's urg'd
 On hellish mission to its grave of blood!

And such was Woman, as she left the sky!
 And such did she become. The veil that rose,
 As the years swept it, from the struggling mind,
 Betray'd to her her sorrow and her power!

Yet did she see idolatry. The spell
 Was round her like an atmosphere — and Man
 Could not but worship, though the idol, then,
 Had pass'd from its first loveliness. But still,
 The charm was not unearthly. There were gems
 From no Golconda of the spirit — but
 A baser jewelry that lighted her,
 And drew Man to his bondage. The quick fire
 Of an unnatural beauty, and the flash
 Of passion, in some splendid rivalry —
 The fascination of a light, whose blaze
 Is born of fashion, and with fashion dies,
 Then made, and make Man's worship.

O, if *now*
 Woman would lift the noble wand she bore,
 Once so transcendent — and which still she wears,
 Half-hidden, though not powerless — and again
 Wave in its magic power o'er pilgrim Man,
 How would she win him from apostacy,
 Lure back the world from its dim path to wo,
 And open a new Eden on our years!

Cambridge, (Mass.) February, 1838.

GRENVILLE Mellen.

MY WIFE'S BOOK.

NUMBER ONE.

ON a vacant shelf of my library, among pictures, relics, etc., — (for I affect *vertù*), — removed from intrusive hands, and sacred from profane eyes, lieth a not portly, yet nathless not altogether thin quarto, in sad-colored binding, bearing stamped in letters of gold on its cover, this inscription — 'MY WIFE'S BOOK.' Its pages are the records of passing thoughts, incidents, and experiences, some sad and some merry, occurring to, and coming under the observation of, a quiet, and hitherto, I trow, unambitious pair — 'my wife and me.' Neither hath fiction, the diversion of an occasional idle hour, been altogether wanting. Although undesigned, and it may be little fit for the perusal of that great Fadladeen, the public, a certain mania to see myself in print, which hath suddenly possessed my spirit, induceth me to transcribe, with slight alterations, the opening article of the above-mentioned volume —

the first (and perhaps the last) of those desultory productions which will ever meet the public eye.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BURNS.

HALF a century has scarcely elapsed since Robert Burns, the great poet of Scotland, closed his brilliant, but restless and unfortunate career. He died at the early age of thirty-eight, and there are those yet living, who were the companions of his early life, who were familiar with the scenes and incidents which called forth, and were immortalized in, his verse. Their number is but few, and death is fast thinning the gray-haired band: but which of these aged men is there, whose eye will not rekindle with the fires of youth, at the name of Burns? Which of them will not grow garrulous in recounting anecdotes of

——— 'the sweetest bard
That ever breathed the soothing strain!'

An American traveler, (the lamented CARTER,) gives a vivid instance of this, in his description of an interview with 'Davie,' the brother poet, to whom Burns addressed a well known ode. Others there are — and some have joined the tide of trans-atlantic emigration, carrying to the new world fervid recollections of scenes shared 'lang syne' with the departed bard. There is something touching in that enthusiasm with which even the most inconsiderable incidents connected with his name and memory are so long cherished, and are now so fondly and minutely narrated. Say not that the unimportant common-places of life, and even inanimate objects, borrow no interest from their association with the recollection of the glorious dead! Even a leaf which has waved on the ilexes of Pausilippo over the lowly mausoleum of Virgil, is a consecrated relic. The prolix and oftentimes really trivial personal anecdotes of a Boswell are read, and read with interest, while cotemporary productions, dignified with the title of 'standards' in the higher departments of science and literature, are no longer taken from the dusty shelf.

It has been the good fortune of the writer of this article, to have been long and intimately acquainted with one who was the early friend and associate of Robert Burns — the sharer with him in many a youthful frolic — and in after years, until 'seas between them braid had roared,' his confidant and steady correspondent. Burns and K — were born near each other, in Ayrshire; were nearly of the same age; and their situation and prospects in life were similar. We are indebted to the octogenarian survivor for some interesting recollections, and several anecdotes of his illustrious friend, which may not be unacceptable to the reader. We shall present them as they occur to us, without any studied reference to chronological order.

Burns was above the middle height, with a frame whose more masculine than graceful proportions told of early toil and hardships. His bodily strength was great, and he had few competitors in the athletic exercises of the field. 'He could plough mair,' says K —, 'in a day, than ony twa in the parish,' — and it was in guiding this anything but poetical instrument, that he found his favorite and happiest moments for composition. 'The poetic genius of my country,' he says in his

dedication to the Caledonian Hunt, 'found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*, and threw her inspiring mantle over me.' Burns's features were coarse, though pleasing, and their expression was open and noble. But the principal charm of his countenance centered in the brilliant and speaking eye. His powers of conversation, when he chose to exercise them, were of the most striking cast. His eye—his finely-modulated voice—his enunciation, all energy and eloquence—his copious command of language—and above all, the genius flashing through every word and sentence, rivetted admiration.

His early youth, though sufficiently interesting, exhibiting as it does, the fitful but certain gleamings of his future genius, occasionally bursting through that dark cloud of misfortune and pecuniary embarrassment which so constantly brooded over his father's family, has nevertheless been too often and minutely described—is too well known, to require narration. Any thing like a connected biography, too, is foreign from the object of this sketch.

Burns began to write, or rather compose poetry, early. Love first called forth his song. He was always, says K——, in love, and he did not, in all instances, evince much taste in his choice of objects. 'Some o' his sweetest sangs,' in the language of my informant, 'were addressed to raw Scotch lasses, ye wad never dream o' admiring.' A few weeks usually sufficed to dethrone the reigning empress of a heart ordinarily as fickle as it was susceptible: but the warm temperament of the poet admitted of no interregnum. Mr. Sillar (David Sillar, of Ayr, the 'Davie' of our poet,) complains that he 'could never take a walk with his friend, but Robin would chase away after the first lassie who chanced to cross their path—he would approach and enter into conversation with her, although a perfect stranger;'—and if she chanced to be a 'sonsie maid,' the next day invariably found him

——— 'a lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.'

It was the poet's ill fortune to embroil himself in the outset, with the rigid and powerful church of Scotland, which is rarely, we suspect, accused of permitting its spiritual thunders to slumber against real or reputed foes. The dreadful (in Scotland) cry of 'heretic' was raised against him, and it followed him to the grave. The quarrel originated in the publication of the 'Holy Fair.' This was soon after followed by 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' which exasperated a portion of the church and clergy to the utmost. The occasion of this humorous production was as follows.

Gavin Hamilton, Esq., clerk, a resident of Ayr, (who is often alluded to in the letters and poems of Burns, and to whom, as every reader will recollect, the 'Dedication' is addressed,) was the patron and benefactor of the poor and unbefriended bard. This gentleman inadvertently set a vagrant, who begged alms of him, laboring in his kail-patch on the Sabbath. The zealous descendants of the Covenanters were struck with horror at this unusual spectacle, as they flocked to kirk, and the poor fellow was stoned furiously out of the enclosure. Hamilton's wife bore him a child soon after this event, and the Kirk,

in remembrance of his unintentional transgression, refused to permit it to be christened. Hamilton appealed to the Presbytery of Ayr, and was heard before that body by his counsel, Robert Aiken, Esq. His most officious opposer in the Kirk, had been one William Fisher, the original of 'Holy Willie.' The manner in which Aiken discharged his trust, will be found alluded to, with more nerve than delicacy, in some of the closing stanzas of the 'Prayer.' The Presbytery finally reversed the decision of the inferior tribunal. It was soon after this, that K —, who now lived in a different parish from Burns, received a letter from him, enclosing 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' with a request to try its efficacy on its immortalized subject. 'I was na slow in complying, as ye will readily guess,' says K —. Fisher, though of an exterior fully worthy of a disciple of John Knox, had, nevertheless, (and what Scotchman has not?) a sly *penchant* for the humorous, and on being informed by K — that he had a 'bit o' satire' on a distinguished churchman, readily consented to hear it. The condition was moreover exacted from him beforehand, that he should hear it through, and without speaking. Willie's eyes sparkled with glee as the first stanzas were read off, and as 'in spite of grace, a certain leaven of the carnal heart' (in such phraseology as Holie Willie himself would express it,) prevented him from looking with *pain* certainly! on the anticipated writhings of some perhaps prominent, nay more, perhaps rival brother. But certain allusions, better understood, soon changed the tenor of his cogitations. At the seventh stanza, 'That blackguard Burns!' roared out the enraged dignitary of the Kirk. 'Remember your promise, Elder Fisher,' quoth K —. At the eighth, poor Willie could stand it no longer, but rushed from the room, frantically exclaiming, 'That blackguard Burns! — he'll go to hell — he'll go to hell!'

This hair-brained exploit of the poet and his 'crony,' exposed the former to the deep and abiding displeasure of the Kirk. An indiscretion soon brought him, as he expresses it, 'within point-blank range of their heaviest metal;' and in narrating it, we come to one of the most painfully-interesting epochs of his life. Burns, now in his twenty-third, or twenty-fourth year, if we recollect aright, cultivated a farm (Mossgiel) in connexion with his younger brother Gilbert. His visits to Mauchline made him acquainted with Miss Jean Armor, his future wife, who, though the daughter of a poor tailor, in an obscure Scotch village, united personal charms to intelligence and virtues, which, polished by subsequent intercourse with society, rendered her — not the ever-recurring cause of that blush of intense mortification too often felt by the husband who has been successful in elevating himself and his partner above their native sphere, without being able to infuse into his *bourgeois alter ego* sentiments and manners corresponding with the change — but the accomplished and elevated woman, who was the source of *vanity* to Burns in the very zenith of his fame. A tear suffuses the eye, as we recollect how recently the grave has closed over this amiable and lovely woman! In the true tone of European society, John Armor, the humble tailor, scorned an alliance with the penniless cotter. To do him justice, however, perhaps this venal consideration was only auxiliary in his mind to that of our bard's notorious *unsuccessfulness* in every branch of business, and by his ill reputation with

the church. Burns's intimacy with Jean being discovered, he was refused the house. He took advantage, however, of a custom at that time prevailing among those of his own rank in Scotland, to have occasional interviews with Miss Armor, in the little inn of Mauchline, where, says K——, 'the laddie wad gang, and then send for the lassie to come and be courted!' K—— was their mutual confidant, and as their intercourse became more watched, and consequently less frequent, was often the bearer of their messages, and arranged their stolen interviews. A clandestine, though strictly legal marriage, took place. We can scarcely appreciate that state of society, the motives of interest, or the deep-rooted aversion to the person or character of Burns, which should have induced a respectable Scotch mechanic to prefer the open infamy of a beloved daughter, to acknowledging the marriage of that daughter with our poet—yet so it was. The flinty-hearted old man persisted, *even then*, in refusing Burns those natural and legal rights, which his poverty left him in no condition to enforce. K——, acting as the travelling agent of a large mercantile house, often passed Moss-giel. On one of these occasions (soon after Mrs. Burns' illness) he became the bearer of a present from the poet to his wife. Although, in selecting his gift, Burns might have had his eye, in some measure, on dame Armor, what a shock will the nerves of some of our modern Sir Piercie Shaftons receive, when informed that this 'true-love token' consisted of a bag stuffed with cheese, butter, and garden vegetables! and, says K——, 'none o' the lightest, as my nag Colin could testify.' Arrived at Mr. Armor's, and his errand known, K—— experienced a not very gentle reception from the mistress of the domicil, but 'honest John smelled the kail, and determined to be magnanimous for ance.' When admitted to the desired interview, he found the young mother, with her two sons,* confined to her bed in an upper apartment. Burns had followed K—— unperceived. K—— says he 'had na been there aboon ten minutes, when he heard a scrambling on the stairs, and och! sic a screaming!' when Burns burst into the room, hotly pursued by the lady of the mansion, who was as closely followed by her infuriated husband. Burns flew to the bed, and 'putting his face to Jean's, and sine to each of the wee bairns, wept like ony child; and, och! had ye been there, ye'r heart would hae burst, as mine did!' Incredible as it may appear, the parents, whose minds were warped and narrowed by prejudice, and whose bosoms were chilled by a miscalculating selfishness, remained inexorable; and the sobs of the heart-broken pair were strangely interrupted with vociferation and angry invective! As a last appeal to their generosity, Burns surrendered the documentary evidence of his marriage, which, strange to tell, was eagerly accepted, and forthwith consigned to the flames. Nothing now intervened between him and that stern ecclesiastical tribunal, to which he had rendered himself so obnoxious, and the long-gathering storm burst on his shelterless head.

But in the very extremity of his despair, and when he was about to fly into exile, to escape his persecutors, a better day was dawning on his fortunes. The publication of a little volume of the poems he had then

* One of these sons, we believe, is now dead, and the other a midshipman in the British Navy.

written, opened the brilliant career which awaited him. We need not follow him. John Armor was one of the first to discover and to acknowledge the change!

We omit, for fear of taxing the patience of the reader, the remaining anecdotes of our bard, contained in 'My Wife's Book.' We cannot resist the temptation, however, of subjoining a single specimen of the mischievous waggery of those times, illustrated in the instance of one of Burns's mad-cap associates. The poem will readily be called to mind, commencing:

'O rough, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your *dreams* and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin'
Straught to auld Nick's'a.'

This anonymous hero was John Rainkin, of Eddymil-hill,* a decayed Highland gentleman. The '*dream*' alludes to the following circumstance. Rainkin, and a neighbour of his, the Rev. Mr. Shaw, were in the habit of occasionally dining with each other. This gave great scandal to a portion of the reverend gentleman's parishioners, and in an especial manner to John Hogg, a presiding elder, who clamored so loudly on the subject, that it caused Mr. Shaw considerable annoyance, and at length reached the ears of Rainkin himself. This latter 'was a chiel wha ne'er forgot a day ow'd in hairst.' It so happened, soon after the occurrences of which we have spoken, that Elder Hogg being on his way to a session of the Presbytery, passed Rainkin's door near the hour of noon. The latter, accosting him with great urbanity, invited him to dismount and dine with him. The day was 'raw and gusty'—the condescension highly flattering—and altogether the temptation was too strong to be resisted. Hogg was treated with much ceremony during dinner, and after the cloth was removed, and a foaming tankard of hot punch placed before him, as well as his host, the poor man could not find it in his heart to say no. He attempted to silence his scruples, however, or rather to weaken them, by weakening his punch. This contingency had been provided for by his mischievous entertainer, and the smoking urn discharged into his goblet—not water, certainly—but an additional supply of the stimulating beverage. The fraud was effectually concealed by a plentiful admixture of sugar, administered by the officious hand of Rainkin. The parties rapidly became jocund, and our hero, like him of Kirk Alloway memory, soon grew

—————'Glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!'

The goblets were replenished—and an hour found poor John Hogg in a truly *swinish* plight, stretched under the table. Rainkin then ordered his servants to place him on a wheel-barrow, and to deliver their burthen to the Rev. Mr. Shaw, 'as a present of *pork* from their mas-

* Familiar with some of these names orally alone, we shall doubtless fall into some orthographical errors.

ter.' Rainkin made the affair the subject of some burlesque verses, where he *dreamed* the facts we have narrated. 'Maister Hogg gave na ane ony trouble after that,' laconically remarked our informant, as he finished his narration of the occurrence.

H. S. R.

Cortland Village, (N. Y.) February, 1836.

TRIUMPH OF SONG.

'I WAS in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper, from the wild shores of Skianach. My purpose was to have plunged my dirk in the body of the M'Auley with the bloody hand, before whom our race trembles: but I saw Annot Lyle, even when my hand was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched her clairshach to a song of the Children of the Mist. The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams were there with the sound of all their waters. The fountains of mine eyes were opened, and the hour of revenge passed away.'

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

I.

I stood, harper-clad, in the proud castle hall,
And loud was the clatter of arms on the wall—
Dark, dark grew my brow, for the sheen of their blades
Was dim with the blood of our old men and maids.

II.

The scourge of my people, the Red-Hand, was near,
And I said to myself, with a heart reft of fear,
'Shall a foeman be safe while a Son of the Mist
Wears the dirk of his ancestors chained to his wrist?'

III.

'Shall terror the veins of the fatherless freeze
While the bay of the black hound comes down with the breeze?
Shall our hearth stones be roofless, and Ranald forget
In the blood of the monster to cancel the debt?'

IV.

'No, no!—by the bones of our slain I have sworn
Ere night-fall the Laird for his brother shall mourn:
With the slaughter of kinsmen his tartan is red,
And the plumes of our chief grace his bonneted head.'

V.

Toward the weaponless slayer I made but one stride,
With hand on the hilt of the dirk by my side,
When thrilling my heart to its innermost cell,
On mine ear a wild burst of sweet melody fell.

VI.

At length my glance rested on Annot the fair,
Whose smile vies in brightness the gold of her hair;
'To a song of our race her light clairshach was strung,
And, bedewing my cheek, fell the tear while she sung.

VII.

I saw our own streams glide in beauty along,
And the voice of their waters I heard in the song;
The rustle of leaves and wild carol of bird,
In glens where my forefathers slumber, I heard.

VIII.

My hand the dark hilt of my weapon forsook,
For my frame like an aspen with sorrowing shook,
And my childhood came back with its innocent shout,
While the fire of *revenge* in my bosom went out.

Avon, (N. Y.) February, 1836.

W. H. C. HOWARD.

AN EXECUTION AT SEA.

A SKETCH.

'A MAN may smile, and smile — and be a villain still.'

WE sometimes meet, in the ordinary walks of life, with those who either from envy or malice, secretly endeavor to injure others, on whom they bestow personally all the attention and kindness that friendship could expect or receive. Such characters are contemptible enough; yet such there are—and compared to them, the highway-robber is generous and noble. But I did not intend to speak of these craven creatures, when I made the foregoing quotation. I was thinking of one who proved at last a murderer, without any previous phrenological signs—who was of fair proportions, and possessed neither a bad countenance, nor a surly disposition.

In the year 18—, the good United States' Frigate B—— left Payta, the port of Pura, for Callao. For several days, we were employed beating up along the land, against a head wind and current. From the snow-capt Andes the fresh breeze swept down across the valley and over the sea, cold and bitter. We made but little progress on our voyage, and the commodore concluded to adopt the usual method of vessels bound to windward, along the Western coast of South America; that is, to stand to the Southward and Westward, until you reach the variables, or make the latitude of your destined port. We had reached the variables—we had run our latitude: the wind being favorable, we tacked ship, and were standing in for land and 'Old Callao'—elated with the idea of visiting even that miserable place once more: not that we anticipated any enjoyment ashore, but letters from our far distant homes must certainly have arrived during our late absence on a cruise to leeward.

The sun had passed meridian, and the fine breeze of the morning was fast dying away. Hour after hour of the afternoon seemed to hang heavy on us—for the smile of hope which brightened the countenance of each while the breeze lasted, was gone. At last the sun went down, in clouded but glorious majesty, and was lost in the embrace of ocean. The breeze left us with the sun—our ship was rolling uneasily in a sea-way—her sails hanging idly from the yards, and flapping mournfully against her masts. She seemed a croaking bird of ill omen on the wide waste of waters. Darkness prevailed—cloud after cloud was gathering above—no breeze came to gladden us—no moon to cheer: all was thick and quiet gloom. It was midnight—the watch had been relieved and mustered—junior officers were pacing the deck—men sitting in groups at their stations—the lieutenant of the deck on the arm-chest *feeling* for a breeze—and the old quarter-master at the conn occasionally hinting, as he turned his quid—looking around, and glancing at the binnacle—that a breeze from the South'ard and West'ard would spring up before morning. Jacko (the monkey) had found a safe retreat, and the poultry were undisturbed. All save the tigress seemed inclined to repose. She (the varmint!) was taking her usual excursion among the after-guard. Now and then you might hear the exclamation, '*Here comes the bloody tiger-cat!*' Thus

we lay, languidly rolling on the lazy swells, in a calm — a dead calm. Better that the winds were piping loud, than one of those dull, heavy calms.

Is there then no hope of a breeze? I would rather be reefing top-sails every half hour,' said an old reefer, 'than lying on a breathless ocean in this way.'

'Hark!' he was answered. 'Heard you not a noise? — a noise below?'

'No,' was the quick reply — that's nothing. Some poor fellow has been let down by the head by a mischievous shipmate; or perhaps a shot has got adrift, or one of the gallapagos slipped from his pen.'

'Hark again! Did no one hear a groan? Young gentlemen, one of you step below,' (said the officer of the deck,) and let me know what is the matter.'

'Ay, ay, Sir.'

'Birth-deck there! Master-at-arms, what noise is that upon the birth-deck? Get a light — quick! — bring it forward. Secure that shot, there, rolling about on the deck. It will trip some of you up. Ha! What bloody business is this? Is he dead!'

THERE lay old G —, senseless on the deck — his head upon the combings of the fore-hatch — his skull fractured.

'Call the surgeon!' was the word: quick — quick! Report was immediately made to the officer of the deck, then to the first lieutenant, who proceeded to examine some of the crew, against whom momentary suspicions were awakened. But one, whose watch it was below, was not to be found in his hammock, nor on the main or birth-deck: search was made for him on the spar-deck, where he was at length found, apparently asleep, in the lee-gangway, between two carronades. (A breeze sprang up in the mean time, as we were now on the starboard tack.) He was rigidly questioned, but as there was not sufficient evidence against him, he was liberated; and two other suspected fellows were confined. Thus rested the affair for the night, and the vessel pursued her course.

'By to-morrow's sun the breeze will freshen,' said the old quartermaster: and so it did. After breakfast, another inquiry was held: all hands were called, and from the evidence collected, suspicion fell strongly upon the individual found in the lee-gangway, while the two previously put in the brig were set at liberty. The prisoner was put in irons, and committed to solitary confinement. G — died, and was buried. His bed was his coffin, and his grave the gardens of coral, where the sea star 'lights up his tomb.' In a day or two, far above the low and sleeping clouds, we saw the glistening heights of the Cordilleras — then the barren isle of San Lorenzo — until rounding the point, and standing toward the Castle, we reached our anchorage.

After the arrival of other vessels of the squadron, a court-martial was called and held for the trial of the prisoner. Counsel was given him, and the evidence brought forward. After a fair and patient hearing, the court, which had been sitting for several days, adjourned. The jack was no longer seen at the fore, nor the signal-gun for the

meeting of the court heard. At nine in the morning, the verdict was sent in to the commodore, and early on the following day, all hands being called, the prisoner was brought upon deck, and placed at the fife-rail of the mainmast, facing the crew. The sentence was read to him by the judge advocate. He stood firm — not a muscle moved, till he heard the words — '*hung at the fore yard-arm of the United States' Frigate B — till you are dead — dead!*' — then you could see a slight twitch or two in the muscles of his neck, but no sign of fear. With a firm step, he returned to his place of confinement. Every comfort was allowed him, both of body and mind. One who was religiously inclined, read to him daily from the Bible, and exhorted him to prepare for his exit — to become humble and penitent for his sins. 'May God be merciful!' he replied: 'my heart is hard; I have tried, but cannot change it. My doom is just. I did the deed.' He stated that he had let fall from the main-deck, at the fore-hatch, a thirty-two pound shot upon the head of the deceased, (but not with intention to kill him,) under the suspicion that he had reported him for improper conduct.

Day after day and week after week passed away; and at length the morning of the day appointed for his execution arrived. No preparations were made for getting under way, and nothing was known of the commodore's intentions. He was a man just and firm in his decisions, intelligent and discreet in all his actions. 'Will he pardon him?' says one: 'Can't we run over to some uninhabited island, and hang him there?' says another; 'the ship will never be lucky again, if he is hung on board; some misfortune will happen to us; the men will not lay out on the fore-yard at night to reef or furl the fore-sail.' Many were the conjectures thus made by the crew, during the morning.

'Well, Mr. A —,' (observed the commodore, in his usual mild tone, as he came upon deck, about eleven o'clock, A. M.,) 'the breeze has fairly set in, and this is the day for the execution of L —. Get the ship under way, Sir, and stand out of the harbor.'

'Ay, ay, Sir. All hands up anchor!'

The vessel was got under way in a few minutes, and so silently, that scarcely a voice was heard, except the first lieutenant's. All was still and quiet as a funeral. Save the dashing of the waves against our bows, not a sound was heard. When outside of the harbor, the fore-top-sail was laid to the mast, and all hands were called to witness the execution. A line was rove through a tail block on the starboard fore-yard-arm, thence into the quarter of the yard through another, down on deck through a leading block, aft to the taffrail, through a snatch-block, and forward on the larboard side. In order to prevent any quarrels hereafter, every man as well as boy on board (except the officers) was ordered to take hold of it. A stage was rigged on the hammock-rails, under the fore-yard, and the prisoner ordered on deck. Up he came, accompanied by the master-at-arms and one of the captains of the fore-castle. A hangman's noose was around his neck, and he was very pale; but his step was firm and steady — his eye unflinching. No remorse, no sorrow, no regrets, had he. Calm and collected, he mounted the scaffold. His hands were tied behind him, and two thirty-two pound shot were secured to his feet. The ship rolled heavily on the heaving sea, but it moved him not. A black handkerchief was tied round his face; and at the discharge of one of our gangway

guns, he was swayed aloft, till the boatswain piped 'Belay!' The smoke curled upward—his spirit departed—and when the last trump shall sound, and the sea shall give up her dead, then will Henry L.—appear at the judgment-seat to answer for his crimes.

It was intended to cut him from the fore-yard, and let him fall into the sea; but the knot not slipping readily, it was thought prudent to let him hang awhile. Dinner being ready, we piped down, leaving him dangling in the breeze. When the hands were turned to, he was lowered down—laid upon a plank at the gangway—examined by the surgeon, and canted into the sea. Then we filled away, and stood in for our anchorage.

G.

LEGEND OF MARTLER'S CREEK.*

I.

As THE Hudson rolls onward its waves to the deep,
Ere it leaves the broad bases of cloud-crested mountains,
It receives in its course, from a green mossy steep,
A streamlet of beauty, which in its glad leap
Tells not of the passions once nursed at its fountains.

II.

There the Indian has dwelt, there has hunted the deer;
On its fair, smiling banks his wild deeds have been done:
The stranger, alas! ventured sometimes too near—
And tales, which would make the heart tremble to hear,
Might be told of the spot where its pure waters run.

III.

The white-man's encroachments the natives repelled,
But one little household their good will had gained;
Its skill in the arts of some value was held:
And one noble brave had his wild nature quelled
To love even faces with color unstained.

IV.

Naöman one day came to Stacy's abode,
As in friendship unbroken he oftentimes had done;
He lighted his pipe—it dispelled not the load
Of care from his features, which seemed to forebode
Some evil o'ercresting his own bosom's sun.

V.

The matron, concerned, begged the Indian to tell
What the cloud so unwonted of ill should portend;
He sighed—shook his head—bade the mother farewell—
Took each child on his knee, for he loved them full well,
And then for his own left the home of his friend.

VI.

Again came Naöman—clouds still o'er his brow;
The mother entreated, by all she held dear:
'A red-man am I, and a pale-face art thou!
Should we to our foes our deep secret avow?
And a woman might not keep it sacred, I fear!'

* Martler's or Murderer's Creek—a stream emptying into the Hudson, just above the Highlands.

VII.

'Nay, doubt not, Naßman! trust all to thy friend :'
 'Wilt thou swear by the God of thy worship on high,
 Though the tomahawk o'er thee should threat'ningly bend,
 That by none, save thy husband, the words shall be kenned
 That I for your safety shall speak, though I die?'

VIII.

The promise was given — the secret revealed.
 The Indians their vengeance had deeply matured :
 Their plan which in silence so dire lay concealed,
 And for which their stern nature each feeling had steeled,
 Would in one dreadful carnage the whites have immured !

IX.

But Naßman had longed this dear household to save :
 He had eaten their salt, and their children caressed ;
 He warned them to fly from the opening grave —
 They hied to their boat, and were soon on the wave,
 The fond mother clasping her babes to her breast.

X.

The father pressed onward — the Indians pursued —
 (In their light dark canoes they sped on like the fawn,)
 Overtook, made them captive, and led to the wood,
 Where the chieftains in council awaiting them stood —
 Their dwelling the while blazing bright on the lawn.

XI.

'What treason is this?' asked the first of the band ;
 'Speak, pale-face! — who warned you that danger was near ?'
 No answer : the savage then flourished his brand
 O'er those whom the mother would shield with her hand,
 Who clung to her closely, all trembling with fear.

XII.

'Speak, woman! — speak truly! — thy children shall die,
 If thou name not the traitor : this instant they fall !
 Three times will I ask thee ; the second is nigh !'
 She cast a look round her, despair in her eye —
 Naßman sat changeless — these, these were her all !

XIII.

'The third and the last : wilt thou speak his false name ?'
 She wrung her hands wildly, her friend sat unmoved ;
 The tomahawk glistened — her children's voice came
 To her wo-stricken bosom in accents of flame :
 Ah, could she thus witness the death of her loved !

XIV.

'Hold ! hold !' cried Naßman — 'the traitor am I !
 The woman her faith has kept true to the last ;
 I am withered, and leafless, and ready to die :
 From danger impending I warned them to fly —
 By their fire I had warmed me — there broken my fast.'

XV.

He left the high place where in honor he sate,
 And shrouded his face, as if robed for the grave ;
 Then resigned and in silence he met his stern fate :
 A loud burst of triumph arose o'er the great,
 The generous Naßman — Naßman the brave !

AN ACTOR'S ALLOQUY.

NUMBER SIX.*

I ONCE had to superintend the production of a melodrama, one of the real cut-and-thrust, Anne Radcliffe, blue-fire-and-blazes breed. In the last scene, a retired nook or dell in a mountainous region, an outlaw was chained to a rock by his companions, and charitably left to starve. Luckily — for luck is the real *primum mobile* in all these pieces — some travelers, *descending* the mountains, find the outlaw in his split-crow posture, and relieve him. The travelers were supposed to have lost their way, and the leader should have said, coming down the rocks from the very back of the stage — ‘Here is something like a descent — follow!’ and then start in surprise upon seeing the outlaw. This was all clear enough at rehearsal: imagine my horror, at night, when I saw the leader of the travelers strut up to the poor ragged, unshaven wretch who was chained to the rock, and say, ‘Here is something like a decent fellow!’

King Lear banishes the Earl of Kent, and tells him if, on the tenth day, his ‘banished *trunk* is found in our dominions, that moment is thy death.’ Tate, in the acting version of Lear, has given Kent a couple of doggerel lines to make him an effective exit; and an actor once surprised his co-mates when exclaiming

‘To foreign climates *my old trunk* I’ll bear,’

by clapping a large travelling chest upon his shoulder. This is a very old story, I confess; but I mention it because I have an excellent companion to it. A pretty actress, lately married, and well married, too, was to have personated Helen Macgregor, in Rob Roy. On the morning of rehearsal, she asked the prompter who the gentlemen were that went on the stage with her in such a scene. ‘Merely supernumeraries, Madam,’ was the answer. ‘I beg your pardon, Sir: in the printed book it says, ‘Enter Helen, with *claymore and target*!’ Who are the gentlemen that play those characters?’ ‘Why, Madam,’ said the prompter, ‘they are generally represented by Messrs. Sword and Pot-lid.’

These strange mistakes are not always the results of ignorance. An actor-author, whose original American dramas have given general satisfaction, did, when playing Sir John Contrast, in the opera of the Lord of the Manor, illustrate the author’s text in a novel and peculiar style. The old baronet is angry with his son, and proposes a moral mode of punishment by means of a friend, saying, ‘I’ll build up a house of correction for him, and you shall keep the key.’ Not taking this phrase in its figurative sense, the actor actually presented his colloquist with a huge metal key, big enough for the portals of the monastery of modern Trappists at Sing-Sing.

An indifferent actor is occasionally an author’s curse; but an indif-

* THE present pages should have been included in the ‘Alloquy’ of February; but a delay of the mail, by reason of inclement weather, prevented their insertion. The reader will bear in mind, that the allocutor was exemplifying the dramatic author’s difficulties of pleasing, in their various degrees, and that the difficulties attendant on pleasing the actors were the last under consideration.

ferent author is a positive plague to the dramatic community — a wet blanket — an old man of the mountains, weighing down and destroying the very persons who are attempting to support him. There is not a more pitiable sight than to behold a talented *artiste* endeavouring to give effect to the weak, puling nothingness of modern sentiment, or the balderdash verbosity of melodrama — to see a comedian capable of Shakspeare, compelled to wriggle, and twist, and mouth, with all the consciousness of inefficiency, yet seriously forcing himself to be funny, and endeavouring to find within his own resources something like a substitute for the wit and comicality which the author was unable to afford. Many writers who furnish a meagre sketch, expect the actor to produce a finished portrait, taking to themselves the merit of a superior production, if successful, but blaming the performer for the deficiency, if otherwise. The olden dramatists, those 'trains of light descending down,' have provided us with a few pictures of rare and matchless excellence. In the hands of actors who think for themselves, and are not contented with merely transmitting another copy of their predecessors' delineations, these gems of art admit of every variety in the depth and breadth of colouring, and the effect of light and shade. The same subject may be rendered in the garish lithograph, the spirited etching, the polished softness of the line engraving, the dull, stiff, formal outline, or the showy splendor of the mezzotint, where some of the points appear in startling light, and others sink in shadows irremediable.

Reynolds' fourth difficulty is 'to please the licenser.' In England, the managers of all theatres under the control of the lord chamberlain of his majesty's household, embracing those located in the city of Westminster, or purlieus of the court, and the provincial theatres acting under patent-rights, are compelled to send every production, from a five-act tragedy to the words of a ballad, to the licenser for approval, before they can dare perform it. The dramatist in America has no such degradation to suffer: nor is it needed; for the good sense of the audience is in itself as rigid a censorship as an author would wish to undergo.

George Colman is now the chamberlain's deputy, the acting licenser. The author of 'Broad Grins' and 'Poetical Vagaries' — productions replete with obscenity and filth — is the person who regulates the British drama, and protects the public from improper plays. But George, wanting a good old gentlemanly vice in his senility, has turned fanatic, and fulminates his anathemas against dramatic 'damns,' theatrical 'angels,' and other impurities of the stage. He made objections to 'our mother Eve' being mentioned in a new piece, because she was a scriptural subject, and unfit for the lips of a profane player: the phrase 'the inscrutable decrees of Providence' was denounced as impious, and 'Heavenly bliss' was a thing not to be talked about. Elliston, when manager of Drury, sent him a farce for supervision, and he cut out every gentlemanly 'damn' and 'devil fetch me.' Elliston scribbled him the following missive, compounded of phrases from his own comedy of 'John Bull':

'DEAR COLMAN: D — ation, what does this mean? D — n the customer do I see coming to the Red Cow. D — n the drop's left. D — n me, if it isn't the Brazier. D — n it, fellow, don't trifle. D — n their want of feeling. D — n me, choose your own reading, and I am content. Yours, truly, R. W. ELLISTON.'

Colman, who is one of the most tenacious of 'the waspy tribe,' as

John Kemble used to term dramatic authors, was a little posed when requested to re-license his own comedy of 'Who wants a Guinea?' *razéed* from five acts to three, with the part of Solomon Gundy, a rat-killing, Frenchified countryman, changed into Solomon Swop, a down-Easter. But his good sense or good nature triumphed over the angry feelings of the author: the license was sent, and no one laughed more heartily than he did at Mr. Hackett's excellent personification of the cunning Yankee.

Between the manager, licenser, and actors, a dramatist in England may occasionally find himself in the situation of a painter, who having employed an engraver to copy a favorite picture, has it returned with these remarks: 'I have made two or three little alterations, which I think you will find very much to your advantage. That young lady, now, upon whom you have bestowed so much attention — was she not too conspicuous? I thought she would interfere with the development of that donkey there; and as I am a good hand at donkeys, I cut out the lady, and brought the donkey a little more forward. You will excuse my changing your setting sun to a full moon: moons take well now, and it has not materially altered the shading. Don't you think your hero was too insipid? I have taken the liberty of giving him whiskers, and something of a martial air. By the way, what made you place your scene in Ireland? Italy, my dear Sir, is much better; so I have put in a few ruins of temples and some brigands there, instead of that mountain in the back ground.' Many plays have been produced upon the stage, bearing as much resemblance to the author's original intention, as the above alterations would produce in the engraver's copy of the painting.

The fifth difficulty, as above enumerated, is 'to please the audience:' perhaps it is the only difficulty a dramatist should allow to exist; and if Mr. Reynolds could succeed, why should any one despair? More depends upon the disposition or present temper of the audience, than authors are generally aware. A very stupid piece will occasionally go off with shouts and roars, and sometimes a sterling play, well acted, will drag its slow length wearily along. Sheridan's excellent comedy of 'The Rivals' failed on its first representation. This is not a solitary instance; and many a good farce has been condemned under one name, and applauded under another. An actor is frequently unable to do common justice to his author, from the coldness or apathy of the audience. Talma said there must be enthusiasm in the audience, or there can be none in the actor. If they are cold, he will be cold. The harvest cannot be ripened, without a proper warmth.

Difficulty the sixth and last, is 'to please the newspapers,' meaning the critics generally, who were base enough to term Reynolds' comedies 'modern trash.' There is a much larger quantum of talent required, now-a-days, in even a second-rate newspaper writer, than would have stocked an entire establishment, in Reynolds' proud and palmy days. The first writers of the age are connected with every department of periodical literature, and are generally the most liberal portion of the audience in their criticisms; for they know something of the difficulty of producing a play, possessing even moderate pretensions, and abate their causticity accordingly: therefore, if a dramatist occasionally gets a banging, let him repose full confidence in the integrity of the critic, and honestly confess that he deserves it; unless he can prove that said

critic is himself a play-factor, as in that case, abuse would not be unnatural. Pope attacked Colley Cibber in the *Dunciad*, because his (Pope's) play was a failure, yet Cibber did more for the stage than the fulmination of twenty Popes could undo. Voltaire called Shakspeare '*Un grand Fumier*.' Sheridan caricatured poor Cumberland in Sir Fretful Plagiary, in '*The Critic*,' yet was more fretful than his butt, to whom he was every way inferior as a man, and very little superior as an author. Cumberland himself attacked the whole of the playwrights of his day in the prologue to his first comedy, '*The Brothers*.' Goldsmith mustered a party to damn John Home's tragedy of '*The Fatal Discovery*.' Dekker said that Rare Ben Jonson was dull and vulgar. Dennis indulged in general hatred and abuse of his brother scribes. Foote parodied Garrick; and Garrick epigramatised every other dramatist of the day.

'Wits are game-cocks to one another:
No author ever loved a brother.'

It is not every literary man, of even superior abilities, that can produce a tolerable play. Scott confessed his inability, and '*The House of Aspen*' proved it. Byron declared that his tragedies were unfit for representation; and Moore, with a soul full of music and poetry, has produced a very inferior opera. Captain Marryatt, whose graphic sketches and life-like delineations of character are occupying every round table in England and America, was lately solicited by Mr. T. P. Cooke, the popular representative of sailors on the English stage, to write a nautical drama for performance at Drury Lane Theatre. Captain Marryatt undertook the task, and from the knowledge of his ability in that peculiar line very considerable expectations were raised. The drama was received, and strange to say, was, in every sense of the word, totally unfit for representation. Indeed, so radically deficient was the piece in manner and construction, that after considerable alteration, the manager was reluctantly compelled to decline it, although the author's popularity was at its highest pitch, and the engagement of a favorite actor depended upon the performance of the piece.

There is more tact than talent required, now-a-days, to produce a successful play. Buckstone, the most fortunate of the present race of dramatists, the Lope de Vega of the British stage, is a proof in point. His pieces, chiefly derived from the French, are full of lively incident, variety of character, and effective situations, but they are miserably deficient in wit, sentiment, or even a decent sprightliness in the colloquiality of the dramatis personæ.

The days of author-actors have lately been revived. With a knowledge of what is likely to please, and a professional intimacy with the powers of the actors, and the resources of the theatre, they are certainly well qualified to put together those light ephemeral touch-and-go sort of dramas with which we have lately been inundated.

To return to our '*difficulties*.' A player-playwright is likely to experience a greater share than he who merely scribbles. The actor cannot be independent of the manager: he must, in some measure, submit to the whims of authority, and is unable to work with his co-mates with the same advantages as a stranger. He is exposed in his capacity as author, to the evil workings of their feelings against him as an actor; and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, are as often found in

a theatre as elsewhere. He is deep in the secrets of the prison-house, and must see with quicker eye the slights and sneers of the inferior minds: he occasionally must be compelled to pocket insult, neglect, and ridicule; to be the recipient of complaints from the discontented, and to tamely hear his drama picked to pieces by some brilliant genius who can scarcely read his own short part, or tell whether it was Dryden or Dean Swift that wrote the comedy of 'Wild Oats.'

This behaviour is by no means general. I have, individually, received the most friendly attention from my professional brethren in the course of my dramatic dabbings, and seldom experienced any thing annoying, except an occasional grunt from some disappointed actor, whose jaundiced feelings found vent in habitual grumblings. I mention the possibility of such 'difficulties' in the general list of playwright enormities, although I have the authority of one of the most talented writers of the day to declare, that in the production of a new play, the difficulties behind the scenes, or in the green-room, are always the most vexatious.

He once said to me: 'I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding-day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper-table: the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. 'Where is your candle?' he inquired, in the utmost agitation. 'I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full,' said the girl. 'Where did you leave it?' 'Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs.' The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way his knees threatened to give under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top — the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved — was falling! — with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was

he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered: but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every-day life.

'Now, Sir,' said the dramatist, 'I can thoroughly understand the agony of this man's feelings while gazing upon that candle of death. He must have experienced the highest state of violent excitement ever known: in two or three minutes he felt and actually lived through an age of torture. The blankness of despair so suddenly following the fulness of delight — visions of mangled limbs, and the scorched bodies of his own flesh and blood — the passions of the father, the husband, and the friend — the close proximity of a horrid death to himself and all he loved — the result of his own carelessness, and only to be avoided by the utmost self-possession in this trying scene. I have the story constantly before me. You may think me hyperbolical in what I am going to say, but upon my word I am in earnest. Notwithstanding I am what the world calls a successful dramatist, and am so infatuated that it is not likely I shall ever leave my profession, yet so keenly do I feel its annoyances, that I have often thought I could volunteer to take that candle out of the powder tub, and experience all the accompanying horrors of the situation, rather than again endure the mental harass and soul-withering degradation attendant upon all the circumstances connected with the production of a dramatic piece.'

N. B.

THE BRIDE'S SONG.

'Twas a heavenly night,
 'Neath the deep star-light,
 As pensive I sate by my casement high;
 I mused on a youth with a full dark eye,
 But think not I cared for him too —
 My love — my love — was it you?

Then a minstrel came,
 And he breathed my name,
 And he sang me a sweet and a plaintive song,
 Of one I scorned, though he sought me long,
 And never a word was true —
 My love — my love — was it you?

But I dreamed me a dream,
 'Neath the glad sunbeam,
 I was plighted to one 'till death should part;
 And I gave that one my whole, whole heart,
 And the gentle dream came true:
 My love — my love — it was you!

2.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

GLORIOUS BELLINI! I have been listening, for many pleasant evenings past, to the sweet creations of that composer's mind. How sad that he died so young! Only twenty-eight, when the shroud was wrapped around his bosom, and his tuneless ear laid beneath the coffin-lid! But the harmonies he conceived, will linger in holy sweetness, while taste shall last; and many an unborn enthusiast will yet live to bless his name. How touching and beautiful are the tender sentences that drop in melody from the lips of Count Rodolpho, in *La Sonnambula*! With what a divine diapason do the following words, and the chorus that accompanies them, fall on the ear! They are the by-gone thoughts of one who has long been absent from his youthful home, on again finding himself amidst the well-known scenes of his dear native village. Filled with melancholy rapture at the sight of that which he has gained, and troubled with recollections of what he has lost, he exclaims:

'Scenes of Beauty! full well I know ye—
Many moments of joy I owe ye;
Of pleasures banished,
Of days long vanished;
Oh! my breast is filled with pain,
Finding objects, that still remain,
While those days come not again!'

I know not how it is—but that last line haunts my ear continually. Reader, if you are now old, you have once been young; if young, you know what I mean, when I speak of that Golden Age, our early days. Time, as we pass onward to that outer gate which swings open into eternity, may give us many enjoyments—but they are *satisfaction* merely—tame, passive satisfaction. Troubles fall upon us like a *brutum fulmen*; incidents that would stir the young heart to sympathy and sorrow, occur to the middle-aged without notice or distress. How often have I read, with supreme delight, that beautiful poem of Gray's, suggested by a survey of his boyhood's school, and the scenes it embraced, at Eton:

'Ah! happy hills—ah! pleasing shades,
Ah! fields, beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second Spring.'

For my own part, I love to renew the memories of my fresher hours, at all times. I am glad to escape from the present to the past; for we know what we have been, in happiness—but not what we shall be. Give me a draft on the great bank of by-gone time, rather than on the future. Truth to say, however, a country life is no scene in which to

gain a taste for music. I know this well. The splendid opera—the gay assembly—the intoxicating waltz—are there almost unknown. How imperceptibly does our admiration of an opera grow upon us! Sound after sound, solo after solo, duet after duet, fall upon the ear as if they were trifles; by-and-by we love them; they adhere to our thoughts—we deem them divine. They associate themselves with early recollections: we think of the golden evening sunlight that played upon the landscapes of youth; of early affections and hopes—of the loving ones that are distant—the dear ones that have died. Precious in the human soul, is the fountain of remembrance!

BUT a taste for music may be carried too far. I hate your singing bore—your man of crotchets and quavers—with big eyes, who is evermore seeking an opportunity to execute his song—who troubles diners-out for their insincere applause; and mistaking jest for praise, tunes his throat anew, runs up his voice into the affected falsetto, and discourses ill-timed harmonies, in the tone of 'the eunuch's pipe!' I hate such bipeds, *ab imo pectore*. I dislike, also, associations for music. They are like Thespian societies—great afflictions. I once had a friend—a highly respectable youth, of excellent family—who acquired a *penchant* for doing the Roscius, in a small dramatic volunteer company. He did enact many parts, and was sometimes vehemently applauded by the free-admission boobies who flocked to such exhibitions. At last he became stage-mad—stepped incontinently into the buskin—made a western tour, and returned to his native city, a legitimate loafer, with all the external credentials of that multitudinous tribe. I encountered him not many months ago, negotiating with the landlord at a hotel, where I called to greet a travelling friend, in the following words: 'I say, publican, mayhap you know me not. I am every inch a king. As Shakspeare says, 'I am myself alone,' and was n't Shakspeare a screamer? What I wish to say, can be told shortly. 'Much misery can be let on in a few words,' as Mrs. Haller says in the Stranger. I am a little confused just now—for truth to tell, I have taken a little potation this morning: but though I seem confused, I know you will look it over, from one who is really 'more sinned against than sinning.' What I wish to say is this. You know me. I am the son of General —, a well-known, but not a 'greasy citizen.' I wish to make arrangements with you for the purchase of a glass of *eau de vie*, at a liberal credit. I throw myself upon your indulgence, and solicit straight for the privilege of 'running my face' for the liquor aforesaid. Will you comply? Do for once—just for grandeur.'

The publican, after complimenting the father of the prodigal, respectfully declined, and the votary of Thespis abdicated.

SPEAKING of the music which is apt ordinarily to greet one's ears in the country, the tuneful Beattie, in his Minstrel, discourseth thereupon with most melodious unction. It is indeed sweet, as he avers, to listen to the harmonies of morning, when the sun sits upon the highest hill

of journey; when the freshness of night mingles with the bland atmosphere of the day; when the groves are vocal, and the floods clap their hands. But there is much more music in a city, notwithstanding we miss therein that magnificent organ-sound of commingling woods and waters which give their voices to the gale; that grand and viewless instrument, whose ventiges are governed by the fingers of the Eternal. The denizen of a metropolis must have indeed a busy ear, to devour all the musical discourse with which the air at morning is rife around him. In the town of Brotherly Love—I speak to those who know—what sounds vibrate upon the tympanum! Who has not heard the sable vender of ground corn exclaim: ‘Come and buy my ho-mi-ny—oh, ye-ep!’—or the improvisatore who sells

‘Brick-dust from Brandywine,
Both ni-i-ce and fi-n-ne!’

Or that peripatetic individual who goeth about with his axe and wedges, keeping time, as they strike together, to the sonorous ejaculation: ‘Ah ‘split-wood!’ These are familiar minstrels; and those who pass them in the street—especially if they are interested—listen attentively while the speech drops upon them.

MANY chapters have been written against early rising in cities. I like it much in theory, but it is detestable in practice. In the country, ‘t is a joy to rise early. Once, under some casual inspiration, from this cause, I scribbled thus. Reader, take it for better or for worse:

STANZAS.

‘Awake psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.’

WAKE, when the mists of the blue mountains sleeping,
Like crowns of glory in the distance lie;
When breathing from the South, o’er blossoms sweeping,
The gale bears music through the sunny sky;
While lake and meadow, upland, grove and stream,
Smile like the glory of an Eden dream.

Wake while unfettered thoughts, like treasures springing,
Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell;
When birds and brooks through the pure air are flinging
The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;
When earliest winds their anthems have begun,
And, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, psaltery and harp, a tone awaken,
Whereto the echoing bosom shall reply,
As earth’s rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,
Unfold their beauty to the filling eye:
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird’s lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake thou, too, man, when from refreshing slumber,
And thy luxurious couch, thou dost arise,
Thanks for life’s golden gifts—a countless number—
Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies:
Wake!—let thy heart’s fine chords be touched in praise,
While the pure light of morn around thee plays!

BUT much as I love the *waking* of the morning, I love also its rest. Of all visions, those are loveliest which come upon our imaginations in the morning watch. Already fresh and invigorated with rest, the mind *revels* in its fanciful creations. How many golden cities, and glorious landscapes, and worlds of changeful waters, flecked with green and blue, have I seen in my dreams? Oh delicious Sleep! Thou art indeed the world's Spanish cloak, and with thy sister Night, thou wrappest the care-worn bosom in indolent repose. Republican and Democratic Sleep! Thou hast no predilections for parties. Thou descendest as soon upon an old Federalist, as his opponent — upon a Mason or an anti-Mason, as upon the tabby that slumbers by the farmer's fire. Thou hast no balm for favorites, save that thy wing is spread the soonest over the brow of the husbandman, and the heart of the weary. Thou art terrible alone to the over-rich and the over-guilty. To the dyspeptic maid, whose nights are spent in the dissipation of parties, and amidst the hot air of crowded assemblies — to her thou art a burden. To the young, the gay, the country-born, thou art altogether delightful.

THERE is one place where sleep is uncomely — namely, in a church. But, dear reader, there are some somniferous men of God, whose words fall upon you like so many poppies. Their languid sentences come from the 'ancient nose, all spectacle-bedstrid,' with such a drowsy twang, that they are irresistible stupifiers. I listened of late to such an one. *He never finished a sentence.* 'My friends,' he would say, 'I wish to address you upon the importance *of*. It is a subject of great importance — and it is one *which*. When I say that it is a subject of importance, I mean to infer that it is important to the individual *who*. And when that individual declines observing this subject, he has reached that state of moral turpitude, *when*. Hence we view, that he becomes associated with those *that*, on account of the deceitfulness of the world, are corrupted *by*!'

If you do not doze, reader, over that last sentence, I shall be prepared hereafter to repay your lively spirit with better things. This cold winter has congealed all my better thoughts. I shall thaw into soul and sentiment, when the spring-time comes.

OLLAPOD.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OUTLAW. By the author of 'The Buccaneer.' In two vols. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is an historical novel, embracing that interesting period of time which commences with the later years of the reign of James II., and ends with the flight of that misguided monarch from England, and the accession of William and Mary. The main interest of the work centres in the 'Outlaw,' a strong partizan of the Prince of Orange, who, in consequence of his attempts to produce disaffection toward the constituted government, is hunted from place to place by the emissaries of James, and whose hair-breadth escapes and continual perils contribute much to the spirit of the narrative. Many characters, well-known in history, are introduced to our notice, and managed with considerable tact and discretion; and the leading prejudices and springs of action which marked that epoch—so dark and disgraceful to English history—are well set forth. The domestic incidents, and indeed those parts of the work which are purely fictitious, do not strike us so favorably, as on a former and more cursory perusal. It is to be regretted, that a more attractive plot could not have been devised by the authoress, wherewith to interweave the striking events which the records of the times have presented to her hand. We commenced a sketch of this portion of the work, but found the details too complicated to afford an intelligible synopsis, for the gratification of the reader. In its place, we present an extract which depicts, in a natural and affecting manner, the emotions of Queen Mary, on entering the palace of her exiled father:

"One sycophant, whom Basil remembered as bringing his own cousin to court to be touched by poor James for the evil, was loud in his laughter at the same prince touching for the same disease at Chaillot; and old Sergeant Maynard went about telling everybody how the king (William) had told him that he must have outlived all the lawyers of his time, and how he had replied that, but for the timely arrival of his highness, he would have outlived the laws themselves. While this and other chatter employed and amused the courtiers, Mary of England was wandering from room to room, from chamber to chamber of the palace, which she had hardly learned to think her own. Many of the apartments recalled to her the scenes of her childhood; there was the closet where she had often played with Anne of Denmark, before politics or state intrigues had sown in their young minds the dissensions which even at that early period of her reign were ripening into the full bitterness of sisterly animosity.

"Here, her mother had talked to, and fondled her; and on yonder lawn, that William's gardeners were cutting up into square patches, she had played, many and many a time, with her merry uncle Charles and his little dogs: the full tide of affectionate remembrances swelled in her large blue eyes. She was indeed a queen!—had given a crown and sceptre to her husband; she sat on the Stuart's throne—she held the destinies of three kingdoms within her grasp; the crown of England pressed upon her brow before the time that nature had appointed it so to do—and she was not happy. She trod not with the free foot of a legal queen, but stealthily, in her *father's* palace, for so she could not avoid thinking that it was! As this thought came upon her, she shuddered; and knowing she was alone, she sank upon a sofa, and her eyes wandered to the portraits that hung upon the walls: there, the dark and melancholy Charles the First seemed to reproach her for sanctioning a revolution, without calling to mind that a revolution had cost him his head. There, too, shrouded almost by his black and clustering curls, his large hazel eyes looking kindly but sadly on her, was her uncle Charles. A little farther, another portrait—her father's. She remembered the very day that portrait had been hung. She remembered how her father raised her in his arms,

that she might kiss it. She remembered nothing more : but bursting into an uncontrollable flood of tears, she sank upon her knees before it, and only uttered a sentence, a single sentence, between the sobbings of her bursting heart — 'Father, father ! forgive your child !' She covered her face with her hands ; and though not one who revelled in the turbulent feelings of nature, they now completely overpowered her. She had been taught to control her emotions by him who was more her counsellor and her guide than her husband ; and as his voice called 'Mary !' and repeated the sweet name with an effort of tenderness which it assumed but seldom, she felt ashamed of having indulged in perhaps the most creditable emotion she had felt since her childhood's days. When, roused by his voice, she raised her eyes, she saw that William had with his own hands removed the picture."

Notwithstanding there are scenes and passages of much power and beauty scattered at intervals through these volumes, we incline to the opinion that the writer's fame must principally rest, for the present at least, upon her fine pictures of the peasantry of Ireland, in which she has seized and embodied the manners of the people with a skilful hand.

TRAITS OF THE TEA PARTY : BEING A MEMOIR OF GEORGE R. T. HEWES, one of the last of its Survivors : with a History of that Transaction, etc. By A BOSTONIAN. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE events connected with the history of our infant struggles for freedom must ever possess intrinsic attraction in the eyes of every American. In so far, therefore, as the work before us touches upon the particular topics from whence its title is derived, it will be found to repay perusal. But we feel constrained to say, that a large portion of the book would seem to have been written for the purpose of making, to use the Yankee phrase, a *sizeable* volume. Trivial incidents in the early history of Hewes are introduced per force, and amplified beyond measure. The inference is irresistible — if one may be permitted to judge from the style, which abounds in artificial vivacity, and ill-concealed affectation of ease — that in his opening labors the writer felt the difficulty and restraint attendant upon an attempt to make a long story out of small *materiel*. But when in the progress of his diluted narrations he arrives at the tarring and feathering of John Malcom, he begins to be clothed upon with the spirit of his subject ; he drops the ambitious but feeble manner that has hitherto characterized his efforts, and takes the willing reader along with him. We subjoin an account of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, copied by the author from the *Massachusetts Gazette*, of 30th November, 1773. It follows a description of the last town meeting held in Boston in relation to the anathematized weed :

"Just before the dissolution of the meeting, a number of brave and resolute men, dressed in the Indian manner, approached near the door of the assembly, and gave the war-whoop, which rang through the house, and was answered by some in the galleries ; but silence was commanded, and a peaceable deportment again enjoined till the dissolution. The Indians, as they were then called, repaired to the wharf where the ships lay that had the tea on board, and were followed by hundreds of people, to see the event of the transactions of those who made so grotesque an appearance. They, the Indians, immediately repaired on board Captain Hall's ship, where they hoisted out the chests of tea, and when on deck, stove the chests and hove the tea overboard. Having cleared this ship, they proceeded to Captain Bruce's, and then to Captain Coffin's brig. They applied themselves so dexterously to the destruction of this commodity, that in the space of three hours they broke up 342 chests, which was the whole number in those vessels, and discharged their contents into the dock. When the tide rose, it floated the broken chests and the tea, insomuch that the surface of the water was filled therewith a considerable way from the south part of the town to Dorchester Neck, and lodged on the shores. There was the greatest care taken to prevent the tea from being purloined

by the populace. One or two being detected in endeavoring to pocket a small quantity, were stripped of their acquisitions and very roughly handled. * * * The town was very quiet during the whole evening and the night following. *Those who were from the country went home, and the next day joy appeared in almost every countenance—some on occasion of the destruction of the tea, others on account of the quietness with which it was effected. One of the Monday's papers says, that the masters and owners are well pleased that the ships are thus cleared.*"

To this account our author appends the following :

"Mr. Hewes had been actively interested in the progress of this affair, and is able, for the most part, to certify to the correctness of the popular account of it, which we have now given, while his own experience necessarily adds some interesting details. * * * Mr. Hewes remembers—or thinks he does—that among the speakers at the town meeting, was John Hancock; and that he advanced the opinion pretty significantly, not only that the Governor had absolutely made up his mind to land the tea, but that, as things now were, '*the matter must be settled before twelve o'clock that night*;' and he adds, that one of the last things he heard said, in the final excitement, was Hancock's cry, '*Let every man do what is right in his own eyes!*' Some person or persons in the galleries, at this time cried out with a loud voice, '*Boston Harbor a tea-pot this night!*'—'*Hurra for Griffin's Wharf!*'—and so on.

"We find no reason to believe that the number of persons who assumed the Indian disguise, on this occasion, was very considerable; probably not more than fifteen or twenty. A good many joined in the act of breaking up the boxes, however, who disguised themselves in the best manner they could—as well as some who were not disguised at all; chiefly extempore volunteers, who could not resist the temptation of the moment, though unprepared to act to the best advantage. Hewes, directly on leaving the old South, and while a crowd were rushing down Milk-street, after the Indians, shouting '*Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!*' and '*Boston Harbor a tea-pot this night!*' etc.,—not meaning to be disappointed of his share, made his way with all possible despatch, to a blacksmith's shop on Boylston's Wharf, where he hastily begrimed his face with a preparation suitable for the purpose; thence to the house of an acquaintance near Griffin's, where he got a blanket which he wrapped round his person; and such, probably, was about the amount of the *Indian dress* assumed by others on this occasion, with the exception, perhaps, of the few individuals referred to above, who, from peculiar circumstances, thought it necessary to take more extraordinary means of disguise.

"There was not a crowd, Mr. Hewes says, on the wharf when he reached there, and that was just in season; there were '*considerable many*.' The moon shone bright, and they saw their position clearly, and went to work, from 100 to 150, he thinks, being more or less actively engaged. Instead of finishing the ship first, he states that the whole company was divided into three divisions, intended to be about equal. A commander and a boatswain were chosen for each."

We can commend this industriously-compiled little volume to the reader, notwithstanding the objections we have indicated, as one well calculated, from the nature of its subject, to afford national entertainment. We should add, that the volume is embellished with a very good engraving of HEWES, from the graver of GIMBER.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA: During the years 1833, 1834, and 1835. By TYRONE POWER, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WHAT a 'jewel of a man' is the author of these volumes! He is the best actor we have ever seen—the very soul of nature and incarnation of genuine humor, upon the stage: and in the work before us he has proved his claim not only to literary distinction, but to the character of a high-minded gentleman, of enlarged views and generous sentiments. We have only found leisure, at the eleventh hour at which these volumes appear, to glance through them; but our perusal has been sufficiently critical to enable us to perceive how adventurously the author has departed from the custom of precedent foreign travelers in this country. He describes what he has seen. Hence there are no apocryphal statements relative to our condition, manners,

and customs, such as we often see in the productions of *flying* tourists — works that lead the reader oftentimes to think that, like the stationary Neapolitan cosmopolite who wrote a 'Voyage round the World' without having once been out of his native village, the writers had never left their own country, nor perhaps their chambers, for their materials. We have been accustomed to peruse books upon America, in which uniformity of censure and swollen digressions upon trivial infelicities were prominent characteristics. Mr. Power, however, is not one of that class of authors who have heretofore thought no shame to come hither — a race of men with the heads of dogs, like the fabled Cynamolci — to travel among us, obtrude their presence where it was not wanted, and bark their adverse sentiments on all subjects and occasions.

The tone of the 'Impressions' is delightful. The descriptions of the writer are true to nature, and often as irresistibly humorous as they are invariably just. He paints with large strokes; and as he keeps due on, unfettered by too elaborate self-criticism, ease and facility are the characteristics of his pencil. There are no mere 'words, words' in Mr. Power's style: on the contrary, he now and then seems actually obliged to cut his way through the crowd of thoughts that press upon his mind.

Aside from the description of the voyage, which is admirably given, and many natural, incidental digressions, our author presents us with graphic pictures of most of the American cities and towns, together with the principal objects of interest around each, as well as of the intervening country and scenes passed over or remarked in his journeyings. Boston, New-York, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, Augusta, Mobile, Natchez, New-Orleans, and their vicinities, with other eastern, southern, and western towns come under review, and the appearance, manners, etc., of the inhabitants are faithfully canvassed.

We make a few selections from the work, without attempting any thing like order or *succession* in their arrangement. The following are the reflections of the writer upon first coming in sight of the American coast:

"When it is first remembered, that on all the long line of coast extending from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico there was not, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, one European family settled, or a Christian voice that woke the forest with the name of God, — not a civilized man from Canada to Florida, who placed his foot upon the soil to call it home. Yet now within this immense range may be reckoned the mightiest States of the Union; and over its wide circumference are scattered great cities, towns aspiring to be cities, and villages fast growing into busy towns — possessing a population which for wealth hardly need yield to the oldest countries of Europe, and in the general diffusion of intelligence and education offering, indeed, to most of these an example worthy of their imitation.

"When it is called to mind that the waters of her vast line of coast, now daily ploughed by thousands of busy prows, were at this same not very distant day as desert as her swamps and as unfurrowed, except where the canoe of the scared Indian left its light track behind, when driven from the shelter of some near river, — silent and shadowless, except when the sail of the adventurous explorer flitted slowly over the waves, as he steered his doubtful course filled with the many wonders seen and fancied by his watchful credulous crew, — some band of daring spirits tempted hither in search of gold, or wild adventure, perhaps to perish suddenly by the arrow of the savage, or slowly to wither beneath the influence of the climate — what wonderful changes have been wrought here, and what a living marvel is this land! Changes, which it has required the labor of ages to accomplish elsewhere, have here been effected by the energy of a few busy generations, whose toil was begun and carried on amid want, and sickness, and a struggle against ignorance and neglect without, as well as a war of extermination within; a war which may be said to exist even to this day, for yet is the ever-growing frontier from time to time awakened by the night whoop of the savage and the answering shot of the hardy pioneer.

"Then come the recollections connected with the war of the Revolution, — the noble Declaration of Independence, for truly noble it was; no dark compact of a crew of ruffian conspirators, but a generous bond that their aggrieved country should be freed, given by a band of citizen gentlemen, husbands, fathers, and brothers, to the fulfilment of the which they pledged unto each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor; and having placed their hands to this bold deed, they gave it to their people and the world."

Our author writes thus of Nahant, where he sojourned for two or three weeks :

"I selected a chamber having an eastern aspect, with a window that commanded the north-east coast of the vast bay of Massachusetts; whilst just within reach lay the snugly-sheltered cove and rocky islet about which, according to the most authentic reports, the 'great sea serpent' delights to disport him when in a merry mood. 'Who knows,' said I to myself, when all the advantages of my location became known to me, — 'who knows but that on some morning, bright and early, I may behold the monster combing his venerable beard amongst the rocks below, or see him lift his head to the level of my window — the height not being over a hundred feet — in civil search of a bit of old brown Windsor to shave withal?'"

"This rocky peninsula is truly a very wild and unworld-like little territory, jutting boldly out as it does into the mighty bay of Massachusetts, and commanding a view of its whole extent, from Cape Cod to Cape Anne, together with the many islands, towns, and villages scattered along the coast; whilst in front spreads out the Atlantic Ocean."

"To sit within the upper gallery of this house upon the cliff, and watch the rising moon fling her golden bridge from the far horizon's edge, until it seems to rest upon the beach below, is a sight which would be worth something in a poet's or a painter's eyes."

"I never, either in the East or in the Mediterranean, beheld any thing exceed in color the glory of these evening skies, or their depth by night. Round about, near to the edge of the cliffs, are scattered a number of dwellings, built in the style of the southern cottage, having low projecting eaves, covering a broad gallery, which usually encircles the building; these are objects upon which the eye is pleased to rest when the moon deepens their shadows on the barren rock."

Being at Charleston, where the last eclipse of the sun, it will be remembered, was total, Mr. Power thus describes the phenomenon :

"As the great luminary became slowly covered, the shadows kept deepening, until, at last, day was exchanged for the sober effect of moonlight; thin filmy clouds then became observable, slowly sailing beneath the diminished orb; one by one the stars came twinkling forth; the household poultry gathered uneasily together in the yard, and retired to their roosting places; the hurrying tread of frequent passers gradually ceased; the buzz of the thousands of eager watchers died away; the voice of man was silent, or heard but in whispers, and the profoundest silence reigned throughout the city; till, at the moment when the interposition was complete, the bells of the different churches tolled out, adding a thrilling solemnity to the scene."

"At this point of the eclipse the effect was grand beyond description: a well-defined narrow circle, of the most brilliant crimson color, surrounded for a few moments the darkened orb, which then seemed to diverge into a glorious halo composed of equal rays: but only for a minute was this clearly definable; the rays quickly faded from the side of the luminary once more given to view; and again a soft daylight, like the gradual spreading of a fine dawn, chased away the night shadows that had thus prematurely usurped day's fair dominion."

"From every quarter was now heard the cheerful crowing of the 'early cock;' the fowls came briskly forth, pluming themselves in the recovered sunshine; the tramp of numerous passers-by was again echoing from the street; and again the cheerful buzz of human voices filled the air."

From the narrative of a journey through the Creek nation, we subjoin one or two striking extracts. Take the following graphic sketch, with the accompaniments of darkness, storm, and wind roaring in the solemn pines. A Creek Indian is guiding a Southern stage-coach over a dangerous Southern marsh :

"When about half way across, the rain extinguished our torches, which were rather too slight for the service, when, as we had perceived in our course that many of the planks were unshipped or full of holes, we thought it best to halt for the coming up of our baggage."

"I can never forget the effect produced by the blaze of the huge bundle of light wood borne aloft by our Creek guide: I entirely lost sight of the discomfort of our condition in the pleasure I derived from the whole scene."

"Let the reader imagine a figure dressed in a deep-yellow shirt reaching barely to the knees, the legs naked; a belt of scarlet wampum about the loins, and a crimson and dark-blue shawl twisted turban-fashion round the head; with locks of black coarse hair streaming from under this, and falling loose over the neck or face: fancy one half of such a figure lighted up by a strong blaze, marking the nimble tread, the swart, cold features, sparkling eye, and outstretched muscular arms of the red-man, — the other half, meantime, being in the blackest possible shadow; whilst following close behind, just perceptible through wreaths of thick smoke, moved the heads of the leading horses;

and, over all, flashed at frequent intervals red vivid lightning; one moment breaking forth in a wide sheet, as though an overcharged cloud had burst at once asunder; the next, descending in zigzag lines, or darting through amongst the tall pines and cypress trees; whilst the quick patter of the horses' hoofs were for a time heard loudly rattling over the loose hollow planks, and then again drowned wholly by the crash of near thunder."

The annexed paragraphs are taken from the description of a passage down the Alabama to Mobile:

"Down this noble stream we journeyed for four days and nights; in clear weather making tolerably good way, but often compelled by thick fogs and drift timber to lay our ship alongside the forest, and make fast to some large tree. Occasionally the stream would cant our head suddenly, and, before the helm could be shifted, rush we went right stem on into the nearest grove of willows, with such a crashing and rattling as made one wonder at first what the deuce was the row. In one instance, whilst at dinner, a huge branch burst open a side door, and nearly impaled a French conjurer of celebrity on his way to New-Orleans. We were nearly a hundred souls on board, and each day our limits grew more and more circumscribed; for the side galleries were filled in with bales of cotton, the windows blocked up, at last the very door-ways, all but one; lights were burned in the cabin day and night: the Carolina became, in fact, a floating mass of cotton.

"A night scene, whilst lying beneath some of the noble bluffs towering above the river, was often worthy the delay we paid for it. One or two of these heights were two hundred feet perpendicular, or nearly so: from the summit there is laid down, in a slanting direction, a slide or trough of timber, wide enough to admit of the passage of a cotton bale; and at the bottom of the bluff this slide rests upon a platform of loose planks, alongside of which the boat is moored; the cotton-bag is guided into the slide at top, and thence, being launched, is left to find its own way to the bottom; if it keeps the slide until it strikes the platform, communicating with the vessel by a plane inclined according to circumstances, it is carried on board by its own impetus and the spring of the planks; but it often chances that through meeting a slight inequality on the slide, or from some unknown cause, the bale bounces off in its passage, either sticking amongst the trees by the way, or rolling headlong into the river. At any jutting intermediate stand of the precipice, negroes are stationed to keep up the huge fires which afford light for the operation, as well as to forward such bales as may stick by the run; these black, half-naked devils, suspended in mid-air as it were, laughing, yelling, or giving to each other confused directions, make the forest ring to the water's edge; whilst through this occasional din swells the wild chorus of the men upon the summit, who are regularly engaged rolling the bales from the near barn to the slide. Add to all, the hissing sound of the spare steam, the blaze of the great fires, and the crackling of the trees which feed them, with the many strange figures presented on all sides, — and a wilder group imagination cannot well conceive."

A picture taken from the edge of a lofty bluff, between whose foot and the river 'Natchez-under-the-Hill' reposes:

"On one hand lay the town of Natchez, sunk in repose; the moon at full, was sleeping over it, in as pure a sky as ever poet drank joy and inspiration from; far below, wrapt in shade, lay the scene of my almost dream, the line of houses denoted by a few scattered lights, and in its front was the mighty Mississippi, rolling on in its majesty through a dominion created by itself, through regions of wilderness born of its waters and still subject to its laws; I could distinctly hear the continuous rush of the strong current; it was the only sound that moved the air. I hearkened intently to this rushing; it had indeed an absolute fascination for the ear; it was not like the hoarse roar of the ocean, now breaking along a line of beach, then again lulled as though gathering breath for a renewed effort; it was a sound monotonous and low, but which filled the ear and awed the very heart. I felt that I was listening to a voice coeval with creation, and that ceased not either by night or day; which the blast of winter could not rouse, or the breath of summer hush; a voice which the buzz and bustle of noon might drive from the ear, but which the uplifting of the foundations of the world alone could silence."

From some 'General impressions of the country, and the American people,' toward the close of the second volume, we take the subjoined paragraphs. The opening thoughts are suggested by an article in an English Review, wherein the idea of a successful American rail-road was ridiculed as absurd and visionary:

"I never in my life perused any article more philosophical in spirit or more conclusive in argument; the scheme was clearly shown not only to be absurd but impracticable,

and the projectors proved either to be presumptuous imitators, or men profligately speculating upon the ignorant credulity of their fellow-citizens.

"I closed the review, in short, admiring the clear judgment and practical far-sightedness of the writer; pitying the Yankees, for whom I cherished a sneaking kindness, and inwardly hoping that this very clever exposition of the folly of their seeking to counteract the manifest designs of Providence, which had so clearly demonstrated their paths, might produce as full conviction on their minds as it had on mine.

"Well, I forgot the article and its subject, and was only reminded of it by finding myself one fine day whisking along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, over a well-constructed railway, one of a cargo of four hundred souls. The impossibility had, in fact, been achieved; and, in addition to the natural roads offered by Sea, Lake, and River, I now found railways twining and locomotives hissing like serpents over the whole continent from Maine to Mississippi. Binding the cold North to the ever-flowing streams of Georgia and Alabama, literally with bonds of iron, and forming, indeed, the natural roads of a country, whose soil and climate would set at naught all the ingenuity of M'Adam, backed by the wealth of Croesus and the flint of Derbyshire to boot.

"Now, had such a result been prognosticated only a very few years back, the man whose foresight had led to such a large view of the subject would have been mouthed at as mad all over the American continent, and written down knave or ass, or both, in every practical journal of Europe.

"Such great changes constantly agitated, and reduced to practice with a promptitude of which even England, with her wealth, industry, and enterprise, has little notion, make discrepancies between the facts and opinions of rapidly-succeeding travelers, for which neither the veracity nor the judgment of the parties can fairly be impugned.

"Action here leaves speculation lagging far behind; the improvement once conceived is in operation by such time as the opposing theorist has satisfactorily demonstrated its impracticability; and the dream of to-day is the reality of to-morrow.

"I feel, in fact, a difficulty in describing without seeming hyperbole, the impressions I daily received, and beheld confirmed by facts, of the extraordinary spirit of movement that appears to impel men and things in this country; this great hive wherein there be no drones; this field in which every man finds place for his plough, and where each hand seems actually employed either 'to hold or drive.'

"For ever wandering about as I was, and visiting, as I frequently did, the same places at intervals again and again, I had occasion to be much struck with a state of things of which I was thus afforded constant evidence; take for instance:

"My first journey in Sept. 1833, between New-York and Philadelphia, was by steam-boat and railway, having cars drawn by horses over thirty-five miles, which thus occupied five and a half hours. In October of the same year I did the same distance by locomotive in two hours. When first I visited Boston, the journey was performed in twenty-four hours, by steamer to Providence, thence to Boston by stage; the same distance now occupies fifteen hours, a railway having been last spring put in operation between Providence and Boston.

"Again, in 1834, the traveler had but one rough route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. You can now go a third of the distance by railroad, and, getting into a canal-boat, are dragged over the Alleghany mountains, through a series of locks not to be surpassed for strength or ingenuity of contrivance.

"In 1833, the journey from Augusta, Georgia, to New-York, was an affair of eleven or twelve days; it is now performed in three. Steam and railroad, are in fact, annihilating time and space in this country. In proof of it, I can safely assert that if a traveler visiting the South-west, say from Savannah to New-Orleans, will be at the trouble of recollecting this book in the year 1837, he will find the account of the difficulties of my journey extremely amusing; since, in all human probability, he will perform that in five days, which took me, with hard labor, perseverance, discomfort, not to say some peril of life or limb, just eighteen.

"It is these revolutions, and such as these, that form the true wonders of this country; that stimulate curiosity, excite interest, and well repay the labor of any voyager imbued with a grain of intelligence or observation, to say nothing of philosophy.

"It is to these results, their causes, and their immediate and probable effects, his mind's eye will be irresistibly drawn, not to spitting-boxes, tobacco, two-pronged forks, or other *bagatelle*, the particulars of each of which, as a solecism in polite manners, can be corrected and canvassed by any waiter from the London Tavern, Ludgate-street, and by every *grisette* from American Square to Brompton Terrace, who may choose to display their acquired gentility 'for the nonce.'

"It is the absence of a spirit of philosophy generally in our writers, and this affection of prating so like waiting-gentlewomen, that stings Americans, and with some show of reason, when they see the great labors of their young country and the efforts of its people passed lightly by, and trifles caught up and commented upon, whose importance they cannot comprehend, and the which they have neither leisure nor example to alter or attend to."

"After much and close observation, I say fearlessly, that in all conventional points, good society in the States is equal to the best provincial circles in England. The absence of a court, together with the calls of business, necessarily preclude the possibility of any class from acquiring that grace of repose, that perfection of ease, which cultivation, example, and a conscious knowledge of the world gives to the *beau-monde* of Europe. On the other hand, in the absence of this, you are seldom pestered with the second-hand ladies-maid airs of your pretenders to exclusive gentility, so common amongst Europeans.

"The great mass of Americans are natural, therefore rarely vulgar; and if a freshness of spirits and an entire freedom from suspicion, together with the many guards which ill-bred jealousy draws around the objects of its care, may be viewed, as indeed it ought to be, as a proof of high feeling and true culture, then are the men of America arrived at a point of civilization at once creditable to themselves and honorable to their women, as nothing can be more perfectly unrestrained than the freedom enjoyed in all good families here. Strangers once introduced find every house at all times open to them, and the most frequent visits neither create surprise nor give rise to suspicion.

"Hospitality is inculcated and practised, and the people entertain with a liberality bordering on profuseness: the merit of this is enhanced by the great trouble the absence of good domestics entails on the mistress of even the best establishments. Ladies are here invariably their own house-keepers, yet no where is the stranger more warmly welcomed, and in no country is more cheerful readiness evinced in preparing for his entertainment."

The 'Impressions' are dedicated to *The Public* — the writer choosing rather to trust to the merits of his work for its transatlantic success than to the *éclat* likely to be gained by the high-sounding name of some titled *patron*. There are some errors of taste — to give them the least censurable name — which we could wish had been corrected in the final revision. Such personal expletives as 'I swear!' 'I vow!' 'D—me!' etc., will, to say the least, make the judicious grieve. Their occurrence, it is true, is very rare; but we trust that the author in subsequent editions will perceive the blemish we have indicated, and 'reform it altogether.'

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
Vol. I. By FRANCIS L. HAWKS, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, New-York.

THIS large and well-executed volume forms the first of a series of works intended to embrace so much of the ecclesiastical history of America as has relation to the Protestant Episcopal Church. The book before us is devoted to an account of the establishment and progress of this church in Virginia, which, intimately connected as it is with the history of the colony from its earliest settlement, furnishes much that is interesting and instructive, not only to the antiquary but the general reader. Appended to the volume, is a record of the proceedings of the different conventions of the church in Virginia, from the year 1785 to 1835, inclusive. In his preface, the author remarks, that his labors in preparing the present work have shown him that the materials are more ample than they are generally supposed to be, for the history of all the leading religious denominations in the United States; and he suggests to his fellow Christians of other denominations, the propriety of preserving their several histories, without which the book of our national story must always be incomplete. The author modestly and happily observes in conclusion: 'If the effort now respectfully submitted to the public, and especially to the Episcopal community, should serve in the humble office of a guide, to direct the researches of some future historian; if it should contribute to strengthen the attachment of but one man who already loves the church, or to soften the hostility of one who does not, the author will feel that he has not labored in vain: for his book is the offering of filial affection to that church, in the communion of which he has, through life, found his best comfort, and in the bosom of which he trusts to enjoy, in death, a Christian's consolation.'

THE PASSIONS: A Poem pronounced at the Odéon, December 28, 1835, on occasion of the anniversary of the birth of SPURZHEIM. By GRENVILLE MELLÉN. Boston: MARSH, CAPEN AND LYON.

PHRENOLOGY has much less to do with this poem than might be inferred from its title. It is a vivid picture of human passions, drawn with skill, well-colored, and displaying no small knowledge of the human heart: moreover, there is now and then a delicacy of taste and a refinement of imagination, both novel and refreshing. We annex an extract from that part of the poem which touches distinctively upon SPURZHEIM. The writer has here passed, with good judgment and fine effect, from the Spenserian stanza (in which the main poem is written,) to a less regular but more bold and stirring measure:

‘ And now from hearth and home,
Forth on the weltering sea,
With tireless step behold him roam,
The Patriot Pilgrim of a new Philosophy!
With enchanting voice he came
Here, where the forest mount and shore,
Once to the dashing surf hung o’er,
Ere Freedom had a name!
But now where sounding cities pour
The music of their ocean roar,
On their loud way to Fame!
He pour’d as from the sky
New radiance round the immortal image here,
Until a new divinity
Did on its brow appear;
And a new lustre flash’d along its eye!
To him, in Man, was given
To see the royalty and front of Heaven —
He saw that Death was but a nobler Birth —
The better destiny of Earth!
The change that goes
Over that front — cold — deep — and still —
The signet of the Eternal Will,
Borne on that last repose!

‘ Clos’d was the Pilgrim’s task — and full his years —
And round, in cloudy gaze,
Gather’d that world in tears,
As erst men gather’d round the bold and high —
Great captains of the soul’s first Liberty,
When they pass’d to the sky!
And now on that tomb-pillar’d Mount,
Amidst its flower-encompass’d dead
How beautiful he sleeps — with garlands o’er his head,
Beside the murmuring of the hidden fount!
How beautiful his sleep! —
How lone! — how deep!
Mid that unceasing harmony of great trees —
While on the ocean breeze
The far faint voices of the city steal,
And sullen requiem bell, with broken peal!
How beautiful his sleep!
With Mem’ry thus to keep
Her quiet watch, like sentinel, around
The consecrated mount of bloom — the hallow’d ground!”

There are occasional evidences of a lack of heedful revision, especially in some of the closing lines of the Spenserian verse. Byron somewhere speaks of the necessity as well as difficulty of ending this species of stanza gracefully; and in two or three instances Mr. Mellen appears either to have lost sight of this necessity, or to have been unable to combat successfully with the difficulty. We give a single example:

‘ But the sad story ’s told — the hapless wire
Would not add sorrow to the heart ’t was doom’d to tire.’

The last line is prose, and poor prose, too. The faults, however, of the poem are few, in comparison with its numerous excellencies, both of thought and versification. It is faultless in typographical execution; and we commend it to the hearts and tastes of our readers.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE DRAMA. — Tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, have by turns held their sway at the Park Theatre during the past month.

Miss MITFORD's beautiful composition, the tragedy of '*RIENZI*,' was revived under the direction of Mr. WALLACK, and produced for his benefit, before a large audience. His personation of the noble tribune was, to say the least of it, equal to any of his former efforts in those melo-dramatic characters which he has already made his own; and far, very far superior to any of his previous performances in tragedy. The temperament of *Rienzi*, however, as drawn by Miss Mitford, partakes as much perhaps of the bold, enthusiastic character of a melo-dramatic hero, as it does of the higher and more refined attributes of a classically-tragic personage: and is therefore much better suited to the style of Mr. Wallack than a composition more strictly tragic. Mr. Wallack, among his other good qualities as a melo-dramatic actor, possesses a fine idea of the picturesque, which makes his situations always remarkable for effect. This peculiarity is particularly prominent in his personation of the Roman enthusiast, and exhibited as it always is without an appearance of effort, was no doubt a great cause of the marked approbation with which this performance was received. Mrs. GURNEER played *Claudia* in a manner which delighted while it surprised her audience. She gave an effect to the exquisite tenderness of the part, which could hardly be expected from one who has heretofore made no pretensions to superiority in the serious drama. Her last scene with *Rienzi*, urging him to rescue her husband from the hands of the executioners, was a beautiful picture of urgent affection, united with the exquisite suffering of a young and devoted wife. Mr. Wallack richly deserves the thanks of the public for his revival of this beautiful tragedy; and from the great applause with which it was received, he will, no doubt, on his return, be induced to favor us with its repeated representation. There is nothing perfect, however, in theatrical performances; and there was one especial draw-back to the just effect of the tragedy of *Rienzi*. One of the supernumeraries, a Mr. RUSSELL, a beardless youth, was, from some unaccountable obliquity of management, made to undertake the part of the old and infirm *Camillo*. His exits and his entrances were saluted by peals of laughter, and the most serious scenes of the drama (being those in which his presence is required) were thereby turned from their true purpose, into one directly opposite; and the truth of the adage that 'there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous' was never more practically demonstrated. There is no excuse for such indignities: they are insults to the play, the actors, and the audience, and alike destructive of the interests of each.

'*Rural Felicity*' is one of Jerrold's best, if not indeed the best of his humorous productions. The *morale* of the play consists in the disappointment of two young lovers, who, having been slighted by their coquetish mistresses in the city, make an excursion to the country in the Quixotic hope of finding, amid the rural scenes of nature, that simple, unsophisticated excellence which was denied them in London. Mrs. Culpepper, a busy, meddling, jealous, gossiping, old maid — a sort of feminine Paul Pry — is the first specimen of native purity which our two errant philosophers encounter. Mrs. Culpepper is just such another as an observer will meet with in almost every country village, on this side of the water at least; and as human nature is the same in all countries, she is no doubt an honest specimen of the same genus all over the world. She is a

curious, industrious body, who having no particular business of her own, most obligingly devotes her attention to the business of other people. After Mrs. Culpepper, they are by their letters introduced into a family consisting of *Mrs. Wiley*, and her daughter *Jemima, des gens qui marquent être quelques chose*, and an immensely important personage, who rejoices in the appellative of *Charles, alias Simon Sly, a ci-devant stable-boy* transformed into a '*walley de sham*,' and personated as one might suppose he would be, by Mr. PLACIDE. Mrs. Wiley infers from the letters presented to her that her two visitors are bachelors of large fortunes, and she is immediately impressed with the philanthropic notion of doing them the greatest possible service in her power, by making one of them a matrimonial present of her all-accomplished daughter *Jemima*, and the other a free gift of her amiable self. She therefore welcomes, with all the suavity and condescending gentility of a fashionable matron who has daughters to marry, the wandering swains, and introduces to their particular notice the talented, the refined, the irresistible *Jemima*. Previous to this introduction, Mrs. Wiley, with a maternal eye to the effect of her daughter's charms, gives to Miss *Jemima* sundry important directions in regard to her toilette, which the fashionable taste of the accomplished daughter improving upon, she is presented to the lovers a perfect picture of an affected hoyden, laboring under an immense idea of her *bon ton* and fashionable grace. Mrs. Gurner's appearance in this character, and her whole performance, are irresistibly ludicrous, from their palpable truth. She is the very beau ideal of awkward pretence — the idiot child of a foolish mother. The gentlemen, seeing through the game, very cleverly manage to play the trumps out of the hands of the cunning Mrs. Wiley, by gently insinuating a remark upon the resemblance which the eyes of *Jemima* bear to the same beautiful features in the countenance of one or the other of their own *cara épousas*. This of course creates an instantaneous change in the great and generous interest of the two ladies, and the warm hospitality which a moment before insisted upon the strangers making Mrs. Wiley's house their home, and the best rooms in the dwelling their own private apartments, is as conveniently shuffled off to a tone of indifference, which ends in the philosophers being respectively invited to be 'bowed out' by the obsequious '*walley*.' The other scenes in the piece are extremely humorous and characteristic, and the female characters throughout, especially those personated by Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Vernon, and Mrs. Gurner, are admirable copies of *bona fide* originals. Placide was himself a host; and the awkward, quiet importance which he threw into the part — his immovable countenance, too dignified for a smile, and his second-hand dress coat, loose enough to enclose an alderman — were altogether as full of droll comedy as ever appeared in any of his most favorite laughter-moving exhibitions. Mrs. Wheatley has the very character in which her talents show to the greatest advantage — and she does it ample justice. Mrs. VERNON'S Mrs. Wiley cannot be too highly praised. We have in remembrance at this moment some half dozen amiable mothers, one and all of whom could 'see themselves reflected there.' Mrs. Gurner played with that truth and spirit which every day more and more convinces her friends of her rapid improvement. In such characters, she will soon become universally admired.

Mrs. and Miss WATSON have appeared in opera, through a short engagement, during the month. Both of these ladies have many admirers, created by the very agreeable manner in which they have exhibited their musical talents heretofore, at concerts and elsewhere. Mrs. Watson made her first appearance in this country as '*Cinderella*,' the music of which she executed with admirable effect, considering the disadvantages always attendant upon a *début*. Miss Watson appeared in the same opera as the *Prince*, and sang the music, as transposed for her, with as much truth and power as could be expected. We must confess, however, to a particular prejudice against the assumption by a lady of a male character in opera, most especially by one of the fine, delicate proportions of '*little Miss Watson*.' It transforms the exhibition into a sort of burlesque, to say nothing of the difficulty of giving a just effect to the music by transposition,

and certainly can have no higher claim than novelty to recommend it. There are many characters in opera in which Miss Watson's voice and figure are especially available, but the Prince in Cinderella is not one of them. The after performances of Mrs. and Miss Watson were well received, and attracted larger and better audiences than have latterly assembled at the Park. c.

'AMERICAN THEATRE,' BOWERY. — The same entertainments mentioned in the February number of this Magazine have prevailed, for the most part, at this establishment during the past month. Mr. HAMBLIN — a gentleman proverbial for his timely liberality, on all available occasions — having realized large receipts from the new play of *Norman Leslie*, generously awarded a benefit to the amiable and gifted author of the novel of that name, THEODORE S. FAY, Esq. The house, we are gratified to say, was filled from pit to gallery, and the 'benefit' was such, in reality — the result being a cheque from Mr. Hamblin in favor of Mr. Fay for one thousand and forty-four dollars.

THE FRANKLIN THEATRE continues to enjoy the favor of the play-going public, in no limited degree. The plays produced at this house have been, to say the least, *effective* — since they have served to fill the *petite* establishment with admiring audiences. Its stock company, it is generally conceded, is unexceptionable; and it has its fair share of 'stars' — those twinkling luminaries, without whose evanescent light, (however erroneous the supposition,) most theatres are considered as being involved in little better than total darkness.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq. — The arrest and imprisonment of this gentleman by the Georgia Guard has been regarded by the public, in every quarter, as an act equally lawless and brutal; and the universal indignation which the event awakened, speedily caused the disbanding of a corps, the officers of which are forever wedded to ridicule and contempt by the *exposé* of their sometime prisoner. From this document, which is now for the first time before us, we make the annexed touching extract. The writer is describing the journey into Georgia, after his capture in Tennessee:

'The earlier part of the night was bright and beautiful. But presently a wild storm arose. The rain poured in torrents. The movements of our escort were exceedingly capricious; sometimes whooping and galloping, and singing obscene songs; and sometimes, for a season, walking, and in sullen silence. During one of the pauses in the blended tumult of the tempest and of the travelers, I chanced for a while to find myself by the side of the smooth and silky Mr. Absalom Bishop. My mind was absorbed in recollections of the many moments, when abroad, I had dwelt upon my innocent and noble country. I remembered that in one of those moments I had composed a song which has since met my ear in every clime, and in every part of every clime where I have roved. At that instant I was startled by the very air on which I was musing. It came from the lips of my companion. I could scarcely believe my senses: it almost seemed as if he had read my secret thoughts. 'What song was that I heard you humming?' 'That? 'Sweet Home' they call it, I believe. Why do you ask?' 'Merely because it is a song of my own writing, and the circumstances under which I now hear it, struck me as rather singular.' My partner simply grumbled that he was not aware I had written the song; but added, knowingly, that it was in the Western Songster, and the verses there generally had the authors' names annexed. We halted at Young's tavern. happened, curiously enough, that the Western Songster was the first object which caught my view upon the table, standing open at 'Sweet Home,' and fortunately for my character, with 'the author's name annexed.' I pointed it out to Mr. Ross, and we both smiled.'

It is due to Georgia to add, that no where was the base act of a few cowardly ignoramuses, dressed in a little brief authority, received with more marked evidences of

disapprobation, than in that state. The action of her legislature was prompt and effectual.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A friend kindly corrects an error contained in a remark of Mr. FLINT's, copied into our number for January from that gentleman's paper on American Literature in a London periodical. Contrary to the supposition of the writer, a large number of copies of Rev. Dr. BRASLEY's 'Search of Truth in the Science of the Human Mind' was sold in this country, and the work was favorably noticed at much length in an able Western Review. It was also well received abroad. An eminent professor in the University of Göttingen reviewed it, in a celebrated German periodical, awarding to it the highest praise. It is true, however, that our Reviews on the sea-board took no notice of the work. So far, therefore, as their silence may be taken for public decision, in relation to the merits of the volume, it may be said, in the language of Mr. Flint, to have 'fallen dead from the press.' Possibly, however, these Reviews had good reason for their neglect. They might not have known what to think or say concerning a work which successfully disputed the claims of Scottish metaphysicians—claims which they had acknowledged and elevated to the skies. Truth, however, is mighty, and must prevail; and the author of the work in question may, we think, await without fear the award of time, and the result of a growing interest in the subject among our countrymen.

ANOTHER correspondent craves to be heard in relation to Dr. BRASLEY's paper in the last number of this Magazine, in refutation of M. HUME's argument against miracles. Without adopting the views there canvassed and impugned, 'JUNIOR, JR.' believes he can show that the *conclusions* arrived at by the writer of the article are unsound. He says: 'Dr. BRASLEY, after stating Hume's argument, asks: 'Because men sometimes tell falsehood, does it follow that there is no testimony which amounts to certainty?' I answer, that there are *no* testimonies which can be believed as certain, where 'there is an *invariable* experience amounting to *certainly* against them.' This appears so obvious, that in all cases where the testimony is thus opposed, we conclude at once, except when the mind is previously occupied by prejudice, that the testimony is untrue. Dr. Beasley, in conclusion, asks: 'When, since the creation of the world, was such a testimony as that of the apostles and evangelists found to be false?' I answer, that in the case of the Salem witchcraft, better testimony coming to us with ten times the probability, is not true.'

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—A great change in the public mind in relation to the character and renown of the eminent NEWTON is likely to be effected by a recent notice of the life and works of FLAMSTEED, (his fellow laborer in 'heavenly science,') in the *London Quarterly Review*. It appears, upon undoubted authority, that Newton availed himself, in numerous instances, of Flamsteed's labors, without acknowledgment, and after he became President of the Royal Society, treated the man to whom he was indebted for no small share of his reputation, with contumely, not to say contempt. Flamsteed, it appears, delivered to Newton, under a seal, an astronomical catalogue, (in the preparation of which he had 'endured long and painful distempers by night-watches, and day-labors,' and had expended a large amount of money,) with the strict injunction that it should not be made public, since it lacked revision, and preparation for the press. The subjoined extract explains itself:

'But the measure of poor Flamsteed's persecution was not full. It was followed up with a spirit of rancorous hostility, and we must add, by an act of gross injustice, which

nothing can excuse or palliate. After the last sheet of Flamsteed's corrected and enlarged Catalogue was printed off, in December, 1712, his intention was, that the press should proceed with the Observations from which it had been derived, and which were made with the mural arc: but 'whatever instances,' he says, 'I made to Sir Isaac Newton to have the copy I had trusted to his hands, I could not prevail with him to return it.' At last he wrote to Sir Isaac, in April, 1716, pressing him to return the *night notes*, also the 175 manuscript sheets of Observations made with the mural arc, which were trusted to his hands in March, 1708, with so much of the Catalogue as was delivered to him sealed up, at his own request, — to which, however, Sir Isaac did not condescend to make any reply. As Newton had now kept them *eight years*, though frequently requested to return them, Flamsteed at length determined to proceed against him for their recovery; and in the following month he sent his attorney to wait on Sir Isaac, but he would not be seen. That Flamsteed should have taken this last resource is the less surprising, after the several unsuccessful applications for the restoration of his property, which were wholly unheeded. But the reason for this became apparent so soon as the fact was known that the 175 manuscript sheets of Observations, which were to be kept by Newton, as a sacred deposit, had been handed over to Halley. 'Newton,' says Flamsteed (Letter 216) 'has put my 175 sheets into Halley's keeping: this is the height of trick, ingratitude, and baseness; but I never expected any better from him since he gave my Catalogue into Halley's hands. I can bear it. God forgive all his falseness.' Thus it appears that the sealed Catalogue placed in Sir Isaac Newton's custody, had also been given to Halley, and, with all its imperfections (distinctly stated to Newton as a reason against publishing it,) together with Halley's mutilations, had actually been printed, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Flamsteed, who thus finding that all faith with him had been broken, that his Catalogue had been thus surreptitiously and clandestinely printed, and that his Observations also had been sent to the press in a garbled and improper manner, determined to break off all communication with him.

Strange that the brow of NEWTON, at this late day, should be stripped of false laurels! — but such it should seem, must be the inevitable result.

LITERARY RECORD.

'SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.' — We ought, before this, to have mentioned a monthly magazine, bearing the above title, issued at Charleston, by the editor and proprietor, DANIEL K. WHITAKER, Esq. It presents sectional and superior claims to the patronage of the South, which should not pass unregarded by that intellectual and populous portion of the republic. Among the original articles in the number for February, we remark an excellent one on the 'Italian Poets of the Eighteenth Century' — a review of GIUSEPPE PARINI, from the pen of Mrs. E. F. ELLET — whose recent loss to us of the North has been the great gain of the South, and of whose merits as a writer our readers are not ignorant. The first chapter of the 'Death of Grierison' opens with spirit, and is, or we mistake its promise, the *avant courier* of a stirring tale. The continuation, however, of a story, where the interval is so long as a month, is an objectionable feature with most readers. There are just views and shrewdness in the paper on 'Foreign Travel,' and 'Medical Jurisprudence' worthily fills the prominent place assigned to it. The literary notices seem to be marked by strict considerations of justice, and good judgment. Ostentatious, unmingled severity, born of private ill will, or a mere captious spirit, is very properly eschewed. The editor, from his arm-chair, sends forth a graphic sketch of the lamented COLTON, author of 'Lacon,' with whom he enjoyed for ten years an intimate acquaintance. We annex a brief extract:

'In a conversation we had with Mr. Colton, just before he left this country, he promised that in eighteen months we should see from his pen a work that would eclipse his 'Lacon.' His design was most probably thwarted by circumstances, and the 'fine Roman hand,' displayed in his 'Lacon,' can now furnish us with no more records to enlighten, to gladden, or to grieve the mind! Strange power of genius, which can thus infuse regret into the hearts of thousands who may never have known its possessor! Mr. Colton partook largely of this unsafe gift — all who knew, *admired* him; no one felt *with*, or for him. His manners and appearance were singular; and his conversational powers extraordinary — they seemed equal to all subjects; and we think excelled

those of his pen. His *egotism* was excessive, and partly attributable, no doubt, to the low association he had manifestly been addicted to in England—since nothing tends so much to repress the propensity (inseparable from the consciousness of superior powers, and difficult to restrain) as good society.

We have said that Mr. Colton's appearance was singular: his *eyes* corresponded more with the description given by Madame de Staël, of those of Napoleon, than any we ever remember to have seen. Of gray—extremely penetrating—they were themselves impenetrable.

The aptness and appositeness of his *illustrations* were truly surprising. Nature and art were alike put in easy requisition by the man of genius and the scholar; and, altogether, we thought him the most triumphant man in conversation we had ever met with.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE EYE.—We have been both gratified and instructed in the perusal of this little book. It is a clear and, as far as possible, *untechnical* description of the structure of the eye—its outer case—the layers or coats beneath it—the magnifiers—the means by which the picture of objects at different distances is formed only on the expansion of the optic nerve—the colored circle round the pupil, called the iris—the muscles which give motion to the eye-ball—and, lastly, the apparatus for furnishing and carrying away the tears. The author is Mr. WILLIAM CLAY WALLACE, Oculist to the New-York Institution for the Blind, and for many years Surgeon's Assistant at the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. We annex the opening paragraph, which conveys a plain illustration of the great principle of these 'windows of the soul,' about which so much has been said by novelists and poets, but the structure of which is rarely understood:

'There are few who have not been pleased with the representations of a camera obscura. The light reflected from objects, after passing through a magnifying glass into a small chamber, with darkened walls and roof, and falling upon a sheet of paper at a certain distance from the glass, forms a beautiful picture upon the paper. The representation of the scene before the glass is so true to nature, that artists often avail themselves of this method of making a correct landscape. The eye is just such an instrument, consisting of several magnifiers, placed in a dark chamber for a similar purpose. The light reflected from objects before it, passes through the magnifiers and forms a picture at the back of the eye, where the rays thus collected strike upon the fibres of the optic nerve, and vision is the consequence.'

BRECKENRIDGE'S ADDRESS.—The Address delivered in July, 1835, before the Euclidean and Philomathean Societies of the University of the city of New-York, has but recently been published. We have perused it with pleasure. The plan of the writer, 'to exhibit some of the features which peculiarly characterize our country, and to point out the duty of American youth, resulting from such a view,' is well carried out, and the positions and views of the Address sustained and illustrated in the several divisions of its subject, with much ability. America is shown to be eminently characterized as the depository of liberty; her appropriate influence, especially in view of this sacred deposit, is considered; the evils which threaten us from within, are exposed; the duties of American youth, to themselves and to their country, are set forth; and an elevated and disinterested public spirit inculcated. The tendency of the Address is in all respects salutary, while its manner, void of florid sentences and elaborately-rounded periods, is well suited to the plain exposition of its sound views, and the enforcement of its valuable precepts.

'**YALE MAGAZINE.**'—The first number of a neatly-executed magazine, thus entitled, and conducted by the students of Yale College, lies before us. Taking into consideration the disadvantages of a 'first appearance,' the contents of the work reflect no dishonor upon the institution from whence it emanates. There are two or three superior original papers. Such are 'Revolutions and their Tendencies,' and 'The Sciot Girl.' There is now and then a slight tinge of the sophomore spirit, but this is not strange. The whole is creditable, both in spirit and execution, to the young gentlemen concerned in its production. Three numbers, containing about forty pages, are proposed to be issued, should sufficient encouragement be offered, during each college term.

NEW BOOKS. — The following works were received at a late period of the month. Having merely skirred them, we are enabled for the present to do little more than indicate their character:

'HERBERT WENDALL.' — We are informed, that in this work the author makes his *début* in the literary world. The style is fluent, and the incidents, which are connected with our revolutionary history, possess interest. They strike us, nevertheless, as sometimes overdrawn, and in the details as bearing too strong a resemblance to the old school romances. A more strict adherence to the *vraisemblable* in the delineation of characters in real life would certainly have added to the interest of the work. On the whole, however, 'Herbert Wendall' is an effort creditable to the hitherto untried powers of the author.

The following, from the first volume, contains but too much truth. The hero is assigning his motives for engaging in the service of his country:

'I have motives of pride — that my country should be free, and myself a freeman. I have motives of interest — that the treasure which our fathers bequeathed to us should descend to posterity increased in value, not impaired by the hand of tyranny.'

'And for these privileges you are content to labor and toil — perchance to die?'

'I am.'

'What will be your reward?'

'The success of the cause.'

'Let me answer the question,' said the bandit. 'The prime of your life, the vigor of manhood, will be spent in these exertions — anon will come the feebleness and helplessness of age. Your cause may be successful, your country may be free, and a generation grow up, enjoying the blessings of liberty purchased by your labors. They will be rich and increased in goods. But you — the hand of poverty will bear heavily upon you; sickness and want will prey upon your frame. As a last resort, you will appeal to the generosity of that country to whose interests the best portion of your life was dedicated. You will be treated with neglect — with coldness — perchance with ridicule. As you feebly totter to the bar of your country's justice, and falteringly ask a mere pittance for the few remaining years of your life — a pittance which may save you from starvation — your tale of distress will be told to unmoved countenances and averted eyes. How deep, how unmitigated will be the anguish of that unexpected hour!'

'Your picture is a false one.'

'He who lives half a century, will have abundant experience of its truth.'

LAFAYETTE. — MESSRS. LEAVITT, LORD AND COMPANY have just issued, in two beautiful volumes, 'Recollections of the Private Life of GENERAL LAFAYETTE: by M. JULES CLOQUET, M. D.' We lament the poverty of time and space which compels us to pass so lightly over this valuable donation to the public. The work is written in the form of letters, many of which, addressed to ISAAH TOWNSEND, Esq., of Albany, were by him translated, and published in a popular evening journal of this city — the *Star*. The volumes — which were translated in France, and are now published simultaneously in Paris and New-York — contain, one must need suppose, *every thing* which could interest the admirers of the great and good man whose private life they depict. The work is an admirable one, in every sense — copious and various in topics calculated to gratify every American. There are no less than forty excellent engravings on wood, and several *fac simile* letters of Lafayette and his family, and other distinguished personages.

THE FEMALE STUDENT. — This volume consists of a series of lectures, delivered by Mrs. PHELPS, late Vice-Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, before the pupils of that institution, during the two years' absence of Mrs. WILLARD in Europe. They embrace a wide range, in which it is intended to exhibit the nature and objects of female education, with outlines of the various sciences connected with it. Teachers of experience, as we gather from the author, are of opinion that the lectures will prove a valuable assistant in education, by affording a kind of synopsis for weekly reviewing lessons, in

the various departments of study, as well as a suitable reading-book for young ladies, in the school and in the family.

'PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.' — We are not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the science here treated of, to judge of the merits of the book. It is the work of Mr. SILAS JONES — a gentleman whose reputation as a lecturer upon Phrenology is perhaps as great as that of any illustrator of the science in the United States. The method he has chosen is that of analysis and synthesis. The individual is first viewed as a whole, then in reference to the several physical systems, as it regards proportion; then in relation to the organs of the head; and lastly, by a critical inspection of the organs: then commences the synthesis, and inference of mental and moral manifestations. Published in Boston, by RUSSELL, SHATTUCK AND WILLIAMS.

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PROGRESS OF MODERN LIBERTY.

Among the many greater changes which time hath wrought upon the world, the variations of language, and even the gradual modifications in the meaning of single words, are not without importance. An inquiry into the undoubted connection between the manners and the languages of nations, would be a subject of interesting and fruitful investigation, not only to the philologist, but also to the philosopher. And perhaps it might be discovered, that the precise idea intended by certain terms, would be no mean criterion of the progress of society, and the state of national advancement. The word tyrant, even in its native tongue, subsequently varied from its primary signification, when

'The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend.'

Terms which were invented as the symbols of some of those characteristics of human nature which would seem to be unalterable, do not always convey the same associations with which they were originally invested. *Glory* now means something more truly noble and elevated than it expressed, even in those days when it formed the common impulse of marshalled empires. It includes a wider and a widening range of exertion and attainment, and excludes no class without its scope. It is no longer the monopoly of heroes. Once, like the Cimmerian shadows revealed to the vision of Ulysses, it was too often but a voiceless apparition, until it had tasted of the blood of the victim; now, it might be unrecognised in the thunders of battle and conquest, while its 'still, small voice,' would be heard in the mild accents of benevolence and religion.

Liberty, in these latter days, means something more than was celebrated in the Eleutherian festivals, or exemplified in the political institutions of the States of Greece, and the Commonwealth of Rome. Among the ancients, it was either an impulse or an abstraction. It ranked, in their mythology, with those minor influences not deemed altogether worthy of claiming worship, under the personification of visible divinities, but which were deferentially recognised by the establishment of solemn celebrations, and the erection of temples under the tutelary care of some particular deity. The love of liberty, as a national impulse, was strongly characteristic of many of the states of antiquity, and was generally nothing more than a modification of natural liberty, varied according to the genius and condition of each particular people. The Athenians were eminently distinguished for its cultivation as a popular passion. It served as a tie to bind them to

community of action, in times of emergency; it was the theme of splendid declamation, and beautiful philosophy; it soared in their poetry with the ample pinions of the 'Theban Eagle'; it lived in the heart of a Plato, and dwelt upon the lip of an Aspasia; it sat beneath the academic groves, and rambled within the delightful precincts of the garden; but it was only an enthusiasm. It entered not into their governmental institutions. Like their own beautiful emblem of immortality, it hovered around the dead mass it could not animate. It was not a principle, and had no rule over the conduct of that 'fierce democracy.' Look to Athens at the summit of splendor under her Olympian Pericles! How much practical liberty entered into those fierce vibrations between the wild vicissitudes of popular will, and that mad infatuation which impelled a people, whose distrust and jealousy of the power and honesty of their magistrates formed a prominent national trait, to confide to one man the boundless and irresponsible authority, which could with impunity subject to the fatal ostracism a Cimon and a Thucydides, and boldly strike a successful blow at the time honored and venerated Areopagus? The Athenians possessed power, but they did not enjoy liberty.

The Spartan constitution, though popular, can scarcely be entitled free. It was merely a system of military organization, and the customs of Lacedæmon were but the exercises of a camp. The first welcome which greeted the new-born infant, when placed upon the votive shield, 'Ἡ τὰν ἢ ἐπὶ τὰν,'—'*either this, or upon this,*'—indicated the whole duty of the citizen. Their government was a formula of discipline, and the provisions and policy of the laws were concentrated to this single point. Their scheme of education was mostly physical, and excluded learning. Instruction was confined to obedience, endurance, and that which constituted the end and aim of Spartan existence, how to conquer or to die in battle: and it was only in regard to these objects, that a knowledge of their inexorable code was inculcated upon the youthful mind, simultaneously with the primary objects of instruction, cunning, vigilance, and activity. Their constitution was combined of various and discordant elements. It was democratic, inasmuch as the supreme authority was assumed to be inherent in the people, and as social equality was universally established; it possessed the monarchical feature of the kingly office—and in the anomalous magistracy of the Ephori, exercising supreme jurisdiction over king, court, and populace, it included the most odious form of a tyrannical oligarchy.

In a national point of view, both Athens and Sparta enjoyed political liberty in its full extent; but their municipal institutions, although originating in the people's choice, did not embody the true principles of freedom. Neither can they be said to have acquired civil liberty, in its proper acceptation, because in the one, free agency was merged in the severe discipline ordained by cruel laws, administered by a despotic aristocracy, and in the other, there was no protection against the arbitrary influence of the popular favorite, or the still more tyrannical exercise of popular excitement. There was no security against either anarchy or usurpation.

In the Roman republic security never accompanied freedom; and without security liberty cannot exist. The people never possessed the

safeguard of fixed and permanent laws. When they acquired power, they could not retain it, but yielded both authority and freedom to the usurper or the traitor of the hour. Impulse could always hurry them with equal facility to a change of masters or of principles. Their revolutions attest that they were guided, not so much by a steady love of liberty, as by the sudden excitement of the moment. Thus, the avenging dagger of the violated Lucretia struck down the tyranny of the Tarquins; the stern sacrifice of poor Virginia auspicated the downfall of the Decemviri; and Cæsar's 'wounded vesture' shut out from the 'kind souls' of his countrymen the memory of five hundred years of independence, and blinded them to the hope of future freedom.

That liberty which is acknowledged in our age and country is not only a component part of the social system, but it is the fundamental principle upon which our whole political structure is established. It is no fortuitous accession to our institutions, but their very origin and cause. It is no fluctuating popular impulse, but the invariable principle which has led us on from generation to generation, and whose guidance we must follow to the final consummation which a peculiar providence seems to promise.

It is believed that the practical freedom of the present age has little community with the visionary liberty of antiquity; that it is distinct in its nature, its origin, and its tendency. We must look for its original elements to the genius and customs of that wonderful race which overran Europe for a period of several centuries, and eventually superseded the declining empire of Rome. These tribes have all been ranked under the generic designation of Germans. The enervated inhabitants of beautiful Italy, and even the philosophic Tacitus, would not believe that a people could abide in the impenetrable forests of Germany — a land '*asperam cælo, tristem cultu adspectuque, nisi si patria sit*;' they therefore considered them the indigenous offspring of the soil. Their precise origin has never been ascertained, but this supposition we know to be error. Antiquarian speculation has wandered into a maze of wild conjecture, in search of the probable derivation of this extraordinary people. History does not declare the country of their emigration; but we know that they must have originally seceded from the dense but nomadic population which swarmed over the primitive plains of Senaar. It is probable that they were descended from the Scythians, and certainly their migration lessened not that dauntless and independent spirit which so bravely resisted him who vanquished all, and 'sighed for other worlds to conquer.' Tacitus observes, that in their ancient songs, the only annals of their race, they celebrated a god named Tuisto, and his offspring Mannus, and to the latter they assign three sons, among whom their boundless empire was anciently apportioned. This tradition has been supposed to allude to the creator of the world in Tuisto, and to Adam in Mannus. But it is scarcely probable that their traditionary records could refer to an antediluvian era, and the coincidence would seem to indicate Noah and his sons. At least it displays a faint remembrance of their Asiatic origin.

To the Romans the German tribes were barbarians; but to Europe they have been the founders of a civilization which never could have been attained under the imperial sway of Rome. Their most distinctive characteristic was a fierce love of independence, which pervaded all

their customs, and actuated all their habits. This spirit was permanently incorporated in their institutions. Montesquieu affirms that the first hint of the British constitution was found in the forests of Germany. Not only was the outline of their government derived thence, but the very germ of English liberty was transplanted from the same hardy soil; and in the 'great migration of the nations,' the same principles and institutions were disseminated throughout the continent. The form of government among the various tribes was mingled and different, but its chief features were republican. The exercise of the elective franchise was universal. Public affairs were discussed, either in select councils, or before the assemblies of the citizens. But all measures were canvassed by the magistrates before they were submitted to the people. The states were divided into cantons, as the Swiss now are, and each canton was subdivided into hundreds. A limited prerogative was accorded to the rulers — whether kings or leaders — but the rights and power of the people were always predominant. Subordination was voluntary, and their freedom acknowledged no control except that which was self-imposed. Such were the general features of the laws and manners of that vast succession of tribes which, swarming from the northern hive, precipitated themselves upon the western empire of declining Rome, and overwhelmed every thing in their impetuous course. The diffusion of their population over the subjugated country wrought an immediate and important change in their government. As the people were spread over a vast extent of territory, it became impossible to continue their primary assemblies, and this difficulty introduced the principle and practice of representation, the great organ and safeguard of civil liberty. After this constitution had been extended over the greater part of Europe, in total exclusion of the Roman laws, it gradually assumed the form and compass of that stupendous establishment, the feudal system.

It would perhaps be just to reduce the principles of the Germanic laws and customs to these two general characteristics: the preponderance of popular *influence*, and a certain balance between the different *powers* of government — both essential elements of civil liberty. But the system also contained within itself, or generated as an excrescence, an antagonist tendency, which subsequently overwhelmed the simplicity and utility of the true principles of the constitution. This tendency was afterward developed through the establishment of military tenures. The occupancy of a vast territory rendered this feudal partition originally necessary, in order to preserve the victors against the evils of dismemberment, and the consequent loss of their new acquisitions. It was the most expedient plan both for distribution and protection. But the ultimate consequence of this policy grew into the monstrous system of baronial tyranny, which eventually gave rise to a contest not yet completely determined. This contest was the struggle, then begun, of the many against the few; a struggle continued, with occasional intermissions, through successive ages, and in various forms, down to the present period, and of which we only *now* begin clearly to foresee the triumphant event. It will be a noble task for the united effort of history and philosophy to trace and record the onward progress of this mighty conflict, alternately abandoned and renewed, bequeathed from age to age, and though often baffled, never forgotten or forsa-

ken. It would form a distinct and impressive chapter in the history of the human mind. But the task is not for the age which is still identified with the struggle, and which is not yet finally assured of the end. It must be left for the accomplishment of that era which shall witness, not only the consummation but the results; for until they be completely realized, the theme would remain imperfect.

The feudal polity rapidly extended itself over continental Europe, but it appears not to have been formally adopted in England until a period subsequent to the Conquest. But its prominent features may be traced in the laws and manners existent anterior to the Norman invasion. The elements of feudalism were most probably introduced by the Saxons, but they were not extended so generally throughout the Island, nor so complete in themselves as to possess any claim to the formation of a system. Indeed, among the German tribes, in their original state, this policy was at most but initiate; it had not assumed the definite shape it afterward exhibited, when it became, as a civil establishment, the 'Law of Nations' in those countries over which it was extended. The prior existence of feudal principles familiarized the English to an easy and voluntary adoption of the system, and it appears to have been established with the common consent of the nation.

Thus, after many and fierce struggles with the Roman power, the Germanic constitution was at length firmly and universally established. Comparative liberty superseded unmingled despotism. It was the beginning of *practical* liberty — not that which lives in the transient excitement of popular impulse — not that which has been adored as the classical idol of individual or national enthusiasm — but that palpable and enduring freedom which true wisdom or unerring nature had embodied in political institutions, and which was calculated to withstand the shocks of tyranny and time, and survive as an imperishable principle, when its originators were mouldering in the silent dust of centuries. Let its merits be acknowledged in its durability. What memorials of the original supremacy of Rome were left in the laws and manners of modern Europe? Almost every moral trace of their empire was swept away, and their very code of jurisprudence remained buried and forgotten for ages; and, although since revived and adopted, as a science, its original sway left no inherent impress upon the polity or manners of those nations over which its jurisdiction had extended. Not so with the Germanic code. Although its original character has been much modified by time and change, or improvement, it never has lost, it never can lose its identity. We still acknowledge the traces and influence of those pristine elements which have given strength and consistency, in various degrees, to the systems of modern Europe. Trial by jury, the best guardian of private and public liberty, derived from the Germanic constitution, remains a sufficient monument to its merit.

It was the proposed object of this article to trace the progress of modern liberty from its feudal origin down to the present time. But the subject is too vast to be compressed within the prescribed limits. It is, therefore, only practicable to touch the most important periods '*per saltum*.' Perhaps, too, it would be a forced task to wander, even idly, along the fretted and sometimes subterranean course of the swelling tide of those events which mark its onward career. There is a

natural, a *native* impulse to rush forward to that point where foams the whirlpool to our thoughts — which every American images as the *Niagara of Liberty*, over-pouring a 'rising world of waters' in its mighty deluge.

Those great events which form the epochs of their respective eras must necessarily create a wide spread and permanent influence, working either weal or woe to the interests of mankind. The world cannot be agitated by a moral convulsion, and yet retain no trace of its existence. But the motives of human action are so various and so mingled, the dependency of cause and effect oftentimes so slender, and the just relation between principle and event so difficult of perception, that it frequently becomes most perplexing to determine whether a particular result is to be referred to its apparently proximate cause, or whether both ought not properly to be ascribed to more remote agents, and classed together in a common category. However this may be, it is most certain that such occurrences denote an era of visible influence — a period when the march of civilization was either quickened or retarded. In observing the moral phenomena which mark the progress of civil liberty, the mind naturally reverts to that great spectacle which stands in such prominent relief upon the gorgeous picture of the Middle Ages. Occurring at an important period of the advancement of Europe from barbarism to refinement, it would naturally be presupposed that the Crusades had an important bearing upon the great cause of humanity. Their good or evil effects have been equally affirmed and denied. Without, therefore, attempting to demonstrate a moral relation between them and civilization, it will be sufficient to point out the most important of those circumstances, which may at least claim a chronological coincidence. The object is not to inquire into the general consequences of these expeditions — whether beneficial or injurious — but briefly to designate certain events of coëval or consequent occurrence, which tended to the advancement of civil liberty. The most immediate of these were the universality of national intercommunication, and the consequent increase of commerce and manufactures. The revival of learning, although but partially attributable to the Crusades themselves, yet began to distinguish the era, and exerted the happiest influence in the acknowledged amelioration of the political and moral condition of mankind. But the great incidents which contributed to the cause of liberty, were — a forced diminution of the unbalanced power of the baronial aristocracy, and the correspondent accession of influence in the hands of the people. The estates of the feudal lords were dissipated in the costly preparations and burthensome expenses necessary for their distant expeditions to the Holy Land. Charters of freedom were wrested from their poverty, and privileges and property secured to the peasants and artificers; thus restoring 'a substance and a soul to the most useful part of the community,' and superseding martial ostentation by industry and improvement. This change was effected by the establishment of Municipal Corporations. The abuses of the feudal system had rendered the cities and towns dependant, and tributary to the princes and nobles. Their superiority, like all arbitrary power, had been grievously abused for selfish aggrandizement, and the depression of their feudatories, who were deprived of all the essential and inherent rights of man, both public and domestic. Insecurity

blasted the happiness of their life, and the prosperity of business. The right of holding property was precarious, and they enjoyed no power of disposal, either by will or deed. Marriage was a purchased privilege, and the guardianship of children was vested in their oppressors. Unmitigated vassalage palsied exertion, and precluded improvement. Those who were mocked with the name of freemen, were but little elevated above the most abject of their fellow-slaves. But while the costly fanaticism of the feudal aristocracy was rapidly lessening their power, by the loss of wealth, and the slaughter of their immediate 'hereditary bondsmen,' the strength and influence of the people were steadily advancing, and securing to them the means of breaking the iron bondage with which their energies were fettered. The cities of Italy, many of which had been advanced by the crusades to considerable maritime importance, were enabled to obtain, either by force, favor, or purchase, very considerable corporate privileges. Their example was followed, with the same success, by great numbers of towns throughout Europe. The efforts of the people were assisted by the anxiety of their monarchs to fortify themselves against baronial ascendancy. The former were incited to these exertions by a renovated spirit of liberty. They had been trampled down to the lowest stage of depression, and a natural reaction gave ascensive energy to their attempts. Human nature is perhaps capable of *degradation* infinitely accumulated, because there is a moral tendency to depravity; but there is an ultimate period of *oppression* when despair arms itself with its very shackles. The towns were erected into corporations, a name now most usually expressive of very different institutions. The powers and capacities they acquired are more significantly exhibited by the attribute franchise. This, in its broad sense, includes many political rights, such as enfranchisement, the right of trial by jury, of holding offices and of suffrage, in the members of the body-politic, and the corporate privilege of the enactment and administration of free and voluntary laws. The general result of this great change, as regards civilization, was the revival of the arts, industry, and commerce: the peculiar effect upon the advancement of civil liberty was the establishment of order and security.

The twelfth century was also distinguished by the revival of the civil law, which, according to Mr. Justice Blackstone, 'established a new Roman empire over most of the states of the continent.' The same learned writer attributes to this cause the subsequent depression of liberty in Europe, and asserts that the preservation of the free constitution of England was owing to the resistance offered by their Anglo-Saxon laws to the repeated attacks of the Roman code. Through the introduction of the civil law, ecclesiastical influence, already much extended by the crusades, increased throughout Europe to the most dangerous ascendancy. Whatever the genius of the popish church may have been, its temporal power was always hostile to freedom. Whether the latter assertion of the distinguished commentator be or be not unqualifiedly true, certain it is, that to England we must look for the most substantial triumphs of liberty, and for the sure and steady progression of her cause.

(Our Muse is a 'proud *limitary* cherub', and will not permit us to advert to the 'Patriot Tell' who woo'd and won the free and beautiful

sister spirit of his native hills. She still liveth in the romantic dells of Switzerland. Forever may her rosy smiles be reflected on the snow-capped summits of those everlasting mountains which sentinel the freedom of a brave and gallant people!)

In the earlier periods of English history, the increased perfection of law was identical with the advancement of liberty. The reign of Edward the First was an era of conspicuous improvement. This monarch confirmed and enlarged the operation of Magna Charta; he restrained popish encroachments, defined judicial jurisdiction, abolished arbitrary taxation, relinquished the royal prerogative of interference in private litigation, removed restraints upon the alienation of property, and diminished those conveyances to religious societies which threatened to concentrate all the landed influence of the kingdom in the hands of the clergy. But as nothing human is unmixed with evil, the legislation of the English Justinian was cumbered with one counteracting error. During his reign was invented the method of creating estates-tail — an evil which at this very day weighs like an incubus on the awakening exertions of a spirit more enlightened, more *anthropic* than even the boasted genius of English Liberty. The fabric constructed by Edward the First remained almost untouched until the reign of the eighth Henry, when the world was again agitated by a moral convulsion more centripetal than any which preceded it.

From the period of the Crusades until the beginning of the sixteenth century, the wealth and power of the clergy had rapidly augmented, and the evil influence of the Church of Rome yawned like a frightful gulf, threatening to swallow the wholesome energies and the best institutions of civil society in its all-absorbing vortex. The wealth of the Church had increased to such exorbitancy, that the greater portion of the property in several countries had been usurped into its possession. The personal immunities of the clergy were almost unlimited, and their exemption from secular authority had not only freed themselves from all moral and external restraint, but by the correspondent extension of ecclesiastical jurisdiction they had encircled almost the whole body of the laity with a palpable subjection, as well as with the mental fetters of fear and superstition. The various devices of an universal inquisition had imposed a common slavery on the minds of men, and drained the resources of every country into the meretricious lap of the Church. Horror of spiritual censure was the great engine by which unwilling obedience was extorted. The crushing weight of such accumulated imposition had compressed the elasticity of human nature to that compass when reaction must commence its opposing movement. The preceding circumstances concurred to produce the motive, and the previous invention of printing, together with the complete revival of learning, and its attendant spirit of inquiry, had prepared the means of accomplishing the Reformation. This great event constituted an intellectual as well as a religious revolution, and in this respect exerted an incalculable influence upon the cause of liberty. The fountain of religion was cleansed of the grosser impurities of earthly passion and temporal interest, and the rank and poisonous evils which its corrupted current had nourished were forever eradicated from a soil no longer genial to their growth. In England, the most obvious effect of the Reformation was an entire and permanent dissolution of popish

connection. The power and supremacy of the Church of Rome were effectually banished and proscribed, although a lingering influence was afterward partially exhibited.

But at this period, and subsequently, during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, the royal prerogative was stretched to its utmost compass. And it was not only asserted by the will of the sovereign, but also supported and enforced by law. It reached its most oppressive construction in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who also increased the power of the fatal Court of Star-Chamber. This wise princess rarely or never exerted this prerogative to the injury of individuals, but in doctrinal excess she carried it quite as far as her most arbitrary predecessors, and amply illustrated the time-established maxim, '*Nec unquam satis fida potentia ubi nimia est.*' Those changes in society which had prepared the way for the Reformation, at first contributed to an enlarged exercise of the royal prerogative; but the same causes eventually brought about the subsequent political revolution. The great influence which was productive of a final result so different from its intermediate effects, was the increase of intelligence and power among the Commons.

The golden age of 'the good Queen Bess' was not the age of practical freedom, for although then and ever national liberty had been the pride and boast of England, there never had been a proper understanding of the individual rights of private liberty and personal independence. The spirit of a Cade or a Tyler was generally esteemed but the 'canker of ambitious thoughts' generated in the 'filth and scum' of 'valiant beggary;' the impulse of a free bosom was but the wild flashing of rebellion, and loyalty was the only virtue. But the intellectual revolution wrought by the invention of printing, the revival of letters, and the reformation, taught man the native dignity of his character, revealed his capacities, and opened a glimmering view of the elevated destiny he was intended to accomplish.

The sceptre of prerogative which had been wielded so effectually by the bold and haughty Tudors was transmitted to the feebler Stuarts; but in the hands of the first Charles it became the leaden weight which eventually pressed down that ill-fated monarch to a bloody grave. During the precedent reign of his pusillanimous father, the abuses of the kingly power, and the extravagant assumptions of absolute authority, had excited a jealous scrutiny as to the validity of claims so unreasonable. The divine right of oppression was denied, and the usurpations of the crown resisted, with partial success, on the part of the people. The administration of Charles was fruitful in expedients to extend the royal prerogative beyond all limits; and among these the well known invention of the tax called ship-money is the most celebrated. The resistance to this imposition elevated the spirit of liberty into the dignity of a principle, and made it the rallying-point of those intrepid men, among whom the name of Hampden is immortally illustrious. The famous decision in his case precluded all further efforts to obtain protection from the laws and justice of the country; and although subsequent concessions in regard to this and other offensive measures were extorted from the vacillating king, still an irremediable impetus had been given which soon plunged the nation into the fierce struggles of civil war. The Restoration witnessed a reform of the most grievous abuses, including the detested *prerogative*, and also the abolition of feudal

tenures. Preceding agitations, the discussions of the 'Long Parliament,' and the subsequent collision of civil broil, elicited a fierce spirit of independence, which, fanned by the fury of fanaticism, kindled the wildest conflagration which had ever blazed from the altars of freedom. But our theme now leads us to follow the westward course of liberty, to that chosen land, where, purified from all grosser intermixtures, it has beamed with a milder and more cheering ray, the 'light and landmark' of the nations.

The incidents and struggles which mark the progress of cis-atlantic liberty are embalmed in the memory of every American, and their history has become the school of freemen. As the first lessons of lisping childhood they are familiar as household words.

The very formation of a distant settlement pre-supposes the exhibition of daring independence, and other of man's sterner qualities, in the minds of its founders. Colonial character must necessarily be much modified from that of the parent state. National feeling may be retained for a long period, and perhaps never entirely effaced; but the manners of the people, being shaped by their habits and circumstances, must be materially changed. The colonists, whether their form of government be imposed or voluntary, would bring with them but so much of the laws of the relinquished country as might be suitable to their condition. Their institutions would consequently be more simple and free. These are general consequences: but, additionally, our ancestors were exiled by that love of liberty, which had been cramped by oppression in their native land. They threw off the artificial restraints of European life, and landed on their chosen soil, in the simplicity and freedom of natural liberty, tempered only by civilization, and the indispensable restrictions of civil society. A 'pillar of flame' had gone before them, and the hand of Heaven had led them to a land fit for the reception and the growth of liberty. They breathed upon the wilderness a spirit destined to expand into a moral atmosphere which should surround the world.

The causes which were most obviously conducive to the support and extension of the ruling passion of the colonists, were the same which produced that utility which forms a distinguishing characteristic of our institutions. These were, principally, the popular form of the colonial governments—the practical nature of education, rejecting mere embellishment, and inculcating the severe and republican virtues—the wild and independent spirit of the dissenting religion, which formed the original motive of emigration with the Northern Colonists—the universal diffusion of legal knowledge, always a peculiar trait of American character—the simple habits and the practical ends of life—together with that restless and daring genius of enterprise which had subsequently produced such stupendous results in the extension of commerce, the magnitude of public improvements, and internal communication, and the settlement and civilization of immense regions reclaimed from the desultory possession of the savage, and the wild solitude of nature. All these things combined to form the prevailing impulse, which was strengthened in the North by the inflexible character of the people; and in the South, fostered by an impetuous and sun-enkindled disposition, and even by the institution of slavery which, like the Spartan example, rendered it more dominant from the contrast of servitude. Thus, during the state of colonial dependence, was nourished a fierce spirit of

liberty, which growing with the moral growth, and strengthening with the physical strength of the country, incorporated with it that principle of utility which has become the twin-star of our political horoscope.

The Philosophy of History is of little avail, unless it deduce its experience and inculcates its precepts from a careful consideration of the continuity of causes and effects which have been operating toward the production of a particular result. That political knowledge which alone is applicable to the regulation of human conduct, is to be derived from an investigation of the motives which have governed man, and the principles which have been evolved in those great revolutionary movements, and the more quiet but radical changes which opinion has effected in the moral universe. In tracing, even thus slightly, the progressive march of civil liberty, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a great *principle* is implanted in human nature, whose throes and convulsions have, from time to time, been heaving beneath the superincumbent mass of error, ignorance, and passion. Those interests which, in all ages, have taught to man as his first political lesson that he is incapable of self-government, have weighed like an Etna upon the exertions of the giant. But this enormous error is exploded, and the irrepressible energies of liberty are now freely working out their own glorious results. The instinct of the savage has been by time and change modified to that enlightened principle which teaches to civilized man the great fundamental political truth that the true end of government, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' is to be secured only by the virtue, the knowledge, and the power of the people.

Our task, albeit attenuated to a most imperfect and disjointed sketch, has already exceeded its proposed limits, and it is not now practicable to extend it to a notice of the subsequent advancement and results of American freedom. The actual and probable progress of the confederated liberty and utility of the present age, and the glorious issues which must accompany their triumphant course, present the sublimest scope to human speculation; although it is impossible to estimate the consequences of the *incarnation* of that spirit which, when faintly breathing through the impalpable forms of classic adoration, could send a thrilling glow through the heart of patriotism, and nerve even the feeble and the fettered arm to 'do or die' for its country.

We have thus far wandered along a time-worn strand, idly gathering a string of unassorted shells, of different shapes, and various hues, content if they but sound a faint and mimic echo of that mighty theme which has been booming on, like the ocean surge, from age to age, and from land to land, and which is destined still to flow on forever in circling majesty,

'Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.'

W. H. R.

THE INDIFFERENT.

FROM METASTASIO.

Which of us twain lacks comfort most?
Thou hast a constant lover lost —
I quit a fickle fair:
Mary, a heart so true, so kind
As mine, is very hard to find —
Coquettes swarm every where!

LAKE DRUMMOND.

At length my boat has won,
 Through shadowy woods that make the day seem night,
 Thy amber waters, which as brightly run
 As if far down their depths the glorious sun
 Had left his golden light.
 Full early comes the spring
 Unto thy Southern borders, in their bowers
 Calling the blossoms forth, and whispering
 In low, sweet tones, full many a pleasant thing
 To the young herbs and flowers.
 Along thy bloomy sedge,
 In the mild March, starts up the gay primrose,
 And violets growing, to the water's edge,
 Among the perfumed grass their sweets disclose,
 While yet our Northern land is whitened o'er with snows.

Thy towering pine arrayed
 In his eternal verdure, bears his head
 Stately and king-like, far above the shade
 Which humbler birch and juniper have made,
 And from his crest, in gorgeous festoons spread,
 The yellow jasmines by no bands confined,
 Through all the woods their lavish blossoms shed,
 And give their incense out to every dallying wind.
 While interlaced in many mazy lines,
 The scarlet honeysuckle twines
 Its curling tendrils, and profusely weaves
 Its trumpets with the jasmine's glossy leaves.
 And the green moss its sombre drapery flings
 From tree to tree, or in the light air swings,
 Like some cold, gloomy curtain Nature drew,
 To hide her secret works from human view.

Lake of the South!—thou hast no solitude
 Throughout thy borders: in the Dismal Wood,
 Which axe hath never cloven, may be heard
 The music of thine own imperial bird,
 Shaming all sounds yet known in earth or heaven,
 And making melody from early morn to even.
 Meet is such minstrel for thy Eden bowers,
 And worthy thou of his unequalled powers.
 When day's first wavy line
 Cuts like a silver thread the horizon through,
 Ere yet his broad and sheet-like flames combine
 To redden the pale blue—
 Perched on the narrow rim
 Of his small rush-built nest, with mocking lyre,
 That Southern bird is found, trilling his hymn
 Of wondrous changes; higher and yet higher
 His song ascendeth, like the wind-harp's strain,
 Capriciously to sink, and soar, and swell again.

Lake of the South!—well might the gazer deem
 The Indian's legend no beguiling dream.
 When from the land of storm,
 All flushed with crime the evil spirit came,
 With hoof of frost and eye of flame,
 To sear, to mildew, and deform
 The earth, in its Creator's smile yet warm,
 Ruffling the smooth and glistening seas,
 Stirring to tempest the enlivening breeze,
 Muttering his curse down every fertile vale,
 And leaving desolation in his trail—
 Here were his withering footsteps stayed
 By a young sinless Indian maid,
 Who on the fresh and fragrant sod,
 Builded an altar 'to the unknown God,'

And offered up in simple guise,
 Of earliest flowers her yearly sacrifice.
 Here were his curses stayed, for thy defence
 Was in her spirit's stainless innocence.
 And since, when changing months bring round that night,
 'Tis said beneath the full moon's holy light,
 Dressing her altar on the green,
 That gentle native girl is seen ;
 And virgin bands go out to meet her there,
 Like saints to hallowed shrines, with gifts and prayer.
 They say no reptile then hath power to harm,
 No dismal night owl screams her hoarse alarm ;
 Securely nestled in the tangled brake,
 The wild dove sleeps, nor fears the rattling snake.
 If then upon thy banks at eventide,
 Hymen the nuptial wreath and torch provide,
 The priestess comes in dreams, to greet the bride,
 Nor doubt henceforth, nor trouble may molest
 The trustful pair her influence thus hath blessed.

Where erst at dewy morn he chased the deer,
 When autumn's falling leaf was crisp and sere,
 The monarch of the woods his grave hath made,
 And slackened bow and rusted spear
 And wampum belt are with him laid.
 The white man's share turns up the fallow plain,
 And in the field stands thick the ripened grain,
 And crowded cities stretch along the shore
 Of streams which once the birch canoe skimmed o'er.
 Still goldenly thy waters lie
 Beneath the blue and beaming sky,
 As when that altar and its sacrifice
 First rose amid thy glowing Paradise.

VIATOR.

I. E T T E R S

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST
 TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER TWO.

I FEAR lest the length of my first letter may have fatigued you, my Curtius, knowing, as I so well do, how you esteem brevity. I hope at this time not to try your patience. But however I may weary or vex *you*, by my garrulity, I am sure of a patient and indulgent reader in the dear Lucilia, to whom I would now first of all commend myself. I salute her, and with her the little Gallus. My writing to you is a sufficient proof that I myself am well.

By reason of our delaying so long on that little hill, and at other points, for the sake of drinking in full draughts of the unrivalled beauty which lay spread over all the scenery within the scope of our vision, we did not approach the walls of the city till the last rays of the sun were lingering upon the higher buildings of the capital. This rendered every object so much the more beautiful ; for a flood of golden light, of a richer hue, it seemed to me, than *our* sun ever shed upon Rome, rolled over the city, and plain, and distant mountains, and gave to the whole a gorgeousness altogether beyond any thing I ever saw before, and agreeing well with all my impressions of oriental magnifi-

cence. It was seen under the right aspect. Not one expectation was disappointed, but rather exceeded, as we came in sight of the vast walls of the city, and of the 'Roman Gate' — so it is called — through which we were to make our entrance. It was all upon the grandest scale. The walls were higher, and more frequently defended by square massy towers springing out of them, than those of Rome. The towers, which on either side flanked the gateway, and which were connected by an immense arch flung from one to the other, were particularly magnificent. No sooner had we passed through it, than we found ourselves in a street lined as it were with palaces. It was of great width — we have no street like it in this respect — of an exact level, and stretched onward farther than the eye could distinctly reach, till, as I was told, it was terminated by another gate similar to that by which we had entered. The buildings on each side of it were altogether of marble, of Grecian design — (the city is filled with Greek artists of every description,) — frequently adorned with porticos of the most rich and costly construction, and the long ranges of private dwellings often interrupted by temples of religion, edifices of vast extent belonging to the state, or by gardens attached to the residences of the luxurious Palmyrene nobility.

'It is well for Palmyra,' here muttered my slave Milo, 'that the Emperor has never, like us, traveled this way.' 'Why so, Milo?' said I. 'I simply think,' rejoined he, 'that he would burn it down; and it were a pity so many fine buildings should be destroyed. Was there not once a place called Carthage? I have heard it said that it was once as large as Rome, and as well garnished with temples, and that for that reason the Romans 'blotted it out.' The people here may thank the desert which we have crossed, that they are not as Carthage. Aurelian, I trow, little dreams what glory is to be won here in the East, or else he would not waste his time upon the savage Goths.' 'The Romans are no longer barbarians,' I replied, 'as they were once. They build up, now, instead of demolishing. Remember that Augustus rebuilt Carthage, and that Antoninus Pius founded that huge and beautiful temple which rose out of the midst of Balbec; and beside that — if I am not mistaken — many of the noblest monuments of art in this very city are the fruit of his munificence.' 'Gods, what a throng is here!' ejaculated Milo, little heeding, apparently, what I had said; 'how are we to get our beasts along? They pay no more regard to us, either, than if we were not Romans. Could any one have believed a people existed of such strange customs and appearance? What carriages! — what wagons! — what animals! — and what unheard-of dresses, and from all parts of the earth, too, as it would seem! But it is a pretty sight. Pity, though, but they could move as quick, as they look well. Fellow, there! you will gratify us if you will start your camels a little out of our way. We wish to make toward the house of Gracchus, and we cannot pass you.'

The rider of the camel turned round his turbaned head, and fixing upon Milo a pair of fierce eyes, bade him hold his peace: 'Did he not see the street was crowded?' 'I see it is filled with a set of dull idlers,' replied Milo, 'who want nothing but Roman rods to teach them a quick and wholesome movement. Friend, lend me thy cudgel; and I will engage to set thy beasts and thee, too, in motion. If not, consider that we

are new comers, and Romans withal, and that we deserve some regard.' 'Romans!' screamed he: 'may curses light on you! You swarm here like locusts, and like them you come but to devour. Take my counsel: turn your faces the other way, and away to the desert again! I give you no welcome, for one. Now pass on — if on you still will go — and take the curse of Hassan the Arab along with you.' 'Milo,' said I, 'have a care how you provoke these Orientals. Bethink yourself that we are not now in the streets of Rome. Bridle your tongue betimes, or your head may roll off your shoulders before you can have time to eat your words to save it.' 'I am a slave, indeed,' answered Milo, with some dignity, for him, 'but I eat other food than my own words. In that there hangs something of the Roman about me.' We were now opposite what I discovered, from the statues and emblems upon it, and surrounding it, to be the Temple of Justice, and I knew therefore that the splendid palace on the other side of the street, adorned with porticos, and partly hidden among embowering trees and shrubs, must be the dwelling of Gracchus. We turned down into a narrower street, and after proceeding a little way, passed under a massy arched gateway, and found ourselves in the spacious court-yard of this princely mansion. Slaves soon surrounded us, and by their alacrity in assisting me to dismount, and in performing every office of a hospitable reception, showed that we were expected guests, and that my letters by the post, announcing my intended visit, had been received. Leaving my slaves and effects to the care of the servants of the house, I followed one who seemed to be a sort of head among them, through walks bordered with the choicest trees, flowers, and shrubs, opening here and there in the most graceful and unstudied manner to reveal a statue of some sylvan god reclining under the shade, and soon reached the rear of the house, which I entered by a flight of marble steps. Through a lofty hall I passed into a saloon which seemed the reception-room of the palace, where I had hardly arrived, and obtained one glance at my soiled dress and sun-burnt visage in the mirror, than my ear caught the quick sound of a female foot hastening over the pavement of the hall, and turning suddenly, I caught in my arms the beautiful Fausta. It was well for me that I was so taken by surprise, for I acted naturally, which I fear I should not have done if I had had a moment to deliberate before I met her; for she is no longer a girl, as in Rome, running and jumping after her slave to school, but a nearly full-grown woman, and of a beauty so imposing as might well cause embarrassment in a youth of even more pretensions than myself. 'And are you indeed,' said I, retaining each hand in mine, but feeling that in spite of all my assumed courage, I was covered with blushes, are you indeed the little Fausta? Truly there must be marvellous virtues in the air of Palmyra. It is but four years since you left us in Rome, and then, as I remember — shall I mention such a thing? — you were but twelve, and now though but' — 'Oh!' cried she, 'never begin such a speech; it will only trouble you before you can end it. How glad I am to see you! Welcome, dear Lucius, to Palmyra! If open hearts can make you happy here, you will not fail to be so. But how did you leave all in Rome? First your friend Marcus? and Lucilia? and the noble, good Portia? Ah! how happy were those days in Rome! Come sit on these cushions by this open window. But more

than all, how does the dear pedagogue and dialectician, the learned Solon? Is he as wise yet as his great namesake? Oh what days of merriment have his vanity and simplicity afforded me! But he was a good soul. Would he could have accompanied you. You are not so far out of leading-strings that you could not have taken him with you as a travelling Mentor. In truth, nothing could have given me more pleasure.' 'I came away in great haste, dear Fausta,' said I, 'with scarce a moment for preparation of any kind. You have but this morning received my letter, which was but part of a day in advance of me. If I could have done it, I should have given you more timely notice. I could not, therefore, look out for companions for the way. It would, however, have been a kindness to Solon, and a pleasure to me. But why have I not before asked for your father: is not the noble Gracchus at home?—and is he well?' 'He is at home, or rather he is in the city,' replied Fausta, 'and why he makes it so late before returning, I cannot tell: but you will soon see him. In the mean time, let my slaves show you where to find your rooms, that you may rest, and prepare for supper.' So saying, she clapped her hands, and a tall Ethiopian slave, with a turban as white as his face was black, quickly made his appearance, and took me in his charge. 'Look well after your toilet,' cried Fausta, laughing, as I left the room; 'we think more of costume here than they do in Rome.' I followed my dark conductor through many passages to a distant part of the building, where I found apartments furnished with every luxury, and already prepared for my use. 'Here I have carefully placed your baggage,' said the slave, as I entered the room, 'and whatever else I thought you might need. Call Hannibal, when you wish for my services; I am now yours. This door leads to a small room where will lodge your own slave Milo; the others are in the stables.' Thus delivering himself, he departed.

The windows of my apartment opened upon the wide street by which we had entered the city, not immediately, but first upon a border of trees and flowers, then upon a low wall, here and there crowned with a statue or a vase, and which separated the house from the street, and last upon the street itself, its busy throngs and noble structures. I stood for a moment enjoying the scene, rendered more impressive by the dim but still glowing light of the declining day. Sounds of languages which I knew not, fell upon my ear, sent forth by those who urged along through the crowds their cattle, or by those who would draw attention to the articles which they had to sell. All was new and strange, and tended, together with my reflections upon the business which has borne me so far from my home and you, to fill me with melancholy. I was roused from my reverie by the voice of Milo. 'If,' said he, 'the people of these Eastern regions understand better than we of Rome the art of taking off heads, they certainly understand better, as in reason they should, the art of making them comfortable while they are on: already have I taken a longer draught at a wine skin than I have been blessed with since I was in the service of the most noble Gallienus. Ah, that was life! He was your true philosopher who thought life made for living. These Palmyrenes seem of his school.' 'Leave philosophy, good Milo, and come help me dress; that is the matter now in hand. Unclasp these trunks and find some-

thing that shall not deform me.' So desirous was I, you perceive, to appear well in the eyes of the fair Fausta. It was now the appointed hour to descend to the supper room, and as I was about to leave my apartment, hardly knowing which way to move, the Ethiopian, Hannibal, made his appearance, to serve as my conductor.

I was ushered into an apartment, not large, but of exquisite proportions — circular, and of the most perfect architecture, on the Greek principles. The walls, thrown into panels between the windows and doors, were covered with paintings, admirable both for their design and color; and running all around the room, and attached to the walls, was a low and broad seat, covered with cushions of the richest workmanship and material. A lofty and arched ceiling, lighted with great skill, represented a banquet of the gods, offering to those seated at the tables below a high example of the manner in which the divine gifts should be enjoyed. This evening, at least, we did not use the privileges which that high example sanctioned. Fausta was already in the room, and rose with affectionate haste to greet me again. 'I fear my toilet has not been very successful, Fausta,' said I, 'for my slave Milo was too much elated by the generous wines with which his companions had plied him, as a cordial after the fatigues of the journey, to give me any of the benefit of his taste or assistance. I have been my own artificer on this occasion, and you must therefore be gentle in your judgments.' 'I cannot say that your fashions are equally tasteful with those of our Palmyrenes, I must confess. The love of the beautiful, the magnificent, and the luxurious, is our national fault, Lucius; it betrays itself in every department of civil and social life, and not unfrequently declines into a degrading effeminacy. If any thing ruins us, it will be this vice. I assure you I was rather jesting than in earnest, when I bade you look to your toilet. When you shall have seen some of our young nobles, you will find reason to be proud of your comparative simplicity. I hear, however, that you are not now far behind us in Rome — nay, in many excesses, you go greatly beyond us. We have never yet had a Vitellius, a Pollio, or a Gallienus. And may the sands of the desert bury us a thousand fathoms deep, ere such monsters shall be bred and endured in Palmyra!' 'I perceive,' said I, 'that your sometime residence in Rome has not taught you to love your native country less. If but a small portion of the fire which I see burning in your eye warms the hearts of the people, it will be no easy matter for any external foe to subdue you.' 'There are not many, I believe,' replied Fausta, 'of your or my sex in Palmyra, who would with more alacrity lay down their lives for their country and our sweet and noble Queen, than I. But believe me, Lucius, there are multitudes who would do it as soon. Zenobia will lead the way to no battle field where Fausta, girl though she be, will not follow. Remember what I say, I pray you, if difficulty should ever again grow up — which the god's forefend! — between us and Rome.'

We were now suddenly interrupted by the loud and cheerful voice of Gracchus, exclaiming, as he approached us from the great hall of the palace, 'How now! — How now! — whom have we here? Are my eyes and ears true to their report — Lucius Piso? It is he indeed. Thrice welcome to Palmyra! May a visit from so noble a house be an augury of good. You are quick indeed upon the track of your letter. How have you sped by the way? I need not ask after your own

welfare, for I see it, but I am impatient to learn all that you can tell me of friends and enemies in Rome. I dare say all this has been once told to Fausta, but, as a penalty for arriving while I was from home, it must be repeated for my special pleasure. But come, that can be done while we sit at table; I see the supper waits.' In this pleasant mood did the father of Fausta, and now, as you know, one of the chief pillars of the province or kingdom — which ever it must be called — receive me. I was struck with the fine union in his appearance and manner of courtly ease, and a noble Roman frankness. His head, slightly bald, but cast in the truest mould of manly beauty, would have done honor to any of his illustrious ancestors; and his figure was entirely worthy of that faultless crown. I confess I experienced a pang of regret that one so fitted to sustain and adorn the greatness of his parent country had chosen to cast his fortunes so far from the great centre and heart of the Empire. After the first duties of the table had been gone through with, and my hunger — real hunger — had been appeased by the various delicacies which my kind hostess urged upon me, noways unwilling to receive such tokens of regard, I took up the questions of Gracchus, and gave him a full account of our social and political state in Rome, to all which Fausta, too, lent a greedy ear, her fine face sparkling with the intelligence which beamed out from every feature. It was easy to see how deep an interest she took in matters to which her sex are so usually insensible. It is indescribable, the imperial pride and lofty spirit of independence which at times sat upon her brow and curled her lip. She seems to me made to command. She is, indeed, courteous and kind, but you, not with difficulty, see that she is bold, aspiring, and proud, beyond the common measure of woman. Her beauty is of this character. It is severe rather than in any sense soft or feminine. Her features are those of her father, truly Roman in their outline, and their combined expression goes to impress every beholder with the truth that Roman blood alone, and that too of all the Gracchii, runs in her veins. Her form harmonizes perfectly with the air and character of the face. It is indicative of great vigor and decision in every movement; yet it is graceful, and of such proportions as would suit the most fastidious Greek. I am thus minute in telling you how Fausta struck me, because I know the interest you and Lucilia both take in her, and how you will desire to have from me as exact a picture as I can draw. Be relieved, my dear friends, as to the state of my heart, nor indulge in either hopes or suspicions in this direction. I assure you I am not yet a captive at the fair feet of Fausta, nor do I think I shall be. But if such a thing should happen, depend upon my friendship to give you the earliest intelligence of the event. Whoever shall obtain the heart of Fausta, will win one of which a Cæsar might be proud. But to return to our present interview and its event. No sooner had I ended my account of the state of affairs at Rome, than Gracchus expressed, in the strongest terms, his joy that we were so prosperous. 'It agrees,' said he, 'with all that we have lately heard. Aurelian is in truth entitled to the praise which belongs to a reformer of the state. The army has not been under such discipline since the days of Vespasian. He has now, as we learn by the last arrival of news from the North, by the way of Antioch, nearly completed the subjection of the Goths and Alemanni, and rumors are afloat of an unpleasant nature, of an

Eastern expedition. For this no ground occurs to me except, possibly, an attempt upon Persia for the rescue of Valerian, if yet he be living, or for the general vindication of the honor of Rome against the disgraceful successes of the Great King. I cannot for one moment believe that toward Palmyra any other policy will be adopted than that which has been pursued for the last century and a half, and emphatically sanctioned, as you well know, by both Galienus and Claudius. Standing on the honorable footing, as nominally a part of the empire of Rome, but in fact a sovereign and independent power, we enjoy all that we can desire in the form of political privileges. Then for our commerce, it could not be more flourishing, or conducted on more advantageous terms even to Rome itself. In one word, we are contented, prosperous, and happy, and the crime of that man would be great, indeed, who from any motive of personal ambition, or any policy of state, would disturb our existing relations of peace and friendship with all the world.' To this I replied: 'I most sincerely trust that no design, such as you hint at, exists in the mind of Aurelian. I know him, and know him to be ambitious and imperious, as he is great in resources and unequalled in military science, but withal he is a man of wisdom, I believe, and in the main, of justice, too. That he is a true lover of his country, I am sure; and that the glory of that country is dearer to him than all other objects—that it rises in him almost to a species of madness—this I know, too; and it is from this quarter, if from any, that danger is to be apprehended. He will have Rome to be all in all. His desire is that it should once more possess the unity that it did under the Antonines. This idea dwelt upon, may lead him into enterprises from which, however defended on the ground of the empire's glory, will result in nothing but discredit to himself, and injury to the state. I, too, have heard the rumors of which you speak, but I cannot give them one moment's credence; and I pray most fervently, that springing as they do, no one knows whence, nor on what authority resting, they will not be permitted to have the least effect upon the mind of the Queen, nor upon any of her advisers. She is now in reality an independent sovereign, reigning over an immense empire, stretching from Egypt to the shores of the Euxine—from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates,—and she still stands upon the records of the senate as a colleague—even as when Odenathus shared the throne with her—of the Emperor. This is a great and a fortunate position. The gods forbid that any intemperance on the part of the Palmyrenes should rouse the anger or the jealousy of the fierce Aurelian!' 'Could I have said less than this? But I saw in the countenances of both, while I was speaking, especially in the honest, expressive one of Fausta, that they could brook no hint of inferiority or of dependence on the part of their country—so deep a place has the great Zenobia secured for herself in the pride and most sacred affections of this interesting people. 'I will not, with you, noble Piso,' said Gracchus, 'believe that the Emperor will do aught to break up the present harmony. I will have faith in him; and I shall use all influence that I may possess in the affairs of the state to infuse a spirit of moderation into our acts, and above all into our language; for one hasty word uttered in certain quarters may lead to the ruin of kingdoms that have taken centuries to attain their growth. But this I say: let there only come over here

from the West the faintest whisper of any purpose on the part of Aurelian to consider Zenobia as holding the same position in regard to Rome as Tetricus in Gaul, and that moment a flame is kindled throughout Palmyra that nothing but blood can quench. This people, as you well know, has been a free people from the earliest records of history, and they will sink under the ruins of their capital and their country, ere they will bend to a foreign power.' 'That will they!—that will they, indeed!' cried Fausta; 'there is not a Palmyrene who, had he two lives, would not give one for liberty, and the other for his good Queen. You do not know Zenobia, Lucius, nor can you tell, therefore, how reasonable the affection is which binds every heart to her as to a mother or a sister.' 'But enough of this for the present,' said Gracchus; 'let us leave the affairs of nations, and ascend to those of private individuals—for I suppose your philosophy teaches you, as it does me, that individual happiness is the object for which governments are instituted, and that *they* are therefore less than *this*—let us ascend, I say, from the policy of Rome and of Aurelian, to the private affairs of our friend Lucius Piso, for your letter gives me the privilege of asking you to tell us, in all frankness and love, what, beside the pleasure of seeing us, brings you so far from Rome. It is, you hint, a business of a painful nature. Use me and Fausta, as you would in Rome the noble Portia and the good Lucilia, with the same freedom and the same assurance of our friendship.' 'Do so, indeed,' added Fausta, with affectionate warmth, 'and feel that in addressing us, you are entrusting your thoughts to true and long-tried friends.' 'I have,' replied I, 'but little to communicate, but that little is great in its interest, and demands immediate action; and touching what shall be most expedient to be done, I shall want and shall ask your deliberate counsel. You are well aware, alas! too well aware, of the cruel fate of my parent, the truly great Cneius Piso, whom to name is always a spring of strength to my virtues. With the unhappy Valerian, to whom he clung to the last, resolved to die with him, or suffer with him whatever the fates should decree, he passed into captivity; but of too proud a spirit to endure the indignities which were heaped upon the Emperor, and which were threatened him, he—so we have learned—destroyed himself. He found an opportunity, however, before he thus nobly used his power, to exhort my poor brothers not at once, at least, to follow his example. 'You are young,' said he, 'and have more strength than I, and the gods may interpose and deliver you. Hope dwells with youth, as it dies with age. Do not despair. I feel that you will one day return to Rome. For myself, I am a decayed trunk, at best, and it matters little when I fall, or where I lie. One thing, at least, I cannot bear; it would destroy me if I did not destroy myself. I am a Roman and a Piso, and the foot of a Persian shall never stand upon my neck. I die.' My elder brother, thinking example a more powerful kind of precept than words, no sooner was assured of the death of his father, than he too opened his veins, and perished. And so we learned had Calpurnius done, and we were comparatively happy in the thought that they had escaped by a voluntary death the shame of being used as footstools by the haughty Sapor, and the princes of his court. But a rumor reached us a few days before I left Rome, that Calpurnius is yet living. We learn, obscurely, that being favorably distinguished and

secretly favored by the son of Sapor, he was persuaded to live, and wait for the times to open a way for his escape. You may imagine both my grief and my joy on this intelligence. The thought that he should so long have lain in captivity and imprisonment, and no step have been taken toward his rescue, has weighed upon me with a mountain weight of sorrow. Yet at the same time, I have been supported by the hope that his deliverance may be effected, and that he may return to Rome once more, to glad the eyes of the aged Portia. It is this hope which has brought me to Palmyra, as perhaps the best point whence to set in motion the measures which it shall be thought wisest to adopt. I shall rely much upon your counsel.' No sooner had I spoken thus, than Fausta quickly exclaimed: 'Oh! father, how easily, were the Queen now in Palmyra, might we obtain through her the means of approaching the Persian King with some hope of a successful appeal to his compassion! — and yet' — She hesitated and paused. 'I perceive,' said Gracchus, 'what it is that checks your speech. You feel that in this matter Zenobia would have no power with the Persian monarch or court. The two nations are now, it is true, upon friendly terms; but a deep hatred exists in the heart of Sapor toward Zenobia. The successive defeats which he suffered, when Odenathus and his Queen took it upon them to vindicate the honor of Rome, and revenge the foul indignities cast upon the unfortunate Valerian, will never be forgotten; and policy only, not love or regard, keeps the peace between Persia and Palmyra. Sapor fears the power of Zenobia, supported, as he knows she would be, by the strength of Rome; and moreover, he is well aware that Palmyra serves as a protecting wall between him and Rome, and that her existence as an independent power is vital to the best interests of his kingdom. For these reasons harmony prevails, and in the event of a rupture between us and Rome, we might with certainty calculate upon Persia as an ally. Still Sapor is an enemy at heart. His pride, humbled as it was by that disastrous rout, when his whole camp and even his wives fell into the hands of the royal Odenathus, will never recover from the wound, and will prompt to acts of retaliation and revenge, rather than to any deed of kindness. While his public policy is, and doubtless will continue to be, pacific, his private feelings are, and ever will be, bitter. I see not how in this business we can rely with any hope of advantage upon the interposition of the Queen. If your brother is ever rescued, it must, I think, be achieved by private enterprise.' 'Your words' said I, 'have pierced me through with grief, and dispelled in a moment the brightest visions. All the way from Rome have I been cheered by the hope of what the Queen, at your solicitation, would be able to attempt and accomplish in my behalf. But it is all over. I feel the truth of what you have urged. I see it — I now see it — private enterprise can alone effect his deliverance, and from this moment I devote myself to that work. If Rome leaves her emperor to die in captivity, so will not I my brother. I will go myself to the den of this worse than barbarian king, and bring thence the loved Calpurnius, or leave my own body there for that beast to batten on. It is now, indeed, thirteen years since Calpurnius left me, a child, in Rome, to join the emperor in that ill-fated expedition. But it is with the distinctness of a yesterday's vision that he now stands before my eyes, as he then stood that day he parted

from us, glittering in his brilliant armor, and his face just as brilliant with the light of a great and trusting spirit. As he turned from the last embraces of the noble Portia, he seized me in his arms, who stood jingling his sword against his iron greaves, and imprinting upon my cheek a kiss, bade me grow a man at once, to take care of the household, while they were gone with the good emperor to fight the enemies of Rome in Asia. He was, as I remember him, of a quick and fiery temper, but he was always gentle toward me, and has bound me to him for ever.' 'The gods prosper you!' cried Fausta, 'as surely they will. It is a pious work to which you put your hand, and you will succeed.' 'Do not, Fausta,' said Gracchus, 'lend the weight of your voice to urge our friend to measures which may be rather rash than wise, and may end only in causing a greater evil than that which already exists. Prudence must govern us as well as affection. By venturing yourself at once into the dominion of Persia, upon such an errand, it is scarcely less than certain that you would perish, and without effecting your object. We ought to consider, too, I think, what the condition and treatment of Calpurnius are, before too great a risk is incurred for his rescue. He has now, we are to remember, been at the capital of the great king thirteen years. You have hinted that he had been kindly regarded by the son of Sapor. Possibly his captivity amounts to no more than a foreign residence—a sort of exile. Possibly he may, in this long series of years, have become changed into a Persian. I understand your little lip, Fausta, and your indignant frown, Lucius; but what I suggest is among things possible it cannot be denied; and can you deny it not so very unlikely, when you think what the feelings of one must have been to be so wholly forgotten and abandoned by his native country, and that country, Rome, the mistress of the world, who needed but to have stretched forth the half of her power to have broken for ever the chains of his slavery, as well as of the thousands who with him have been left to linger out their lives in bondage. If Calpurnius has been distinguished by the son of Sapor, his lot, doubtless, has been greatly lightened, and he may now be living as a Persian prince. My counsel is, therefore, that the truth in this regard be first obtained, before the life of another son, and the only inheritor of so great a name, be put in jeopardy. But what is the exact sum of what you have learned, and upon which we may rely, and from which reason and act?' 'Our knowledge,' I replied, 'was derived from a soldier, who, by a great and happy fortune, escaped and reached his native Rome. He only knew what he saw when he was first a captive, and afterward, by chance, had heard from others. He was, he said, taken to serve as a slave about the palace of the king, and it was there that for a space he was an eye-witness to the cruel and insulting usage of both Valerian and Calpurnius. That was but too true, he said, which had been reported to us, that whenever the proud Sapor went forth to mount his horse, the Emperor was brought, in the face of the whole court, and of the populace who crowded around, to serve as his footstool. Clothed in the imperial purple, the unfortunate Valerian received upon his neck the foot of Sapor, and bore him to his saddle. It was the same purpose that Calpurnius was made to serve for the young prince Hormisdas. But, said the soldier, the prince pitied the young and noble Roman, and would gladly, at the beginning, have

spared him the indignity put upon him by the stern command of his haughty and cruel father. He often found occasion at these times, while standing with his foot upon his neck, to speak with Calpurnius, and to express his regrets and his grief for his misfortunes, and promise redress, and more, if he ever came to the throne. But the soldier was soon removed from the vicinity of the royal palace, and saw no more of either Valerian or Calpurnius. What came to his ears was, generally, that while Valerian was retained exclusively for the use of Sapor, Calpurnius was after a time relinquished as entirely into the hands of Hormisdas, in whose own palace he dwelt, but with what portion of freedom, he knew not. That he was living at the time he escaped, he was certain. This, Gracchus, is the sum of what we have heard; in addition only, that the Emperor sunk under his misfortunes, and that his skin, fashioned over some substance so as exactly to resemble the living man, is preserved by Sapor, as a monument of his triumph over the legions of Rome.' 'It is a pitiful story,' said Fausta, as I ended: 'for a brave man it has been a fate worse than death; but having survived the first shame, I fear me my father's thought will prove a too true one, and that long absence, and indignation at neglect, and perhaps gratitude and attachment to the prince, who seems to have protected him, will have weaned him from Rome. So that we cannot suffer you, Lucius, to undertake so long and dangerous a journey upon so doubtful an errand. But those can be found, bold and faithful, who for that ample reward with which you could so easily enrich them, would venture even into the heart of Ecbatana itself, and bring you back your brother alive, or advertise you of his apostacy or death.' 'What Fausta says is just,' observed Gracchus, 'and in few words prescribes your course. It will not be a difficult thing, out of the multitudes of bold spirits who crowd the capital, Greek, Roman, Syrian, and Arab, to find one who will do all that you could do, and, I may add, both more and better. You may find those who are familiar with the route, who know the customs of Persia, who can speak its language, and are even at home in her capitals, and who would be infinitely more capable than either you or I, or even Fausta, to manage to a happy issue an enterprise like this. Let this then be our decision; and be it now our united care to find the individual to whom we may commit this dear but perilous service. And now enough of this. The city sleeps, and it were better that we slept with it. But first, my child, bring harmony into our spirits by one of those wild, sad airs which you are accustomed to sing to me upon the harp of the Jews. It will dispose Lucius to pleasant dreams.' I added my importunities, and Fausta, rising, moved to an open window, through which the moon was now pouring a flood of silver light, and seating herself before the instrument which stood there, first swept its strings with an easy and graceful hand. 'I wish,' said she, 'I could give you the song which I am going to sing in the language of the Hebrews, for it agrees better, I think, with the sentiment and the character of the music, than the softer accents of the Greek. But every thing is Greek now.' So saying, she commenced with a prelude more sweetly and profoundly melancholy than even the wailing of the night wind among the leafless trees of the forest. This was followed by — an ode shall I call it? — or a hymn? — for it was not what we mean by a song. Nor was the music

like any other music I had ever heard, but much more full of passion ; broken, wild, plaintive, triumphant, by turns, it stirred all the deepest feelings of the heart. It seemed to be the language of one in captivity, who, refusing to sing one of the songs of his country for the gratification of his conquerors, broke out into passionate strains of patriotism, in which he exalted his desolated home to the Heavens, and prophesied in the boldest terms her ultimate restoration to power and glory. The sentiment lost nothing coming to the ear clothed in the rich music of Fausta's voice, which rose and sank, swelled and died away, or was full of tears or joy, as agreed with the theme of the poet. She was herself the poet, and the captive, and the Jew, so wholly did she abandon herself to the sway of the thoughts which she was expressing. One idea alone, however, had possessed me while she sang — to which, the moment she paused, I first gave utterance. 'And think you, Fausta,' said I, 'that while the captive Jew remembers his country, the captive Roman will forget his? Never! Calpurnius, if he lives, lives a Roman. For this I thank your song. Melancholy and sad in itself, it has bred joy in my soul. I shall now sleep soundly.' So saying, we separated.

Thus was passed my first evening in Palmyra.

A REVERIE, A BRIDAL, AND A FUNERAL.

I WAS alone, within an antique fane,
Of Europe's storied soil : with awe I scanned
Its pillar'd vastness, gorgeously revealed
In the rich twilight, showered through tinted panes
As from dissolving rainbows. Suddenly
The long dim vista of each sombre aisle —
Where, niched in gloom, rude feudal effigies
Frowned above dateless tombs — seemed populous ;
From pedestal and shrine, mitred and mailed,
Leapt priest and warrior. From the bannered choir
They snatched the blazoned pennons. Noble steeds,
Crested with plumes, scarce reined by squire and groom,
Came bounding by. Then column, wall, and roof
Melted in air, and on my dreaming gaze
Burst the chivalric grandeur of the past !

I stood, in gloom and silence, in God's house,
A spear's length from His altar ; but my soul
Was up in arms — horsed ! and with lance in rest
Scouring the torrid wastes of Palestine !
I shared the fight — the chase — the bivouac
By the sweet fountain, thatched with leaves of palms,
And columned by their stems, and laved my brow
In its clear wave — an unshined diamond,
Set in the desert's gold.

My day dream changed.

I stood, at eve, in the ancestral home
Of the returned crusader, and o'erlooked
The revelry of Eld. Bright cressets lit
The trophied banquet hall. The Paladin
Had changed his harness for rich cloth of gold,
His heavy spear, for the light gilded lute,
And sunk his war shout to a madrigal.
There queenly beauty guerdon'd with soft smiles
Her soldier-bard ; or, love-linked in the dance,

With swan-like motion, floated at his side.
Then came the banquet, with its massive cheer,
Its long deep drainings of the wassail cup,
And rafter-shaking peals, as pledged each knight
The lady of his choice.

My dream dissolved.

A low, sweet voice, whose natural music seemed
Blended with sorrow's touching melody,
Thrilled on my heart, and brought it with a bound
Back from its wild and dazzling pilgrimage.
Whence came those bird-like tones? I turned, and lo!
Before the altar stood a bridal group,
Gaily attired, and in the midst a pair
Whom the strong oath Death can alone absolve
Was soon to make 'one flesh.' One flesh! — oh shame!
That God's high sanctuary and sacrament
To such unholy use should be profaned!
Decrepid was the bridegroom — old — diseased;
And 't was a deep and flagrant sacrilege,
An impious jest on Nature's harmony,
To graft on aught so scathed and verdureless
The trembling bud of beauty by his side.
Brief had her summers been, and happiness
Had sunned them as they flew: o'er her life's sun
Time's wing had flitted shadowless, till now;
And in her beaming loveliness, she seemed
A gem by Heaven lent awhile to earth
To mirror its own brightness. But alas!
They to whose keeping God the treasure gave,
Like faithless stewards, the rich trust betrayed,
And blasphemed Him, by placing His high seal
On their unhallowed bond. She was too young
To feel how priceless was the sacrifice
Paternal treach'ry claimed. The voice of love
Had never waked her bosom's echoings
With its wild, maddening music. Like a spring
Deep in embowering woods, where never storm
Darkened its stirless chrysal, her calm soul
Had slumbered in its stainless purity.
Yet did she feel the aimless tenderness
That, vine-like, sent its wreathing tendrils forth
To clasp the beautiful, could never cling
And twine in fondness round so foul a stem.
She vowed to 'love and honor:' but I knew
By the sick shudder as he grasped her hand,
The faint response, and the large gathering tear,
That an o'ermastering instinct, mightier far
Than that strong oath, had made it *perjury*!

Long years swept on. A kinless wanderer
I roamed the earth through many a sunny clime.
I saw the loveliest of many a land —
Fair Saxon Hebes, the gay belles of France,
And Spain's voluptuous dames, through whose full veins
Love sweeps a tide of fire. But ever still
Where eyes were brightest, and where rosy lips
Were breathing Passion's broken murmurings —
Amid the dance, or bending o'er the harp
Some syren's fingers stirred — did I behold
The form of that young girl: her brow depressed,
Her silken veil, brooch'd among clustering curls,
Half drawn aside, and floating o'er her cheek,
Like vapor round a blossom. So she seemed
When meekly 'neath the priest's uplifted hands,
Raised in the act to bless, she bowed her head,
And spake the words that were her destiny.

There is a spirit leading us, unseen,
When we seem sport of chance, and in our feet
An instinct which, through all our wanderings,

Tends to the thing we love. An influence,
 Kindred to this, allured me once again
 'Mid unforgotten scenes of by-gone bliss,
 To find them tenantless. Tree, stream, and flower
 Were all unchanged, and symphonies,
 Familiar to my heart as 'household words,'
 Seemed floating round me. 'T was illusion all :
 The lips were dust which breathed them. Wending thence,
 Saddened yet happier, I sought again —
 'T was in my homeward path — the ancient pile
 To me so memorable. Again I stood
 Before its altar : now 't was victimless ;
 And radiant, on the well-remembered spot
 Where knelt the lovely one, a golden beam,
 Shot through some crevice of the shafted pane,
 Fell like an angel's glance — another sun,
 Marking where her's was dimmed.

Even as I gazed,
 Burst through the vaulted silence a full tide
 Of melody, and up the central aisle
 Swept the black pageant, with whose heartless pomp
 Pride comes to crown the worm. Onward it passed :
 The pall was lifted : on the time-worn floor,
 Where danced that sunbeam, was the coffin placed.
 The silver 'scutcheon lightened in its glow,
 And on its burnished shield I read her name,
 Who, from the spot her bier now rested on,
 I had seen rise a bride. Nor was this all :
 The very priest whose holy ministry
 Had made her matron, now, with solemn voice,
 Espoused her to the grave. And *he* was there,
 The death-divorced, in hypocritic weeds,
 To mourn above his victim.

The damp cell,
 Whose gloomy portal at the last great trump
 Shall open an untried eternity,
 Received the broken-hearted. Low, deep sobs
 Of late repentance from *their* bosoms burst
 Who called the dead their daughter — for they, too,
 And all the bridal train — how changed their guise ! —
 Were grouped with weeping eyes around her dust.
 'Ashes to ashes !' And the sullen plunge
 Of kindred clay upon the clay beneath
 Echoed the dread betrothal. Thick and fast
 Rolled in the crumbling clods, the human dust
 Of buried generations, mixed with bones,
 Fragments of half-obliterated man.

'T was finished : through the massive Saxon arch
 The last dark form had vanished, when a step
 Stirred in the silence, and a manly form
 Strode from a pillar's shade, and with bared head
 Paused by the fresh-heaved mound. He saw me not,
 For every faculty of sight and soul
 Seemed swallowed up in a dull, aching sense
 Of utter desolation. Sorrow's load
 Had dammed its inward fountain, and his eyes
 Were dewless, even as his withered heart.
 Reverently, as o'er a saint enshrined, he stooped
 And kissed the earth above the treasure-vault
 That held his broken jewel. Kneeling there,
 He looked on high, and then his lip unbent
 Its curve of agony, and from his soul
 Despair fell like a cloud ; for holy Hope,
 Who, chased from earth, poises her plumes for heaven,
 Pointed where, angel-robed before the throne,
 His chosen walked, with glory on her brow.
 Peace came to him that hour, and he went forth
 Religiously rejoicing. 'T was not long,
 Ere he, too, dropped life's burthen, and lay down
 By her who should have shared and lightened it.

Few words will tell their history.
 No chain can bind affection — least of all
 One that hath links of gold. They met, they loved —
 But 'love is for the free;' and she, the slave
 Of an unhappy bondage, might not bend
 To gather of its flowers. She was not one
 To stoop to shame: her crown of purity
 Was not a bauble, which the first light breath
 Might rend like gossamer — but a diadem,
 Before the splendor of whose beaming front
 Sin crouched abashed: and his was love
 That would as soon have plotted 'gainst her life,
 As wooed her to dishonor. Oh! for such
 Love's watchword is 'Farewell!'

A voluntary exile forth he roamed,
 With a deep shadow resting on his heart,
 But found at length of all his wanderings
 The goal beside her sepulchre.

J. B.

 HORATIO GREENOUGH.

'ILLE (vides?) purâ juvenis qui nititur hastâ
 Proxima sorte perire lucis loca.'

John H. Greenough

WHEN Horatio Greenough shall have filled the measure of his promise, after he shall have added renown to an already interesting name, his biography will be written; and that biography will be read, while the lives of our presidents and great politicians will lie, dust-laden, upon the shelves of posterity. They have sought a near fame, and are conspicuous in station, and sonorous in the mouths of the multitude. But there is a distant fame which urges him on, who, satisfied that he is performing some great good, the effects of which cannot be felt in his own time, labors for the benefit of future and more enlightened generations; and this is the fame the sculptor works for. His contemporaries may applaud his designs, and commend his execution; he will receive near fame; but when ages shall have passed, and the usefulness of his art shall be acknowledged, in the stone that hands down to a people the image of some great benefactor of their country, or of the world, then will he receive the crown of his deserts; and though he be beyond the reach of popular favor, the expectation of such posthumous reputation may well dignify his thoughts, and lift up his spirit to any sacrifices.

The desire of near fame is selfish, subservient, and truckling. It often goes to form the character of the public officer. It admits of short-lived subterfuges, shallow paints, and flimsy varnishes; it gives neither dignity to the character, nor disinterestedness to the deeds of the man who seeks it. He is of the earth, earthy; and when dead, the people shed no tears over his grave; no memory remains of him, except as associated with acts complicated and heterogeneous; the reminiscence of him is jostled among a crowd of impressions of like personages, though he may obtain the dubious honor of having his bare name and office recorded in a history of ten volumes octavo.

Grand, indeed, must be the construction of that mind which looks with enthusiasm upon such an art as sculpture — one so laborious, slow,

and Herculean — for its chief pleasure. The poet is one who knows and feels all that other men know and feel, and still something beyond; for he carries out more largely, and penetrates more deeply, the common sources of happiness and beauty that are every where about the world: and it is this faculty that constitutes him a poet. Equally general is the field from which the painter reaps his sustenance. He revels amid scenes, either domestic, simple, or sublime. But the sculptor loves mountains, snowy peaks, lofty columns, and ruined temples — something that tells of time, either past or future. He may *like* other things, but if there be any such test as consistency of character, that mind that makes the hard marble speak, that hews out living forms from the insensate rock, will prefer the durable, the majestic, the terrific even, to the evanescent, the delicate, or the voluptuous.

Sculpture is the pyramid of the arts; it has length, breadth, and thickness; it is indebted to no illusion for its effects; there is no shading, and coloring, and throwing into the back-ground; it is not dependent upon good light, but all stands out — confessed. It forms things as they are, not represents them as they appear. It is the earliest and most direct effort of imitation — simple from its very obviousness, but severe in its simplicity, admitting of no compromises, exacting the whole truth, or it will none of it.

The imitative arts originated in man's desire of immortality for himself, or for something pertaining closely to him; as among ancient nations did their country's honor and glory. Since the invention of printing, and the founding of libraries, this desire can be indulged at less cost and labor: hence the reason why the arts have not progressed with literature, although so closely blended with it. Most men, now, prefer a written picture to a painted one. Good scholars are not ashamed to acknowledge that they do not even know the technical vocabulary of criticism upon the imitative arts. The number is few of those who aspire to be amateurs in such matters. This state of public feeling acts upon the artist; and, beside, the same causes that produce this indifference in the public, lessen the enthusiasm of the student. The truth may be, that there is not now the strong necessity, the ardent patriotism — the passion — for patriotism has enlarged into philanthropy — that once summoned out the skill of the painter and sculptor. Once it was the reverence of his gods, or the achievements of his friend, that inspired him — now it is, for the most part, the love of his art. The real ground, the necessity, of the imitative arts has vanished in the literary progression of the world. When few comparatively could read,* pictures were used as incentives to devotion; fear and reverence were cultivated by statues; the example of great deeds was kept fresh and vivid in the minds of the people, by representations on canvass and in stone. Now, every purpose of piety or politics is answered by a printed sermon or speech. But this is not all true of painting, which has passed from a national to a domestic art; perpetuating the expression of those we love; reminding us in age of what we were in youth; enabling us to carry friends next our very hearts, when seas or lands, death or accidents, separate them from us.

* Most of the Grecians in the time of Demosthenes, and the greater part of the Romans in the time of Augustus, were entirely uneducated. *North American Review*.

Then what is sculpture, and what is it that feeds the soul of its student? He loves it as a part of the history of the world; it has upon it the venerable stamp of antiquity; it belongs to the age of the greatest orator and poet. 'In contemplating antiquity, his mind itself becomes antique.' Like Pomponius Lætus, he may be seen 'wandering amidst the vestiges of the throne of the world: there, in many a reverie, as his eye rests on the mutilated arch, and the broken column, he stops to muse, and drops tears in the ideal presence of Rome and of the Romans.'

Once too, perhaps, in a century, a man may live like our Washington, who not only must be embalmed in the choicest garb of poetry, and the truest touches of the pencil, but also in the noblest statue of the sculptor. He must not merely live in the hearts of the people, but he must be made to stand out, *in propria persona*, for the eyes of all coming generations to dwell upon. Yes, he must stand in the capitol, himself the very corner-stone. God will raise up a sculptor for such a man — and he has.

It is upon such subjects the sculptor lives, and realizes the divine excellence of his art. But it can never be a common art: first, from its difficulty, and next, from the fact that few cases can occur, where being put up in stone would not be ridiculous. Its field is circumscribed, not admitting of common subjects. It is too dignified to descend to trifles. What would be thought, for instance, of a statue of Sam. Patch or Daniel Lambert?

As, then, it can only deal in very great characters, and as very great men are rare, how can it hope to be a common art? What is to support it in our country? Painting draws its support from private vanity, or real affection, and immortalizes itself by scriptural and historical pieces; but sculpture has no such fund to draw upon, and beside, a few works are the employment of a life. It can only be supported by government patronage, which must be small in republics like ours, where so many men are great, but not singly great, like Washington; where factitious distinctions are unknown, and where greatness bestows itself around to others, producing an elevated republican equality, until it is hard to discover the original stock from which it proceeded. But we have noticed all these obstacles to the art, only to show the originality and perseverance of Horatio Greenough, who, in a manner highly honorable to himself and useful to his country, has worked against all these disadvantages, until he has fought out a laudable name for the talent of his native land. We cannot highly enough estimate that genius, which had the daring, the intellectual energy, to fix upon so high a mark, with so little sympathy about him, so little encouragement as any young man would receive in such an undertaking. The glory of Columbus consists, not in the fearlessness with which he encountered the tempests, in his search for a western continent, but in the invention of his theory, and his remaining in it and nobly upholding it through want, disappointment, and neglect. Intrepidity in danger is manly, but such traits cannot be compared with the moral courage that dares to stem the accumulated prejudices of centuries. Any man who engages in a new and hazardous enterprise, and arrives successfully at his result, is entitled to unusual honor: and such we esteem the art of sculpture to have been to an American.

But whatever the prejudices of the time, whatever its apparent

inutility, the sculptor acknowledges no perpetuity but in the creations of his art. He is carried along by a steady enthusiasm. He looks to the olden times, rather than the new, for his counsels, his sympathies, and companionships. He can own no communion with the bustle of modern improvement. His life is secluded, devoted, and often foreign; for he can only breathe freely in Italy. How many minds can rise to this training? Where are the students to come from, who, alone and unassisted, will carve out for themselves such a path as Greenough did, when but a boy? If each century to come can produce one great American sculptor, it is more than can reasonably be hoped for.

Greenough was born a sculptor; that is, he was born with a temperament and disposition to nourish some noble design, some definite purpose, for the benefit of his age. Endowed with a remarkable delicacy of character, even in boyhood, he shunned society, to devote himself to his darling pursuits. At school, at college, this was the single object before his mind—it absorbed his whole heart. He undoubtedly felt then, that he possessed a treasure which he must not tarnish with other interests.

We have put the name of Horatio Greenough at the head of our remarks upon his art, because we like the name; it is one of fine associations. There is inspiration, too, in writing under such a title, (albeit we may fail, still, reader, wait until you see us uninspired, and you may acknowledge it.) We do not wish to draw into an indelicate position an artist whose great work—the statue of Washington—is yet on the stocks; we would not forestall his reputation. But he has already done enough to endear him to every American. We would cheer him on in his pilgrimage, and send our voice across the wide Atlantic to tell him, that his countrymen are mindful of him, and waiting his rich return—rich, not in gold and merchantable stuffs, but rich in a name that shall be the pride of his descendants, and a jewel to his country.

J. N. B.

A WISH.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Long may'st thou live! and long be blest
 With every joy that life endears;
 May peace for aye illumine thy breast,
 And Hope make rainbows of thy tears.
 Long may'st thou live! but not to see
 Friends fall like leaves in autumn's bower,
 In the world's desert leaving thee
 A withered, lonely, joyless flower.

No! Lady—rather may'st thou die,
 When sympathy thy pangs can sooth,
 Fond friendship close thy dying eye,
 And love thy dying pillow smooth:
 But oh! may my last breath be sped
 Ere thou death's bitter cup shall quaff:
 I could not look upon thee dead,
 Nor live to write thine epitaph!

PHILOLOGY.

CONCLUDED.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D.

DEFINITION.

In the definition of words, the most important part of lexicography, the defects and inaccuracies of the English dictionaries are too numerous to be specified. Dr. Johnson, indeed, made great improvements in this department of English lexicography; but he also made many mistakes, or left many definitions very imperfect. This is not surprising, considering his infirmities, and the defect of his researches into the origin and affinities of the language.

But it is remarkable, that among all the compilers of dictionaries who have borrowed his vocabulary of words, and abridged his definitions, not one, whose work is yet published, has, to any extent, corrected his mistakes, or supplied his defects. Almost all the errors of Johnson are copied into later dictionaries, both in Great Britain and the United States; and in various abridgments, they find their way into our families and schools.

Observe the different definitions of the following words, in the different books:

FROM JOHNSON.

- SPECULATION.** 1. Examination by the eye; view.
 2. Examiner; spy. This word is found no where else, (except in a passage of Shakspeare) and probably is here misprinted for *speculator*. (The passage is omitted.)
 3. Mental view; intellectual examination; contemplation.
 4. A train of thoughts formed by meditation.
 5. Mental scheme not reduced to practice.
 6. Power of sight. Not in use.

These are copied without improvement into the dictionaries of Sheridan, Walker, Jones, and Jameson.

In abridgments for schools in this country, we find the following:

Act of speculating; view; spy, examination; contemplation; scheme. — *Worcester*.
 View, mental scheme not reduced to practice. — *Cobb*.

The same in the abridgment of Walker, published in Boston.

The same in Maunder, with the addition of *contemplation*.

FROM WEBSTER'S AMERICAN DICTIONARY.

- SPECULATION.** Examination by the eye, view. (*Little used*).
 2. Mental view of any thing in its various aspects and relations; contemplation; intellectual examination. The events of the day afford matter of serious speculation to the friends of Christianity.
 3. Train of thoughts formed by meditation.
 4. Mental scheme; theory; views of subjects not verified by fact or practice.
 This globe, which was round only in speculation, has been circumnavigated. The application of steam to navigation is no longer a matter of mere speculation.
 5. Power of signs. (*Not in use*).
 6. In commerce, the act or practice of buying land or goods, etc., in expectation of a rise of price and of selling them at an advance; as distinguished from a regular trade, in which the profit expected is the difference, between the retail and wholesale prices, or the difference of price in the place where the goods are purchased, and the place to which they are carried for market. In England, France and America, public stocks are the subject of continual speculation. In the United States, a few men have been enriched, but many have been ruined, by speculation.

FROM WEBSTER'S SCHOOL DICTIONARIES.

SPECULATION. Mental view; a buying in expectation of a rise in price.

FROM JOHNSON.

CAN. To be able to have power.

2. It expresses the potential mood.

3. It is distinguished from *may*, as *power* from *permission*. I can do it, it is in my power; I may do it, it is allowed me; but in poetry they are confounded.

4. *Can* is used of the person, with the verb active, where *may* is used of the thing, with the verb passive; as, I can do it, it may or can be done.

FROM WEBSTER'S AMERICAN DICTIONARY.

CAN. To be able; to have sufficient strength or physical power. One man can lift a weight which another can not.

2. To have means or instruments, which supply power or ability. A man can build a house or fit out a ship, if he has the requisite property.

3. To be possible. 'Nicodemus said, how can these things be?'

4. To have adequate moral power. A man can indulge in pleasure, or he can refrain.

5. To have just or legal competent power; to be free from any restraint of moral, civil, or political obligation. A man can hold an office, or he can not. The Jews could not eat certain kinds of animals which were declared to be unclean.

6. To have natural strength, or capacity, to be susceptible of; to be able or free to undergo any change, or produce any effect, by the laws and constitution of nature, or by divine appointment. Silver can be melted, but can not be changed into gold. Can the rush grow without mire? Can the fig-tree bear olive berries? Can faith save him?

7. To have competent strength, ability, fortitude, patience, etc., in a passive sense. He can not bear reproof. I can not endure his impertinence. This is a hard saying; who can hear it?

8. To have the requisite knowledge, experience, or skill. An astronomer can calculate an eclipse, though he can not make a coat.

9. To have strength or inclination, or motives sufficient to overcome obstacles, impediments, inconvenience, or other objection. I can not rise and give thee, etc. *Luke*.

10. To have sufficient capacity; as a vessel can not hold or contain the whole quantity.

AVERTMENT. Establishment of any thing by evidence. — *Bacon*.

2. An offer of the *defendant* to justify an exception, and the act as well as the offer. *Johnson* from *Blount*.

The establishment of any thing by evidence. *Sheridan, Walker, Jameson, Cobb, Boston Abridgment of Walker, Worcester*.

FROM WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

AVERTMENT. Affirmation; positive assertion; the act of averring.

2. Verification, establishment by evidence. *Bacon*.

3. In *pleading*, an offer of either party to justify or prove what he alleges. In any stage of pleadings, when either party advances new matter, he avers it to be true, and concludes with these words, 'and this he is ready to verify.' This is called an averment.

EFFERVESCE. To generate heat by intestine motion. *Johnson, Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Jameson, Maunder, Cobb, Boston Abridgment of Walker, Philadelphia, ditto, Grimshaw: Worcester adds, to bubble, to work*.

EFFERVESCE. To be in natural commotion, like liquor when gently boiling; to bubble and hiss, as fermenting liquors or any fluid when some part escapes in an elastic form; to work as new wine. *Webster*.

EMIGRATE. To remove from one place to another. *Johnson, Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Maunder, Cobb, Boston and Philadelphia abridgments of Walker, Grimshaw*. (Then the removal of a family from one part of a city to another, is to emigrate.)

EMIGRATE. To quit one's country, state, or region, and settle in another; to remove from one country or state to another, for the purpose of residence. Germans, Swiss, Irish, Scots, *emigrate* to America. *Webster: Quarto*.

COUNTRY-DANCE. A well known dance. *Jameson, Maunder, Worcester, Grimshaw*. (There is no such legitimate word in the language.)

CONTRA-DANCE. A dance in which the partners are arranged in opposition or in opposite lines. *Webster*.

CROSS-EXAMINE. To examine witnesses by putting to them unexpected questions. *Maunder*.

CROSS-EXAMINATION. The act of examining, by questions apparently captious, the faith of evidence in a court of justice. *Maunder.* (All wrong.)

CROSS-EXAMINE. To examine a witness by the opposite party, or his counsel, as the plaintiff's witness by the defendant, and *vice versa.* *Webster.*

The reader will understand, by the foregoing examples, the great care which has been bestowed on this important part of lexicography, in the execution of the American Dictionary. The British dictionaries abound with errors and defects, from beginning to end; and such is the fact with the abridgments of them made and published in this country.

GRAMMAR.

THE British grammars, and such American compilations as contain the same principles, stand in need of many corrections, and great improvements. Wallis and Lowth were eminent scholars, and have done much for reducing our language to order, and explaining its principles and idioms. But they overlooked some important particulars; and since the date of their publications, some very valuable discoveries have been made, which require a grammar to be constructed with some new rules and principles.

Lindley Murray undertook to digest the principles of Lowth into a more convenient form than any which had preceded his work. But Murray, being a Quaker, and of course not having the benefit of a college education, was destitute of the classical attainments which are necessary for the execution of a complete grammar: and what was a still greater defect, he had no knowledge of the Saxon, the parent of the English language, without which no man is competent to explain some of the idioms of the language. He made no pretensions to *authorship*; he considered his book as a *compilation* of rules and principles from former writers, which he has mentioned as his authorities. But not hazarding any new principles, or any important departure from his authorities, he has copied their errors, and left his work nearly as imperfect as those which he has cited.

In Murray's grammar, therefore, as in those of his predecessors, we stumble in the threshold. Copying from Lowth and others, the compiler writes: 'In English there are but two articles, *a* and *the*: *a* becomes *an* before a vowel and before a silent *h*.' This is a mistake; the fact is the reverse; *an* is the original word, and loses the *n* before a consonant. He proceeds, copying from Lowth;

'*A* or *an* is styled the *indefinite* article; it is used in a *vague* sense to point out one single thing of the kind, in other respects *indeterminate*: as give me *a* book, that is, *any book*!'

Now this rule has been repeated age after age, and writers seem never to have recollected that *all words expressing numbers* are constantly used in a precisely similar manner. Give me *two* apples, that is, *any two*. Bring me *three* oranges from the basket, that is, *any three*. From a company of soldiers, detach *four* men, that is, *any four*. In this way, we show that every word expressing number is as truly an indefinite article as *an* or *a*. Let us attend to the following sentences:

'The Jewish revelation was a preparation for the Christian!' That is, according to the foregoing rule, *any preparation, indeterminate*!

'Joseph wrapped the body of Christ in linen, and laid it in a sepulcher!' That is, *any sepulcher, indeterminate!*

'The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden!' That is, *any garden, indeterminate!*

'And Abram said to his wife, I know thou art a fair woman!' That is, *any fair woman, indeterminate!*

'The king of Ai went out to battle, at a time appointed!' That is, *any time, indeterminate!*

'And Moses said, I have been a stranger in a strange land!' That is, *any stranger in any strange land!*

'Behold, if the witness is a false witness and hath testified falsely against his brother!' *Deut. xix. 18.* Now according to Murray, *the witness is definite*, but he immediately becomes *a witness*, which is *indefinite*; that is a *certain witness* becomes *any witness* whatever.

Now the cause of this error, which occurs in all the grammars of languages on the continent, of which I have any knowledge, has been this; an ignorance of the simple fact that *an* is the adjective expressing *one*, and is neither more nor less than the Saxon spelling of the Latin *un-us*, the first syllable of which *un* is the Saxon *an*. Neither in English or in any other language is this word, and that which corresponds to it in other languages, any more an *article*, as a distinct part of speech, than *two, three, four*, and every adjective of number in the language. *An* or *a* is an adjective used before any noun, definite or indefinite, at the pleasure of the writer or speaker.

Hence the impropriety of the use of *a* or *an* before *one*; such *a one*. In this use, the same original word occurs twice; such *one one*. The true phrase is *such one*.

The British grammars and dictionaries tell us, that *if* is a conjunction; *though* is a conjunction; *notwithstanding* is a conjunction; *provided* is a conjunction, or an adverb; *that*, in some of its uses, is a conjunction; *during* is a preposition; *save* is sometimes an adverb; *saving* is sometimes an adverb; *except* is sometimes a preposition; *excepted* and *excepting* are sometimes prepositions.

These definitions are copied into our grammars and dictionaries, and constantly taught in our schools; although they contain not one word of truth. Johnson indeed informs us, that *during*, *provided*, *excepted*, *excepting*, *saving*, are participles; but not understanding the construction of such words, when applied to sentences, he classes them with prepositions or adverbs.

Let us attend to the consequences of this wrong classification. From not understanding the true construction of the language, and the proper character of the word *provided*, when applied to sentences, that elegant writer, Robert Hall, has fallen into a mistake which is almost ludicrous. He has used *providing* for *provided*, in the following sentences:

'They are willing to retain the Christian religion, *providing* it continue inefficient.'

WORKS, VOL. II. 273.
'Conquests achieved or objects attained are equally instructive, *providing* the reader is informed by what steps virtuous or vicious habits were superinduced.'—p. 410.

The first of these sentences should run thus: 'They are willing to retain the Christian religion, *provided* it shall continue inefficient; that is, *provided that fact*, (which is expressed in what follows, viz.) *the*

religion, shall continue inefficient. That being provided, is the clause independent. And this resolution of the sentence shows the impropriety of using it continue, as if in the subjunctive mode; when in fact the words should be in the future, it shall continue.

Observe, also, the consequence of classifying *if* and *though* with conjunctions. In our version of the Scriptures there is this passage: '*If that I may apprehend.*' — *Phil. iii., 12.* In the old version, there is the following passage: '*But though that we or an angel from heaven preach to you any other gospel.*' *Gal. i., 8.*

In the latter passage, *that* is now omitted; yet both passages are genuine English. But *if* and *though* being considered conjunctions, the word *that* stands without any governing word, or it is governed by a conjunction!

Among all the errors of grammars, none has had more mischievous effects in practice, than the mistake of classing with conjunctions, *that* in English, and the corresponding words in Greek and Latin, *quod* and *ὅτι*, instead of considering them to be what they are, pronouns referring to a sentence. The mistake is as old as the early translation of the Scriptures.

Take the following examples from the version of Jerome, called the *Vulgate*, which is the authorized copy of the Scriptures among the Romanists. The passages are given in literal English:

'For I say to you, *because* unless your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.' *Matth. v. 20.*

'Ye have heard, *because* it was said by them of old time.' *v. 21.*

'And then I will profess to them, *because* I never knew you.' *vii. 23.*

'Believe ye, *because* I am able to do this.' *ix. 23.*

'He that cometh to God must believe, *because* he is and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' *Heb. xi. 6.*

'To whom it was said, *because* in Isaac shall thy seed be called.' *Heb. xi. 18.*

'But that ye may know, *because* the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.' *Matth. ix. 6.*

'But I say to you, *because* whoever is angry with his brother without a cause.' *Matth. v. 22.*

Montanus, another translator, has made the same mistake in a multitude of passages.

There are two or three passages, at least, in our version, mistranslated in consequence of the same mistake of the character of the Greek *ὅτι*. *Luke i. 45:* 'Blessed is she that believed, *for* there shall be a performance of those things which have been told her from the Lord.' *For*, in this passage, should be *that*, as it is rendered by McKnight and Mosenmüller.

In *Romans viii. 20, 21*, this mistake obscures the sense, so as to render the passage almost unintelligible.

'For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope, *because* the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.' *Because*, here, should be *that*, and no pause should be inserted immediately after *hope*. A like mistake occurs in *Luke ii. 10, 11.*

Because, too, is classed with the conjunctions. Then see the consequence. 'They kindled a fire and received us every one, *because* of the present rain, and *because* of the cold.' *Acts xxviii. 2.* Here the

conjunction *because* governs the following noun. What sort of grammar is this?*

In no modern language are the mistakes in classifying words more numerous than in the French grammars and dictionaries. Among these are the following :

A *cause de* are called a preposition ; a *cause que*, a conjunction ; a *cause de quoi*, an adverb ; *ce pendant*, a conjunction or an adverb ; *que* answering to the English *that*, referring to a sentence, is called a conjunction or an adverb ; *pendant*, is called a preposition, and *pendant que*, a conjunction ; *par se que*, is a conjunction ; *pourvu que*, a conjunction ; *peut être*, an adverb ; *soit* a conjunction, or an adverb.

In all this there is not a particle of truth ; and the fact that such a classification of words has existed for ages, in this and in other modern languages, is a striking proof of the superficial manner in which the structure of languages has been analyzed.

For want of a more thorough understanding of the structure of languages, and the consequent want of a correct grammar to serve as a guide to learners, mistakes and improprieties of speech occur in the compositions of most of our best authors. Some of these are so wrought into our current oral language, that it may be impracticable to banish them from popular use.

EXAMPLES.

'Nothing but the expectation of this, *could have engaged him to have undertaken this voyage.*' *Jefferson's Works*, Vol. i., Letter 74.

In this sentence, *could have engaged* expresses the past time, the time of *engaging*, and the words to *have undertaken* express time past, anterior to *engaging*. The last verb should have been to *undertake*.

'The merchants were certainly disposed to *have consented* (to consent) to accommodation, as to the article of debts.' Vol. ii., Let. 15.

'I *expected to have sent* (to send) also a coin of copper.' Vol. ii., Let. 45.

Here the *sending* is expressed at time *past* of the time of *expecting*.

'I *did fully intend* writing a line on Wednesday, to *have told* you of the glorious opening of the great cause of abolition.' *Memoirs of H. More* : Vol. i., p. 309.

Here the *telling* is represented as past *before it was intended*.

'I *had intended to have said* more in answer to your letter.' *H. More* : Vol. ii. 136.

'It was not my intention to *have said* so much.' *Benington. Mem. of H. More* : Vol. ii. 150.

'If I had known that Dr. Woodward still remained in the neighborhood, I *would have found* him out, in order to *have set* (to set) his mind completely at rest.' Vol. ii. 121.

'I *could not so long have forborne to have troubled* (to trouble) you with a letter.' *Mrs. Montague : Mem. of H. More* : Vol. i. 371.

'It furnished us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it *would have been* decent to *have been* (to be) a little sorrowful.' *Ibidem*, p. 53.

'And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they *might have had* opportunity to *have returned*, (to return.) xi. 15.

'It *would not do* to say that our constitution *was* (is) only a league.' *President's Proclamation*.

So in common discourse : 'By his taciturnity I should think he *was* diffident. (I should think he *is* diffident — or what is preferable, I should think him *to be* diffident.) See my *Improved Grammar*, p. 50.

* In early life, I was instructed in all the errors of the English books ; and they are so familiar, that they sometimes escape me, both in speaking and writing.

'He would show what Romanism had been, and prove it *was* the same *now*.' (Prove it is or *to be*.)

'What day of the month is it?' 'The third.' 'I thought it *was* the fourth.' (I thought it *to be*.)

'Is it as warm as it *was* yesterday?' 'I should think it *was*.' Better thus: I should think it *is*, or I should think it *to be*.

'He commenced with asserting, that youth *was* probably the most favorable period of life.' (That youth *is*, or asserting youth *to be*.)

'It is not so late as I thought it *was*.' (Thought it *to be*.)

'He said he was glad it *was* Sunday *to-morrow*.' (It *will be*.)

'Jesus knowing that he *was* come from God and *went* to God.' (That he *had* come, or that he came, from God, and *was going* to God.) *John XIII.*, 3.

'I *should* be sorry you *saw* my resemblance at *present*.' *H. More: Mem.* Vol. i., 87.*

'I should no longer think that wearing a nosegay *was* (is) a venial delight unblamed.' *Ibidem*, p. 309.

'Workmen *were* arrived to assist them.' *Mitford*, v., 111.

'A body of Athenian horse *was* just arrived.' *Ibidem* v. 226.

'The time limited for the reception of the Cardinal *was expired*.' *Roscoe*, i., 84.

This conversion of intransitive verbs into the passive form is highly improper. So also in such examples as these: He *was perished*—he *is escaped*—they *were retired* from company. Many examples of this improper phraseology occur in the Bible.

The following are examples of the use of a wrong tense:

'Homer *has been* (was) more conversant with military matters than Hesiod.' *Mitford*, i., 140.

'The conduct of Pelonidas towards Arcadia and its minister, at the Persian court, *has scarcely been* (was scarcely) the result of mere caprice or resentment.' *Ibidem*, v., 148.

'I *would be* (should be) lost to every honorable *correct* feeling, were I not profoundly affected by the cordial manner in which I have been received.' *Letter from a gentleman*.

'I desire to throw out a few positions which I, for one, *will* (shall) feel it my duty to assume and maintain.'

'I hope and trust that on this momentous question, we *will* (shall) suppress every unworthy emotion.' *Debates in Congress*.

'We *will* not be mistaken.' (Shall not.)

Such Scotticisms and Irishisms occur frequently in the language of many gentlemen of distinction. But they are not English, and ought never to be printed. Blair's Lectures, and many other books written by Scottish authors, ought, before they are published, to be carefully examined and purified from the peculiar Scottish forms of speech, by some person with whom the English language is *vernacular*.

And here it may be remarked, that in the use of the Scottish forms of the English verbs, the common version of the Bible is very objectionable. Thus in the use of *shall*, the following phrases are incorrect. 'God *shall* give Pharaoh an answer of peace.' *Gen. xli.* 16. 'Our God *shall* fight for us.' *Neh. iv.*, 20. 'One of you *shall* betray me.'

* Let the use of the verbs in the examples given, be compared with the following: 'And I *knew* that thou *hearest* me always.' *John xii.*, 42. This is according to the original, and correct. The verb *knew* expresses time past; but *hearest* expresses time in general, a permanent fact, or one always existing. So in the following: 'Then said Paul I *knew* not, brethren, that he is the High Priest.' *Acts, xiii.*, 5. A modern writer would have here used *was*; I knew not that he *was* the High Priest.

Matth. xxvi., 21. 'The brother *shall* betray the brother to death.' *Mark xiii.*, 12. 'Ye *shall* be hated by all men.' *Matth. x.*, 22.

Shall, in such phrases, imports a promise, command, threatening, or determination, implying a right to command. But such phraseology applied to the Supreme Being, in these and similar phrases, is very improper and irreverent, according to good English usage. No child would say to a parent, 'You *shall* do this or that;' nor in the third person, 'My father *shall* do this or that.' The phrases are not good English. This use of *shall* in the Bible was noticed by Dr. Lowth twenty years ago.

In like manner, *should* is sometimes used for *would*; as in the following passages: 'O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it *should* be your wisdom.' *Job xiii.*, 5. 'Jesus knew who *should* betray him.' *John vi.*, 64. 'This man was taken *of* the Jews, and *should* have been killed *of* them.' *Acts xxiii.*, 27.

Should, in these passages, *should* be *would*. *Should*, in the English use, is here equivalent to *ought*; but this is a perversion of the true meaning. And in the last passage, from Acts, *of* should be *by*.

This improper use of *shall* and *should* occurs in many passages of our version of the Scriptures; probably in more than a thousand, and this use is corrupting the language of the pulpit, at this day.

And here may be noticed a few instances of erroneous translation in the scriptures.

The translators, in the title-page of the Bible, inform their readers, that they have translated the scriptures from the *original tongues*. But in rendering the word *Cush* of the original, they have deviated from this practice, I believe, in every instance in which it occurs. Instead of following the Hebrew, they have followed the Greek copy, which is itself a translation, and have rendered *Cush* by the Greek or Latin word *Ethiopia*. In Genesis *ii.*, 13, the river of Gihon, one of the four rivers which issued from Eden, is said to encompass the whole land of *Ethiopia*. (*Cush*.) Now Eden was in Asia, but by this translation the Bible is made to say that the river Gihon encompasses Ethiopia, a country in Africa, at least three thousand miles from the sources of the other rivers of Eden, and of course from Eden itself.

If it should be said that there were several countries mentioned in Scripture by the name Ethiopia, the answer is that as far as historical records exist, there was never a country in Asia called *Ethiopia* by the Jews or other Asiatics. It is a Greek name, and was wholly unknown to the Jews, till they became acquainted with the Greeks. The rendering of the word *Cush* by *Ethiopia*, which occurs in several passages, is wrong; it is a departure from the original; a departure from the older versions; and it tends to mislead or perplex the English reader.

In the first verse of Deuteronomy, the Israelites are said to be *over against the Red Sea*. This is another mistake, for the Israelites were in the land of Moab, far north of the Red Sea, and as Calmet remarks, they could in no sense be said to be opposite to that Sea. This is another error, proceeding from the like cause; the translators following the Greek copy instead of the Hebrew.

In Acts *xii.*, 4, the translators have erred in rendering the original Greek *Pascha* by the word *Easter*. Here they have deviated from the old version, for in the Bishop's Bible the word is correctly rendered *Passover*. It was the Jewish passover, which was celebrated in the

days of the apostles; and not *Easter*, which is a very different thing. As the passage now stands, it is not true.

There is an error in the present version of *Matth. xxiii., 24.*, which may have been a misprint, but the retaining of it to this day exhibits in a strong light the force of that reverence which is entertained, not merely for the *Scriptures*, but for the *opinions* and *decisions of fallible men*. The phrase, 'to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel' gives the sense of a great effort to swallow a gnat, by persons who could easily swallow a camel. So far is this from being the sense, that the original phrase of the evangelists declares that the gnat is *strained out* of the liquor drank, and, of course there is no gnat to be swallowed, and of course no effort to swallow one. Now it is remarkable that this passage is correct in the old version; and still more remarkable that such an obvious mistake, which any tyro in Greek may detect, should remain in our copies of the *Scriptures*, for more than two hundred years, *uncorrected*.

These facts being known and admitted by all the learned who have any knowledge of the original languages, how can we be justified in publishing copies of the Bible, and distributing them among all classes of people without correction? Expositors, indeed, have noticed some of these mistakes, particularly the last mentioned; but others are passed by them with a slight notice, or with no notice at all.

Now by far the greatest part of readers of the Bible have no access to commentaries; and those who have not the means of correction, mistake the meaning of the passages in which such errors occur. This truth I have known from my own experience, as well as from the acknowledgment of others.

There is another class of words used in the common version, which mislead the reader, or confound him; these are the words whose signification, in popular use, is different *now* from that in which it was used by the translators. Of this class there are about one hundred examples. Some of these words render the passages in which they occur quite unintelligible to an ordinary reader. And what shall be said of *God speed*, a mistake and a phrase in which the sacred name of the Supreme Being is used, though the phrase is neither grammar nor sense.

When to these considerations we add the numerous passages in which words are used which are so offensive to delicacy and to propriety, that they cannot be uttered in company, how can the friends of Christianity object to a revision of the language of this version? It is said that if we admit any alteration, by one person, this will encourage others to make alterations. This is doubtless a mistake. So far from this, the adoption of one copy, revised with care and judgment, would certainly prevent the multiplication of altered copies.

Very few people are aware what immense evils religion has sustained from the mere reverence of the moderns for antiquity. It is this overweening reverence for the opinions and writings of the ancient fathers which has continued in the Christian Churches, most of the corruptions which now deform and debase the religion of Christ. And these corruptions are not confined to Romanism.

The same reverence attaches men to the language of old writers, and begets a reluctance to dismiss from use not only in accurate terms, but also language too foul to be uttered in decent society.

Innovations should not be made for slight causes. But neither the fear of innovation, nor respect for ancient opinions, systems, or language,

can justify us in adhering to obvious errors. The great object of learning is the knowledge of *truth*. When error is detected, it should be immediately abandoned; and when truth is ascertained, not only *experience*, but *morality* demands that it should be revived and defended.

The preceding remarks and statements will illustrate the principles and rules by which I have attempted to construct my Dictionary and Grammar, and to amend the common version of the Scriptures. These principles and rules, even when pursued without mistake, do not correct all the anomalies of the language; but they reduce the number very much, and thus contribute to its regularity and to the facility of learning it. An attempt, at this period, to render the English language *perfectly regular*, would undoubtedly be fruitless.

The English language is the depository of vast treasures of science; the study of it is engaging the attention of the literati in all parts of Europe; and it is probably destined to be spoken and written by greater numbers of the human race than any other language. This view of the subject should repress objections at the few alterations made or proposed in my books. The object is of vast extent, and the small labor of introducing a few improvements is not of the comparative value of a straw.

But other considerations of much interest enter into these views of the subject. From the present state of missionary efforts, it appears to be certain that *Christianity*, and, to a great degree, *civilization*, are to be propagated chiefly through the instrumentality of missionaries who speak the *English language*. This language is taught, to some extent, to converts at every station of the missionaries; and hence it is probable that the *English* is to be, in some degree, the language of Christians in all nations. The great variety of theological works written in this language render its propagation expedient, and an object of importance. But the irregularities of the language, especially in its orthography, present great obstacles to its acquisition by foreigners. To lessen the difficulties of learning the language, is very desirable, and an object which has been kept steadily in view in all the improvements proposed. This object is attempted by correcting a few of the more palpable mistakes in orthography, and bringing under uniform rules all words which are of like origin and formation. Rules, which all writers admit to be just, but which are generally disregarded, are, in my elementary books and dictionary, carried into effect, throughout the classes of words which they embrace. In other cases, rules of uniformity have been adopted, when no weighty objection has operated to justify exceptions.

These improvements will remove many of the difficulties which perplex learners, and obstruct the acquisition and diffusion of the language.

It is painful to see with what pertinacity men cling to ancient customs, when they acknowledge them to be *useless* and *inconvenient*; with what zeal they apologize for error, when they admit it to be error, and when it would actually cost less labor to *learn* what is *right*, than to *defend* what is *wrong*.

That the language should be reduced to a more regular form, and particularly in its orthography, is the desire of all the lovers of science and truth; but experience proves that this object cannot be effected until the *authority of men* shall submit to the *authority of principles*.

By researches into the history and principles of the language, I have attempted to ascertain what is genuine English, and what is error and

corruption ; and, by moderate reform, to rectify what is clearly wrong, and reduce to narrower limits the disorder which characterizes its orthography and construction. I have also attempted to purify the common translation of the Scriptures from obsolete and ungrammatical words, and from such words and phrases as would exclude from our dwellings any other book than the Bible. If no success shall result from my labors, it is probable that no similar efforts will hereafter be made; and while other improvements shall honor the enterprise, increase the wealth, and elevate the character of our citizens, while they multiply the enjoyments of society, the LANGUAGE, the instrument of all other improvements, will be left disfigured by its deformities, a standing reproach to the literary reputation and taste of the age.

THE SUN.

'Most glorious orb! — thou wert a worship ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed.'

The warm spring sun ! through parted clouds
It looks upon the awakening earth :
Spreads on the trees their leafy shrouds,
And brings the hosts of blossoms forth ;
Calls out the young birds' fairy mirth,
Gilds the warm tears of passing showers,
And bids us quit the feverish hearth,
To look on troops of opening flowers.

The summer sun ! how sweet it is,
When the last fragile spring-wreath fades,
To mark how, 'neath his glowing kiss,
Flowers bloom, of e'en more glowing shades !
Then will we seek the forest glades,
And lie beneath their leafy dome,
Until the twilight gloom pervades,
And the young moon's lamp lights us home.

The summer sun ! at eventide,
After a day of tempest stir,
While the dark storm is scattered wide,
What golden smiles does he confer !
How rides he like a conqueror,
Amid his legion of bright clouds ;
While, like a peaceful messenger,
The evening star breaks through their crowds !

The autumn sun ! how rich and bright
It falls upon the dying tree,
Tinges the grape with gem-like light,
And wakes the sound of revelry ;
Laughs down upon the reaper's glee,
And ripens all the golden sheaves,
As if one feast of earth must be,
Ere o'er past days the cold wind grieves.

The winter sun ! how short its stay —
What feeble light its beamings fling !
Yet know we, when it sinks away,
It rises on a land of spring !
And thus to happier climes shall wing
The spirit when life's task is done,
And thus a lesson thou canst bring
To weary hearts, thou wintry sun !

M. A. B.

THE FRENCH MIND IN RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. CALVIN COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN.'

It is true, that the French are generally infidels; but it is not true, that their infidelity is of the same character as it was half a century ago, and for a few years subsequent to the revolution of 1789. When Christianity was overthrown, in company with the Bourbon dynasty, it was the result of a disgust and deep-rooted enmity, imbibed and long-cherished in the strongest minds, and generally diffused among the people, against what were justly esteemed to be the arrogance and enormities of the Romish Church. At that time, infidelity bore the character of hatred, and even of malice; there was feeling and passion in it; it was bitter enough to gnash its teeth on its prostrate victims. 'Down with the Galilean!' was the spirit of the times; and so effectual and great has been its work of devastation, that out of a priesthood, numbering four hundred and fifty thousand, only about forty thousand remain to represent the Roman religion in France, and to administer its ordinances. And this residue, indeed, if it were pure, and in all respects competent, might be deemed a very tolerable supply for a population of thirty-three millions.

It is impossible not to feel, that there was some apology for this bitter and energetic spirit of infidelity; that it was naturally and justly provoked; that as mind awakened, expanded, and asserted its right of thinking, it should fall off into such a fearful revulsion from the faith, which was then required in the prevalent and established forms of Christianity. Such was the natural consequences of a religion so corrupt. Christianity has paid dearly for its perversions and superstitions, and is still working out its atonement in the minds of men over the face of the earth. Of course I speak of a nominal Christianity, and not of its pure and original forms. The latter are in no wise responsible for the abuses committed by men, although they are doomed to suffer on these accounts.

This work of atonement in France has been effectual. Christianity, despised, hated, persecuted, trampled under foot, and violated in every form, has come to be a religion that is simply despised — more properly, perhaps, a religion without respect — resting under a contempt that is merely negative, and without emotion. It may be characterized as an infidelity of *indifference*. The French people, as a body — all who think — care nothing about Christianity. The time has gone by when they have any reason to fear from it, because it has lost all political influence; and politics in Paris — and Paris is France — are every thing. Politics and philosophy are the religion of the thinking mind of France. 'Christianity? eh!' says the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, if it happens to be named in his hearing, and he passes on.

The French mind is eminently philosophical; and any thing that can be proved to be philosophical, will secure its deference. Frenchmen, for the most part, have been accustomed for an age to take it for granted, without examination, that there is no philosophy in Christianity; and hence they have no respect for it. It has not, during this period, challenged their attention by any suitable and commanding exhibitions of its *rationale*. It has been alike banished from their literature, and

excluded from their lecture-rooms, at the same time that the writings of Voltaire and his coadjutors, together with the filth of myriads of more vulgar and equally debased spirits, have continued to poison and corrupt the public mind. The difficulty is, the want of a redeeming spirit, or of an adequate amount of such a spirit. There is no want of candor in the French mind, at this period, even toward the claims of Christianity. In my judgment, the French would listen as candidly to an able lecture on the *rationale* of Christianity, as to any topic in philosophy that could be named. Their mind lies in abeyance to its claims; it only requires to be properly and adequately challenged. There is no department of philosophy that opens, at this moment, in those regions of human intellect, so wide and hopeful a field — a field where all traces of the footsteps of man are almost entirely effaced — as the philosophy of Christianity. In religion, the French mind is a complete waste — a desolation. Yet there is a deep soil there — rich, exuberant, and open to receive the seeds of pure Christianity.

As a proof of this favorable disposition, I would take leave to cite an interesting statement of facts, which came under my notice while in Paris, in 1833. The United States and Great Britain, as is well known, have their missionary societies — societies for the improvement of the human race by the dissemination of Christianity — not to speak of the higher object of the salvation of souls. French infidelity, in its poverty, cannot of course act under the high and all-commanding motives of Christianity; but nevertheless, sympathizing somewhat with the spirit of the age, and actuated by the characteristic chivalry of the nation, it has devised an institution, of an enlarged scope, for the benefit of man; the *ne plus ultra* of its aspirations, which might seem almost ridiculous to be named, when viewed in the light of an attempt at the highest possible aim it could attain unto. I refer to *La Société de la Civilisation*. Alas! what a fall was that, for want of the more noble and the all-inspiring motives of Christianity! But yet it was something — it was a pretension; it was an ostensible aim to promote the good of the human family, on an enlarged scale, irrespective of kindred or nation. So far, well, however inefficient the materials of the organization. Of course they must do something to demonstrate the vitality of the institution; and I am not informed whether they have ever yet done any more than to hear lectures on the best modes of promoting civilization in the world, and publishing a journal of their proceedings, and of other matters pertinent to their object, once or twice a month. Thus much they were doing in 1833, and some copies of the journal were put into my hand by one of their lecturers, which are now in my possession.

This gentleman explained to me the character, object, and doings of the society, by which it appeared, that its patrons and members were respectable — that they were accustomed to admit volunteer lecturers, when approved by the committee appointed for that purpose — that the lectures were generally well attended — this accident, of course, depending on the popularity of the lecturer — and that the substance of these lectures was reported in the journal, as appears from the numbers in my possession. It also appears from these copies, that when the lecturer had closed, the audience were at liberty to question him on the spot,

to ask explanations, to arraign his doctrine or positions, etc., and that the questions and answers were also reported.

It was somewhat a marvel in Paris, especially with the members of this society, when a lecturer volunteered to discuss before them the *rationale* of Christianity, involving its merits and claims. They were astonished at his presumption; but as his respectability and talents were satisfactory to the committee, and other topics pertinent to their object had become well nigh exhausted, it was resolved to hear what this 'babbler' might have to say — at least to let him try, and see if he could command an audience. Curiosity was enough to secure him an audience for the first lecture, and an unusually full one. Feeling the importance of the first impression, and fired with Christian zeal, he made an effort, and it was successful. At first he was listened to with attention; next he was cheered, and cheered repeatedly; and in the end was saluted with plaudits. The wags, however, attempted to embarrass him with questions. For these he was prepared with unhesitating replies, which greatly enhanced the applause and credit he had earned by the lecture. The announcement of the second lecture was received with cheers, and the audience retired.

'Come,' said those who were present at the first hearing, addressing their friends, 'here is a fellow who says there is philosophy in Christianity; and really, if we may judge by his first lecture, he seems to have some tact in the proof. Come, go and hear him.' The second lecture was crowded, and they were crowded through the course — I do not remember the number. Studied and vigorous efforts were made to embarrass the lecturer by questions at the close, but he was always triumphant, as he understood his ground, and his adversaries were ignorant. They brought out the usual cant of infidelity, though in that they were not very well skilled; but of the argument for Christianity they knew nothing, till they were surprised by the brilliancy and force of these lectures. They were sustained throughout with unequivocal marks of approbation, and what is most gratifying of all, a repetition of the same course was called for, to be entered upon without delay, and was even better attended than the first, and equally well sustained. Of the history of this institution, since, I know nothing.

I think it fair to take these facts — which I received from a credible witness, who gave me several numbers of the journal which reported these lectures — as proof in point, and conclusive proof, as it seems to me, of the position I feel warranted to assume in regard to the general state of the French mind toward Christianity, viz., that it lies in abeyance to the claims of Christianity, and requires only a proper and adequate instrumentality, to call forth and enlist the intellectual and moral energies of that interesting and influential nation, in the cause of evangelizing the world.

How, when, and where that instrumentality shall be raised up and brought into action in that field, I cannot pretend to be wise enough to determine; I only speak of what I conceive to be the present and actual state of the French mind on this momentous subject. That Christianity has been wrecked there, is certain; that the temper of the French people toward Christianity has been undergoing gradual and constant modifications, from that time to the present, till it has arrived

at the state of a philosophical indifference, and consequently a most encouraging and hopeful state, I think is equally certain.

As to the question *where* this instrumentality is to be raised up, I might say a word. It must, for the most part, be found on French territory. It is, I believe, a settled principle of modern Christian missions among heathen, that the heathen themselves, after a sufficient number of them shall have been converted, must be educated for the ministry of Christianity; and that little progress can be made in the great work of converting the world, till the more advantageous and indispensable influence of natives can be brought into action. The same principle is applicable to the case before us, and to all cases of the kind. France must regenerate herself. The kind and fraternal relations of France with Great Britain and the United States may doubtless be made available for the interchange of sympathy, and for mutual counsel among Christians of these three several nations. The far-ahead position, in this particular, of our own country and of England, having never been thrown back by such a sad catastrophe, and having been all the while advancing, gives us and Christians of our father land a preëminence in the wisdom of experience; and while English literature is replete and triumphant in its furniture, adapted to this end, the literature of France is almost as sterile as the desert, beside being thoroughly pervaded and highly charged with a leaven of an opposite tendency. In mutual counsel and sympathy, much may be accomplished — beyond that, little; for the pride of a people, especially of a civilized and highly cultivated, and nominally Christian nation, may easily be touched by the gratuitous offer of foreign aid for their moral or religious benefit. Advances of this kind toward France, from among ourselves, should be made with great reserve, caution, and modesty; else our influence would soon be at an end. Imprudent men, on such an errand, would do great harm. It is known that some modes of moral and religious reformation among ourselves have been put forward with pretensions of superiority over those employed in Great Britain; and I have noticed with what scrutiny they have been examined, and with what jealousy they have been looked upon in that quarter, when they have come as if recommended by our superior wisdom. This is natural; and such facts are instructive.

But still one community may be beneficial to another in the use of discreet and well advised measures; and so may Great Britain and the United States assist France in recovering her moral position in the society of Christian nations. Of course it cannot be understood that I am speaking of government transactions; but of that intercourse and of those offices between Christian and benevolent individuals and associations, concerted and maintained for the advancement of the best interests of society, which so eminently characterize the age.

This subject rises to a momentous importance, and presents itself with thrilling interest, when the moral position of France, in relation to continental Europe, is taken into view. A single glance, in this light, will show, first, that in the history of the past, France, in less than half a century, has revolutionized Europe in its social condition; and next, that, in all human probability, she is destined to maintain a leading influence in future. Clearly, then, if her morality cannot be re-constructed and formed

on the principles of genuine Christianity, her social sway can be no other than disastrous.

I confess I have a high respect for the French character, in many of its features. I like the quick and lively susceptibility of their temperament; but could wish to see it chastened and controlled by sound principle. I am pleased with their candor and general frankness; but an increased infusion of the ingredient of hearty benevolence would be an obvious improvement. Their vivacity is certainly charming; but if it were attenuated with a little spice of sobriety, it would be more wholesome. Their manners are captivating, but lack the power of winning entire confidence, because they have the appearance of wanting a perfect sincerity. Their social feelings play around the heart, and insinuate into favor; but then, like the humming bird, their sudden departure and rapid flight toward other objects, leave the impression of fickleness. The love and pursuit of philosophy, in minds of a higher order, ought to make them the first and greatest of men; but the many vices to which they are tempted and addicted, in their corrupt state of society, too often rob them of respect. They are eloquent in conversation, in the forum, and in the senate; but it is more in imagination and intellect, than in the sway of moral virtue. They are, in short, a people of high cultivation and captivating accomplishments; they have moral courage, and a quick and active determination; they have all the elements of the highest order of character, and of the best state of society, but *one* — and wanting that, they can never be happy, and can never exercise a good influence on the world. They want the subduing, the chastening, the controlling agency of Christian principle.

It is sufficiently evident, that the same spirit which overthrew Catholic Christianity in France, is undermining the same religion throughout the Catholic countries of Europe. There is no escaping this doom. Extremes beget each other. A corrupt Christianity is the parent and the cradle of deism — of atheism. In the bosom of the Church that has forsaken God, lies coiled a serpent that was born of her, and is nourished by feeding upon her vitals — that will come forth to spread consternation round the world, and chase its unnatural parent out of being. This spectacle is already beginning to be developed in the western peninsula. *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* are not more pregnant with fires that must have an issue, than is the moral world that lies at their base, and extends beyond the Alps. But the work will be as much more rapid than in France, as the movements of society in these days are quicker than they were fifty years ago.

Northern Europe, on this side of Russia, is full of thought, and thoughts of freedom. There is no quenching the aspirations of high and noble purpose that have been kindled there; which are nourished by its literature, and chanted in its ballads; which the infant imbibes from its mother's breast, and the youth catches from the whispers of his father's secret lessons. It is now three centuries since Christianity broke its fetters there.

The religion of Russia is more heathenish than that of Rome, and for that reason, perhaps, more easily purged. But Russia, notwithstanding all she has developed, is still, to a great extent, a *terra incognita*. She has long presented the aspect of an enormous polar bear,

tenanting an iceberg of the northern regions, growling on the nations of Europe, and threatening a descent. She is a colossal power, with such a strange mixture of civilization and barbarism, that one can hardly tell which are the predominant elements, or what her hordes might do, if let forth upon the world.

Our hope for Europe is in that high Providence, who 'makes the wrath of man to praise him, and causeth the remainder thereof to be restrained.'

THE HILLS.

'High mountains are a feeling.' — BYRON.

THE hills! — the 'everlasting hills!'
 How peerlessly they rise,
 Like Earth's gigantic sentinels
 Discoursing in the skies.
 Hail! Nature's storm-proof fortresses,
 By Freedom's children trod;
 Hail! ye invulnerable walls —
 The masonry of God!

When the dismantled pyramids
 Shall blend with desert dust,
 When every temple 'made with hands'
 Is faithless to its trust,
 Ye shall not stoop your Titan crests —
 Magnificent as now!
 Till your almighty architect
 In thunder bids you bow!

I love ye in your quietude,
 When o'er a silent world,
 Morn's silvery mists entwine your peaks,
 Like banners lightly furled:
 Nor less, when throned on blackest clouds
 That round ye roll and veer,
 The storm-god pours his thunder-trump,
 And hurls his lightning spear!

I love the torrents strong and fierce
 That to the plain ye fling,
 Which gentle flow'rs drink at their goal,
 And eagles at their spring.
 And, when arrested in their speed
 By winter's wand of frost,
 The brilliant and fantastic forms
 In which their waves are tossed.

I love, upon the breezeless lake,
 To see your shadows sleep,
 While slowly sails the crested swan
 Above each mirror'd steep:
 I love your shapes precipitous,
 Bare, desolate, and grand,
 That stand far out in ocean,
 Like pilgrims from the land!

Glorious ye are, when Noon's fierce beams
Your naked summits smite,
As o'er ye Day's great lamp hangs poised
In cloudless chrysolite:
Glorious, when o'er ye sunset clouds,
Like broidered curtains lie—
Sublime, when through dim moonlight looms
Your spectral majesty.

I love your iron-sinewed race—
Have shared their rugged fare—
The thresholds of whose eyrie homes
Look out on boundless air:
Bold hunters, who from highest clefts
The wild goat's trophies bring,
And crest their bonnets with the plumes
Of your aerial king!

I've seen, amid Helvetian alps,
The Switzer's daring leap—
Poised on his pole—o'er bridgeless voids,
A thousand toises deep;
While in his keen, unquailing glance,
That challenged where it fell,
I saw the same high purpose beam,
That nerved the patriot TELL.

I love the mountain maidens—
Their step's elastic spring
Is light, as if some viewless bird
Uptuoyed them with its wing;
Theirs is the wild, unfettered grace
That art hath never spoiled,
And theirs the healthful purity
That fashion hath not soiled.

Mountains! I dwell not with ye now,
To climb ye, and rejoice—
And round me boometh, as I write,
A crowded city's voice:
But oft in watches of the night,
When sleep the turmoil stills,
My spirit seems to walk abroad
Among ye, mighty hills!

Then, my pulse boundeth, as of yore,
Beneath your bracing air;
I hear the swooping eagle scream—
The wolf howl from his lair.
I see the chamois pinnaced
As if amid the skies—
To the last crag I follow him,
My carbine speaks—he dies!

There is a feeling in my soul
That claims ye as its kin—
A majesty that challenges
Your grandeur as its twin:
My spirit hath a portion in
Your brightness and your gloom,
And on your heights I'd make my home,
And in your glens my tomb!

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

NUMBER FOUR.

ONE of the results of the newspaper-paragraph and magazine-writing mania, which characterizes the universal-diffusion-of-useful-knowledge-age in which we live, is, that a modest man can no longer remain in private life. It is a melancholy fact, that we the people of these United States are all becoming public characters — not alone, be it understood, in our sovereign capacity, as the rulers of the land, but in our several and individual condition as the people thereof. Every other man we meet is a pamphleteer, or a man of letters; and for the want of a better subject for the exercise of his pen, his retiring and quiet neighbor is dished up for the public palate. Things have, indeed, come to such a pass, that it is dangerous for an individual to step out of the beaten track of life, or lift his head above the common level of humanity. One cannot even eat potatoes with a knife, without attaining a painful and unenviable notoriety. We cannot act from impulse, or even perform a good action, if the thing is unusual, without the same provoking exposure.

A friend of mine, the other day, rescued a boy from drowning, and what was his reward? Why, they eulogized him in the penny papers, and wrote and published a doggerel poem to his praise! Unfortunate and injured man! Little did he think, when he plunged in, and snatched the miniature edition of humanity from the water, and handed him to his mother, that he was doing an act which would place his name in the 'Transcript,' between a police report and a 'shocking occurrence;' that he would be immortalized by the 'Herald,' warmed in the 'Sun,' reflected in the 'Mirror,' and that 'The Star,' with its pale and silver rays, would shed a glorious lustre around his sweetly-sounding cognomen of — Jonah Bangs!

I can remember the time when I was in a state of gentle agitation all day, from having seen my name in print among those of my fellow-citizens who had neglected to call at the post-office for their letters; but this morning, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, I read in one of the little diurnals, while I sipped my coffee, an invitation from my shoemaker, addressed to me, with my name and additions at full length, to the purport that he would be pleased to have me call and pay him seven shillings for soleing my boots. This I considered rather personal. Indeed, it seemed to me like an imputation upon my character, inasmuch as my neighbors might be induced, from a perusal of the missive, to believe that I did not pay my just debts. But public commendation has been quite as annoying to me as public censure. A poor woman sometime since presented me a begging petition, when I was particularly engaged. Not having time to read it, and wishing to get rid of her, I handed her a quarter of a dollar, and told her to be gone. What was my surprise, a few days afterward, on picking up a penny paper, to find the following article:

'LIBERAL. — We understand that the unfortunate Mrs. C ———, of Orange county, who has been reduced to a state of extreme pecuniary distress, in consequence of the

death of her churning-dog, from a fractured limb, has been enabled, by the kind liberality of our citizens, to purchase another dog, and resume her business. This happy result has been mainly brought about by the active charity and humane exertions of ————, Esq., one of our most liberal and enlightened citizens.'

It was on the morning of one of the coldest days of the late cold winter, that I 'fixed' myself in the ninth and last seat of the sleigh bound to the capital of the 'Empire State.' As the vehicle moved away from the stage-office, I proceeded, as is my custom on entering a new society, to scrutinize my fellow-passengers, and to form some estimate of their characters and quality.

The first person who attracted my attention was an auctioneer, who I soon learned was going up to see the governor, and get his commission renewed. His was a familiar face, and a well-known voice. Hundreds and hundreds of times, during my hurried walks down Broadway, have I heard the latter, at first faintly in the distance, and then increasing in sound, and volume, and strength, as I approached his little shop, until at length, as I reached it, the loud and discordant peal would almost split my ears; and then again as I hastened on, it would die away, gradually growing softer and fainter, until it became lost in the other street sounds. He was somewhat of a character, and in his way had made much noise in the world; but like a church-bell calling the ungodly to prayers, his was often 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,' and producing nothing. Often when I have heard his voice in the distance, have I been surprised at the energy with which he appeared to 'cry,' and thought to myself, '—— must be doing a great business to-day.' As I approached so as to distinguish words, I could hear him rattle off: 'Going — going — thirty-nine dollars bid; just a-going for thirty-nine, forty — forty — forty dollars bid — just a going for forty dollars; last call, gentlemen — last call! Once — twice — gone!' Whack, whack! would go his hammer, and as I reached his door, expecting to see it crowded with eager purchasers, I would find him all alone, engaged in what he called 'crying together an audience.'

It was rather dangerous opening one's mouth in his shop, for at the least movement of the lips, he would be sure to *strike off* something; and no matter what sum was bid, the poor buyer would invariably get 'a hard bargain.'

I remember having once paused at his store, just as he had produced to the eyes of his admiring auditory a mahogany work-box, about six inches square. 'Here, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'is a lot of goods, consisting of the personal ornaments of a gentleman and lady who, having been lately reduced from the greatest opulence to extreme poverty, have been obliged to pledge them for the trifling sum of one hundred and sixty dollars. Here, holding up a paper, 'is the invoice.' After this peroration, he proceeded to open the box. The first article he displayed, was what appeared to be a splendid gold watch and chain; next followed an elegant opera-glass, then two pair of ear-rings, three breast-pins, seven finger-rings, of various descriptions, a gold pencil-case, two silk purses, a silver cigar-tube and tooth-pick, and other smaller matters, as the auctioneer himself expressed it, 'too numerous to mention.' 'Now, gentlemen,' said he, 'the one that speaks first, shall have the set for a hundred and seventy-five dollars.' All were silent. 'Who'll give a hun-

dred and seventy? What! none? A hundred and sixty-five, then; will none give a hundred and sixty-five? Take them, then, for what they were pledged.' No one seemed disposed to avail himself of this privilege. Will none give a hundred and sixty?' asked the auctioneer, with a look of extreme astonishment. 'Well, then, a hundred and fifty-five—a hundred and fifty—a hundred and forty—a hundred and thirty—a hundred and twenty—a hundred and ten—a hundred—ninety.' In this manner he went down, diminishing the sum by ten dollars, at every call, until it was reduced as low as thirty dollars. At this moment, I opened my mouth to say to a gentleman who stood near me that I thought the things could not be worth less than that sum. No sooner did I stir my lips, than the functionary exclaimed, 'Gone! Mr.—, thirty dollars!' I observed to him that I did not intend to bid upon the property, but that if he was disposed to relinquish me the articles for the sum named, I should not object. 'Oh,' was his reply, 'we always go upon honor, and according to the strict rules of business, here. The things were to be sold without reserve, and although we have disposed of them for a sum immensely below their value, yet as they were struck off to you, you can take them.' I paid the thirty dollars, and placing the box, with its contents, under my arm, took it home. How shall I describe my purchase? The watch which, in the masterly and quick-moving hands of the auctioneer, absolutely dazzled the spectator with its brilliancy, when I leisurely examined it, I found to be a newly-furbished pinch-beck with 'a chain to correspond.' The tortoise-shell sides of the opera glass, on closer scrutiny, changed to horn, the golden ornaments on it to brass, and the glasses in it had once formed part of the stock in trade of a glazier. Of the breast-pin and rings I need not speak; but, after remarking that they did not shame the company they were in, will leave them, with the other articles, for the imagination of my readers to 'body forth.'

BUT enough of the auctioneer. There were several other gentlemen in the sleigh, going up to attend to the renewal of their offices, who, as becomes office holders, were sleek, fat, comfortable, common-place men. Two others, lean, hungry-looking, close-mouthed, and cautious, who occupied the front seat, I took to be office-seekers. Then there was another man with little twinkling, fiery eyes, and a Roman nose, who talked a great deal about the 'resources of the country,'—abused the canal commissioners—was opposed to the widening of the Erie canal, and in favor of something else—but what, exactly, I could not make out from his conversation—who I concluded was what they call in Albany a '*lobby member*.'

One poor fellow in the sleigh very soon arrested my attention, and excited my commiseration, by being without any over-coat. He was dressed in an old green surtout, thin vest, and thread-bare pantaloons. His hands were without gloves, and a little bundle, which he had with him, tied up in a faded cotton handkerchief, evidently contained the whole of his travelling wardrobe. The man had what is called a 'hard look,' and my first impression was, that he was a person of dissipated habits. This opinion, however, I soon changed, on learning that he had been riding in the cold on the two preceding days. He was quiet and modest in his deportment, rarely joining in the conversa-

tion that was continued in the sleigh, except when personally addressed, and then speaking in a tone and manner of great humility. When we sat down to our warm and comfortable breakfast, I observed that he was not present, and when I remarked that I thought it singular he had not joined us, my friend the auctioneer observed, in a careless tone, that he supposed he could not afford to pay for the meal. As I returned to the bar-room of the tavern, to put on my over-coat and cloak, I saw the absentee hastily thrust the last of a crust of bread into his mouth, and turn his back to me while he swallowed it, and tied up the bundle from which it had been taken. My sympathy was deeply excited for him; and very soon after we had resumed our journey, I took occasion to complain of too great warmth, and throwing off my cloak, offered it to him. But he suspected my little artifice, and, with thanks, declined it, remarking that he was very comfortable. At dinner I was pained to observe that he was again absent from the table, and mentally determined, if I could accomplish it, to give him a meal. As soon as I had satisfied my appetite, I stepped to the bar, and handing the landlord a dollar, told him that half of it was to pay for my dinner, and the other for that of my friend. I then walked to where the poor fellow was warming himself, and told him, in a careless under-tone, that I had been obliged to pay the landlord double his charge for my dinner, in consequence of his being unable to make change, and that if he wished to do me a service, he would go and try to eat out the extra half dollar, for, I laughingly added, it went very much against my feelings to pay publicans even *more* than their exorbitant charges. With a look of eagerness that belied the indifferent smile he tried to assume, he replied, that although he had not much appetite, and did not intend to eat, he would, if I really wished it, try to take care of the remaining interest I had on the table. A few moments afterward, on gaining a glimpse of the dinner table, I saw him regaling himself on the ample cheer that still remained, with an eagerness and *goût* that amply repaid me for any qualms of conscience I might have felt on account of my false representations.

It is curious to remark the change which takes place in a stage coach at night fall. Men who have been sustaining a character, talking with caution, and setting bolt upright in their seats during the day, will, as the shades of evening gather around them, and fatigue and drowsiness relax their frames, slip down into their real and natural characters, and become talkative and amusing.

For my own part, I have a species of affection for the man against whose shoulder my own has been rubbed for twelve hours, and into whose side my elbows have been jammed times without number, without calling forth any expressions of impatience, but who, with exemplary forbearance, receives my repeated apologies with the same 'Oh, it's of no consequence.' If the man has any thing forbidding or repulsive in his countenance, the darkness hides it; and when I can only hear his gruff but good-natured voice, and laugh at his homely jests, I feel toward him like a brother: my own heart opens, my own character is developed, and we pass around the joke, the laugh, and the song, as if we had known one another for years.

This change of feeling was particularly manifest in our sleigh-load. The office-seeker began freely to hazard opinions on the condition of

parties, and the welfare of the state; the office-holders even expressed doubts about the soundness of a particular clause in the governor's message, while I, at length, oblivious as to the mahogany work-box, actually shook the auctioneer by the hand, at the conclusion of one of his happiest flights of wit, and soon afterward found myself joining in the chorus to one of his songs. My poor friend without an over-coat finally seemed roused from the contemplation of his poverty, by the good feeling which prevailed, and entered into conversation, in the course of which he informed me that he was on his way from Philadelphia to one of the cotton factories above the Highlands. He was a Scotchman by birth, and had recently emigrated to this country, in consequence of the difficulty he experienced in obtaining a subsistence in his own. He was a calico-printer by trade, and having learned that there was a prospect of obtaining employment up the river, he had left Philadelphia for the purpose of seeking it. He had expended his last shilling in New-York, to make out his stage fare, and his only chance of escape from actual want was in immediate employment. I was still engaged in conversation with my new friend, when the auctioneer, having just finished a story, called upon him for a song. As is usual on such occasions, the remainder of the party joined in the call. At first, he endeavoured to excuse himself, alleging his inability, from various causes, to comply with our request; but at length, after having been driven from one excuse to another, by our importunities, until they were all exhausted, he hesitatingly and doubtingly signified his intention to attempt to gratify our wishes. In his desire, however, to oblige us, he had overrated his power; for he had hardly proceeded beyond the first line of the song he selected, before his voice, at first low and tremulous from the combined effect of embarrassment and cold, died entirely away. But I had heard enough to satisfy me that he could sing, and sing well, had he not been so chilled. Again I offered him my cloak, and after much difficulty, succeeded in inducing him to accept it. After he had been covered with it a sufficient length of time to feel its comfortable warmth, I again called upon him for his song. He answered that he would attempt to sing one that he had learned from his mother, many years ago — one that was now often in his thoughts, but, from the associations connected with it, rarely on his lips. The air and words of it, he added, came to him in his dreams of home, and in the visions of the past, which were often his only solace.

As his voice rose, soft and tremulous, with the opening line of one of those beautiful old Scotch ballads which have as yet escaped the sacrilegious researches of 'old song'-hunters, and modern musical innovations, I was fearful that he would again fail, and that we should be doomed to another disappointment: but as he proceeded, he gained power. His tones were still tremulous, but tremulous with feeling — feeling that accorded well with the air and story. I hardly breathed as he went on. Never did I hear words, tune, and voice, so admirably adapted to each other. The mournful tenor of the first, the simple sweetness of the second, the melting softness of the last, with the Scotch accent and deep emotion of the singer, were all in unison. As he continued, memories of his early and distant home appeared to crowd upon his mind; the voice of his mother rang in his ear; the face of his father was present to

him; his young sisters threw their arms around him, as in childhood; and the hand of his brother was clasped in his. He remembered

‘The spot where he was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;’

and the recollection added a thrilling tenderness and pathos to tones already remarkable for their plaintive sweetness. His emotions at length grew almost suffocating; but he exerted himself to proceed, until, with the closing words of the song, he yielded to them, and gave vent to his warmed and excited feelings in audible sobs.

HOME!—home! O how truly the old song says, ‘There’s no place like home!’ I had been absent from mine but two weeks, and yet on my return, as I drew near to it, I felt as impatient of our slow progress over the few miles that intervened, as if a young wife with the glad welcome, the warm embrace, and the sweet kiss of love, awaited me. It is true, my heart did not beat with such a prospect as this—for my home contains no such bright spirit—but yet there was

——— ‘an eye to mark
My coming, and look brighter when I came.’

It was the one remaining eye, situate in about the middle of the broad, dark countenance of Mrs. Georgiana Russell, my black cook, and maid-of-all-work. And then there was John Russell, her respectable husband, tired with having nothing to do, and nobody to take care of for two long weeks, standing with his shining face and glistening white-rimmed eyes, ready to take my cloak and umbrella, and marshal me into the warm room that he had, with praiseworthy foresight, prepared for my reception. And there, also, were the fur-lined slippers, the padded dressing gown, the ample easy-chair, and anon the smoking, comfortable, quiet supper. Was not such a vision as this enough to make a man, drawing near the close of a long and weary ride of some hundred and sixty miles, impatient to reach the end? Verily it was.

‘THERE ’s a poor woman, Sir, below, in a shockin’ condition,’ said John Russell to me, a moment since, as he thrust his curly head through the half-open door. ‘She says she ha’n’t got no husband, and that her children are in a most suff’rin’ state.’ John received the half dollar, and shut the door; and I, as I stooped down to examine a little fracture in my boot, thought to myself, ‘I am a very charitable man.’ But I was mistaken. I am not naturally either charitable or benevolent. I rarely give to the poor, except to get them out of my way. I have a kind of mental rigmarole about ‘the ‘Alms-House,’ ‘John Tar-gee,’ ‘Public Charities,’ ‘Orphan Asylum,’ ‘House of Refuge,’ and so on, which I apply as a panacea to relieve the twinges of my conscience, when I turn away from a tale of distress. Poor people now-a-days do not know how to beg. They have no genius for the business. They will stop a man in Broadway, in the midst of a crowd, and then, even if one wishes to relieve them, unless he happen to have his hand

in his pocket, and a quarter of a dollar between his fingers, he will not; for before he can take off his gloves, and hunt up a shilling, he will have a ring around him, and his charity will look like ostentation. And then when they come to your house for alms, they almost invariably commence with that trite old story about the 'late fire in — street,' or the 'dead husband, and *six* orphan children.' Many a time, when I have felt charitably disposed, have my melting sympathies been chilled, and my hand closed, by that particular number, *six*. If the woman had had *three* children, or even *five*, my bounty would have flowed; but that eternal *six* — the round half-dozen — the one for every day in the week (Sundays excepted) — the exact three-quarters of the family of John Rogers, throwing out the 'one at the breast' — it looks too much like humbug. There is, also, the story about the 'shilling to buy a loaf of bread,' — 'stale, flat,' and, with me at least, 'unprofitable.' The men-beggars, especially, fare but poorly with me. When I was some years younger, I used to give alms to 'revolutionary soldiers,' on patriotic principles. But finding that their numbers, with me, as well as at the Pension-Office, increased instead of diminishing with every year, I was forced, after having bestowed my charities on a body of them nearly equal in amount to the entire continental army, to check even that stream of benevolence. One of the few acts of charity I have been guilty of, of late, occurred in this wise. A professional brother, with a most shabby exterior, called on me one day when I happened to be entirely unoccupied, and after having recounted to me the unkind and unmerited treatment he had received at the hands of his fellow-men, and the unavoidable misfortunes by which he had been reduced to his present state of extreme distress, stated that he had concluded to apply to the brethren of our joint profession for a donation of fifty cents each, in the hope that he should thus be enabled to start again in life. Entering into conversation with him, and finding him something of a humorist, the idea occurred to me to out-brag him in poverty. I accordingly made a statement of my affairs that would have caused the suicide of the author of the late work on 'Public and Private Economy,' could he have heard it. Comparing the means of supply with the demand, I made out a case so infinitely more distressing than that of my professional brother, that the rogue, clothing his countenance with an expression of the most heart-felt sympathy, and pretending to be deeply touched with my deplorable condition, put his hand into his pocket, and drawing it from thence filled with coppers, sparsely interspersed with silver, offered to share his means with me! This was too much for my gravity; so, confessing that he had fairly over-reached me, I gave him the half dollar he had solicited, and told him to be gone. And he went.

I AM less disposed to be charitable to grown persons than to children, and particularly black children. Whether it is that I have always weighing upon my mind a sense of the wretched and outcast condition of their race, I know not — but a very little nigger rarely asks alms of me in vain.

I do not like to see a negro child cry. There is something so extremely pitiful in the lachrymose face they make up, on such an occa-

sion, that I 'cannot stand it.' I would rather go around an entire block, than meet one in the street. Their faces haunt me for days afterward. I recollect encountering a little fellow, at the close of a rainy day, on the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, crying most bitterly. He was about four years old, hatless, shoeless — I had almost said clothesless — but he *did* have on something that looked as if they had been intended for pantaloons; and then there was an old rag under the string that crossed his shoulder, and held up the trowsers, that had evidently been designed as a substitute for a shirt. The poor lad had lost his way; and as he stood at the corner of the street looking vacantly and despairingly around, his immense upper lip turned over on his nose, and the lower one failed to give vent to his sobs, the tears like drops of ink running in streams down the channels which they had marked through the dirt on each cheek, I was touched with his desolate and forlorn appearance. I stopped, tried for a moment to comfort him, put a shilling in his hand, and hastened on. The money was unheeded by him; and as I turned around, a moment afterward, I saw a white boy snatch it from him, and run off. I reached my home, but the image of the little negro boy made me uncomfortable. After having in vain attempted to shake off the recollection of him, I put on my hat, took up my umbrella, and went out to look for him. But he was not to be found; and I (tender-hearted creature that I am!) felt miserable — until after tea. M.

THE MYSTERIOUS DESPOT.

I sing a mighty potentate,
Yet tremble while I sing,
Lest down on my devoted head
His fiery wrath I bring;
For, by Saint George, I say and swear
He's greater than a king!

His sceptre is a mighty one,
His realm the world's wide span,
And with a despot's arrogance
He rules the race of man.
Match me this king, in all the earth,
So please ye, if ye can.

A Proteus of a thousand shapes,
Sometimes, like Aristotle,
He learnedly sophisticates,
Or rhymes, like 'Amos Cottle';
And sometimes, like Asmodeus,
Is corked up in a bottle.

Sometimes he rules by 'right divine,'
While nations bend before him,
Till some enthusiast takes fire,
And undertakes to 'floor' him;
And then he takes some other form,
And *still* the fools adore him.

Sometimes he boasts the god-like power
(T'is dangerous to mock it),
Of making life's pale flame re-shoot,
When quivering in the socket;
And thus he worketh on man's fears,
And, through them, to his pocket.

Oftimes the rostrum he ascends,
A patriot in his glory,
And vows 'no party feelings sway,'
And tells the good old story;
Until he finds which profits most,
The pay of whig or tory.

Anon he takes a hero's guise,
And fights a nation's quarrel,
He dons his helm, and grasps his sword,
And mounts his noble sorrel;
He seeks fame's wreath, in hope to find
Some *gilding* on the laurel.

He was the friend of Mahomet,
Who ne'er without his bias
Had made the Eastern world believe
He was the true Messiah;
He also — as 't is now believed —
A little helped Matthias.

Now, reader, should you wish to learn,
This wonder's name and nation,
About the last 't is difficult
To give a true relation;
But for the first, *King Humbug* is
The monarch's designation.

I've no credentials of his birth,
I'd print them if I had 'em;
But it doth rather seem to me
His ma was Eden's madam;
For Satan he did humbug her,
And she did humbug Adam.

GRAVE YARDS.*

'THE grave! — let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion.' — DEWEY.

It should be a theme of general regret, that so much apparent indifference and neglect are shown to the repositories of the dead, in our country. It was not thus among the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, nor is it thus among some of the modern nations of Europe. The Greeks, the creatures of genius and sensibility, ornamented the last resting places of their departed relatives and friends with tombs, trees, shrubs, and flowers, and visited them frequently with feelings of the deepest veneration and respect. Though placed on the highways, and unenclosed, they were held sacred, and no one presumed or dared to violate the sanctuaries of the dead. To bury within the walls of cities, was strictly prohibited by the laws both of the Greeks and Romans; and the Emperor Constantine was the first who introduced the custom of interring in temples, churches, etc. Nor would those nations allow too many bodies to be deposited in one grave, or tomb, from a respect for the dead, as well as a regard for the health of the living. The Greeks honored their dead by public festivals, called *Nemesia*, during which they were wont to repair in crowds to the burial place of their deceased relatives and friends, to lament their loss, and dwell in sad remembrance on their former virtues. The females tore out their long hair, an ornament to which they were strongly attached, and cast it upon the graves of their parents and kindred,† strewed over them garlands of the lily, jasmine, rose, and myrtle, and perfumed the tombs and grave stones with sweet ointments. 'Why,' says Anacreon,

'Why do we precious ointments shower,
Noble wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead?'

The ancient Greeks ornamented their burial grounds with the cypress and elm, and the modern Greeks and Armenians, according to M. Guy, do the same; and these elms, after a long succession of ages, have formed in their cemeteries the most delightful groves, through which it is a melancholy pleasure to stroll.

Andromache says to her father Ætion:

'The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.'

In Europe, from the most remote antiquity, and among the oriental

* LATE movements in some of our principal cities, in relation to ornamental cemeteries, impart an added interest to the subject of the present paper. The views of the writer are shared by numerous enlightened and influential minds — singular as it may appear to the mere utilitarian.

EDM. KNICKERBOCKER.

† AUTREFOIS elles coupoient leur longues tresses sur la tombe de leurs parens, ou de leurs amis, et leur sacrifioient ainsi l'ornement dont elles étoient le plus jalouses. O vue délicieuse des tombeaux de la Grèce! — combien de momens j'ai passés à vous contempler. Mes pensées étoient sur ces monumens comme les oiseaux funébres qui voltigent autour.

LIT. DE LA GRECE: M. GUY.

nations of the present age, the elm has been selected to ornament the repositories of the dead, as the most appropriate symbol of sorrow. It is preferred, because it bears no fruit, and affords a fine shade; and should, with the cypress, be introduced into our burial grounds. The cypress, especially, that

'Fidèle ami des morts, protecteur de leur cendre,'

should be planted, wherever it will thrive, in the burial grounds of America. It has, in every age, and almost in every country, been cultivated as the symbol of mourning. Every classical reader will remember that Cyparissus, the favorite of Apollo, was transformed into this tree, from the sorrow he indulged, in consequence of having accidentally killed a cherished stag of that god:

'Apollo sad, look'd on, and sighing cried,
Then be forever what thy prayer implied;
Bemoan'd by me, in others grief excite,
And still preside at every funeral rite.'

Among the Athenians, it was the custom to collect the bodies of those of their countrymen who fell in battle, consume them on the funeral pile, deposit their bones or ashes in cypress coffins, and convey them to Athens, where they were exposed for three days, to give their relations an opportunity to perform the libations which affection and religion required. These coffins were then placed on cars, and, accompanied by a long procession, borne through the city to the Ceramicus, where funeral games were exhibited, and an eulogium on the dead pronounced by an orator appointed for the purpose. The Ceramicus was a public cemetery, beyond the walls of Athens, on the road which led to Thria. It was embellished with ornamental trees, and formed a beautiful promenade. It also contained the academy of Plato, with which was connected a gymnasium and a garden, through which flowed the waters of the Cephissus. Among the Turks, it is considered as a religious duty to plant trees around the graves of their deceased relatives and friends; and they are particularly attached to the cypress, as a grave-yard ornament, believing that the nature of its growth indicates the condition of the souls of their departed friends. The burial ground of Scutari, called the 'City of the Dead,' is an object of peculiar attraction, as well from its lovely locality, as the forest of beautiful and majestic trees with which it is garnished. The mournful cypress is, however, as ornamental to lawns as to burial grounds, and it sets off white stone or stuccoed buildings to great advantage. The arbor vitæ is another funeral tree which, by its sombre appearance, gives a fine effect to the scene. It is used extensively in the beautiful burial grounds of Père la Chaise, near Paris. 'In a few years more,' says Phillips, 'this burial ground will become a mountain filled with *dead bodies*, and a forest composed of *trees of life*.' I come now to the sacred yew, so celebrated by poets as the gloomy ornament of cemeteries:

'Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

This tree was originally planted in church-yards, because it is an ever-

green, and the symbol of immortality. The dark foliage, long duration, and out-spreading branches of the yew, render it a fit companion for the mouldering dead, and give solemnity to grave-yard scenery :

'Cheerless and unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon, as fame reports,
Embodied thick, performed their mystic rounds :
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.'

These trees attain to great size in England. In the church-yard at Aberystwith, there are eleven yew trees, the largest of which is twenty-four feet round, and in Fontingal church-yard, in Scotland, there was one which measured fifty-six feet in circumference. The people of that country held it sacred, and were accustomed to carry its branches in solemn procession to the graves of their friends and kindred, and deposit them under their bodies. The 'funeral yew,' where it will grow, should be employed to decorate American burial grounds ; it would add to the beauty of the scenery, by throwing its dark shadows over the last resting places of mortality. But the finest grave-yard ornament, and at the same time the most beautiful emblem of affection and tenderness, is the rose. This shrub was early used for this purpose by the Greeks and Romans, who frequently made it their dying request that roses should be yearly planted and strewed upon their graves :

'Et tenera poneret ossa rosa.'

They conceived that this custom had a power over the dead. Anacreon declares that it

'Preserves the cold inhuméd clay,
And marks the vestige of decay :'

and Propertius speaks of the custom of burying among roses. The Turks sculpture a rose on the tombs of all unmarried ladies, and in Poland, the coffins of children are covered with these beautiful flowers. In the burial ground of Père la Chaise, near Paris, they have renewed this fine old custom, which, as it tends to strip death and the grave of some of their gloom and terror, should be imitated by every nation. How delightful to behold filial affection thus employed in decorating and beautifying the spot where the ashes of a tender parent repose ! How pleasing to think, that even here we shall not be wholly forgotten — that our memory will be cherished by those who once loved us, and that the spot where we rest will be sometimes bedewed by the tear of sorrowing love, and decorated by the hand of tenderness — that flowers will fringe the pathways leading to our lowly resting place, and their fragrance, mingled with the holiest aspirations, ascend toward the throne of the Eternal. 'I would,' says an eloquent writer, speaking of burial-grounds, 'render such scenes more alluring, more familiar, and imposing, by the aid of rural embellishments. The skill and taste of the architect should be exerted in the construction of the requisite departments and avenues ; and appropriate trees and plants should decorate its borders : the weeping willow, waving its graceful drapery over the monumental marble, and the sombre foliage of the cypress, should shade it, and the undying daisy should mingle its bright and glowing

tints with the native laurels of our forests. It is there I should desire to see the taste of the florist manifested in the collection and arrangement of beautiful and fragrant flowers, that in their budding, and bloom, and decay, they should be the silent but expressive teachers of morality, and remind us that although, like the flowers of autumn, the race of man is fading from off the earth, yet like them his root will not perish in the ground, but will rise again in a renewed existence, to shed the sweet influence of a useful life, in gardens of unfading beauty.*

In the general charge of indifference and neglect shown to the repositories of our dead, the writer would not include the people of Boston. The beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn reflects honor upon their sensibility and taste. This burial ground is judiciously and beautifully located. Nature has done much for it, and art has, so far, not been backward in contributing to its embellishment. It gives every promise to rival, in a few years, even Père la Chaise. As this celebrated burial ground furnishes a fine model for similar establishments, it may not be amiss to conclude this brief and imperfect paper with a succinct account of it, from the graphic pen of Phillips. 'It is impossible,' says he, 'to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the rose and the cypress encircle each tomb, and the arbor vitæ and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses, as we wander over this variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and temples interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs, and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. We ascended a height, where our attention was attracted by a grave covered with fresh moss, and thickly strown with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossoms, jasmine, myrtle, and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire-work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple and pathetic inscription :

'Fille chérie! — avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés.'

We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers, at the earliest opening of the gates of this melancholy garden of graves.' G. W.

Washington, February, 1836.

PEACE.

SEE where she stoops from yonder snowy cloud,
Rich sunlight streaming from her waving wings;
Hark to the pæans of the leaping crowd
Who throng to grasp the priceless gifts she brings!
Where'er she sets her foot, fresh verdure springs;
Scarce wins the reaper through the bending grain,
Thick to the vine the clustered fruitage clings,
Glad sings the peasant to the groaning wain,
And to the lip of love the bright smile comes again.

* Address before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society: by Z. Cook.

THE BREATH OF SPRING.

I.

How blessedly it steals my lattice through !
From the 'sweet South' it comes, where Summer weaves
Eternal garlands. Laugh, ye waters blue —
Rejoicing burst, ye bud-imprisoned leaves !
Ye blossoms — Nature's censers — ope and fling
Your incense forth, on the first breath of Spring !

II.

Sweet wooer of the flowers ! — thy kiss of balm
Shall wake them, blushing, to the shower and beam :
Through wood and vale thou wendest like a charm,
Mantling each slope, and fringing every stream :
O'er quickened pastures bound the frolick herd,
And all things living seem with rapture stirred.

III.

Nature's elixir ! — the exulting earth,
Drinking thy freshness, is no longer sere,
And, in the glory of its vernal birth,
Seems but cœval with the opening year :
Who could believe six thousand years had flown,
Since Spring's first garland in her lap was thrown ?

IV.

Welcome — most welcome ! Now no longer creeps
The half-chilled blood reluctant through each vein,
But with wild glee my wakened heart upheaps,
As springs the troutlet to the summer rain :
And forth my spirit sends its greeting lay,
As Memnon's harp its tones at blush of day.

V.

A world of wings is bursting from the brake,
And twinkling, darting, soaring through the air :
Love's dimples circling in the silver lake,
Tell that thy pinion light is dallying there :
While a soft film of warm and dreamy haze —
Half beams, half mist — o'er dell and mountain plays.

VI.

Sweet courier of May ! — sent forth to dress
With leaves the bowers she soon shall beautify,
E'en as man's spirit o'er life's wilderness
Sends Hope to vivify futurity :
I would that like thee / the world might rove,
Enkindling all things into life and love !

VII.

Our least sensations are a mystery,
Feeding that mightier mystery — the mind !
In fancy, now, a far-off shore I see :
There seems a fragrance on thy wings, sweet wind,
Like the young violet's, when its leaves expand
In the green valleys of my native land !

VIII.

And lo ! uprise, of that sweet odor born,
My cottage-home, and its far-shadowing trees —
The leaping rivulet, the daisied lawn,
And cowslip'd meadow — beautiful are these !
And though they be but phantoms of the mirid,
I thank thee for their presence, gentle wind.

HALINA RADZIVIL: OR, THE BATTLE OF WARSAW.

A TALE OF POLAND.

BY PROFESSOR BARBER: AUTHOR OF 'PULPIT ELOQUENCE,' 'DOWNFALL OF NATIONS,' ETC.

ON the evening which preceded the memorable revolution of Warsaw in 1830, two Poles in military apparel proceeded, in deep conversation, along the winding banks of the Vistula.

The costume of the elder, consisting of the caftan, girdle, sabre, and yellow boots, betokened him to be of noble lineage. His attendant, a youth about eighteen years of age, wore the insignia of the military academy in Warsaw.

'Sire,' exclaimed the younger, as he gracefully threw back the dark flowing ringlets which shaded his manly forehead, and fixed his beaming eyes on the face of his companion, 'we are now without the walls of the Kraga: gold has purchased for me this interview with my noble father; perhaps,' added he, as a dark expression of melancholy overspread his youthful countenance, 'perhaps the last.'

'Does the duke, then,' said the elder, 'seek the destruction of the ancient house of Plater? He shall yet know'——

'Speak softly!' said the young man; the very winds of Poland are traitors to liberty. The tyrant seeks the ruin of more houses than ours. Twelve noble scions are doomed, to-morrow, to the dungeons of Warsaw. But,' continued he, as his flashing eye expressed the daring energies of his mind, 'the cup is full—the consummation has come. Ere yon orb re-illumes the banks of our ancient river, the Russian tyrant must flee, or perish! Two hundred youths of Poland, like myself, have sworn on the altar of their country's wrongs to assert her freedom, or swell the hecatombs which the monster's vengeance has already lighted.

'Noble but ill-fated project!' exclaimed the elder Plater: 'what chance for freedom has Poland, before the power of the Russian autocrat? Abandon the enterprise, my son—it is useless. The iron bonds will be more strongly riveted. Failure will erase the name of Poland from the page of future history, and fill the mines of Siberia with the best and bravest of her sons.'

'Father,' replied Casimir Plater, '*Il vaut mieux, mourir avec honneur que de se rendre.*' forty thousand Poles will assemble round our standard: '*Deo adjuvante non timendum!*' shall be our motto. The free in Europe will awake from their lethargy, and fly to our succor. The die is cast—we have passed the Rubicon—retreat is impossible, and triumph—glory!

'But, Sire,' continued young Plater, 'I tremble for the house of Radzivil, when the torch of liberty is lighted. Halina Radzivil must not fall into the monster's power. Speed to the Prince; warn him to place her beyond the Polish frontiers; I will see her to-morrow. I see my guards are approaching. Adieu, best of fathers! Arm yourself for the events of the morrow: the name of Plater shall not be dishonored by your son.'

Two gens d'armes, clad in the Russian police dress, now approached. 'Your time has expired, young man,' said they. 'I am ready,' replied Casimir, as he pressed the hand of his parent, and departed for the state dungeon of the capitol.

The feelings which agitated the bosoms of the patriotic Poles were not unknown at the palace of Belveder. Spies had been placed in the mansion of every noble family, and the royal agent of the autocrat was aware that some great movement was about to take place; but fear was not an element in Constantine's character, and he trusted that by striking a decisive blow at some of the most exalted in Warsaw, the spark of freedom would be extinguished before it could burst into a flame. In the morning succeeding the interview between Count Plater and his son, Warsaw wore the appearance of a military camp. The drums beat to arms. A military commission was opened, at the head of which Constantine had placed — himself.

At ten o'clock, a military escort proceeded to the state-prison, and demanded, in the name of the Grand Duke, the military students, confined on a charge of treason. They were immediately surrendered. A few moments brought them before the tribunal of the tyrant.

Plater, with a firm step and dignified air, first ascended the platform, before his judges. With a contemptuous expression of countenance, he gazed around on this mockery of justice, as the chief commissioner exclaimed, 'I denounce Casimir Plater a traitor to his emperor and his country!'

'Poland has no traitor among her free-born nobles,' replied the undaunted youth. 'Behold thy companions,' continued the commissioner, pointing toward the military students who had assembled in the hall of the tribunal, 'they shall testify against thee.'

The bosom of the young soldier heaved with indignation: he exchanged a glance with his comrades; it was enough. Then, casting a look of disdain on his oppressors, he replied: 'No Pole ever committed dishonor.'

'Thou hast been sworn against, as a rebel and a traitor,' muttered the Duke.

'Show me my accuser,' retorted the youth.

'The mines of Siberia are not yet filled,' continued Constantine; a descendant of the noble house of Plater would grace the earth-wrought dungeons of Tobolsk.'

'Prince,' replied Casimir, 'there is a point at which resistance becomes a virtue, and silence a crime. Posterity will demand at your hands a retribution for the wrongs of Poland. History will record this military tribunal, where power usurps the seat of judgment, and vengeance the throne of mercy — from which the *accuser* is banished, and the *accused* condemned. The future assertors of the rights of nations and of men will re-echo from Warsaw to St. Petersburg this unholy mockery of the great attributes of justice in the court of kings. They will record their verdict against the faith of princes, on the ruins of Poland's freedom, in characters of blood.'

'Could I alone,' continued Casimir, 'be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice between Poland and her wrongs — could the yawning gulfs of your northern capital receive me as the last of their Polish victims, I would, like another Curtius, plunge into the lake, and save my country. But the descendant of the house of Plater is a fraction in the vast unit of destruction. Where is the ancient house in Warsaw, that mourns not some inmate whose groans reverberate through your Siberian dungeons, until the genius of misery shrieks affrighted at the sound?

the youth in the full vigor of manhood who enters to-day, and he whose head has grown hoary in your subterranean prisons, as the eternal snows which cover their unhallowed summits !'

'Let the youthful hero be shorn of his hair, scourged, and sent off for Siberia,' said Constantine, as Plater concluded his address; 'away with him, my guards!'

At this moment a Polish lady, elegantly attired in a garb of deep mourning, rushed through the crowd, and threw herself at the feet of the Duke, in the hall of the tribunal. It was Lodoiska, the mother of Casimir Plater. The council stood in mute astonishment, until Constantine exclaimed: 'Who thus presumes to obtrude herself in the courts of Warsaw?'

'I, the mother of the youth thou hast but now doomed to slavery,' replied Lodoiska. 'Great Duke, the noblest element of *greatness* is mercy; the *greatest* exercise of power — forgiveness. Let a daughter of unhappy Poland plead before you in behalf of an unfortunate but noble son!'

'My guards, remove this maniac from the hall,' exclaimed the tyrant; a woman's tears cannot wash out the blackness of guilt, or obstruct the infliction of its penalties.'

'Thou hast truly spoken, tyrant,' replied Lodoiska: 'a woman's tears cannot wash out the stains of guilt; an *angel's* could not cleanse the foul pollution of thine. Humanity instinctively shrinks at thy presence; the flowers wither at thy approach; nature recoils in horror, as thy sanguinary hand pollutes her altars, or thy blood-tracked footsteps desolate her plains.'

'Lodoiska becomes eloquent,' replied Constantine, scornfully.

'Hear me, thou descendant of the Czars,' resumed the wretched mother: 'the blood thou hast wantonly shed has ascended to heaven; it waits thy coming, at the great tribunal. On *earth*, too, thou shalt have thy trials. Yon sun, which now careers through a cloudless sky, shall not decline while *thy* feet tread the halls of Belveder; the ramparts around thy castellated mansion shall be torn from their foundation, and the lofty turrets of thy palace graced with the flag of renovated Poland, before another morning dawns on the city thou hast sacked and desolated.'

'Ha! sayest thou so, proud woman?' thundered Constantine, as his lips quivered under the mingled emotions of shame and rage. 'Thy evening vespers shall be chanted in the recesses of the citadel. Slaves, manacle this prophetess of evil, and convey her to the northern wing of the citadel.'

'Lodoiska and Poland!' shouted a thousand voices, as the mother of Casimir approached the doors of the military hall, guarded and chained. 'A rescue! — strike down the guard! — a rescue for the mother of Poland!' The guards in vain attempted to execute their commission. They were instantly overpowered, and Lodoiska conducted to the head quarters of her son.

The shout which preceded the liberation of Lodoiska, struck like a thunderbolt on the ear of Constantine. The tyrant trembled. 'Summon the Russian regiment!' said he: 'To the mansion of Radzivil! Convey its inmates to the palace.'

Obedient to the orders of the Duke, the Russian cavalry, headed by

Col. Kreutz, proceeded to the abode of Prince Radzivil. In a moment the massive doors were burst open, and the lovely Halina, supported by two of the autocrat's guards, was hurried onward in the direction of Belveder palace.

Ere the escort had reached the bridge of Sobieski, Plater and his determined band were there.

'Liberate your captive!' shouted Casimir, in a voice that echoed along the shores of the Vistula.

'Who thus opposes the orders of the Grand Duke?' said Kreutz, advancing to the head of his guards.

'I, Casimir Plater,' re-echoed his opponent; 'the sacrifice is too great, the victims too noble, for Russian butchery.'

'Rash youth! thy blood be upon thy head!' cried Kreutz, waving his sword over the head of Plater. With the velocity of lightning, Casimir unsheathed his weapon. A tremendous blow leveled at the young Polander was as dexterously parried. He advanced, made a thrust, and buried his sword in the bosom of the Russian commander.

'For thy blood, soldier of the autocrat, I shall not be answerable at the final appeal,' said Casimir, as he gazed for a moment on the bloody corpse. The Poles, animated by the chivalry of their leader, pierced the ranks of the Russians, and drove them from their position. But Halina Radzivil had, during the contest, been conveyed to the palace of Constantine, and was now in the presence of the tyrant.

'Daughter of Radzivil,' said he, 'it is in thy power to quell the rebellion in which thy countrymen are engaged.'

'Dost thou, brother of the autocrat, claim protection at the hands of a captive thou hast ensnared?' replied Halina — 'a weak, unprotected woman, whom thy rude soldiery have forced from the ancient abode of her fathers to a royal prison?'

'Woman,' retorted the Duke, 'thou art in my power; thy father and brother, in chains, are in the western wing of the palace: before day declines, their heads shall grace yon ramparts, should the son of Plater, thy lover, continue the contest. He is now before the moat which surrounds the outer gate. *Thou* hast but to command, and he withdraws his force. Reflect — and refuse, if thy courage permits. The forfeit is the extinction of the race and name of the house of Radzivil.'

'An inhuman, an awful, but a willing sacrifice,' cried the heroic girl, 'to thee, my beloved Poland!' as she gazed, unappalled, on the features of her royal jailer.

'Thou refusest, then, maid of Warsaw?' said Constantine.

'I scorn the bribe, great as it is, for which I am required to crush the rising liberties of my country,' she replied, 'Halina Radzivil stands before the tribunal of nations. On her decision may rest the fate of unborn millions. The separation of the soul from the clay which it animates, is a trifle when weighed in the balance against the destinies of the human race. I know thy power; inflict what tortures thou canst; the frail tenement may sink beneath their execution, but the *immortal* inhabitant is beyond thy oppression. It shall meet thee at the bar of omnipotence!'

'I have then commanded in vain,' said Constantine, as the ashy paleness of death for a moment overspread his countenance. 'Proud

woman,' said he, 'thou shalt die, and that before yon sun reaches his meridian.'

'Be it so, if Poland requires the sacrifice,' said the unbending daughter of Radzivil — be it so; but I fall not unrevenged.'

A loud shout, proceeding from the direction of the draw-bridge, announced to the tyrant that the outer gates of the palace had yielded to the force of Casimir's assault. He proceeded to the eastern wing of the palace: a youth, bearing the ancient flag of Poland, preceded by a herald, demanded a parley.

'Do the rebels submit?' asked Constantine, as the youth approached.

'Liberty, not submission, is the watchword of renovated Poland,' replied the young warrior: 'we come to require the unconditional surrender of the house of Radzivil,' continued he, or to warn thee, in case of refusal, that ere the dial's shadow points to another hour, thou shalt behold the palace of Belveder in ruins.'

'Rather demand the headless trunks of that noble house,' scornfully replied Constantine. 'Sentinel, conduct the soldier of Poland to the eastern wing of Belveder. Let him learn from the lips of Halina the recklessness of his attempt — the certainty of its consequences.'

The youth followed his guide through a winding staircase and darkened passages, to the chamber of Halina: the door was opened, and there, imploring the protection of Heaven on her hero and her country, knelt the graceful form of her whose life trembled in the balance of her country's fate. The beautiful girl calmly rose from her bending posture, as the sentinel announced the entrance of a stranger. The guide retired, and the young Pole, muffled in a military surtout, entered the apartment.

Halina stretched forth her hand: 'My countryman,' said she, 'whether friend or stranger, thou art welcome to the forced abode of Radzivil's daughter.'

The young soldier threw back his cloak: it was Casimir Plater!

'How hast *thou* passed the guard?' said the affrighted girl, trembling for the fate of her lover.

'By the command of the tyrant,' replied Plater. 'I bore to him a flag of truce, and, unknown, have gained admittance. Beloved of my heart!' continued he, 'what says the monster?'

'He demands the withdrawal of the troops, or a forfeiture which he deems equivalent,' replied Halina.

'What is the forfeiture?' said Casimir, as he perceived the blood forsake the countenance of Halina.

'Seek not to know, noble Plater,' replied his companion: 'compared with the accomplishment of thy great design, the forfeiture is as a drop of water to the ocean.'

'Halina,' said the young hero, 'thou wilt not deny my request: we may meet no more. What is the forfeiture this royal wretch demands?'

'The destruction of the house of Radzivil,' replied the high-souled daughter.

'Inhuman monster! — thou hast not yet sufficiently glutted thyself in human blood, but that the most noble house in Warsaw must fill the measure of thy crimes! Halina, I cannot sacrifice *thee*. Poland must fall!

'Not while Casimir Plater claims the hand of Halina Radzivil,'

she replied. 'Treasured as thou art in my heart,' continued she, 'I would scorn the proffered hand of a traitor to Poland, and reject an alliance with thy noble family, should the sun of my country's liberties set in the liberation of her captive daughter. Proceed in the glorious cause. The stake for which thou contendest is priceless and incomparable. I will not say to thee, in this hour of trial, Poland has other daughters. I know thy faith. Yon orb,' said she, pointing to the sun, 'is not more pure, nor his returns more constant. Commit thy Halina to Heaven — thy courage and perseverance to thy country. Depart, beloved Plater,' continued Halina, as she placed her miniature in his hand: 'on the day of trial, look on *this*. Yet stay a moment; lend me thy dagger. I shudder at the thought of self-destruction; yet are there cases in which even that act may be a virtue.'

'What is the issue of thy interview with the daughter of Radzivil?' said Constantine, as Casimir descended toward the lower corridor of the palace.

'The secrets of Poland's daughters are secure with her sons,' replied Casimir. 'Thou wilt *know*, ere evening shades thy palace. Am I at liberty to depart?'

'Thou art,' returned Constantine.

Young Plater, preceded by his herald, soon reached his assembled companions. A shout, which shook the walls of the tyrant's palace, announced his arrival.

'What is the answer of the Duke?' demanded a hundred voices.

'He refuses to release the captives,' replied Casimir.

'Storm the palace! — raze the monster's mansion to the dust!' — cried the military companions of Casimir — 'Poland and Liberty!'

'My comrades,' said Casimir, '*caution* must be our watch-word. We must be wary in our approach to the den of the monster. He must have chance to escape. The fate of the house of Radzivil depends on this circumstance: and who among you would require the possession of the tyrant, at the sacrifice of this noble family?'

'Not a son of Poland,' rejoined his companions. 'Let the Duke escape.'

'Three cheers!' said Plater, 'and then for the palace!'

'The acclamation reached the ears of Constantine. The words, 'storm the palace!' had scarcely fallen from the lips of the enthusiastic Poles, ere he entered the chamber of Halina.

'Imprudent maid,' exclaimed he, 'why dost thou court death?'

'I court the freedom of Poland,' she replied, 'even at the price which thou hast decreed. Know, Duke, the blood of Kosciusko still runs in the veins of Poland's daughters.'

'My guard,' said Constantine, 'conduct hither Prince Radzivil and his son.'

The soldier retired at the command, and returned with the noble captives.

'Behold the offering,' said Halina, as she gazed on her father and brother: 'behold the victims for the sacrifice. But *thou*, turning to Constantine, 'art not the officiating priest at the altar.'

'Say'st thou so, maiden?' replied Constantine. 'Executioners, approach!'

'Stand back! ye murdering ministers — ye accursed agents of

another's crime!' exclaimed Halina, as her eye turned from the assassins to their employer: 'the blood you seek is too pure for your cowardly daggers!'

'I command you to do your duty!' thundered the Duke. The ruffians again approached to fulfil the awful commission.

'Take thou the reward of guilt!' said the daughter of Radzivil, as she plunged the poniard of Plater into the bosom of the foremost assassin: 'I pity, yet have destroyed thee!'

Constantine, petrified with astonishment, gazed with conscious horror on the body of the executioner, as it writhed in the agonies of death.

'The blood of that man shall be demanded at *thy* hand, Russian Duke,' said Halina, 'when we meet before the bar of Heaven. Mine was an act of justice, not revenge. The life of a parent demanded the poniard of a daughter. Thou seest how strong, when virtue nerves them, are the arms of Sarmatia's maidens.'

A crash in the court-yard now announced that the inner gates of the palace had been forced. 'To the rescue of the Radzivils!' was heard from every quarter. 'If *they* be safe, give quarter to the tyrant — if not, be his fate as theirs!'

Plater rushed to the eastern chamber: in a moment, the door was opened. 'My Halina is safe! Spirit of the Universe, I thank thee!' said he, as he clasped the lovely girl to his bosom.

'Where is the tyrant!' exclaimed the inflamed soldiery. 'He has escaped,' said Halina, 'by a secret passage.'

'Mother, I have fulfilled thy prophesy,' said Plater: 'the evening sun has not found the tyrant in the palace of Belveder. And now, my Halina, I demand thy bridal hand at the altar, before the face of Heaven, and on the dawn of Poland's regeneration.'

THE PORTRAIT: AN EXTRACT.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

As those blue eyes upon the canvass throw
 Their watery glances to me, where the tear
 Seems gathering to a starry drop, to flow
 Down the soft damask of her cheek, I hear
 From her moved lips, a voice salute my ear,
 That was so kind and so confiding; pain,
 Which once did throb within me, now doth veer
 To a calm stillness; the delirious brain
 Seems by cool drops renewed to life's young bliss again.

Ah! I would then that pictured form could talk
 Of hours, that once were happy in the round
 Of thought still growing, as at each new walk,
 With deeper hue the early bud is found,
 Till it unfold its leaves, and scatter round
 Its purest incense: so our lives steal by,
 Catching new loves and hopes, which, closely wound
 With every blended thought and wish, will try
 The heart to its last throb, when loved ones leave or die.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A FEW suns more, and the Indian will live only in history. A few centuries, and that history will be colored with the mellow, romantic light in which Time robes the past, and contrasted with the then present wealth and splendor of America, may seem so improbable, as to elicit from the historian a philosophic doubt of its authenticity. The period may even arrive, when the same uncertainty which hangs over the heroic days of every people may attend its records, and the stirring deeds of the battle-field and council-fire may be regarded as attractive fictions, or at the best as beautiful exaggerations.

This is but in the nature of things. Actions always lose their reality and distinctness in the perspective of ages; time is their charnel-house. And no memorials are so likely to be lost or forgotten, as those of a conquered nation. Of the Angles and Saxons little more than a name has survived, and the Indian may meet no better fate. Even though our own history is so enveloped in theirs, it is somewhat to be feared that, from neglect, the valuable cover will be suffered to decay, and care be bestowed only on the more precious contents. 'Be it so,' exclaim some; 'what pleasure or profit is to be derived from the remembrance? Let the wild legend be forgotten. They are but exhibitions of savage life teeming with disgusting excess, and brutal passion. They portray man in no interesting light, for with every redeeming trait, there rises up some revolting characteristic in horrid contrast. Was he grateful? so was his revenge bloody and eternal. Was he brave? — So was he treacherous. Was he generous? — so was he crafty and cruel.'

But a more philosophic mind would say, 'No! he presents a part of the panorama of humanity, and his extermination is an embodiment of a great principle — the same retreat of the children of the wilderness before the wave of civilization; hence arises a deep interest in his fortune, which should induce us to preserve, carefully and faithfully, the most trifling record of his greatness or his degradation.' At a time when barbarous nations elsewhere had lost their primitive purity, we find him the only true child of nature — the best specimen of man in his native simplicity. We should remember him as a 'study of human nature' — as an instance of a strange mixture of good and evil passions. We perceive in him fine emotions of feeling and delicacy, and unrestrained, systematic cruelty, grandeur of spirit and hypocritical cunning, genuine courage and fiendish treachery. He was like some beautiful spar, part of which is regular, clear, and sparkling, while a portion, impregnated with clay, is dark and forbidding.

But above all, as being an engrossing subject to an American, as coming to us the only relic of the literature of the aborigines, and the most perfect emblem of their character, their glory and their intellect, we should dearly cherish the remains of their oratory. In these we see developed the motives which animated their actions, and the light and shadows of their very soul. The iron encasement of apparent apathy in which the savage had fortified himself, impenetrable at ordinary moments, is laid aside in the council-room. The genius of eloquence bursts the swathing bands of custom, and the Indian stands forth accessible, natural, and legible. We commune with him, listen to his complaints, understand, appreciate, and even feel his injuries.

As Indian eloquence is a key to the character, so is it a noble monument of their literature. Oratory seldom finds a more auspicious field. A wild people, and region of thought, forbade feebleness; uncultivated, but intelligent and sensitive, a purity of idea, chastely combined with energy of expression, ready fluency, and imagery now exquisitely delicate, now soaring to the sublime, all united to rival the efforts of any ancient or modern orator.*

What can be imagined more impressive, than a warrior rising in the council-room to address those who bore the same scarred marks of their title to fame and to chieftainship? The dignified stature—the easy repose of limbs—the graceful gesture, the dark speaking eye, excite equal admiration and expectation. We would anticipate eloquence from an Indian. He has animating remembrances—a poverty of language, which exacts rich and apposite metaphorical allusions, even for ordinary conversation—a mind which like his body has never been trammelled and mechanised by the formalities of society, and passions which, from the very outward restraint imposed upon them, burn more fiercely within. There is a mine of truth in the reply of Red Jacket, when called a warrior: ‘A warrior!’ said he; ‘I am an orator—I was born an orator.’

There are not many speeches remaining on record, but even in this small number there is such a rich yet varied vein of all the characteristics of true eloquence, that we even rise from their perusal with regret that so few have been preserved. No where can be found a poetic thought clothed in more captivating simplicity of expression, than in the answer of Tecumseh to Governor Harrison, in the conference at Vincennes. It contains a high moral rebuke, and a sarcasm heightened in effect by an evident consciousness of loftiness above the reach of insult. At the close of his address, he found that no chair had been placed for him, a neglect which Governor Harrison ordered to be remedied as soon as discovered. Suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than a mistake, with an air of dignity elevated almost to haughtiness, he declined the seat proffered, with the words, ‘Your father requests you to take a chair,’ and answered, as he calmly disposed himself on the ground: ‘My father? The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. *I will repose upon her bosom.*’

As they excelled in the beautiful, so also they possessed a nice sense of the ridiculous. There is a clever strain of irony, united with the sharpest taunt, in the speech of Garangula to De la Barre, the Governor of Canada, when that crafty Frenchman met with his tribe in council, for the purpose of obtaining peace, and reparation for past injuries. The European, a faithful believer in the maxim that ‘*En guerre ou la peau du lion ne peut suffire il y faut coudre un lopin de celle du renard,*’ attempted to overawe the savage by threats, which he well knew he had no power to execute. Garangula, who also was well aware of his weakness, replied, ‘Yonondio, you must have believed when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French, or that the lakes had so overflowed their banks, that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, surely you must have dreamed so, and the curiosity of seeing so great a wonder has brought you so far.

* An unqualified opinion to this effect has been expressed by JEFFERSON and CLINTON.

Hear, Yonondio: our *women* had taken their clubs, our *children* and *old men* had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our *warriors* had not disarmed them, and kept them back when your messenger came to our castle.' We cannot give a better idea of the effect of their harrangues upon their own people, and at the same time a finer instance of their gratefulness when skilfully touched, than in the address to the Wallah-Wallahs by their young chief, the Morning Star. In consequence of the death of several of their tribe, killed in one of their predatory excursions against the whites, they had collected in a large body for the purpose of assailing them. The stern, uncompromising hostility with which they were animated, may be imagined from the words they chaunted on approaching to the attack: 'Rest, brothers, rest! You will be avenged. The tears of your widows will cease to flow, when they behold the blood of your murderers, and on seeing their scalps, your young children shall sing and leap with joy. Rest, brothers, in peace! Rest, we shall have blood!' The last strains of the death-song had died away. The gleaming eye, burning with the desire of revenge — the countenance, fierce even through an Indian's cloak — the levelled gun, and poised arrow, forbade promise of peace, and their superior force as little hope of successful resistance. At this moment of awful excitement, a mounted troop burst in between them, and its leader addressed his kindred: 'Friends and relations! Three snows have only passed over our heads, since we were a poor, miserable people. Our enemies were numerous and powerful; we were few and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of little children. We could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plains. When the thunders rolled, and the rains poured, we had no place save the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads. Is such the case now? No! We have regained possession of the land of our fathers, in which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried; *our hearts are great within us, and we are now a nation.* Who has produced this change? The white man! And are we to treat him with ingratitude? No! *The warrior of the strong arm and the great heart will never rob a friend.*' The result was wonderful. There was a complete revulsion of feeling. The angry waves were quieted, and the savage, forgetting his enmity, smoked the calumet with those whom the eloquence of the Morning Star alone had saved from his scalping knife.

Fearlessness and success in battle were the highest titles to honor, and an accusation of cowardice was a deadly insult. A reproach of this kind to a celebrated chief received a chivalric reply. Kognethagecton, or as he was more generally called, White-Eyes, at the time his nation was solicited to join in the war against the Americans, in our struggle for liberty, exerted his influence against hostile measures. His answer to the Senecas, who were in the British interest, and who, irritated by his obstinate adherence to peace, attempted to humble him, by reference to an old story of the Delawares being a conquered people, is a manly and dignified assertion of independence. It reminds one of the noble motto of the Frenchman: '*Je n'estime un autre plus grand que moi lors que j'ai mon épée.*' 'I know well,' said he, 'that you consider us a conquered nation — as women — as your inferiors. You have, say you, shortened our legs, and put petticoats on us. You say you have given us a hoe and a corn-pounder, and told us to plant and pound for you —

you men—you warriors. But look at me—am I not full grown? And have I not a warrior's dress? Ay! *I am a man*—and these are the arms of a man—and all that country is mine! What a dauntless vindication of manhood, and what a nice perception of Indian character, is this appeal to their love of courage, and their admiration for a fine form, vigorous limbs, complete arms, and a proud demeanor! How effective and emphatic the conclusion, 'all that country is mine!' exclaimed in a tone of mingled defiance and pride, and accompanied with a wave of the hand over the rich country bordering on the Alleghany!

This bold speech quelled for a time all opposition, but the desire to engage against the Americans, increased by the false reports of some wandering Tories, finally became so vehement, that, as a last resort, he proposed to the tribe to wait ten days before commencing hostilities. Even this was about to be denied him, and the term traitor beginning to be whispered around, when he rose in council, and began an animated expostulation against their conduct. He depicted its inevitable consequences—the sure advance of the white man, and the ruin of his nation; and then, in a generous manner, disclaimed any interest or feelings separate from those of his friends; and added: 'But if you *will* go out in this war, you shall not go without me. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction. But if you think me in the wrong—if *you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends—to a man—to a warrior—to a Delaware*—if you insist upon fighting the Americans—go! And I will go with you. *And I will not go like the bear-hunters, who sets his dogs upon the animal, to be beaten about with his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance.* No! I will lead you on. I will place myself in the front. I will fall with the first of you. You can do as you choose. But as for me, I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserved, as you do, a better fate!'

The allusion to their greater confidence in foreigners than in their own kindred, is a fine specimen of censure, wonderfully strengthened by a beautiful climacteric arrangement. Commencing with a friend—and who so grateful as an Indian?—it passes to a man—and who so vain of his birth-right as an Indian?—then to a warrior; and who more glorious to the savage than the man of battles?—and lastly to a Delaware—a word which rings through the hearts of his hearers, starts into life a host of proud associations, and while it deepens their contempt for the stranger and his falsehoods, imparts a grandeur to the orator, in whom the friend, the man, the warrior, the Delaware are personified.

The spirit of the conclusion added to its force. It was the outbursting of that firm determination never to forsake their customs and laws—that brotherhood of feeling which have ever inspired the action of the aborigines—a spirit which time has strengthened, insult hardened to obstinacy, and oppression rendered almost hereditary. It bespeaks a bold soul, resolved to die with the loss of its country's liberties.

We pass by the effect of this speech, by merely stating that it was successful, to notice a letter much of the same character as the close of the last, sent to General Clinch, by the chief who is now setting our

troops at defiance in Florida. 'You have arms,' says he, 'and so have we; you have powder and lead, and so have we; you have men, and so have we; your men will fight, and so will ours, *till the last drop of the Seminole's blood has moistened the dust of his hunting ground.*' This needs no comment. Intrepidity is its character.

View these evidences of attachment to the customs of their fathers, and of heroic resolution to leave their bones in the forests where they were born, and which were their inheritance, and then revert to their unavailing, hopeless resistance against the march of civilization; and though we know it is the rightful, natural course of things, yet it is a hard heart which does not feel for their fate. Turn to Red Jacket's graphic description of the fraud which has purloined their territory, and shame mingles somewhat with our pity. 'Brothers, at the treaties held for the purchase of our lands, the white men, with *sweet voices and smiling faces*, told us they *loved* us, and that they would not cheat us, but that the king's children on the other side of the lake would cheat us. When we go on the other side of the lake, the king's children tell us your people will cheat us. These things puzzle our heads, and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves, and not trust either in your people or in the king's children. Brothers, *our seats were once large, and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.*' True, and soon their graves will be all they shall retain of their once ample hunting-grounds. Their strength is wasted, their countless warriors dead, their forests laid low, and their burial-places upturned by the plough-share. There was a time when the war-cry of a Powhattan, a Delaware, or an Abenakis, struck terror to the heart of a pale-face: but now the Seminole is singing his last battle-song.

Some of the speeches of *Skenandoah*, a celebrated Oneida chief, contain the truest touches of natural eloquence. He lived to a great age; and in his last oration in council, he opened with the following sublime and beautiful sentence: 'Brothers—I am an aged hemlock. *The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top.*' Every reader, who has seen a tall hemlock, with a dry and leafless top surmounting its dark green foliage, will feel the force of the simile. 'I am dead at the top.' His memory, and all the vigorous powers of youth, had departed forever.

Not less felicitous was the close of a speech made by *Pushmataha*, a venerable chief of a western tribe, at a council held, we believe, in Washington, many years since. In alluding to his extreme age, and to the probability that he might not even survive the journey back to his tribe, he said: 'My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trails—but Pushmataha will hear not—he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears, *as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.*'

The most powerful tribes have been destroyed; and as Sadekanatie expressed it, 'Strike at the root, and when the trunk shall be cut down, the branches shall fall of course.' The trunk has fallen, the branches are slowly withering, and shortly the question 'Who is there to mourn

for *Logan*, may be made of the whole race, and find not a sympathizing reply.

Their actions *may* outlive, but their oratory we think *must* survive their fate. It contains many attributes of true eloquence. With a language too barren, and minds too free for the rules of rhetoric, they still attained a power of touching the feelings, and a sublimity of style which rival the highest productions of their more cultivated enemies. Expression apt and pointed — language strong and figurative — comparisons rich and bold — descriptions correct and picturesque — and gesture energetic and graceful, were the most striking peculiarities of their oratory. The latter orations, accurate mirrors of their character, their bravery, immovable stoicism, and native grandeur, heightened as they are in impressiveness by the melancholy accompaniment of approaching extermination, will be as enduring as the swan-like music of Attic and Roman eloquence, which was the funeral song of the liberties of those republics.

TO THE DUST OF CAXTON.

DREAD pioneer of thought! source of the flood
Of musty tomes through which we wade or flounder —
Dust of the mighty founder of all types,
Now but the shattered type of their great founder —

Revisit thou the 'glimpses of the moon !'
That is, evolve, instantan, from thy narrow box !
Rise, mouldering mummy, prick thy clay-stopped ears,
While I essay to prove thine art a paradox.

Now I'll suppose thee present; and begin
To argue pro. and con., the good and evil —
How much it has repressed or aided sin,
And strike a balance for or 'gainst the devil.

For though I will confess it hath achieved
High deeds against the Prince of pandemonium,
Who can deny its having salved his wounds,
With many a ream of flattering encomium ?

Caxton, by thy great engine Error's tribe
Have been to countless myriads multiplied ;
But it hath also forged Truth's two-edged sword,
By which all sophists are bemaused and stultified.

Voltaire, Paine, Gibbon, Mirabeau, have found
Means through its aid the living God to libel,
While through the gladdened earth the self same source
Hath sent their crushing conqueror — the Bible.

Upon the press hangs poised the moral world,
Of which it forms the intellectual lever —
Swaying it to and fro, with fearful sweep,
And oftentimes putting nations in a fever.

It shaketh down a monarch from his throne,
Even as an earthquake topples down a steeple,
And on the site of despotism builds
A firmer fane, whose pillars are — the people.

And deeds like these alone, immortal one !
Out-balance all the manifold abuses
Of thy great art, and make mankind forget
The trash that issues from its minor sluices.

A CHAPTER ON CHANGES, SCHOOL-KEEPING, ETC.

WHEREIN IS ILLUSTRATED THE TRUTH OF THE OLD ADAGE, 'A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.'

OMNIFICIENT — ay, gentle reader, that's the epithet peculiarly applicable to myself. I am literally an omnificent — a doer of all things in the whole category of human tasks, mental and manual. Until eighteen, it was my lot to form a practical familiarity with the soil of New-England, wielding the ax and the sickle upon its quiet hills, and like the peasant-bard of a similar land, *magna componere parvis*, solacing my toil the while by such idylls as boyhood may fashion to the idols of its first love. At that mercurial period, I began to feel the centrifugal mania so peculiar to the migratory sons of the pilgrims, and accordingly, leaving the plough to rest in mid furrow, I embarked on board a privateer bound to the Pacific. A sailor-boy is a factotum — all things to 'all hands' — called here, sent there, and damned every where. At least I found it so; but I bore it martyrly, nevertheless — rejoicing even in that harsh opportunity to see the world and the world's wonders. Curiosity kept my spirits always on the wing, and enabled me, by a cheerful alacrity of obedience, to win my way at length into the good graces of all the crew. During our voyage, we fetched a girdle round the globe, not in the 'forty minutes' of merry Puck, but the forty months of the 'Farmers' Almanac,' in the lapse of which I saw the marvels of many lands and many seas, and gazed on strange forms and faces, and witnessed strange customs, and mingled in the commotion of warring elements, and the fiercer commotion of warring men. Satisfied with the perils and hardships of the sea, I doffed the tarpaulin, and donned the student's cassock, and after thridding the regular cycle of lectures, dissections, and hospital attendance, I took rooms in New-Orleans, as a practising physician. The horrors of the yellow fever soon encompassed me, and though the first too selfish fears prompted a recoil from impending danger, thanks to the mastery of our better nature, I remained true to the awful responsibility of my profession. With an energy and even recklessness for which I never could account, I threw myself into the fearful arena, and grappled unfalteringly with the appalling pestilence. Day after day, and night after night, found me ministering, often unaided, at the dainty couch of the dying planter, or the squalid pallet of his stricken slave, till the doomed of the destroyer were numbered, and his march of desolation stayed. Even now, after the lapse of years, that scene of horror is before me in all the distinctness of present perception. Once more I breathe the sultry atmosphere which shrouded the devoted city by day, and feel the chill mist which crept gloomily along its deserted streets by night, whose silence was ever broken, not by the hum of social voices, but the roar of alligators and other unquiet reptiles from the neighboring bayous. Again I hear the rumbling of the lonely hearse, as it wound its unknelled way to the frightful Golgotha, where the dead of all ages and conditions — rich and poor, bond and free — were gathered to promiscuous burial. Again I behold the rose and the dimple pass from the cheek of beauty, and give place to that sudden emaciation, and that ghastly aspect as of incarnate mahogany, so peculiar to this terrific disease. Again I witness the muscular fulness of vigorous manhood shrink, in one brief

hour, to the unearthly gauntness of a skeleton, while the mind yet remained sane and unscathed, amid the ruins of its shattered tenement. Again I listen to the merry catch of the dying creole, or the mournful '*Madre purissima*' of the expiring Spaniard, as it breaks the startling stillness of the deserted death-chamber. Again I bend my ear to the last behest of the calm New-Englander, who had wandered from the home of his childhood, to find a nameless grave by the 'father of rivers.' The scene through which I had just passed was too much for me; I shuddered at the thought of its recurrence, and speedily arranging my affairs, I left the practice of my profession to men of firmer nerves, and departed for New-York by way of the Ohio.

Disembarking at Cincinnati, I set off on foot to explore the caverns of Kentucky and Virginia. Travelling later than usual one evening, I lost my way in the midst of one of those extensive forests which still skirt many of the western cities. After wandering about for some time, on turning a precipitous ridge which obstructed my course, I came suddenly upon one of those singular gatherings of the church militant called camp-meetings. Before me stretched a grove of tall pines, beneath whose dark foliage, and in striking contrast with the same, were pitched numerous white tents, in a regular circle, embracing a level area of several acres in extent, entirely devoid of under-brush, and carpeted with the fallen tresses of the overhanging boughs. On one side of this enclosure, several feet from the ground, appeared a plain lodge, quadrangularly formed of rough boards nailed to the standing trees, with a pulpit in front, and benches around the sides for the elders and ministers who were to address the audience. From this spot to various points of the enclosure, stretched, in diverging lines, the straight boles of lofty pines felled for the occasion, across whose prostrate length, with the interspace of here and there a 'long-drawn aisle,' were laid the rude seats of those hardy worshippers. Innumerable lamps were suspended on all sides of the encampment, blending their flickering light with the glare of pine torches from the several tents where the evening's repast was in preparation; while millions of fire-flies shot like tiny meteors along the dark openings of the surrounding forests, and the eyes of the sleepless stars looked in as if to witness the devotions of that primeval temple.

As I paused to survey the wonderful scene, the wild howl of a wolf rang through the shuddering air, and a moment after, a fawn shot past me, and bounding into the enclosure, dropped down panting and exhausted in one of the open aisles. This singular incident was succeeded by a dead silence, which was presently interrupted by the voice of the reverend speaker, who had just finished the last discourse of the evening, and was about reading the concluding hymn. 'Welcome,' said the aged man, with compassionate emotion, 'welcome, poor weary and persecuted wanderer, to the refuge and the rest ye seek not here in vain! Ye did well to flee hither from thy ravenous pursuer, for thereby have thy days been lengthened, and ye shall yet range through the green places of the wilderness, where the hand of God bringeth forth the tender herb and the pleasant water-course, even for creatures such as ye. Pilgrims of the world,' continued he, turning to his hushed auditory, 'shall the beasts that perish be wiser in their day and generation than ye, who were fashioned after the image of the All-wise? Flee to the fold of God! The wild

pigeon shrinks to her covert at the scream of the wood-hawk, and the roe-buck bounds fleetly from the yell of the panther; while ye, who are encompassed with many foes, having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not, or heed not the voice of the prowler. Wot ye not that ye, like that poor panting hind, are hunted up and down in this dark wilderness of the world? Flee to the fold of God! Doth not temptation haunt your footsteps, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof? Doth not remorse dart his fiery arrows into your bleeding hearts at every turn? Doth not conscience smite ye with its avenging sword, whenever ye turn a deaf ear to the warnings of the still small voice? Flee to the fold of God! Do not the cares of the world, its vanity and vexation of spirit, surround ye, when ye rise up, and when ye lie down, yea, and when ye dream dreams? Flee to the fold of God! Is not death the ever-present shadow of your earthliness, and doth not the prince of the power of the air—the mighty Nimrod of your priceless souls—track your guilty steps along this pilgrimage of sin? O flee, then, fellow-sinners, flee to the fold of God, wherein ye shall surely find a refuge and a rest!

Vain were the attempt to depict the scene which followed this thrilling peroration. The sighs, the sobs, the groans, the hysteric shrieks of terrified females, and indeed the convulsive shudder of the whole assembly, I leave to the reader's imagination—or memory, if he has ever witnessed a spectacle so thrilling. After the first burst of feeling had a little subsided, the tremulous yet not unmusical voice of the late speaker was heard, chanting that striking hymn:

‘Stop, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?’

One listener after another joined in the rising strain, till presently ten thousand voices were blended in swelling symphony. I have listened to the midnight peal of the roused ocean, and trembled amid the thunders of Niagara; but never was my heart so hushed to breathlessness, as by the living chorus of that solemn anthem. The place, the scene, and the music of that vast choir, filling the midnight depths of the mute forest with echoes of terrible warning, were all calculated to make a vivid impression, even on a mind the most obdurate. I sunk down upon my bended knees, awe-struck and overpowered. It seemed to me that every eye and every voice were directed to myself, in eager impetration to fly from the brink of the dread abyss to which ‘hope never comes, that comes to all.’ The services closed with the hymn, the worshippers slowly retired to their respective tents, and silence and sleep resumed their quiet empire; but there I remained, riveted to the earth, faint, motionless, and alone. Yet not alone, for the voice of a mysterious presence kept whispering in my ear, ‘Flee to the fold of God!’ and ever the monitory ‘Stop!’ of that thrilling hymn rung like a trumpet from heaven through the chambers of my smitten heart. I bowed myself to the earth, and there all night long, amid the gloom of that lonely forest, and the moan of its solemn pines, gazed on the phantoms of mis-spent hours, imploring light to my darkened spirit, energy to subdue its fiery passions, strength to unmask the specious vanities of the world, and wisdom to forego its momentary pleasures for the unimaginable cycle of

an eternal beatitude, till morning dawned upon my solemn vigil, and found me blest with that inward peace which seems the antepast of heaven.

At the close of the ensuing year, I entered upon the sublime duties of the ministry; but a keen sense of its awful responsibilities, heightened by a subsequent conviction of my unworthiness for the office, operating on a morbid despondency of mind inherited from my mother, compelled me at length to abandon the sacred calling for some other more appropriate to my imperfect nature. In the course of my theological studies, I had been led collaterally into those of civil jurisprudence, and chancing to read the life of Sir William Jones about this period, the moral grandeur of his almost faultless character influenced me to adopt the profession he had so highly adorned, and I entered on the requisite course of study without delay. Some few months subsequent to my admission to the bar, I was engaged as assistant advocate in the cause of a good old man, whose only daughter, young, innocent, and unsuspecting, the idol of his widowed heart, and the living image of her for whom that heart still bled, had been lured from his fond endearments, and afterward discarded, and abandoned to infamy by her fiendish betrayer. The wretch was but little older than herself; yet from early precocity in vice, he had already gathered to his soul the dark experience of gray-haired licentiousness.

Like all 'men of the world,' he had studied the gentler sex with long and patient assiduity — their keen sensibilities, their delicate tastes, and their passionate devotedness of affection — till, by a fiendish perspicacity of evil, he had scrutinized all their weaknesses, and explored those sunny avenues through which the blandishments of masked sensuality seek entrance to the paradise of woman's love. If there is one crime for which Justice herself can find no adequate retribution, it is that of seduction — cold, calculating, crafty, and deliberate seduction. The knife of the assassin but anticipates the lingering stroke of the inevitable destroyer, hastening the chill of the grave upon this 'sensible warm being,' and speeding the unshrived spirit to its last account; but the contamination of the betrayer falls like a hopeless leprosy upon soul and body, consigning the one to loathsomeness, and the other to a carking and protracted torture, for which earth has no solace but the numbness of dissipation, and which the hope of eternal forgiveness, bought by the bitter tears of contrition, can scarcely alleviate. The betrayer of friendship is haunted by the finger of scorn; the needy defaulter is visited by the dungeon, and the inappealable verdict of public reproach; but what should be the retribution of him who, by the gilded pretences of honorable love, wins the priceless treasure of a confiding heart, to gratify a fiendish vanity, or pamper a reckless and accursed sensuality! Educated in New-England, where this dark crime is almost unknown among the stern descendants of the sterner pilgrims, I entered into the bitter feelings of the distracted parent, with a yearning sympathy, and a resoluteness of purpose, which such a cause might well inspire. Alas! for my precipitate ardor, we were destined to be nonsuited; for when the trial came on, the defendant's counsel seized upon a flaw in the indictment, and his remorseless client was suffered to escape, notwithstanding the most damning proofs of his guilt, corroborated by the collateral evidence of a life of notorious licentiousness. Turning from the crowded

court-room, I retired to my lonely chamber with a heavy heart. 'And is this the sacred majesty of law!' murmured I, bitterly, 'to be mocked and set at nought by the paltry quibbles of pettifogging cunning? Is this the triumph of human equity, to dismiss unrebuked the destroyer of confiding innocence, and parental hope, while the wronged and broken-hearted are sent back to mourn amid the ruins of their household gods, without even the miserable consolation of having awakened the sympathies of the good, or given to the bad an example of arrested depravity? Is this the terror of inexorable justice, the earthly viceroy of the Divinity, when her arm is palsied, or the uplifted sword turned aside from the head of her guilty victim, by the shameless circumvention of human chicanery? Out on the vacillating equity of law! Out on its well-named *chancery*! — where the chances of right, amid the studied trickeries of wrong, have all the glorious uncertainties of a die.' Alas! for the sordid spirits who convert the sacred temple of justice into the shambles of error and venal craftiness! I can readily pardon the man who, appointed to the defence of the friendless and penniless criminal, uses all honest and honorable efforts for the acquittal of his client, or the extenuation of his offence; but the grasping wretch who, for the paltry consideration of money, voluntarily comes forward to advocate the cause of purse-proud depravity, and by legal perversion to screen the guilty from the righteous retribution of offended justice, disgraces his exalted profession, gathers upon his ermine the contaminations of reflected infamy, and forfeits the esteem of all high-minded and right-hearted men. It is to such ready advocates of injustice, often astute, subtle, and persevering, self-trained to make the wrong appear the better reason, that the legal profession owes the sarcastic opprobrium to which it is not unfrequently subjected. The history of their influence upon society has never been written, though it presents a theme on which the profoundest philosopher might profitably moralize. They batten on the evils which spring from the licentiousness of the bad. They are, in fact, the abettors of lawlessness; for in their legal astuteness, and mercenary readiness to exercise it, the vicious have ever a trusty and emboldening advocate, to throw himself between crime and its impending penalty.

Dissatisfied with myself and my profession, or rather with this mortifying instance of its inability to smite the wronger through the interposed shield of technical cunning, I next turned my attention to the high vocation of a teacher of youth. 'Here,' thought I, 'is a field broad and white for the sickle of benevolent enterprise.' The errors and imperfections of my own desultory and unguided education rose palpably before me, and I resolved that others should have the opportunity at least to profit by my sad experience. Accordingly I purchased a delightful and appropriate situation for a private school, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, and in the immediate vicinity of the Highlands. I had been biassed to this selection by my predilection for mountain scenery, but more especially by a persuasion, which experience only serves to strengthen, that the grand and the beautiful in nature exert a powerful influence in expanding and ennobling the mind, particularly at that plastic age when curiosity is alive to all the presentations of the external world. The house stood in the midst of an ample lawn which sloped gradually down to the pebbly margin of the majestic river, while

in the back-ground towered up the lofty pinnacles of the Highlands, as if to confront the kindred peaks which frowned from the opposite side of the Hudson. The eastern extremity of the lawn was bounded by a tumultuous stream, whose bright waters had their source in the neighboring mountains, and came laughing along their sylvan way, like merry travelers on a pleasant journey, till they lost themselves, at a little distance from the house, in a charming bay of the maternal river. The remoter landscape was dotted here and there by neat farm-houses, and the summer mansions of opulent citizens, peering out from groves of locust and tulipiferas; while nearer by, two pretty villages, with their bordering dwellings and gardens, overlooked by two tapering spires, gave a more busy and social aspect to the scene. The situation was in all respects delightful, and the prospect of usefulness and quiet felicity opened bright and cheerily before me. 'Here then,' said I to myself, 'after years of idle wanderings and misguided efforts, I shall settle down in a peaceful home, and in the exercise of an exalted benevolence. Here will I gather around me the young and the ingenuous, and by a faithful and affectionate culture, fit them for an exalted destiny. I will teach them that ambition is laudable, when its aim is not self—that humility is not meanness, nor pride magnanimity. I will teach them to regard none as their inferiors, but the sordid and the vicious; none as their superiors, but their elders in virtue and active philanthropy. I will teach them that gentleness may triumph where arrogance would fail, and that one thought of forgiveness is sweeter than a thousand memories of revenge. I will teach them that it is honorable to fly from dishonor, though chivalry herself should brand them with pusillanimity. I will teach them to curb the impetuous cravings of the senses, to hold the passions in abeyance, and to carry forward the tenderness, simplicity, and purity of youth, through all the temptations and harsh besettings of manhood, into the calm and sober retrospection of declining years. I will teach them that the plaudits of a world are but a discordant babblement, unless the still small voice of an approving conscience gives harmony to the pæan, and that the fame of unhallowed ambition is only the precursive echo of the obloquy of posterity. I will teach them that this sublunary labyrinth wherein we are doomed to grope, amid the darkness of error, and the perils of mortality, is but the fitting vestibule to the temple of eternal blessedness, and that to guide us thither through the gloom and jeopardy of our fallen nature, the All-benignant has put into our hand the clue and the lamp of an unerring revelation. Here will I unfold to their young imagination the sublimity and beauty of classic lore. In fancy, we will listen to the grandeur of Homer, and the thunders of Demosthenes. In fancy, we will re-string the broken harp of the passionate Sappho, and awake the tragic echoes of Sophocles and Euripides. Beneath yon broad catalpas, we will repeat the chastened numbers of the Mantuan bard, or yield ourselves up to the fascinations of Horace and Catullus, and the splendid philosophies of the immortal Tacitus and Lucretius. Nor shall the equal glories of our own 'land's language' be neglected or forgotten. The inapproachable Shakspeare, Milton the seraph-winged, Spenser, and Taylor, and Addison, and Goldsmith, and Scott, and Byron, and Shelley the imaginative, and Locke, and Newton, heaven's golden compass-bearer, and Davy, and Fulton, and Bryant, and countless others of their immortal kin, shall be to us a

study and a delight. From these calm retreats, I will send forth scholars whose after-reputation shall be the glory of the world. In their own and my country's gratitude, shall I realize a recompense for my labors, above the guerdon of affluence, or the favor of kings, and leave behind me a name which shall not be forgotten among the benefactors of my kind.'

Such were the pleasing dreams which preceded the commencement of my scholastic enterprise; but the sequel may prove that the visions of the purest benevolence are not always destined to be realized. My school was limited to twelve pupils, and to their improvement in all the essentials of a generous education, moral and intellectual, I devoted all my time and all the abilities I could bring to the engrossing task. They were the sons of affluent and respectable families of the metropolis, and I resolved that their hopes should not be blasted, nor their trust misplaced. Dwelling with my pupils under the same roof; gathering them round the same hearth, the same board, the same family altar; supervising their manners and their morals; and leading them with a fond enthusiasm along the pleasant walks of science and literature; removing the obstacles which thwarted their inexperience, and pointing out to their young imagination the glorious prospects and perspectives of beauty which were ever opening upon their progress, I came, ere long, to regard them with the tenderest solicitude — to look upon them as sons, indeed, for whose welfare and honorable distinction I was ready to make a father's sacrifice. Nor was my affection unrequited, except in two or three instances where the moral education had been so neglected, or the feelings so warped by parental indulgence, that all kindness seemed worse than thrown away upon the unhappy individuals. To them, the mildest suasion, the gentlest restraints, appeared tyrannical, for they contravened the stubborn self-will which hitherto had met with no proper check amid the endearments of home. Believing, however, that the most depraved can be softened and swayed by a course of continued kindness, I never suffered their perversities to disquiet me for a moment, but treated them ever with the gentlest solicitude, giving to reproof the tones of affection, and to chastisement the sympathy of friendship, till at length I won upon their better natures, and felt that I should yet open in their hearts the sealed fountains of gratitude and love. Ah, how little knows the scholastic tyrant that there is a sceptre more potent than the ferule or the rod! These may overawe, but they do not subdue; these may compel, but they do not conquer. But in the accents of a gentle voice, and in the glance of an approving eye, and in the chidings of a benevolent heart, feelingly alive to the well-being of those committed to its charge, there is a magic and a power, to which, sooner or later, the most unfeeling and refractory must bend with cheerful submission and reverence. Regarding the acquisition of even the most trivial science as not devoid of utility, I summoned to my aid skilful assistants in all the various departments of a magnanimous education. Over all these I exercised a careful and continued supervision. Each study had its allotted time, each recreation its appointed period, and all moved on with the order and regularity of a well-adjusted mechanism. As I watched the progress of my pupils, from day to day, and marked their young delight as the beauties of the classics and the wonders of the mathematics were unfolded before them, I

felt proud in view of the happy result of my labor, and rejoiced that I had entered upon so noble a career of usefulness. The close of the first term drew near, and as I wished my patrons to have an opportunity of witnessing what advancement had been made thus far, I directed my pupils, in their next letters home, to request the favor of a visit from their parents, previous to the commencement of the approaching term. The result of my courtesy will be ascertained from the following communications, which came to hand during the next fortnight. I must premise, however, that it had been a regulation of the school, from an early date, that each pupil should write to his parents semi-monthly, at least, expressing himself freely respecting his studies, his views, and the domestic affairs of our little republic. I had intended to preface the several epistles with a sketch of their respective authors, but as I have already trespassed too far, I will give the series at once, and leave to imagination the task of introduction. They ran thus :

NUMBER ONE.

'SIR: I should look pretty, I guess, to be ketched up to your place, after you've treated my dear little Potosi so barbarous. He's writ to me several times that I must come and fetch him hum, and I should done so long ago, 'fe had n't threatend he'd kill my canaries, and stick up pins in my rocking-chair, 'fi did n't. Now I likes such a spirit, but I wont let him think that he can scare me, if he is a genus—it's mor'n his poor dear father ever did—but that's neither here nor there. What I look to, is, the treatment of the sweet little fellow. He states that he has n't had his bed warmed once—not once!—all this blessed spring; that he's obleeged to git up by sunrise, and dress himself in a room where thereis n't no fire, and, Sir, must I say it, to wash in cold water and wipe his dear sweet face on a cold towel!—I dare say a common huckabuck, though he don't mention that. Now that's what I call barbarous treatment—and, Sir, towards whom? Why, Sir, towards my dear little Dorado, scarcely turned of fifteen, who has always had his bed warmed till June, and a hot blanket to his feet in the bargain—never got up till eight o'clock—nor washed in cold water, nor wiped on a nice damask napkin, that had n't been aired over night. My heart fairly pit-a-pats to think how dreadful the poor little dear must have underwent sence he's been up there. I wrote to him to run away the first opportunity, if you would n't let him come without. Pray send him hum by the first boat, and thus show that you can do one act of humanness to one you've used so shocking. Yours with contempt,

'MRS. SNOOKS.'

'P. S. I shan't pay a shilon for such inhuman edication.'

I sent him by the first boat, with a receipt in full.

NUMBER TWO.

'SIR: I have received several epistles from my sons sinse they have been at your establishment, of an infamous and disreputable character. The speling was all corect, but that I regard as mere moonshine, compared with the hand-writing; and that of my sons, Sir, would have disgraced an orrang-owtang. Indeed there was not an *i* dotted, nor a *t* crossed throughout, and though the commas were properly placed, they were altogether to straight to preserve the line of beauty. As for the capile letters, they were *toto solo* out of proportion with the smaller characters, and, what I hold to be unpardonable, all the *d*'s were turned up for all the world like a little dog's tail curled over his posteriors. Now it cannot be that the noble science of caligraphy is philosophically taught in your establishment. I expect, from the general run of my son's chirography, that your assistant in that department belongs to the angular fraternity, who are doing such irreparable injury to the rising generation. Such being my apprehension, and having the welfare of my truly promising children much at heart, (it's astonishing how they have retrograded in writing sinse they left me,) I feel myself under the necessity of recalling them at the end of the quarter. To be sure, they are highly pleased with the school, and express a desire to remain with you; but I cannot think of it; they must not disgrace me by acquiring a habit of cacography which would effectually preclude them from cutting a flourish in the world, to which an accomplished pen is the surest passport.

'Respectfully,

'A. GRAPHIC.'

NUMBER THREE.

'SIR: I have been excessively chagrined by the last few letters received from my son. The hand-writing was bold and fair, I acknowledge, and indeed the composition was very well for a lad—I think I may say excellent—and demonstrative of great improvement in that particular; but the spelling was absolutely outrageous. There were certainly half-a-dozen orthographical sins of omission and commission in as many lines. Honour was spelt without the *u*, publick without the *k*, and traveller with but one *l*! Now one might as well suppose a traveller could plod on his journey as well with one leg as with one *l*. I see you have adopted Webster as your standard—a most erring and dangerous authority. Sir, he has much to answer for in behalf of the injury he is doing to the rising generation. He is a literary heretick, and will destroy the noble republick of letters, if he continues to multiply proselytes to his specious doctrines. He might as well clip off the tongue or the palate of his disciples, as to curtail the *k*'s, knock out the *i*'s, et cetera, of the king's English. He's a perfect linguicide—a vernacular murderer, and would no doubt be appointed executioner to a literary Nero. But to my son; his letter, as I intimated, was well conceived and expressed, and all scriptorial minutiae were present; but what avail all these, if marred by bad spelling? It's all nonsense the ado that's made about calligraphy, either literally or metaphorically speaking: the true beauty of all writing is in the spelling—every thing else is meretricious; and as I understand you have but two exercises daily in this paramountly-important art, you will do me the favor to send home my truly-clever son at your earliest convenience. Yours truly,

'TODD JOHNSON.'

NUMBER FOUR.

'SIR: There are limits to patience, as to all else human; and the last letter from my poor little suffering Eugene has placed me entirely beyond them. He states that his fare, ever since he has been with you, has been of the crudest and most unpalatable kind, and not only that, but eked out with miserable parsimony. Chocolate with bread-and-butter at breakfast, cold coffee to dinner, and milk with toast, etc., at supper. Preserves only three times a week—pies the same—cakes the same—hot rolls the same—and muffins the same! All the rest of the week, baked beans, hasty pudding, apple-sauce, and cold meats of a Sunday! I am sure he must be a perfect skeleton by this time. I have always suspected that school-masters were no better than they should be, and now I am certain of it. How could you have the heart to reduce the son of an alderman to such wretched sustenance! Why, Sir, at his father's generous table, such pitiful viands were never heard of. The dear child has been accustomed to wine from his cradle; it has been as free to him as water; and as for cakes, comfits, and such delicacies, he never knew the bitter want of them. The maid always laid a nice piece of fruit-cake under his pillow when she made his bed, and a bottle of muscat always stood within reach, if he were thirsty during the night. No wonder he yearns to fly to his fond mother, when he thinks of all these little necessary comforts, and compares them with the stale bread-and-butter, and the cold coffee, (served up in white bowls, I dare say,) to which your saw-dust-pudding frugality would accustom him! I shall never forgive myself for so long neglecting to send for him home. He will be fifteen to-morrow week, ere which time I trust you will have returned him to those who regard the welfare of a favorite of genius too tenderly to sacrifice it on the altar of mammon.

'I remain, &c.

'APICIA OPHIEL.'

NUMBER FIVE.

'SIR: My nerves have been very much disturbed by the last two or three letters from my sons, whom, in evil hour, I committed to your charge. Verily the last one came near throwing me into convulsions, such was the exacerbation of my feelings by its perusal. Among multifarious other matter, it stated that you are in the practice of having meat at least once a day at your table, and that roast pig is often the abomination selected. Sir, in the Zoological Institute of this metropolis, where are congregated the most voracious creatures of earth and air, it is not a matter of wonder that such a practice should prevail; they are naturally carnivorous—blood-thirsty by instinct—and furnished with claws and incisors accordingly. But for human beings, endowed with reason, and possessed of no such cannibal appliances or propensities, to be aping the ferocious habits of the beasts that perish, gorging their epigastric regions with the mangled nerves and muscles of murdered bees, lambs, pigs, *et id genus omne*, is an outrage against nature, and the divinity of health. For two score years and upward have I followed the god-like practice of medicine, and never yet have I encountered dis-

ease but in those unhappy persons who had been guilty at some time or other of eating meat. Flesh, Sir, is the universal pabulum of disease; banish it from the world, and the latter would perish from atrophy. Intemperance in beverage is justly censured by the philanthropists of the day; but, Sir, it is only one of the sequelæ of sarcophagism. He that devours much meat, like Milo of old, will covet large potations thereafter, to allay the morbid thirst of a repletive indigestion. I am now engaged in writing a work on dietetics, which I flatter myself will exercise a salutary prophylactic influence on the welfare of the rising generation. The principles of my system are all drawn from nature, and accord with her prognosis throughout. I amputate the whole code of cookery, bone and sinew, and utterly discard it, Dr. Kitchener and all, as an imposthume, a gangrene upon the body politic. Perhaps I may tolerate the use of bread to laboring persons of craving appetites, hardy constitutions, and the digestive powers of an ostrich; but this I shall not decide positively, till I shall have had further conversation with Dr. Graham, and more elaborately analyzed the composition of Morrison's pills. Pure water, pure milk, emasculated fruits, barley infusions, parched corn, emulsions of arrow root, potatoes, rice, etc., undepraved with spices and unnatural amalgamation, are the substratum on which I intend to rear the superstructure of Hygæia; and whosoever shall enter therein, with a becoming walk, shall thrillingly experience that perfection of the rational and physical entity, viz: *mens sana in corpore sano*. But to return from my aberrancy to the subject in hand. I easily discover, from the idiosyncrasy of my sons' letters, that you have no *cordon sanitaire* around your table; that meat, pies, and even hot cakes and coffee are daily allowed to your pupils, with other abominations too numerous to mention; and you will therefore do me the favor to put my sons on board the return boat to the city, with strict injunctions on the captain not to let them take any other refreshments during the passage than cold water and pea-nuts.

'Respectfully, etc.

'GALEN FAST, M. D.'

NUMBER SIX.

'SIR: My son's of 10th inst. came duly to hand. Sorry to hear he's been stud'g Latin, &c. What's use? I never studied any such gibberish — nothing but Webster's Spelling-Book, and Daboll's Arith'k, and Poor Rich'd's Alm'k — yet got along well enough, made money, got rich, am Bank Dir'r, Memb. Chamb. Com., &c. &c. *Latin!* um — fiddle-s'k! Better look into McCull'ch — some use in *that* — learn all about Cr. and Dr., et. per ct., cur'cy, exch., bank facil., m'dz., &c. — *that's* the commodity of true knowledge — the best m'dz. for count'g room — always in dem'd — always available in market, when y'r Latin and Greek, and *parley vous's*, and *si scôr's*, and *sine qua non's* would n't fetch a *sous marquee*, as one of my captains says. But to point. My son is now fourteen y'rs old — am in want of another clerk — must have finish'd his education by this time — w'd have let him staid another half y'r but for that confounded Latin, and high price of tuition at Boarding-school. Please ship him on board Swiftsure, with invoice and bill of lad'g of books, &c., consigned to Merx & Co., N. Y'k.

'Y'rs, &c.

'JNO. SMITH.'

'P. S. Send bill, and will remit by return mail. Cotton on decline — sugars look'g up. Stocks rather heavy. Sh'd be glad to sell you a lot of damag'd Java a 7 cts. pr. lb., — very cheap, and good enough for Board'g-sch'll. Please advise.'

NUMBER SEVEN.

'SIR: If there is one thing in *orbem terrarum*, that I prize above others, it is Latin. It has been my daily *viaticum* from boyhood. I may say of the Roman classics what Tully says of poetical pursuits: '*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, etc. etc.* I am apt to regard a taste for Latin as a sixth sense, much to be envied by the uninitiated, as affording its possessor more substantial gratification than the five others combined. Greek is all very well in its way; but it is too slippery for the memory — too *glabrous* — and whoever searches among its treasures, will find the *re talon*, it is true, but not the *summum bonum*, which is only to be met with in the glorious tongue of the Cæsars. If I were an autocrat, no other language should be tolerated in my dominions — if any one disobeyed, *lingua ei præcidetur*. I never doubted its being the language of our first parents in Paradise — so sublime, so appropriate to that period of moral grandeur, when man communed with his Maker in the bowers of Eden. For all the capabilities of human thought, it stands unrivalled and unapproachable, and we listen to its swelling cadences with breathless reverence, as to the peal of the thunder-storm. I would have given the coffers of Croesus to have heard Cicero pronounce, *ore rotundo*, that passage of a sentence in Marcellus in relation to Cæsar, running thus: '*Omnes*

nostrorum imperatorum, omnes exterarum gentium potentissimorumque populorum, omnes clarissimorum regum res gestas cum suis, nec contentionum magnitudine, nec numero praliorum, nec varietate regionum, nec celeritate conficiendi, nec dissimilitudine bellorum posse conferi, etc. etc. How smooth and sonorous, yet spirit-stirring! — how calm, yet how magnificent! How inimitable in vocal power! — in all the sounding attributes of sublimity, how like Niagara in its palmiest hour, when the spring floods have added another string to its tremendous lyre! How tame does it appear in our sibilant and barbarous English! 'All the exploits of our emperors, of foreign nations, of the most powerful people, the most celebrated kings, cannot compare with thine, either in magnitude of controversy, or number of battles, or variety of crimes, or celerity of execution, or the dissimilitude of warfare.' Tacitus has one passage of almost equal grandeur — Virgil and Lucretius several — but for nobleness of effect, Tully must bear the palm. By the by, have you ever been able to master all the allusions in his elegant *Amicius* and *Senectute*? I have not yet succeeded, but I hope to find the clue of these ambages. There is also a verse of Hæsioid which perplexes me magnopore:

'θαλασση κλυζει παντα ανθρωπων κακα.'

I can't fathom it. Nor can I take the measure of Euripides' understanding, when he speaks of the 'projecting foot of the bottle.' Could he have meant one a foot long, or did bottles have feet in his day, or is it a metaphor, for the *pes instabilis* of one who has used the bottle too freely? I rather incline to the last conjecture, particularly after a lounge at Palmo's. Videsne, from the above, that my counting-room does not engross all my time? '*Otium cum dignitate*,' is my motto. I find leisure for a confab with some one of the classics every day, especially in summer. Aloof from the *vestigia vulgus*, there is a fine old tree at Hoboken, high on an eminence like Milton's hero, and like him surrounded by a multitude of lesser mates, to which I have worn a smooth path as it were to the haunts of my Egeria. A projecting root, cushioned with moss, and luxuriantly curved by nature as if for the easy-chair of a Dryad, affords me a most delightful seat, from whence a leafy vista opens a view of the velivolum and magnificent Hudson, with the spires of the far-off city towering in the cerulean distance, while the hum of bees and the song of birds around and above, and the murmuring of a little rill in the near coppice, haunts me with a *levi susurro* worthy of Hybla, and harmonizing sweetly with the sylvan melodies of classic lore. It is there, in that sweet spot, that I ('fortunate *sine*x,' am I not?) peruse my favorite authors in my favorite language *ab ovo usque ad mala*. I begin with Catullus in early May, when the bustling world melts into love and song, like the heart of the ardent poet in the sunshine of his *Lesbia*'s charms. There is a consonance in the heart-stirring fervor of the Roman madrigal, and the electric brilliancy of that gay season when all nature, *ita dicere*, goes a wooing. Hail, blessed Spring! — sweet mother of bright hours!

'Amata nobis, tantum amabitur nulla.'

Already have thy winged heralds proclaimed thine advent — already does the music of unchained streams, and the charm of opening buds, and the breath of first-born flowers and a new Leipsic edition of Catullus, invoke me to my sylvan haunt beneath the favorite tree. I have other authors for other seasons: — But I have wearied you, I fear, and would close instantan, but for fear of boring you with a long postscript. Well, then, *tangere rem acu*; my son informs me that you have but three exercises per diem in Latin. Now this is too bad — six of one hour each would be little enough, mehercle, for so glorious a study. What if he is to be a merchant? I would rather he should understand Latin, than have McCulloch and Adam Smith *memorialer*. Mere *nugæ* are all your 'Clerks' Manuals,' 'Book-keepers' Assistants,' 'Political Economies,' etc., to a commercial gentleman, compared with a smattering, even, of '*Viri Romæ*,' or 'Mare's Introduction.' With these views, I have employed a graduate from Oxford as a private tutor for my son in *linguam divinam*, and accordingly you will much oblige me by expediting his return to the city, as early as you can make it agreeable. *Ave et vale!*

'Resp'y, etc.,

'MARCUS TULLIUS LATIUM.'

NUMBER EIGHT.

'SIR: How was it possible you should suffer one of your teachers to threaten personal chastisement to my little son for refusing to go to church? Do you forget who his father is — one of the magnates of the metropolis, and who you yourself are — one of a toilful and servile caste, whom we never permit at our tables or soirées? I regard it, Sir, as an instance of impertinent presumption approximating nearly the summary penalty of the cow-skin. You ought to be grateful to fortune that the threat was not executed. And where do you find authority for using budgeons like the vindictive lic-

tors of uncivilized Rome? In the trite precepts of a fabulous despot called Solomon, I dare say. Think you there was ever such a sage tyrant in existence as the Jewish wise man? No, Sir, no more than there have been such beings as Mahomet's sleepers, or the Gorgons and other demi-devils of ancient mythology. If you had ever attended some of our lectures at Tammany Hall, you would have had some of your puerile credulity laughed out of you before this. I'll bet a cool thousand you never read Paine's *Age of Reason* in your life, and yet you would suffer a boy to be chastised for daring to be so reasonable as to contravene your silly notions of Sundays, and sermons, and other like bugbears of priestly invention. This church-going and conventicling is all d—d nonsense, and I'll reward the boy handsomely for his spirit and want of prejudice in thinking as his father has taught him respecting you Christians—your fasts, and your tracts, and your temperance societies, and other such sanctimonious trumpery. Life's sands fall fast enough 'without shaking the glass,' as Paine says, or suffering every seventh day to pass in prayers and 'psalm-singing.' '*Dum vivimus vivamus*' is my creed, and shall be that of my children; so send my son to town before you have frightened him out of his senses by your Calvinistic humbugs, and think yourself fortunate if I ever pay you a shilling for his tuition thus far.

'I remain, &c.,

'OWEN VOLTAIRE.'

NUMBER NINE.

'SIR: With surprise and regret I learn from my son's last letter, that your pupils do not attend church but twice a-day. This is not well. You should remember that they have immortal souls—that the Sabbath was made for youth as well as men, and should therefore take them to the Sunday evening lecture, also. The intervals between worship, moreover, should be entirely occupied in exhorting and catechising them on the momentous subject of their future and eternal welfare. I hear you sometimes take them to the episcopal, at others to the baptist, and occasionally to the old-fashioned presbyterian worship. These are all in error—unorthodox, and fanatical—particularly the first-mentioned, respecting whose pharisaical forms and ceremonies, you would find it profitable to read Milton's work on episcopacy. These are they that gain-say abolition, and set their faces like flint against the doctrine of amalgamation. Such exclusive and narrow-minded bigots are to be eschewed by men of enlarged and unprejudiced views. How illiberal their unhallowed exclusiveness, compared with the universal charity of those whom they contemptuously designate as 'new lights!' Their contumely, however, passes us as the idle wind; for, satisfied that we are indeed the light of the world, we marvel not that those who love darkness should hoot and howl at the contrast which reveals their deeds of evil. Secondly: I understand that you disregard the meet counsel of the wise man, and never use the rod, even in cases of extraordinary forwardness. Now, assuredly, no good can ever come of such lukewarmness of severity toward the short-comings of erring creatures, to whom chastisement is as the breath of their nostrils. And, lastly; as my little Epaphroditus seems, from some passages of his letter, to be under conviction, which may prove like the barren fig-tree, unless watered by the droppings of the sanctuary oftener than *twice* a Sabbath, I am moved to recall him without delay. You will be pleased, therefore, to let him depart forthwith, that he may be present without fail at our fourteen-days'-meeting, which commences to-morrow.

'Yours in the bonds of love,

'CALVIN SLICKEY.'

'P. S. I see by your advertisement in that unsanctified print, the *Courier and Enquirer*, that music and even dancing are taught in your institution! Sir, I am shocked beyond measure at the tidings. Send my son from under your roof this night, and let him look not behind him, but remember Lot's wife.'

NUMBER TEN.

'SIR: I thank you for the courteous invitation to visit your charming *Academy*, and be assured that nothing could afford me more pleasure than to spend a day or two with you, were it consistent with my present engagements. I must forego the gratification, however, for a few weeks, which I can well do, as I am satisfied that my son is not only happy with you, but making very creditable improvement in all his studies. His letters respecting your domestic arrangements, method of teaching, and course of studies, have long ago satisfied me that your school is one in which the business of education, in its enlarged sense, is conducted on liberal principles, and with conscientious fidelity. I am pleased with your general system and its result, so far as I can judge from the liberal views you have expressed to me, and from the improvement evinced by my son.

To me, the latter is conclusive evidence that you do not regard education as a mere parrot — a tasking the memory with idle verbiage, while the understanding is totally forgotten and neglected. The philosophy of education is not yet thoroughly understood by our countrymen at large, notwithstanding the multitude of schools and colleges among us. It is too much cramped — too confined by old barriers, and restricted to the same unvarying round of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and a few similar studies, while others, intrinsically of more importance, are unwritten in our scholastic code. For instance, what can be more practically interesting to any and every individual, than a knowledge of anatomy? Yet how few educated men are there among us, who can explain the difference between a tendon and a nerve? My dear Sir, you must publish, like Milton, a 'Tractate on Education,' or if you lack leisure, solicit your accomplished friend, the amiable author of 'Allen Prescott' to undertake a task for which she has, in the performance of her maternal duties, proved herself so admirably qualified. With the hope, that in the exercise of your arduous vocation, you may meet with fewer vexations and more grateful and reasonable patrons than usually fall to the lot of your profession,

'I remain, your obliged friend,

'FRANKLIN HOWARD.'

AND with an equally benevolent hope in thy behalf, gentle reader, that fortune may never realize, in thy own personal feelings, the thankless toils and unrecompensed trials of 'the schoolmaster abroad' in the barren fields of education, I take my leave for the present. Farewell!

Stockbridge, (Mass.,) 1836.

P.

THOUGHTS OF AN EXILE.

FROM A MESS. POEM.

I.

On a wild shore where Nature, as in wrath,
Hath wrought creation with a reckless hand,
And piled, like watch towers, in her giant path
Mountains whose peaks no human eye hath scanned,
I woke to being. Oh! my father-land,
Bright are thy streams, that once my shallop bore;
Soft are thy breezes, as the airs that fanned
My glowing cheek in thy green vales, of yore;
But ah! for me and mine they roll and breathe no more!

II.

There the sun-kindled fruits from blossoms rise,
As if the breath of the Omnipotent
Warmed them to instant ripeness, beneath skies
Flashing, as if their hues magnificent
Forth from the very Heaven of Heavens were sent.
There gem-like flowers are stirred by radiant wings,
Till all the air of sweets is redolent.
There o'er the mouldering arch the ivy springs,
And songs of other days the dark-browed maiden sings.

III.

I never knew a parent's fond caress —
I grew uncared for as the desert tree;
Amid my sorrow, there was none to bless —
No lip to smile upon my childish glee:
And yet, my country, memory turns to thee,
As to a mother's breast an unweaned child:
Would to thy solitudes I now could flee,
With thoughts as pure and spirit undefiled
As when, a wayward boy, among thy flowers I smiled!

FIRSTLINGS.

SECOND NUMBER.

'THE very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

APRIL, sweet month, 'ye dayntyeste of all!' mounted on the lusty Taurus, 'wanton as a kid whose horn new buds,' brings in the young and teeming beauty of the year. What is the oft-sung and be-praised Maia more than elder sister to the young Aperiö? — the staid soberness of womanhood succeeding the lovely freshness of juvenility? An April morn, the eternal simile for love's estate, floats over the earth with rainbow-colored wings, diffusing life and light — insuring the production of the riches of the earth in their respective seasons, and driving the tears of winter, shed at a constrained departure, before the sun-lit beauty of her smiles.

A rustic poet has said that

'The earliest flowers are aye the sweetest,'

and April, to the lover of nature, is undoubtedly the most delightful period of the year. The voices of the streams are spring-subdued, and they run their destined course with wonted harmony — their bubbling ripples gleaming in the bright blue glory of an April sky. The swallow tribes return from their long, long flight, and skim across the lea and over the winding rivulet, with short and sudden jerks, in keen pursuit of the innumerable insects which already have been warmed into life. The song birds, up before the sun, are 'cheerily hymning the awakened morn;' the bees are on the wing, with loud and cheerful hum, eagerly sipping the spring dew on the buds. Nature is aroused; and, doffing the cold rigidity of sleep, lovelily smiles in her returning happiness.

On the first of April, according to mythological chronology, Venus arose from the sea — Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the mistress of the graces. On this day, the Roman matrons performed ablutions under the myrtle tree, sacred to Venus, and, crowning themselves with its leaves, offered sacrifices to the goddess whose birth-day they had met to celebrate. The marriageable maids repaired to the temples of Fortuna Virilis, and exposing any personal deformities they might happen to possess, prayed the deity to conceal them from the knowledge of those who wished to espouse them. This practice, I verily believe, is the origin of the custom of fool-making upon the first of April: the husbands, who believed the chosen of their hearts to be perfection, and afterward discovered their blemishes, might, while deprecating the imagined influence of the goddess, declare themselves the fools of the first of April.

Brand, who observes that nothing is known about the origin of this curious custom of fool-making but that it is very ancient and very general, supposes it likely to be a remnant of the Festival of Fools; but that feast was held about Christmas-time, and not upon All Fool's Day. A correspondent, in the Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1766, supposes

that 'the strange custom prevalent throughout this kingdom, of people making fools of one another upon the first of April, arose from the year formerly beginning, as to some purpose, and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was formerly supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord; it being customary with the Romans, as well as with us, to hold a festival, attended by an octave, at the commencement of the new year — which festival lasted for eight days, whereof the first and last were the principal; therefore the first of April is the octave of the twenty-fifth of March, and, consequently, the close or ending of the feast, which was both the festival of the Annunciation and the beginning of the new year.'

In corroboration of his surmise, the writer might have quoted Bloomfield, who, in his history of the antiquities of Norfolk, in England, mentions a pageant exhibited in Norwich, on Shrove Tuesday, in the month of March, when one rode through the town having his horse 'trapped with tyn foyle and other nyse disgysynges,' crowned as King of Christmas, in token that the year should there end.

Mr. Maurice, the author of 'Indian Antiquities,' considers the custom of fool-making as one of the sports originally introduced to celebrate the festival of the vernal equinox; but the learned antiquarian has not been more fortunate in his supposition than the rest of his compeers. The observance of All Fool's Day is not confined to one clime. Upon the first of April, fool-making is, or was, universal. At Lisbon, it is thought very funny to pour water upon the passers-by, or to jerk white powder in their faces; but to do both, is the perfection of wit. The poor monks of the Chartreux, in Provence, were much annoyed by novices being sent for peas (*pois chiches*) which they were told the monks were obliged to give to every body who would come for them on this day. Toreen, the Swedish traveler, says: 'We set sail on the first of April; but the wind made us April fools, for we were forced to return.' In Scotland, 'gowk-making' is a source of much amusement: 'gowk' means a cuckoo, or silly bird, and is a term in frequent use in the north of England for a stupid fellow. The Frenchman's *poisson d'Avril* is exactly similar to the English April-fool. In the second volume of the Asiatic Researches, Colonel Pearce gives an account of the same custom among the Hindoos. Upon the last day in March, at the termination of the Huli festival, high and low join in making fools of one another. They carry the joke there so far as to send letters, making appointments in the name of persons who, it is known, must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given. The late Surajah Dowlah, although a Mussulman of the highest rank, was very fond of making Huli fools.

The follies of the first of April have never flourished in America. A practice may occasionally be observed among the recent importations, or in the family circles of some fun-loving folks from the old country; but the clear heads and business habits of the Americans are anomalous to the old-fashioned observance of the day. The custom is declining even in merry England, where the first of April has long been the season for 'most exquisite foolery.' They have dethroned the King's Jester, and the office of the Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished; no one careth for the observance of All Fool's Day, for personal interest in its

mysteries hath waxed weak. Oh, for the departed glory of the *seven* wise men! Now-a-days, *all* are learned! The strides of the school-master have been accelerated by steam, and thousands of ten thousands receive their weekly quantum of intelligence with mechanical regularity. Children no longer cry after cakes, candy is uncared for, gingerbread is becoming obsolete, and a play-thing is a reminiscence. Penny Magazines and Cyclopædias engross the pocket-money of the rising generation; half-fledged philosophers contradict their grandams, and talk ethics in the nursery, and apprentices instruct their masters in the usages of the divine science. There are now-a-days, no 'sealed' books; the treasures of bibliography are attainable for a trifle, and the hoarded wisdom of the sage may be had for a handful of cents.

To return to the first of April. Charles H——, a young artist, depended upon his professional exertions for the support of himself and his widowed mother. He was of a good family, well educated, and possessed of that high spirit of independence which gives a keener pang to the stab of poverty. For the sake of a genteel direction, he occupied a third floor in a bye-street turning out of the principal avenue in one of our Atlantic cities; and while peeping over the little yellow muslin window-curtain, frequently gazed upon the charming face of a young lady who resided with her mamma, in the house immediately opposite. Admiration speedily ripened into love. Miss Emily W—— had noticed his passionate but respectful glances, and felt something like a wish to know more of so handsome a young fellow, with such fine eyes, and pale, romantic face. Charles, taking advantage of his exaltation, eagerly watched for her appearance at the breakfast table in the front parlor. 'Love has eyes.' H—— soon observed that Miss Emily frequently walked to the window, before she sat down to breakfast, and under pretence of pulling up or letting down the blind, raised her beautiful sparklers to see if her third-floor watcher was at his post. This soon became a regular practice, and Charles once or twice felt sure that a sweet smile graced his Emily's countenance, and he could not but observe that she paid a greater attention to the becoming appearance of her morning dress. This was enough. Charles H—— was not more vain than a gentlemanly, handsome young fellow ought to be; but he did think, although the lady was an heiress, and moved in the first circles, that if he had a chance of forming an acquaintance with Miss W——, he should soon be beloved. He devoured fewer muffins and less beef than usual; became more pale and sentimental, and painted myriads of angels, sylphs, and lovely Emilys. If he was employed upon the likeness of any lady, the portraiture was sure to be — Emily. Had he to depict a snub nose, he converted the nasal naughtiness into the lovely Grecian proboscis of his ladye-love. How could he paint misshapen lips, or teeth jagged as old paling, while Emily's parted coral and rows of pearl were so constantly before him? Her intellectual smile gave beauty to the fleshy insipidities he was expected to portray. The voluptuous and Psyche-like softness of her large blue eye, the curling richness of her chestnut hair, hanging in luxurious tendrils around a neck and shoulders whose touch they seemed to covet; her small and delicately-formed ears; her forehead, not sufficiently high nor bumpy to please a phrenologist, yet exquisitely shaped, and smooth and polished as the ivory on which he painted — each and all were

delineated in the portraits of his employers. This but increased his reputation. Ladies care not about their likenesses being like, if they are but made to look pretty. Emily was excessively handsome; and so — all parties were satisfied.

A lover is nothing without a confidant. Charles could not 'babble of green fields' to his aged parent; so, making a friend of a school acquaintance, he revealed his hopes and fears. He was in time supremely miserable. A dashing, whiskered-faced foreigner had frequently driven out Emily for a morning's ride; and once, as the handsome equipage whirled past him at the corner of the street, the high-spirited horse splashed poor H — from head to foot. He wiped off the mud from his best suit of black, and saw at once the utter nothingness of his pretensions.

At this moment, a little three-cornered note, containing some few lines written in a small crow-quill hand, on paper of exquisite texture, delicately tinted and perfumed, and looking altogether more like an embodied sigh from Paphos than a letter upon business, was put into his hands.

'Mrs. W — respectfully requests Mr. H — to favor her with a call to-morrow morning at any hour most convenient to himself, to make arrangements respecting Miss Emily W — 's portrait.'

Charles absolutely jumped over his easel! Here was the long-wished-for introduction! He was to paint the likeness of his love — to sit close to her, and have authority to gaze upon her beauty — to peep into the soft corners of her dear blue eyes — to catch the balmy sweetness of her breath! Gods! what a picture it should be!

After a sleepless night, he dressed himself to the best advantage, and tied his white cravat some half dozen times, (it was before the universality of black stocks,) till he had formed a bow, which, like his charmer, he thought was perfectly faultless. He placed himself at the window to watch the usual matinal advent of his love. She came — their eyes met — and she — blushed!

Poor H —! *It was the first of April!* His cold hearted friend had taken advantage of his generous confidence, and most rascally had hoaxed him. To make the confusion more complete, the scoundrel had addressed a note to Mrs. W —, and in the name of the unfortunate artist had requested an interview, on affairs of the greatest delicacy respecting her daughter's happiness!

Mrs. W — received Charles with all civility. The weather and other usual nothings were soon despatched; an alarming pause ensued, when the old lady requested a knowledge of his communication. H — was in agonies, and stammered out something about the portrait. Mrs. W — stared — the notes were produced, and the hoax discovered. The old lady pitied the artist's distress, and as the burning flashes of mortification and shame suffused his handsome countenance, and his eye lighted up at the thought of the degrading situation in which he was placed, she kindly endeavored to soothe his agitation; said she was proud of this opportunity of making his acquaintance; complimented him upon his filial attention, and insisted on an immediate introduction to his worthy and respectable mamma. What need of words? Charles did paint the portrait of his Emily; the smothered flame of her love did not evaporate in smoke, but burnt clear and full, fanned by his vows, and cherished by the warmth of his affection. The traveler soon

received his congée, and Mrs. W ———, who studied her daughter's happiness alone, sensibly considered her wealth as a counterpoise to his poverty, and consented to their union.

On the wedding day, Charles gave his bride a sketch he had made of her charms, from his third-floor glances; it was pronounced an admirable likeness. In less than a year, the lovely Emily returned the compliment, and presented her young artist with a miniature resemblance of himself.

I HAVE subjoined an extract from 'THE PODGER PAPERS,' a mass of inedited scribblings, consisting of Familiar Essays on Domestic Subjects and Things in General, Scraps from a Discontinued Diary, Journals of Cockney Voyages, and other trivia, which were placed in my hands during a recent sojourn in England, and supposed to have been written by the facetious and celebrated Peter Podger, Citizen and Grocer of Mincing-Lane, London. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* P. P. venerated the fulfilment of ancient observances, and in the centre of the kingdom of Cocaigne, the land where motley-minded gentlemen most do congregate, resolved to celebrate the first of April with becoming and appropriate rites. Zealous in 'fooling himself to the top of his bent,' he was not to be driven from his purpose, and we must applaud the perseverance, if not the practice, of 'the jolly dog.'

APRIL 1ST. Opened my eyes at day-break; remembered it was the first of April; determined to be brisk, and, as far as I was concerned, that it should indeed be All Fool's Day. Woke wife, after lots of jogging; told her the nursery maid was knocking at the door, with the infant, very poorly. Chuckled, when I saw her jump out of bed and unbolt the door. 'Why, Peter, there is nobody here!' Called her an April fool, and laughed like fun. Wife very indignant, and very eloquent — put me in mind of locomotive letting off spare steam. In the torrent of her passion, she poured contents of water bottle over me, and thus emptied the phials of her wrath. Cold *pig* a dead bore; a *wet* before breakfast very different to a *wet* before dinner. Went down stairs. Sent Sam the porter over to Messrs. Gripe, Pinch, and Twist, the chymists, for two pounds of subclavian syncopes, and an ounce of didactics. Grinned egregiously when I saw him hooted from the shop.

Sneaked into kitchen, filled the pepper castor with gunpowder, and placed a cartridge in the coal scuttle. Ordered cook to keep up a good fire, and devil me a beef bone for breakfast. Determined wife should see that other people could *blow up* as well as herself. Went up stairs, and waited for row. Cook peppered the bone when it was on the grid-iron, and frightened at fizgigs, dropped castor into fire. Both went off together — castor into atoms, cook into hysterics. Sam the porter, who was toasting his bread and butter, that he might have a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, said she was 'narvish,' and popped on a few coals to make up the fire. Grand explosion; last scene of Miller and his Men. Boiler blown up, scalding cat and three kittens, who jumped about, giving fine specimens of animal magnetism. Sam porter, with a live coal in his eye, dancing about, blind with rage, cleared the shelves of

the crockery with his toasting-fork; and coming to anchor in a large block-tin dish cover, sat down to swear. Never laughed so much in all my life.

Breakfast. Wife looking the dagger scene in Macbeth. Knew she would spoil sport, so wanted to get her out for the day. Regretted that business would prevent my going to Blackheath to see sham fight between the native corps of Essequibo Indians, which had just arrived, and the East India Fencible Regiment of Horse Marines. All the world and his wife would be there. Mrs. Podger suddenly remembered she had promised mother to visit her on this very day. (Mem. Mrs. Dowager Podger lives on the heath.) Told wife I could not spare her; did this to make sure of her going. Heard her send to book two places in Greenwich stage. In half an hour she was off, taking Sally with her to carry clogs and umbrella, because it looked like rain. Applauded my dexterity; determined to be very jolly and excruciatingly happy.

Shop. Sam porter with eye tied up looking as savage as a Cyclops. Offered to bet Dick the shopman a crown to a shilling that I had some butter in the house worth twenty shillings a pound. He took the bet; unperceived by him, I shoved a sovereign into top lump, and chuckled at contemplated cheat. Told him I must go into counting-house to consult invoice. Came back in five minutes; looking prodigiously knowing. Made Dick stake money for bet, told him what I had done, and tittered tremendously. Went to counter to point out the golden lump — could not find it. Dick told me, with frontispiece as long as a tea-tray, that he had just sold top lump to a stranger, a shabby man in a long coat, and rather in a hurry. He had doubtless, through window, observed me pop yellow boy in butter. Elongated my chops. Heard Sam porter giggle, and Dick, pocketing my crown, said something about the day of the month.

Meant to be more sharp — went over to toy shop, and bought a painted marble peach. Called that red-headed ruffian, young Cox, into shop; hated him ever since he made me a fool last April; told him he was a good boy, and there was a foreign peach for him, from the garden of the Hesperides, near the North Pole. Watched him home, quite delighted. Heard blind man ask his way to Fore-street — directed him up blind alley opposite. Knew he could not read 'No thoroughfare,' stuck up at end. Saw him poking at all the door ways with his stick; shouted out '*April Fool!*' and ran home.

Dreadful smash up stairs. Old Cox had pitched the peach through drawing room window, breaking large mirror, and *recochetting* on to table, smashed fancy porcelain inkstand and globe to sinumbra lamp. Fragments of mirror played the devil with chimney ornaments; Danaë smothered in shower of quicksilver — Fighting Gladiator knocked head off Venus couchant, and floored some half dozen hyacinth glasses, which, falling on cheffonier splashed and spoiled daughter Lizzy's new album ornée (cost three guineas) lying open that the writing might dry of Mr. Alessandro Julius Jinks's autograph elegy on a dead canary bird. Picked up peach; label tied to it with these words — '*The Fruits of foolery, with Mr. Cox's compliments.*' D——d his impudence, and ran down stairs, determined upon instant vengeance. Saw Cox up street with great stick: looked at his broad shoulders, and backed out. Wont I give it him next April!

Determined to be more cautious. Took another look at my *peach blossoms*; found some gilt whist counters or markers amazingly like sovereigns. Called in little Levi, from clothes-shop at corner; showed him a whist marker, wrapped it up in paper, told him it was a new sovereign — that he might buy little Rachel a doll, a drum for his dear little brother Manasseh, (squinting beast,) and keep change for a book for himself. He ducked and grinned, like an epileptic monkey, and went on his way rejoicing. Thought I should have died! Said nothing to shopmen, because I wanted to catch Dick in revenge for the butter business. Wrapped up another whist marker in paper, and sent Dick to bankers' to get it changed for a country note, which I wanted to send away. Saw him set off on his fool's errand, and felt really happy.

Had some wine mulled, drank half a glass, and, unperceived, filled up tumbler with brandy: gave it to cook to make peace. Told her to drink it up at once; it was only elder wine, and would do her good. Curtsied, and did as bid. She could not breathe for minutes, and tears came in her eyes. Laughed till they came in mine.

Went out to try my luck. Bargained with five hackney coachmen to take the parish officers and gentlemen of the vestry to a dinner at Norwood and back — agreed for ten shillings each, and refreshment, and told them to be at vestry room door at two o'clock. Shall see them waiting out of my window. What a laugh we shall have!

Asked an orange woman for a ripe cosmopolitan; said she had not any — called her an April fool, and walked on. Chuckled — heard thunder growls in Irish behind me; flash of lightning came soon after thunder, as Irish lightning should do. Nice pancake of mud slap on left cheek, covering cravat and waistcoat with the fritters; peeped round with the eye that was not bunged up; saw second edition in a forward state. Bolted. Thought the joke was not so good as it might have been.

Went into coffee-house to refresh; wiped clean, turned cravat, and buttoned up coat. Singing sensation in left ear. Asked waiter for a glass of pimento; he went to bar and inquired for it. Master's compliments, and he did not know the wine. Afraid to say what I thought. Observed back door into bye-street; went out front way — hailed omnibus, and asked driver to wait five minutes for three gentlemen going to Paddington. He pulled up, I popped in coffee-house, and popped out back door.

Saw seven fire engines about my house, with twenty police-men, and many other dangerous characters. Strange constable would not allow me to enter my own house, and said I looked like a thief. Called Sam porter as a witness to my identity. Sam pointed to his burnt eye, and swore he did not know me. Gave a crown to get by. Found the brandy had made cook drunk, and she had set the place on fire. All out and over. Wanted to turn the joke on firemen; said it was the first of April: tried to get up a laugh, but failed. Foremen of firemen showed the marks of flame, and got warm; demanded nine pounds, fifteen shillings, as expenses.* Obligated to pay. Got rid of

* In London the first three engines that arrive at a fire are paid certain rewards, in proper ratio, which the housekeeper is compelled to reimburse, whether insured or otherwise.

them, and opened shop again. Found mob, ever willing to assist, had stolen a bag of Carolina rice, three loaves of fourteen-penny lump, and a tub of mustard. Dick was gone on a fool's errand, and of course could not watch the property.

Rather sick of my fun. Looked into till to see if it was all right; saw one of the whist markers in the gold drawer; found little Levi had come in while I was out, and asked change for the sovereign that Mr. Podger had so kindly given him in the morning. Youngest apprentice counted out the silver directly, thinking it all right. Did not laugh much this time. Looked out at shop door, trying to hum 'Begone dull care:' a friend asked me if indigo had fallen, I looked so blue. Saw the three interesting Levi's with my *presents* in their hands: thought of that worthy fellow, Herod, and longed for another massacre of the Innocents.

Two o'clock. Row at vestry-room door; all the hackney-coachmen in full feather. PIPPS, the vestry clerk, and Snump, the beadle, in great agitation. I began to laugh again, when, just as the hubbub reached an interesting climax, saw Cox point me out to coachmen. Removal of row to my own door; completely identified, and forced to pay them five shillings each as a compromise.

Wondered on which side of my mouth I should laugh next. Sat down to think seriously of something funny. Saw Dick come in with banker's clerk and police officer: he had offered whist markers at the banker's, and they had given him in custody on a charge of *smashing* (passing bad money.) Cost me two more sovereigns to get rid of this.

No dinner to be had — cook drunk abed, and kitchen full of soot and water. Cold beef from eating house — melancholy meal — every body looking knives and forks at me. Put shop to rights. Wife came home, draggle-tailed and disappointed. Gave me a congreve rocket sort of glance, and flounced up stairs. Dared not face her; went to tavern, and got tipsey. Slept all night upon steps of door — neither wife, porter, 'prentices, nor cook would get up to let me in. Rheumatism for weeks in hips, hands, and head.

Mem. Do not think much of my day's amusement this year.

N. B.

SONNET TO FREEDOM.

AMBASSADOR of God! methinks, from heaven,
 I see thee stooping as on plumes of light:
 Justice her falchion to thy hand hath given,
 And shuddering despots tremble at the sight.
 Oh! let the chain from every limb be riven!
 Nations are arming — nerve them when they unite!
 They *shall* be victors — if a million falls,
 A second million shall the gauntlet fling,
 And make them banners of the martyrs' pall.
 Thy glorious anthem, Freedom! yet shall ring
 Where now Oppression goads his fettered thralls;
 And o'er the broken thrones of many a king,
 The marshalled myriads move beneath thy wing.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

'The tree of life stood in the midst of the garden.'

And is that tree now standing? Doth it wave
 Its mighty branches of centennial years,
 And lift in high supremacy its head,
 As when in ages back it proudly rose
 Amid the hush of Eden? Doth it bear
 Within the outspread branches of its leaves,
 That seraph-bread, that whoso'er did eat,
 Might live, when e'en old furrowed Time, himself
 Should wear on his full brow a frosty crown?
 It *lives*! — how could it *die*? — the tree of life?
 Yet what is it to us, poor feeble men,
 If at its base, clad in the armor wrought
 And tempered by the spirit, there are seen
 (Like sleepless watchers o'er a priceless shrine,)
 The heaven-born cherubims, with flaming swords,
 Pointing, like God's own sceptre, every way?
 Say, what is it to us? To stand as stood
 The desert tribes of old, and view afar,
 With thirst insatiate and wild desire,
 The renovating fruit, and almost catch
 The blessed breezes as they gently stir
 Its yielding leaves, yet conscious that to us,
 The fever'd ones — the altogether-sick
 Of earth's impoverish'd food — it may not yield
 Its golden feast and still, refreshing shade.

But oh! it is not thus: from Eden's bound
 That tree hath been transplanted; God's own hand
 Hath broken down the strong partition-wall,
 And sheathed the burning sword; and now it stands
 The monarch of a world's free-chartered soil,
The chief among ten thousand!

Dost thou yearn
 To share the tempting banquet? Then gird truth,
 The strengthener, around thee; and put on
 The breast-plate of pure righteousness, and take
 The shield of faith within thine eager grasp,
 And press through earth's wide garden till at last,
 Tempted by no foul sin, but urged alone
 By hope immortal, thou shalt surely win
 The meed of life eternal.

Dost thou ask
 The fitting path unto the living prize?
Christ is that tree of life! His gospel marks
 No narrow-sected road, for every where,
 Its ripe seeds have been wafted, and its shade
 Shelters alike the evil and the good.
 Then linger not! but cleanse thy drooping soul
 From the foul, sullyng dust of this mean earth,
 And shake off passion's fetters, and with nought
 Within thy breast save the pure signet-ring
 Of meek humility, press boldly on,
 And thou shalt find that 'neath that saving tree,
 Mercy and Justice have met hand in hand!

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER TWELVE.

I CONCEIVE it a great plague to be one's own hero, and to be the describer in the first person singular of individual adventures. Those two great personages, Says He and Says I, are no particular favorites of mine. They are great draw-backs in these my sketches—for, reader, I am, at bottom, a modest and retiring man. Therefore should I desire in papers like these, were it right practicable, to sink the personal, and expand into the general. Reflection convinces me, howbeit, that this would not *do*. What I have to say, or to sketch, would then be without form and void. No,—give me my way; let me disport as I will, and I warrant me there shall be *something* in what I write, which will warm the heart, or light the eye of him that reads me.

TALKING of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on 'Change, at a business hour, when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment, his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true *bore*, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the *particulars*. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between *him* and *me*. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am—in fact, about *your* age. Well, he '*made use of an expression*' which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he, 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandruff, which was unaccountable. I did n't waste words on him: I just took him in this way'—(here the old *spooney* suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar of my coat, before the assemblage,)—'and says I to him, says I, 'You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!'—and the manner in which I shook him, (just in *this* way,) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.'

I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament: in the midst of a large congregation of business people—an old gray-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat-collar—and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the *detail*, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy. 'You infernal scoundrel, and caitiff, and villain,' says I, 'what do you mean, to

insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?' — and then,' said he, lowering his malapropos voice, 'then I shook him, *so*.'

Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient, much-bored friend, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a ring of spectators. 'Shame — shame! to insult an old man like him!' was the general cry. 'Young puppy!' said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, 'what excuse have you for your conduct?'

Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them, 'That's the young chap that insulted old General ———, at the Exchange!'

THIS same venerable gentleman once troubled me with his *augur*-ies, in the following manner. He accosted me, up town, a mile, I suppose, from the Exchange. 'My good friend,' he said, 'I wish you to go with me to the City Reading Room, and look at a contribution that I have published in one of the newspapers. I dare say it is open to criticism. Mind you, I am not a man of letters. I am doing a snug, winding-up business in my latter days — and I cannot serve two masters.' I accompanied him: he sought out the paper file, and after much research, turned to the following:

'SHAD. — Now landing, several barrels of Shad. The barrels is new, and the shad are fresh: For sale by — — —, No. 85 — — street.'

'Now,' said he, 'will you tell me whether 'barrels is' is right? Do n't you think I ought to have used the subjunctive mood in the future tense, and said 'the barrels *are*,' and cetera? I do n't feel sure, myself — I just want your opinion. I *know*, you know; but I want to be *positive*.'

I elucidated the matter to him as plainly as I could, and left him — inly resolving, that if ever I saw him approaching me in the street again, I would take to my heels and run like an express, to get out of his way.

I SHOULD like to write a chapter on *boreds*. There are distinct classes of them, and it requires a philosophical mind to furnish proper analyses of the varying *genus*. The man, for instance, who meets you going to bank, or to dinner, and begins to talk to you of matters and things in general, whereunto you are, for politeness' sake, compelled to listen — what a plague he is, to be sure! He has no heart. He listens to the loquacity of your diaphragm with perfect composure, though it speak of wants unsatisfied, and viands in expectancy. He holdeth converse with nonentity; he keepeth you in suspense, by leaving his sentences unfinished; and he taxeth your imagination with wonders as to what the devil he will have to say next. You go home to a late and cold dinner, with your whole body in a state of grumbling dissatisfaction. You feel as if you could knock down your grandfather. In short, you feel as every man does, when he has been bored. It is an awful sensation.

Sea-sickness is pleasure to it. Should I hereafter describe this class, I fear I shall give them a Rembrandt coloring — for I am confident, from the wrongs they have done me, that I could not speak of them with my customary coolness and impartiality.

BY-THE-WAY, that word impartiality reminds me of a legal biped, who possessed this quality 'to a degree.' Reader, you don't know the Hon. Abednego Babcock, do you? Taking it for granted that you do not, I will describe him to you. Like Wouter Van Twiller, he is about five feet six inches high, and six feet five inches in circumference. He *potatoes* considerably, and in that way has nursed for himself a nasal organ of most scarlet rubicundity. It is a sign, as I call it, of '*grog* manifest in the flesh.' He is a man of many friends among pot-house lawyers and small politicians. He has never been known, I believe, to give a decided opinion on any subject. I once heard him charge a jury something after this fashion:

'*Gentlemen*: This is an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant. You have heard the evidence on both sides, and the court know of no points of law that you may not be supposed to understand already. The case is a very plain one; and if, upon a careful review of the testimony, you should think the plaintiff entitled to a verdict, the decision must be in his favor; but if, on the contrary, it should appear that the defendant ought to be the plaintiff in this suit, you will please bring in a bill to that effect. I believe that is about all to be said in the matter. If you can think of any thing else that I ought to say, I have no objection to mention it. It is now my dinner hour. Swear a constable.'

This was the usual impartiality of Abednego Babcock, Esq. He would sit for hours on the bench, feeling the customary blossoms on his nose with his affectionate fingers — an employment which evidently gave him great satisfaction. They do say that whenever a flatulent attorney speaks before him, he drops right to sleep. He says a hundred yards of *gab*, as he classically calls it, could not change his mind, when he has it made up. He despises every thing high-flown, or, as he sometimes terms it, *hypherflutenated*; and thinks that, in nine cases out of ten, a cause can be best decided by hearing only one side.

APROPÓS of the bar. What a deal of bad oratory there is about, it! I have one or two good friends among the lawyers in Gotham who could depict these grandiloquent attorneys to the life. How much verbose pomposity of language, too, do you find in the pulpit, where, of all other places, it is most out of place. A few days ago, I heard an unhewn 'Ambassador from the court of Heaven,' as he *credentialized* himself — who had taken the far west in his route to the church where I heard him — use the following *burst*. He was speaking of Judas, and Benedict Arnold — worthies whom he compared together. 'Arnold,' said he, 'was a traitor, of whom you may have heard, who

tried for to sell his *ked'entry*. It was the ruination of him, and for what he *done*, he will be rewarded with infamy; for his name will sertingly go down to the most remotest posterity, kivered all over with Hell's arsenic!' Here he looked round upon his audience with an air of pride, as if he would say — '*There's a touch for you!*'

SPEAKING of clerical oratory, bids me think of an event I witnessed lately in an Episcopal conventicle. The morning service had been said — the rich tones of the organ were mellowing away into silence — when the speaker arose, and named his text, in these simple words: '*Jesus wept.*' He spoke in a strain of touching simplicity; he painted the sorrows of the Saviour at the death of Lazarus — and he described in beautiful language the propriety of his grief, by enlarging upon that inevitable condition of mortality which causes all to grieve. By and by I heard a faint moan. A young and tender-hearted mother, who had but a few weeks before buried a blooming daughter, the darling of her love, overcome by her feelings, had fainted away. But it was no boisterous or harrowing language, that thus stirred within her the holy fountain of a mother's affection. It was the words of simplicity that fell upon her ear, and trembled in her bosom. The circumstance revived in my mind the memory of a sermon — the offspring of untutored genius — which I heard in early youth. The preacher was an unlettered woodsman, but he spoke with correctness — with eloquence. The occasion was the funeral of a child. The boy, a lad of four or five years old, lay on the bier before him; his fair cheeks had not lost their rosy red, and his little form, so decently composed in the white garments of the grave, looked far too dainty for the earth to cover. The speaker took his text from the touching story of Gehazi and the Shumamite. I forget the place where it is to be found. 'And he said to the mother, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child? And she answered, *It is well.*' He went on to show his hearers, that in the case before them, it was '*well*' with the child: and beautifully did he prove it. My heart swells yet, at the mere remembrance of that sermon. 'Mother,' he said, 'do you mourn for the child that has fallen like a blossom from your arms? Weep not, for *it is well.* He has escaped the darkness of earthly sorrow — the clouds that day by day would have rolled gradually over his spirit — the crosses of existence — the gloom that follows after that golden age, ere the life of life begins to fail and fade — he has missed all these, and in that '*better country*,' where *his* Father and *our* Father smiles upon him, his innocent spirit is at rest. Fond mother! distrust not thy God. Lift thy heart-warm prayer to him in the night-watches; and as thou implorest consolation, thou mayest ask thy God — '*Is it well with my child?*' and soft as heavenly numbers, sweet as the music of an angel's lyre, he will answer, '*It is well.*'

I HAVE remembered this sermon, fondly and long. The preacher was such a man as William Wirt once described — only he was not

blind. He was tall, and of goodly presence, with a venerable snowy head, and an eye that beamed with benignity and good will to men. Upon returning home, with my heart full of the discourse I had heard, I wrote thus :

THE EARLY DEAD.

' *Why mourn for the Young ? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.*' BULWAZ.

If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom ;
Oh ! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young !

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring,
And fills the spirit with a rich repose,
How shall we lay them in their final rest —
How pile the clods upon their wasting breast ?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze —
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky ;
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye ;
How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould !

Yet this is Life ! To mark from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breeze away —
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chilled by Time !
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red !

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly-thoughtful in its burning tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers ?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young !

CHILDREN are queer subjects to write about. I know several little friends of mine, that I can never believe will be grown up, wrinkled men and women. Will that little beauty become an old woman ? I'll not believe it. Will that boy, now shooting his marble, or drawing his sled in winter, will he become a portly-looking man, with a stern temper, a fat abdomen, and a big bunch of watch keys hanging just beneath his waistcoat ? Will he wear spectacles, and a cane ? It seems impossible — but it must be. There must be an end to every thing — to youth, to its tastes, and its associations. And bless me ! reader, now I think of it, it is time that there should be an end to the present number of the lucubrations of your honest friend,

OLLAPOD.

SONGS OF THE CRUSADES.

NUMBER TWO.

THE RECREANT EARL.

STEPHEN, Earl of Chartres and Blois, deserted the Christian princes before Antioch, in the first Crusade, and returned to France. His countess, Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, received him with bitter reproaches: shamed by her taunts, he returned to Palestine, and fell in a battle with a body of Ethiop cavalry, near Ramula.

'Tis the pleasant time of the vintage,
In the sunny vales of France,
And the ripe, full bulbs of the purple fruit
Like gems in the green leaves glance:
But why is the song of the peasant mute,
And where is the vintage dance?

From the bending olive's loaded boughs
There falleth an amber shower,
And the bursting cone of the golden pine
Enriches its spiral bower;
And the balmy air, like an anodyne,
Hath hushed ev'ry leaf and flower.

Lo! the ripened harvest stoops to earth,
But the reaper, where is he?
No peasant heapeth the wine-press o'er,
'Till the ruddy flood runs free;
If his hand is stained 'tis with pagan blood,
In a land beyond the sea.

For the princely Hugh of Vermandois
His way to the East hath ta'en,
With a thousand knights, whose spurs were won
On the blood-dyed fields of Spain —
And the vassal hath donned his gambeson,
To ride in the baron's train.

The peasant maiden wends forth alone
To muse in the twilight dim;
Her bodice heaves to her heart's quick sigh,
And tears in her dark eyes swim —
For in fancy she seeth her lover lie
'Neath the steel of a Paynim grim.

Within proud Earl Chartres' fortalice
Stands the wassail cup unfilled;
Unheard is the shout of the busy thrall,
And the minstrel's harp is stilled,
No faggots blaze in the banquet hall,
And the bats in the chimney build.

The untrodden soil of the tilting-ground
Is o'erwoven with twining weeds;
The red deer heareth no hunter's whoop,
The hare unmolested breeds;
And the heron fears not the falcon's stoop,
As she soars from the waving reeds.

O'er the warderless walls no longer streams
The badge of a noble line,
For the haughty count, in Christ's holy name,
Hath assumed the crimson sign,
And his banner follows the oriflamme
O'er the deserts of Palestine.

The countess paces the rampart wall
With a quick step to and fro ;
Her proud eyes flash with unwonted light,
And her blushes come and go :
'T was the palmer, who sought her bower last night,
With his tidings moved her so.

What sound was that ? 'T was the tramp of steeds —
The dust by their hoofs up-ploughed,
With a squadron wrapped in its choking fold,
Comes on like a flying cloud ;
And bright in the sunlight, like gleams of gold,
Spears flash o'er its curling shroud.

Onward it sweeps ! — 't is dissolving — gone !
For each knight hath slacked his rein ;
By the fortress moat, till the draw-bridge fall,
Waits a mailed and bannered train ;
'T is the laurelled earl, to his bride and hall,
Returned from the wars again.

The draw-bridge drops, and a knight sweeps o'er,
As his palfrey's hoofs were wings ;
He threads the arch, while the bugles peal,
And his rein to a vassal flings ;
But a moment more, and his armed heel
On the step of the turret rings.

Lightly he leaps up the winding stair —
He hath sprung to his lady's side :
'Now thanks to God, and the Virgin's grace,
I behold thee again, my bride !'
But the lady turns from his warm embrace
With gesture of queenly pride.

Her red lip curls with imperial scorn,
And her glance is dark and grand :
'Thou bringest,' she cries, 'late news, I trow,
From the wars of the Holy Land :
'Neath the feet of a craven the grass ne'er grew
When he fled from a lifted brand !'

'Nay, Adela, blame not — the cause is lost ;
'T is no human foe I dread,
But Pestilence waveth his flag of gloom
O'er Famine's unburied dead :
With flesh, upturned from the noisome tomb,
Are the Christian warriors fed.

'The beleaguering lines round Antioch
Are by human spectres trod —
No longer the dogs of Mahound flee
At the fierce crusader's nod,
For Christendom's wanton chivalry
Are forsaken of their God ?'

'Be still, blasphemer! — e'en such as thou
Have kindled Jehovah's wrath;
In a recreant's hand St. Peter's blade
Is weak as a sword of lath:
Didst thou boast in peace, but to fly dismayed
When a lion crossed thy path?

'Thoulouse, and the gallant Bohemond,
And Bouillon's peerless lord —
Did *they*, 'mid the starving legions, feast
At the groaning banquet-board?
Back! back! false knight, to the blessed East,
And redeem thy plighted word!

'Nay, touch me not! The untempered blood
Of the iron Gothic race,
At the very thought of a coward's kiss,
Rusheth boiling to my face;
I had rather have mourned thee dead, than this
Dishonor and foul disgrace!

'Recover thy fame in the Holy Land;
For I swear by St. Denys' shrine,
Through the bosoms of cloven infidels
Lies the only way to mine;
Thou must empty a hundred moslem selles,
Ere a husband's rights are thine!

Now shame in the breast of the baron stirs,
And he maketh brief reply:
'If my path to thee must be paved with dead,
I will cleave the way — or die!
Let mass, I pray, for my soul be said,
Should my bones in the desert lie.'

'Tis morn! The beams of the risen sun
In bewildering flashes play
On emblazoned buckler, and gleaming lance,
Plumed helmet, and pennon gay,
As forth from the dark portcullis prance
The knights in their rich array.

Aloft on the crowning beacon tower,
Stands Earl Chartres' haughty dame;
Not e'en the thought of her husband's death
Can her lion spirit tame:
'If he fall 't is in heaven's cause,' she saith,
'And 'tis better death than shame.'

A corse, 'neath the walls of Ramula,
Lieth festering in the sun:
Afar, in a Norman convent cell,
There kneeleth a matron nun.
Earl Chartres sleeps where in strife he fell,
And the Church hath a daughter won.

TURKISH SKETCHES.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE.'

EFFECTS OF OPIUM.

THE number of devotees to this drug of delicious delirium has of late very much diminished; not that there is less misfortune or wretchedness to be soothed or forgotten, but that wine, which ever maketh the heart of man glad, has been clandestinely substituted in its place. Whether the intellect, morality or health of the community has profited by the change, I leave to the decision of those who have had wider opportunities of witnessing the effects of both. My own conviction is, that if a man will take to stimulants, the juice of the poppy is as harmless as any other source of excitement; and then it has this strong recommendation, it never makes a man foolish, it never casts a man into a ditch, or under the table; it never deprives him of his wits or his legs. It allows a man to be a gentleman; it makes him visionary, but his visions create no noise, no riots; they deal no blows, blacken no one's eyes, and frighten no one's peace. It is the most quiet and unoffending relief to which the desponding and distressed, who have no higher resource, can appeal.

I should want no stronger evidence of this, than the immediate effects on those whom I once saw using it at Constantinople. The change which diffused itself through the countenance, limbs, and gait, was like the resuscitation of the dying to the energies and happiness of a fresh life. You could hardly persuade yourself that the man who now moved before you with a light elastic tread, and an eye kindling with secret rapture, was the same who a short time since approached with a faltering, feeble step, scarcely able to sustain himself upon his cane, and the arm of a less withered friend, while every feature seemed settled in that unrelieved despair which might make a word of hope sound like a mockery. Such was the change, such the total renovation produced, that one ignorant of the depression and despondency into which this dreaming, delicious excitement, if unrenewed, must ultimately sink, might have supposed that the tree of life had been discovered, and the immortal ambrosia of its fruits enjoyed. But as weariness will the sooner overtake the forced wing of the eagle, so depression will only the deeper weigh down the heart that has thus been too elated. The even stream pursues its way in cheerfulness and light, through smiling valleys to the deeper wave of the ocean and the lake, while the mountain torrent that foams from the cliff, though there it may have worn all the hues of heaven, only plunges, perhaps, into some wild and sunless glen, whose solitude is never cheered by the tints of breaking day, or the song of early birds.

Few men, however, pass through life without testing some source of promised health and happiness beyond the quiet motion of the heart. My imagination was once so kindled, by the perusal of a little book called the 'Opium-Eater,' that I resolved to put its pleasing assurances to a practical test. So, sending to an apothecary's shop, I procured two enormous doses of the precious drug. One was taken by my young companion, who had become equally interested in making the experiment, the other by myself.

My comrade began immediately to feel extremely particular about the stomach, and soon in a retching agony parted with all his anodynical expectations. My portion stuck fast as original sin; and I shortly lapsed into a disturbed slumber, in which it appeared to me that I retained my consciousness entire, while visions passed before me which no language can convey, and no symbols of happiness or terror represent. At one time I was soaring on the pinions of an angel among the splendors of the highest heaven, beholding at a glance the beauty of their unveiled mysteries, and listening to harp and choral symphonies over which, time, sorrow, and death have no power; and then my presumption was checked, my cleaving wings, like the waxen plumes of Icarus, were melted away, and I fell down, down, till caught in the bosom of a thunder cloud, from which I was again hurled, linked to its fiercest bolt upon the plunging verge of a cataract, that carried me down, frantic with horror, into the lowest depth of its howling gulf.

Thence again I emerged, with the placidity and power of Neptune over his troubled realm, and driving my watery team over the excited bosom of the ocean, harmonized its elements into the deep bass it sustained in the bursting anthem of the infant world. And then with the fleetness of a disembodied spirit, I seemed to float around just between the incumbent circle of the blue heaven and the sea, discerning within upon the surging plain the motion of innumerable ships skimming the wave with the lightness of the swallow, while without the circle I beheld far down in the twilight and lurid gloom of an immeasurable gulf, the wrecks of worn-out worlds.

Still I floated on upon the frightful verge of the circle, till coming around near the north pole I saw its steadfast star fixed in the darkened change of death; other planets were bending over it; and when they had sung its funeral hymn, they lowered it into a grave so dark, so faithless and still, that the agonies and convulsions of expiring nature could not disturb its sepulchral sleep. While thinking of the dismayed mariner, rolling his eyes in vain to find his undeviating star, an iceberg with its mountain mass of frozen torrents came rolling on, and catching me in one of its dripping shelves, bore me through seas lashed by the hurricane, convulsed with the war of the whale and sword fish, and where the serpent, struck by lightning, lay trenched between two waves like a huge pine prostrate among the hills.

Being benumbed and paralyzed by the stiffening ice, I fell from my tumbling lodgment, and descending through the sea, was carried by the wave of a submarine current quite within a little grotto, reared of coral and lined with pearls, where a mermaid was gently kindling a fire, beneath whose reviving ray I soon felt each frozen vein and limb slowly tingling back to life — when, as if to reclaim my bewildered thoughts, and soothe their delirious excitement, this daughter of the deep, raising her harp, struck one of those soft strains whose liquid flow melts into the heart like fragrant dew into the bosom of the folding rose.

But scarce had the last note of this sweet minstrel died away into the listening stillness of peace, when a call; loud as the summoning trump of the archangel, sent its rending thunder through the hollow caverns of the astounded ocean, and the rent tombs of the shaking earth, starting even death itself from his sleep. The sheeted dead went up from their watery graves to stand on the sea, while the earth, from precipice to plain,

from shore to mountain's brow, was covered with the shrouded myriads that had left their couches of clay.

The sun with a changed, despairing aspect disappeared, leaving a huge darkened chasm in the heavens; the moon spun round and round, and slowly receded from view, leaving another fearful blank in the blue vault; the planets fell from their places, and were quenched as they sunk into the lifeless void beneath; and darkness in a thick palpable mass filled all space, save where the forked lightning, arrested in its course, still preserved its terrific form and brightness, and save the lingering light of some loftier star that contended with its doom. The courses and powers of nature were suspended still and motionless; the mariner heard his relaxed sails fall against the idle mast, the breaker cease to lift its warning voice over the fatal reef; while the sea-bird, unable again to reach the wave, rested upon his immovable pinions; the curling wave lay half broken on the shore; the torrent ceased to plunge from its wave-worn steep; the war-horse kneeled down and died; the monarch in his capital, discrowned, stood pale and speechless; the peasant in his field called aloud on his forgotten God; while the imploring shriek of nations went up like the last wail of a ruined world!

The agony is o'er; nature her debt
Has paid; the earth is covered with a clay
That once was animate, and even yet
Is warm with an existence reft away
By Him who gave; it were but yesterday
This clay peopled a happy universe
With beings buoyant, beautiful and gay;
But now alas! — of all things the reverse,
Earth is their winding sheet, and darkness palls the hearse!

These lines were engraven on my heart at the time by the departing spirit of my dream; and I awoke, after having been lost to all the realities of this world for two days and nights. But O! the faintness, the thirst, and delirious weakness of that waking moment! I look back to it as a man who has been skating over the frozen bosom of a lake turns to the yawning chasm which he has miraculously escaped! I could not stand or sit; and even in a most inclined posture, respiration itself seemed an effort beyond the gasping exhaustion of my frame. I should have turned on my pillow and died, but for the kindly efforts of one whom I can never love too much, or remember too long. Let no one test like me, the dreaming ecstasies and terror of opium; it is only scaling the battlements of heaven, to sink into the burning tombs of hell!

FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

VANGENVAR! the terrific cry of fire, rolled from the tower of Anastasius, and gathering volume and force as it went on, drowned all other voices and sounds in the tumultuous streets. It was some time, in the universal hurry and dismay, before we could ascertain the direction of the flames. They proved to be among the dwellings of St. Demetrius, a Greek town, crowning one of the hills which lie to the north of the navy yard. We hastened that way, and ascending an elevation which swells from the suburbs of Galata, had full in view the terrible spectacle. The fire had broken out in the northern verge of the town, and a strong wind sweeping at the time, from that quarter, the flames had already been

cast over a frightful extent of dwellings. Still the devouring element, at every fresh rush of the wind, leaped farther on, while in each pause the falling roof and tumbling wall mingled their crackling and crushing sounds with the cries of hundreds, making their frantic escape. The whole town was soon in conflagration, and the flames, as they wound up over the summit of the hill, presented at one time, through the twilight of the hour, a towering pyramid of fire, and then again as the eddying currents broke away in violent gusts, the less ponderous materials were carried off in burning and threatening confusion, resembling more the flaring missiles sent from the mouth of the volcano.

The inhabitants fled to the open grounds which surrounded the devoted town; some of them, whose flight had been less precipitate, bringing with them a few articles of their furniture; while others had not saved a blanket to protect them from the heavy night that was now setting in. In this forlorn multitude, we saw at every few paces the wretched mother, gathering her little group about her, and calling each by name, to assure herself again that no one had been left behind; and then seating herself on the cold ground, clasp her infant to her breast, trying to protect it from the chilling dew, beneath the narrow covering of her neck, while upon its unconscious cheek dropped her silent tears. Some of the children, too young to understand the anxious nature of her distress, or to know that they had no home to return to, were still playing with the toys they had brought from the nursery, or pointing with glee to the flame as it fringed the evening cloud. While the sister, a few years older, would try to check their playfulness, and constrain them into an apparent sympathy with their poor distressed mother.

At the sheltering side of a small mound, a little retired from the crowd, we met with an old man, leaning tremulously on his cane, and listening to the replies of one who stood close to him, in all the touching sweetness of feminine beauty and youth. The old man was blind, and his young daughter, (in a soft, agitated voice,) was telling him the story of their escape, its difficulty, and by what means they had been able to effect it. 'I must have perished in my chair,' said the father, 'had you not come home just at the moment you did.' 'I was away,' explained the girl, 'with some of my companions in the burial ground, where you know we go every Saturday to carry fresh flowers. When I heard the cry of fire, I instantly ran home, and thought at first that I should be able to get some of the men to take away a few of our goods, but they were all carrying their own, and the fire was so near I had only time to catch up this little casket, which has your purse and my gold ornaments in it, and to take you by the hand to lead you off at once, for you did not seem to know, father, how dangerous our situation was.' 'No,' said the old man, 'I knew it not my child; I heard the cry, but did not suppose the fire was so near. I am glad you thought of the casket; but I fear, Therissa, there are but very few sequins in it, for you know the other day it was nearly empty, and the chest has not been unlocked since.' 'There is enough,' interrupted the daughter, in a tone of the gentlest encouragement, 'to get us the means of subsistence for a few weeks, and then there is my necklace, my bracelets, and ear-rings; these can be sold, and they will help us on some time, at least till I can find a situation where I may procure something for us both to live upon.' Here she dropped her small hand into the casket

to feel for the trifles that were to relieve them in the present emergency, and then anxiously withdrawing it again, took out each little article, one by one, to the last — but neither purse nor jewels were there! a shadow fell on her sweet face; and the tears trembling for a moment on the long eye-lash, fell, unperceived by the blind parent, upon her nerveless hand.

In the hurry of the moment she had brought away the wrong casket; yet she would not reveal the mistake to her poor father, for fear of utterly overwhelming a heart already prostrated by misfortune. Silently pressing upon her the few piastres which the exigencies of the day had left, we turned to depart, fully resolved — at least it was so with myself — never again to entertain a murmuring or desponding sentiment while the craving hunger of this poor frame could find the coarsest crumb for its relief!

I have seen suffering and sorrow in almost every degree and form, but never encountered a spectacle of such extended and unrelieved wretchedness as here presented itself. Not only had the hundreds around me been deprived of their dwellings and scanty furniture, but they were suffering from the real and apprehended horrors of the plague. There was no community that would increase their present exposures by affording them an asylum; for one of the first effects of this terrible scourge is an unnatural indifference to the fate of others, and a selfish, engrossing anxiety for personal safety. It is a pestilence which most truly 'walks in darkness,' and its approaches are so mysterious and inexplicable, and its visitation so fatal, that the sympathies of the human heart appear to be bewildered in the general dread, to be paralyzed in the stunning consternation. Men become like a desperate crew escaping from a sinking wreck, where each, with frantic force, appropriates to himself the plank or oar that comes within his grasp. It was this excess of calamity, this overpowering dismay, that, in the fatal retreat of the French from Russia, induced the soldier, naturally a generous being, to leave his exhausted companion to perish in the snow, and to close his ears to those affecting cries for succor which only the dying can utter.

Every hill and valley without the walls of Constantinople and its swelling suburbs was shadowed by tents, in which the victims of the plague had been forced to take refuge. Every breeze, as it passed over the great city, came loaded with the wail and lamentations of the survivors over their dead companions: yet the multitude moved on, pursuing their individual ends, with an eagerness and directness which, so far from being disconcerted, seemed to be increased by the general dismay. They appeared to exonerate themselves from all the claims of sympathy, affection, and kindness, on the score of their own liabilities. They scarcely noticed the hearse as it went past, simply because each one apprehended that he might possibly be the next over whom its pall should be spread. I have ever observed that a common danger, so peculiarly calculated, as we should suppose, to make the heart enter directly into the feelings, anxieties, and despair of those around, only renders it the more callous, selfish, and cruel. A man who is walking himself upon thin ice, will seldom do more than turn a glance to those who have fallen through.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq., author of 'Melania,' the 'Slingsby' Papers, etc. In two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

COMMUNICATED but recently, as these 'Pencilings' were, to a widely-circulated American journal, they require at this period but brief notice at our hands. Their merits have been effectually canvassed by the writer's countrymen, and both before and since their re-publication in England have been even more freely scanned by trans-atlantic critics. The editor of the *London Quarterly* led the van in an attack upon the series, wherein he very justly reprehended the violations of gentlemanly courtesy, and tacitly-sacred confidence which the letters contained; but at the same time, as we conceive, did injustice to them as a whole, and evinced a zeal in censure evidently not altogether disinterested. The *Edinburgh Review* was scarcely less severe, and in sweeping terms denounced the 'Pencilings' as flippant and superficial. The *London Metropolitan Magazine* followed, and with a bitter scourge lashed the writer without stint. And truth to say, this latter flaying was not administered without some show of reason. Although not penned, as it should seem, by the editor, Captain MARRYAT, the critique was doubtless in a great measure primarily induced by a ridiculous attack, in one of Mr. Willis's early letters, upon the literary reputation of that distinguished writer. The assertion, that the productions of the author of 'Peter Simple' could not be dignified with the name of literature, and that they only met with favor among the ignoble vulgar, should never — as the universal dissent which the opinion elicited proved — have been permitted to sully the reputable journal for whose columns the letters were 'pencilled.' Ever true to nature — rarely below refinement, and always above grossness — skilful in arrangement, and rich in ease and simplicity of style — Captain Marryat has, in our humble judgment, few living equals, and no superior. No author (even Bulwer not excepted, if we are rightly informed by those who should needs know,) is more popular in the United States than the author of 'Jacob Faithful.' The judgment, therefore, passed upon his labors by one whose all of talent not equals his moiety — passed too, it appears, when not even ten pages of his works had been perused — was, to say the least, presumptuous injustice. *Frazer's Magazine* came down next, with a sprawling pounce, upon our ill-fated author. The critic, howbeit, has overleaped all bounds, and is simply abusive, without argument, wit, or decency, to back his cause withal. There is strong internal evidence, that in this case the censor is some malignant obscure, of whom it might well be said:

'Did he not speak ill of others,
None would ever speak of him.'

We think we cannot be mistaken in the *genus*. Judging alone from the frequent bloated and compound epithet, and the inflated but feeble severity, we would be willing to wager 'something handsome' that the critic is a blatant pauper from the Emerald Isle, doing small literary jobs to order, to gain his bread-and-butter in the British metropolis. To *such* a critic, no author, with a due respect for himself, would deem it other than degradation to reply.

Mr. Willis sees all things in his travels with the eye of a poet; he ever 'feels or feigns a flame.' Generally, his sketches are agreeably broken, his minor topics delicately handled, and his coloring light, free, and transparent. Sometimes, however, his prodigality of antithesis fatigues; an overweening vanity and apish ostentation often peep out from beneath a thin screen of affected indifference, ease, and dainty diction; and not unfrequently he violates both nature and probability, without any poetical necessity to plead in extenuation of the offence. In fine, we believe that unprejudiced readers will rise from a perusal of the original 'Pencilings' with the fixed impression, that although the writer may possess a pleasing command of language, a fertile imagination, and a keen eye for the beautiful in nature, animate and inanimate, yet his genius is not one of great compass, nor his sentiments of much depth.

THE OUTCAST, AND OTHER POEMS. By S. G. GOODRICH. In one vol. pp. 200. Boston: RUSSELL, SHATTUCK AND WILLIAMS.

IN so far as mere fame is concerned, Mr. Goodrich might very well afford to leave the poetical field untrodden. Were his merits as a successful wooer of the Nine equal to the best of his contemporaries, they would not procure for him the reputation which he at present enjoys, nor a tenth part of the widely-extended and daily increasing company of admirers who hold pleasant communion with him. *Peter Parley!* What crowds of agreeable associations rise up with the very name!—associations that cluster around the golden period of youth, that blessed age of hope and admiration! Let it be, as we have heard it urged, we know not with how much truth, that Peter is, after all, but a clipping compiler; his books, in their way, are *nonpareils*, and none but a man of superior tact, ay, and of talent too, could prepare them. But let us revert to the neat little book before us.

The poems embraced in this volume, have, with one or two exceptions, already appeared in print—many of them, as we remember, in the Boston Token, or Atlantic Souvenir, of which publications Mr. Goodrich has been for a considerable period the editor. He informs us, with becoming modesty, that he has but collected into a volume what was written in moments snatched from engrossing cares, and under circumstances little propitious to a cultivation of the divine art, but which met with considerable favor in a more fugitive form. With portions of several of the longer poems, and many of the shorter ones, in this collection, we profess ourselves well pleased. We admire the happy faculty which the writer possesses of insinuating a valuable moral, in a manner both simple and instructive; and now and then too, he illustrates a thought with a striking figure, that sends the sentiment warmly home to the heart of the reader. His main excellence, however, consists in the characteristics we have indicated, and in spirit and variety, rather than in elaborate execution, or polish. It must be confessed that he sometimes exaggerates nature—that his metaphors are occasionally displeasingly mixed, and his words not always well chosen. To say nothing of a few hackneyed terms, which were old when Spenser wrote, such as 'nature's bowers,' and the like, we must also object to such similes as compare the roused ocean to a scowling giant, *singing* billows around him; to illustrations that represent the insensible rock as 'thrilling with fear;' to the evident familiarity which exists between the writer and his hand-worked friends, 'thunder' and 'lightning;' and to the occasional coupling of such rhyming words as 'breeze' and 'caprice.' The author, we hope, will not think us

either captious or querulous. One who can write with the feeling and simplicity that mark the following passage, which we take from '*The Outcast*,' needs little save the exercise of his better judgment to cause him to eschew such errors as we have pointed out :

' I loved those hills, I loved the flowers,
That dashed with gems their sunny swells,
And oft I fondly dreamed for hours,
By streams within those mountain dells.
I loved the wood — each tree and leaf,
In breeze or blast to me was fair,
And if my heart was touched with grief,
I always found a solace there.
My parents slumbered in the tomb;
But thrilling thoughts of them came back,
And seemed within my breast to bloom,
As lone I ranged the forest track.
The wild flowers rose beneath my feet,
Like memories dear of those who slept,
And all around to me was sweet,
Although, perchance, I sometimes wept.
I wept, but not, oh not in sadness,
And those bright tears I would not smother,
For less they flowed in grief than gladness,
So blest the memory of my mother.
And she was linked, I know not why,
With leaves and flowers, and landscapes fair,
And all beneath the bending sky,
As if she still were with me there.
The echo bursting from the dell,
Recalled her song beside my bed,
The hill-side with its sunny swell,
Her bosom-pillow for my head.
The breathing lake at even-tide,
When o'er it fell the down of night,
Seemed the sweet heaven, which by her side,
I found in childhood's dreams of light:
And morning, as it brightly broke,
And blessed the hills with joyous dews,
Was like her look, when first I woke,
And found her gazing in my eyes.'

We should be tempted to copy '*The Rivulet*,' and '*The Burial at Sea*,' but for their previous publicity. There is a pleasing vein of mingled truth and satire running through '*The Spirit Court*, or *Practice and Pretence*.' Would that there were less cause for our author's strictures upon the stage — that we were not

'Induced to sanction what is vile and silly,
Because, forsooth, 'tis done in Picadilly.'

The theatre-going reader shall judge whether the following be not a graphic and artist-like picture :

'The curtain rose, and bursting on the view,
From mimic bowers a form fantastic flew ;
Ample above, below, with wondrous art,
Her insect waist seemed nearly cut apart.
With twinkling feet she came, and tripped along,
As if she floated on a fairy's song :
No envious gauze her swelling bosom dims,
No prudish drapery hides her tapering limbs ;
Poised on her toe, she twirling flew around,
Then upward leaped with high aerial bound —
And then — but stay ! the decent muse must pause,
And drop the curtain, midst the loud applause.

The Ballet o'er, again the crashing choir,
Poured forth their volley like a muster-fire.
Not theirs the task to elevate the soul,
And banish vice by melody's control.
Despising simple strains that touch the heart,
They only sought to show their wondrous art !
To draw down thunders from the shouting band,
Who most applaud what least they understand ;
Or please the few, whose souls are in the ear,
Alive to sounds, but dead to music dear —
On heartless 'execution' ever bent,
Feeling with sense, but not with sentiment.'

We close our extracts with a scene of oozing courage and *pseudo* honor :

'Two duellists we saw, twelve yards apart,
Waiting the word to fire, with flickering heart.
Swelling they stood, and bravely sought to bear
A lofty courage in their haughty air,
While hid beneath we read the thin deceit,
And saw each breast confess the shallow cheat.
Fear of light fashion's law, which bade them fight,
And do the law of God and man despite —
Fear of disdain, forsooth, from ladies' leashes,
Fear of the wit from leaden brains that flashes —
Fear, and the craven hope, that luck would guide
His bullet true, and turn his forman's wide, —
These were the motives playing round the heart,
In either bosom — veiled with conscious art.'

The volume is embellished with three of the best engravings of *The Token* for the present year, and some very good wood-cuts. Were it not for numerous typographical blunders, the execution of the work would be unexceptionable.

A LIFE OF WASHINGTON. By JAMES K. PAULDING. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SHOULD this work attain general popularity as a book for schools, and doubtless it will, such is the deathless nature of the subject that henceforth it will never be found out of print. Mr. Paulding has brought to his task the requisite reverence and admiration for the great and good man whose varied life he depicts, and the means to render it every way complete. He has been engaged upon the work at intervals since the conclusion of the late war, shortly subsequent to which period, and during a residence of several years in Washington, the idea of the work was first suggested and carried onward. Copious information, derived from the most authentic sources, relative to the private life and domestic habits of the Father of his Country, is here embodied, in a style plain and unaffected, and in a form both convenient and cheap, adapted to the intelligence and means of all classes. Nothing is contained in the volume that has not a firm footing in fact — nothing for which the authority of history, of Washington himself, or undoubted tradition, may not be produced. Mr. Paulding observes, in concluding a well-expressed preface, that his desire was to enlist the affections of the youth of America — 'to call forth their love as well as veneration — for the great and good man whose life and actions he has attempted to delineate, and in so doing, he has appealed rather to the feelings of nature than to the judgment of criticism.' We subjoin two or three extracts which have never before been published. The first was copied by the author from the journal of Washington himself, kept while on a volunteer mission to the French commandant on the Ohio, soon after his appointment as Adjutant-General. 'The contrast' says our author 'between Washington trudging through the pathless wilderness, with no other garment than his watch-coat, a gun in his hand, and a pack on his shoulders, with Washington at the head of armies, wielding the destiny of a great people, sustaining the inestimable rights of the human race, living the object of the world's admiration, and dying with the sacred name of Father of his Country, is alike striking for its romantic singularity, as for its sublime moral :'

"I took," says Washington, 'my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch-coat. Then, with gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist the 26th (of December.) The next day, after we had passed a place called Murdering Town, we fell in with a party

of French Indians who had lain in wait for us. One of them fired at us, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took the fellow into custody, and kept him till nine o'clock at night, then let him go, and walked the remaining part of the night without making any stop, that we might get the start so far as to be out of the reach of pursuit the next day, since we were well assured they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day we continued travelling until quite dark, and got to the river about two miles above Shanopin. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, except about fifty yards from the shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above, for it was driving in vast quantities.

"There was no way of getting over but on a raft, which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day's work. We next launched it — then went on board and set off — but before we were half over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting-pole to try and stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with such force against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft-logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make for it. The cold was extremely severe, and Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen. The water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island the next morning on the ice."

The frequent occurrence of such new illustrative passages as the following, imparts a pleasing freshness to the present work. It will be found in the description of Braddock's defeat:

"All accounts agree that the unfortunate Braddock behaved with great gallantry, though with little discretion, in his trying situation. He encouraged his soldiers, and was crying out with his speaking-trumpet, 'Hurrah, boys! lose the saddle or win the horse!' when a bullet struck him, and he fell to the ground, exclaiming — 'Ha, boys! I'm gone!' During all this time not a cannon had been fired by the British forces. It was at this moment that one who was with him at the time, who is still living, and on whose humble testimony I rely even with more confidence than on the more imposing authority of history, thus describes Washington. 'I saw him take hold of a brass field-piece, as if it had been a stick. He looked like a fury; he tore the sheet lead from the touch-hole; he placed one hand on the muzzle, the other on the breech; he pulled with this, and pushed with that, and wheeled it round as if it had been nothing. It tore the ground like a barehare (a kind of plough.) The powder-monkey rushed up with the fire, and then the cannon began to bark, I tell you. They fought and they fought, and the Indians began to *holla*, when the rest of the brass cannon made the bark of the trees fly, and the Indians came down. That place they call Rock Hill, and there they left five hundred men dead on the ground."

Some idea of the cruelty and suffering which were exercised and felt in the three years of savage warfare which succeeded the defeat of Braddock, may be gathered from the subjoined sketch, which was obtained from the lips of Washington himself, and is now first presented to the public:

"'One day,' said Washington, 'as we were traversing a part of the frontier, we came upon a single log-house, standing in the centre of a little clearing, surrounded by woods on all sides. As we approached, we heard the report of a gun, the usual signal of coming horrors. Our party crept cautiously through the underwood, until we approached near enough to see what we had already foreboded. A smoke was slowly making its way through the roof of the house, while at the same moment a party of Indians came forth laden with plunder, consisting of clothes, domestic utensils, household furniture, and dripping scalps. We fired, and killed all but one, who tried to get away, but was soon shot down.

"'On entering the hut we saw a sight that, though we were familiar with blood and massacre, struck us, at least myself, with feelings more mournful than I had ever experienced before. On a bed in one corner of the room lay the body of a young woman swimming in blood, with a gash in her forehead which almost separated the head into two parts. On her breast lay two little babes, apparently twins, less than a twelvemonth old, with their heads also cut open. Their innocent blood, which had once flowed in the same veins, now mingled in one current again. I was inured to scenes of bloodshed and misery, but this cut me to the soul, and never in my after-life did I raise my hand against a savage without calling to mind the mother with her little twins, their heads cleft asunder.

"'On examining the tracks of the Indians to see what other murders they might have committed, we found a little boy, and a few steps beyond, his father, both scalped, and

both stone dead. From the prints of the feet of the boy, it would seem he had been following the plough with his father, who being probably shot down, he had attempted to escape. But the poor boy was followed, overtaken, and murdered. The ruin was complete. Not one of the family had been spared. Such was the character of our miserable warfare. The wretched people on the frontier never want to rest without bidding each other farewell; for the chances were they might never awake again, or awake only to find their last sleep. On leaving one spot for the purpose of giving protection to another point of exposure, the scene was often such as I shall never forget. The women and children clung round our knees, beseeching us to stay and protect them, and crying out for God's sake not to leave them to be butchered by the savages. A hundred times, I declare to Heaven, I would have laid down my life with pleasure, even under the tomahawk and scalping-knife, could I have ensured the safety of those suffering people by the sacrifice."

The approbation with which the literary efforts of Mr. Paulding are received by the public, renders a farther recommendation of his labors upon such a noble theme as WASHINGTON wholly unnecessary. We should not forget to add, that the volumes are embellished with four very good engravings, all from excellent paintings by CHAPMAN. The portrait of Washington is from the original bust by Cerraci, engraved by PRUD'HOMME. The remaining three pictures, 'New Tomb of the Washington Family,' 'View of Yorktown, Virginia, and the spot where Cornwallis laid down his arms,' and the Birth-place of Washington,' are creditable to the skill of DICK, who is winning deserved repute.

THE CLUB-BOOK: being Original Tales, by JAMES PICKEN, GALT, POWER, JERDAN, GOWER, MOIR, CUNNINGHAM, HOGG, RITCHIE, etc. Two vols. in one. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a collection of tales by English writers of established reputation, many of which will well repay perusal. They are termed '*originals*' in the title-page; yet we are certain that we read two of them some years since. This, however, is not said in disparagement of their merit, since those referred to, 'Eisenbach' and 'The Sleepless Woman,' we especially admire, particularly the latter. There is something singularly wild and original in the idea of a 'sleepless woman' killing her husband, by simply remaining awake night and day. A part of the conclusion of this striking legend is annexed:

"The day darkened into night; and here, according to all regular precedents in romance, hero and heroine ought to be left to themselves; but there never yet was a rule without an exception. However, to infringe upon established custom as little as possible, we will enter into no details of how pretty the bride looked in her nightcap, but proceed forthwith to the baron's first sleep. He dreamed that the sun suddenly shone into his chamber. Dazzled by the glare, he awoke, and found the bright eyes of his bride gazing tenderly on his face. Weary as he was, still he remembered how un-courteous it would be to lie sleeping while she was so wide awake, and he forthwith roused himself as well as he could. Many persons say they can't sleep in a strange bed; perhaps this might be the case with his bride; and in new situations people should have all possible allowance made for them.

"They rose early the following morning, the baroness bright-eyed and blooming as usual, the baron pale and abattu. They wandered through the castle; De Launays told of his uncle's prediction.

" 'How careful I must be of you,' said the bride, smiling; 'I shall be quite jealous.'

"Night came, and again Adolphe was wakened from his first sleep by Clotilde's bright eyes. The third night arrived, and human nature could bear no more.

" 'Good God, my dearest!' exclaimed the husband, 'do you never sleep?'

" 'Sleep!' replied Clotilde, opening her large bright eyes, till they were even twice their usual size and brightness. 'Sleep! one of my noble race sleep! I never slept in my life.'

" 'She never sleeps!' ejaculated the baron, sinking back on his pillow, in horror and exhaustion.

"It had been settled that the young couple should forthwith visit Paris—thither they at once proceeded. The beauty of the baroness produced a most marvellous sensation even in that city of sensations. Nothing was heard of for a week but the enchanting eyes of the Baroness de Launaye. A diamond necklace of a new pattern was invented in her honor, and called *our beaux yeux de Clotilde*.

"'Those eyes,' said a prince of the blood, whose taste in such matters had been cultivated by some years of continual practice, 'those eyes of Madame de Launaye will rob many of our young gallants of their rest.'

"'Very true,' briefly replied her husband.

"Well, the baroness shone like a meteor in every scene, while the baron accompanied her, the spectre of his former self. Sallow, emaciated, every body said he was going into a consumption. Still it was quite delightful to witness the devotedness of his wife—she could scarcely bear him a moment out of her sight."

"'She never sleeps!' exclaimed the miserable Adolphe—'she never sleeps! Day and night her large bright eyes eat like fire into my heart. Oh my uncle, why did not your prophecy, when it warned me against danger, tell me distinctly in what the danger consisted! To have a wife who never sleeps!'"

The *dénouement* of 'Eisenbach' is powerful, and throughout the whole, the continuous attention of the reader is well secured. Let us hope that our own writers may ere long unite their efforts, and give us an *American Club-Book*, worthy the name. The experiment could scarcely fail. It would in our opinion not only be popular, but beneficial to our literature.

HENRY IV. OF GERMANY. A Tragedy. In one volume. New-York: Printed by OSBORN AND BUCKINGHAM.

We owe an apology to the public for having hitherto omitted to notice this tragical tragedy. It contains eighty-five pages, inclusive of the title-page, and list of *dramatis personæ*. Over every act and scene is placed a direction in italic type, giving the reader to know whereabouts in the progress of the story he is to suppose himself to be. These, it should be remarked, are the only places in the volume where any clue of the kind can be obtained. Short lines and brief sentences, in the same conspicuous letters, are scattered at intervals along the text of the work. The whole is neatly printed, upon fine white paper, with a small but clear and legible type; and the pages are, to use the printer's phrase, 'leadéd.' At the extreme end of the book, in capital characters, are these words: 'CURTAIN FALLS.' The binding of the tragedy is of colored muslin, stamped in small dots; and a plain border of impressed and equi-distant lines runs around the outer edge. On the attenuated back is printed, in letters of gold, 'HENRY IV.' In some copies that we have seen, the v. was omitted for want of room. Some idea of the transparent nature of the contents of this volume may be gathered from the following passage, which we take from '*Ne ne Kahyatonhsereadogenhki*,' a volume prepared for the use of the Mohawks, by the learned and ingenious Mr. HILL:

'Yagotenht onhwenjagwegon wahonni yagogenrat-ogon! igen tkagonte ehniyawenh-sere esyagoyendake nahoten ne ayondatkenhronni; nok rotenhtasere netho ronweh ne enharihonni enjonderihwatewahton! Ne kadi wahonni, tokat seenongeh sahsigeh teus ensagaronni, stoekar, isi yasatih: senha wahi yoyanere yahthataseenontshontage enh-sadaweyate jyenhsaonhegeonweh, jiniyoht nahsyatagwegon, nok jiniyenhenwe ojstageh jiyotakha yayesayatonti.'

Those who have perused, and understood as they read, the work under notice will, one would suppose, find no difficulty in comprehending the above eloquent extract. In our judgment, the style of the Mohawk author is by many fold the most perspicuous.

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER. By T. SMOLLET, M. D. With a Memoir of the Author, by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq., and illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. In one volume. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

SHAKESPEARE has said — and the proverb withal is something musty — that it is not an easy matter to gild refined gold, or to paint the lily. With this undeniable truism staring us in the face, we do not feel justified in attempting to enlarge upon the merits of Smollet's works in general, or 'Humphry Clinker' in particular. The perfection of this author's style is, that he has none. Nature herself was his only goddess. Hence he has never been approached by imitation, though numerous attempts have not been wanting. 'Roderick Random' has produced more bastards in wit than even 'Tom Jones.' We once saw a copy of the first-named work that might indeed have been successfully counterfeited. It was one of an edition wherein some amateur benefactor of the human race had expunged what he considered the 'objectionable parts.' How had the fine gold become dim! The strong and judicious masses of light thrown by the hand of the great master upon his portraits were reduced to feeble touches, and the pure and genuine English was half frittered away. Bentley's alteration of Milton was not more ridiculous. Touching the book under notice, however — to return from our digression — it is only needful for us to remark, that it is executed in the usual excellent manner of the publishers, and contains three or four spirited etchings by Cruikshanks. If modern readers have not vitiated their tastes till, 'like a sick girl, they prefer ashes and chalk to beef and mutton,' this is the book for their money.

THE WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN: IN VERSE AND PROSE. With a Life, by REV. JOHN MITFORD. In two volumes. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

TO ENTER into a detail of the characteristics of Dryden as a writer, or to speak in praise of him who has been justly termed the father of English versification, would at the present day be a work of supererogation. Still, it may not be out of place to suggest to our readers the propriety of refreshing their memories by re-perusing from time to time the productions of the good old sterling writers of the Augustan age of English literature, and those of their immediate predecessors — convinced as we are that from such sources more can be drawn, tending to improve the intellect and heart, than from the great majority of modern literary attempts. This may be owing in part to the greater elaborateness and depth of reasoning manifest in them, as also to the greater length of time devoted to their preparation in those days when a book was sometimes the work of the author's life, and generally concentrated the labor of years. Such works afford food for thought, and promote a healthy exercise of the intellectual powers, and are exceedingly difficult to skim through at the rate of a volume per hour.

The edition of Dryden before us is one of the neatest we have ever seen, and as a specimen of art, is very creditable to American typography. Dearborn's edition of standard authors should be on the shelves of every family library, for this, if for no other reason: he has carefully expurgated them of all those portions which, however congenial with the taste of the age in which they lived, are justly regarded as blemishes at the present day. This improvement, alone, should entitle the 'standard edition' to the preference in the minds of the judicious, who may wish to enjoy the beauties of the old writers without being offended with their occasional licentiousness. A fine portrait of Dryden, from the graver of DICK, and a handsome vignette title-page, decorate the volumes.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have been favored with the proof-sheets of an interesting, useful, and agreeable work, now in the press of Messrs. GRIGG AND ELLIOTT, of Philadelphia, entitled 'A pleasant peregrination through the prettiest parts of Pennsylvania, performed by Peregrine Prolix.' Perfectly plain to our perception, is the happy alliteration in this title. Peregrine is not a stranger to us. We have read of his doings and sights at the White Sulphur Springs in the South; we know the ripeness of his scholarship, the placid cordiality of his spirit, and the delicate keenness of his intellectual eye, which, glancing by the way-sides of life, directs thither the attention of his reader, with ample repayment for the same. In his peregrinations through Pennsylvania, he touches of course upon Philadelphia. Hear him :

'What a comfortable place is the city of Penn! How is Philadelphia adorned with neatness and with peace! How do her indwellers linger about her good things, and strangers delight in her rectangles! Several months since we had determined to make a journey through Pennsylvania, to explore her beauties, and survey the works of internal improvement, which have been brought into successful operation, with the good intent of letting our fellow creatures know what has been doing, and what is done; and where and how they may seek health and delight, within her borders. But until to-day the charms of this city have hung with such a weight about the neck of our natural inertia, as to nullify for a time the force of our truant disposition, and to retain us here two months longer than we intended.

'Philadelphia is a flat, rectangular, clean, (almost too clean sometimes, for on Saturdays '*nunquam cessavit lavari, aut fricari, aut tergeri, aut ornari, potiri, pingi, frigi*,'*) uniform, well-built, brick and mortar, (except one stone house,) well-fed and watered, well-clad, moral, industrious, manufacturing, rich, sober, quiet, good-looking city. The Delaware washes its eastern and the Schuylkill its western front. The distance between the two rivers is one mile and three quarters, which space on several streets is nearly filled with houses. Philadelphia looks new, and is new, and like Jumbo always will be new; for the inhabitants are constantly pulling down and new-vamping their houses. The *furor delendi* with regard to old houses, is as rife in the bosoms of her citizens, as it was in the breast of old Cato with regard to Carthage. A respectable looking old house is now a rare thing, and except the venerable edifice of Christ Church in Second above Market Street, we should hardly know where to find one.

'The dwelling-houses in the principal streets are all very much alike, having much the air of brothers, sisters and cousins of the same family; like the supernumerary figures in one of West's historical paintings, or like all the faces in all of Stothard's designs. They are nearly all three stories high, faced with beautiful red unpainted Philadelphia brick, and have water tables and steps of white marble, kept so painfully clean as to make one fear to set his foot on them. The roofs are in general of cedar, cypress or pine shingles; the continued use of which is probably kept up (for there is plenty of slate,) to afford the fire-companies a little wholesome exercise.'

After a fair and free discussion of some of the excellent institutions of the city, the peaceful Peregrine discourseth upon the climate. Experience has taught us, that what he says in this regard is gospel. We confirm and bear witness therunto. We have sweltered there in the early summer; we have wheeled upon the Delaware over the glassy ice, and imbibed mulled wine at Smith's Island, and at Kaign's Point, likewise. We have seen a bevy of quaker forms, of our sex, gliding up that river under full sail; and we have pushed our steel-clad way from the Navy-Yard to Kensington: we have been rowed by the Regatta Club from Fairmount to Belmont Cottage, of a sum-

* 'Plautus, *Penuli*, Act i., sc. 2, l. 10.'

mer evening ; and with these credentials to back our opinion, we again vouch for the fidelity of Prolix his dissertation on the climates of that meridian :

'The climate of Philadelphia is variable, and exhibits (in the shade,) all the degrees of temperature that are contained between the tenth below, and the ninetieth above zero, on the scale of Fahrenheit. In general, winter does not begin seriously until after Christmas, but he sometimes lingers too long in the lap of spring, and leaves a bridge of ice on the noble river Delaware until the tenth of March.

There are generally three or four weeks of severe cold, during which the thermometer sometimes at night sinks below zero, and sometimes during the day does not rise to the point of thaw. This period is generally enlivened by two or three snow storms, which set in motion the rapid sleighs, the jingle of whose lively bells is heard through day and night. The Delaware is not frozen over every winter, but there is always made an ample supply of fine crystalline ice to last the citizens until the next winter. The annual average duration of interrupted navigation may be four or five weeks. In March there is sometimes a little Scotch weather, in which Sawney would rub his hands and tell you, here is a fine cauld blawey anawey rainy day. There is however not much such weather, though the March winds have been known to blow (as Paddy would say,) even in the first week in April ; after which spring begins with tears and smiles to coax the tardy vegetation into life.

Spring is short and vegetation rapid. Summer sprinkles a day here and there in May, and sets in seriously to toast people in June ; during which month there are generally six or eight days whose average temperature reaches the altissimum of summer heat. In July the days are hot, but there is some relief at night ; whilst in August the fiery day is but a prelude to a baking night ; and the whole city has the air of an enormous oven.* The extremely hot weather does not continue more than six weeks, and so far from being a misfortune, it is a great advantage to the inhabitants ; for it makes every body that can spare twenty dollars, take a pleasant journey every year, whereby their minds are expanded, their manners improved, and they return with a double zest to the enjoyments of Philadelphia, having learned, *quantum est in rebus inane*, that is, in the rebuses of other places.

The autumn, or as the Philadelphians call it, the fall, is the most delightful part of the year, and is sometimes eked out by the Indian summer as far as Christmas. The fall begins in the first half of September and generally lasts until the middle of November, when it is succeeded by the Indian summer ; a pleasant period of two or three weeks, in which the mornings, evenings and nights are frosty, and the days comfortably warm and a little hazy. The Indians are supposed to have employed this period in hunting and laying in game for winter's use, before the long-knives made game of them.'

We have scarcely got into this volume yet ; and we promise ourselves much pleasure in its complete perusal. It will be found a useful book ; for, if we mistake not, aside from its classical allusions and literary merit, it will be one of the best guides to the traveler in Pennsylvania, ever produced in so unpretending a way.

AMERICAN LITERATURE—INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND. — Congress has done nothing on this subject, thus far, during the present session. The great number and high importance of the matters urged upon their attention have as yet prevented any action on a measure which we deem as important to the stability and success of our free institutions as any that can be named. It were an easy task to show how much of anti-American and anti-republican text and doctrine is circulated through our confederacy in the shape of floating literature. It were easy to show, how the sober virtues and the honest aims of the *People* are made to be viewed with derision, by the re-produced feeling of European forms and customs, awakened by the cheap works that reach us from abroad. Give us the copy-right law required, and the gifted alone would receive their reward. We shall resume this subject, and discuss it more fully, anon.

* 'The season of the dog days. A witty Philadelphia lady being once asked, how many dog days there are, answered that there must be a great many, for every dog has his day. At that time the city abounded in dogs, but the corporation has since made fierce war upon them, with a view perhaps of lessening the number of dog days, and improving the climate, by curtailing those incontinent beasts.'

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — 'THE JEWESS.' — This is a translation, or rather an alteration by Planché, from Scribe's '*La Juive*.' It was performed in London with uncommon splendor, at the principal theatres, to the manifest advantage, it is said, of the treasures thereof, and has been brought forward at the Park Theatre during the past month with equal magnificence of scenery, dress, and decoration. 'The Jewess' was originally intended to be produced in London as an opera, the part of *Rachel* written and arranged for Mrs. Wood; but the music not being of a character likely to please that lady, the design was altered, and the part given we believe, simply as it now stands, to Miss Ellen Tree. The principal characters of this drama are effective, and the language decidedly superior to the common rant and fustian of melo-dramatic compositions. Mr. HARRISON makes much of the character of the Jew *Eleazer*, particularly in the last act. His scene with *Cardinal de Brogny*, previous to the application of the torture, is a noble specimen of melo-dramatic acting — possessing, as delineated by Mr. Harrison, all the effective excellence of that department of the drama, with much of the loftier and more delicate attributes of tragedy. Mrs. HILSON succeeded with the part of *Rachel* better than could be hoped, considering her very delicate person, and the great physical effort necessary to the part. Some of the more quiet scenes with her father, were given with truth and feeling. Mrs. GURNER was every inch a princess, and seemed as if she had worn the rank and the robes all her days. Mr. MASON gave to his part all that it required, and that indeed is praiseworthy in Mr. MASON. We only wish the part required more. The procession in the second act is the most magnificent affair that we have ever witnessed, on the Park stage, in that line, and Mr. Blakeley's *horæ* is conspicuous therein. The scenery, dresses, and embellishments of this piece are superb, and far beyond precedent. The scenery is altogether very imposing, and will add much to the well-earned reputation of Mr. Evers. The ballet in the second act is arranged with much skill, and the dancing of the Misses PARKERS meets with general approbation — a feeling which we wish could be experienced for the efforts of the rest of the *Corps du Ballet* — but really, some of the ladies do fling about their pedal extremities in such shocking bad taste, and with such an apparent recklessness of tenure, that we have absolutely trembled, lest some pairs of these useful members should become disjointed, and thus clandestinely sent flying into the pit.

OPERA, AND THE WOODS. — Again, after filling the Bostonians with delight, and rousing into ecstasies the quiet sensibilities of the good and grave citizens of Philadelphia, the Woods and Brough have returned to us, and *La Somnambula* is again queen of the ascendant at the Park Theatre. Rapture is the order of the day, when speaking of this opera and its performers; and the whole vocabulary of praise has been exhausted in encomiums upon Mrs. Wood for her exquisite acting of the part of *Amina*, as well as for her wonderful musical powers, displayed in the execution of its soul-thrilling melodies. Mr. Wood has met with the like encomiums. The irresistible 'False one, I love thee still!' has won all hearts, and all hands; whilst the *Count Rhodolpho* has found in Mr. Brough a representative which has left nothing to be desired in the three great characters of this charming opera. But if we were in rhapsodies at its first representation, at the Park, what should be our state now, when witnessing its performance, improved, in every particular belonging to these characters, by almost three months of constant practice? It was hard to believe that there could be improvement where every thing seemed already and at once to have reached the climax of perfection. It has happened, nevertheless. Mrs. Wood has improved. There are passages of the music which she now renders with a more thrilling effect — points which she makes decidedly more emphatic, and there is an added charm of ease over all, which enriches and mellows the beauties of the character. Mr. Wood has improved, in like manner. The minutæ of the stage business has become more familiar to him. The gem of the

music now shines brighter than ever, and there appears to be no situation in which he is placed, or point in the character which he has not studied and compassed to perfection. Mr. Brough has improved, and not slightly, either. He sings with more ease; his acting is more natural, and consequently less stiff and restrained, and there is now a certain repose and quiet in his manner 'which were not there before.' Altogether, this opera has become an immense favorite — greater now than ever — and all the fault we have to find with the good people of Boston and Philadelphia is, that they have absolutely forestalled all the epithets of encomium and admiration which we would otherwise bestow upon it. What have we left to say, after all their expletives of ecstatic admiration? Not content, either, with exhausting the language in its praise, they have by every other means possible to the occasion evidenced their worship. But we are not to be outdone, and we venture to predict — albeit not a Jeremiah — that the opera '*La Somnambula*' has yet to receive a triumph in New-York that will eclipse all its previous glories. c.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — '*The Jewess*,' as produced at the Victoria Theatre London, in connexion with the still attractive *Norman Leslie*, has during the month crowded this establishment nightly with eager and admiring audiences. The scenery, dresses, and decorations of the former play by far exceed in splendor those of any other piece ever presented on the Bowery boards, and have elicited great and deserved praise. The principal characters were confided to actors fully able to render good justice to their personation. '*Rienzi*,' from Bulwer's popular novel of that name, is in progress of preparation by Miss MEDINA. It affords a fine field for her acknowledged dramatic powers.

FRANKLIN THEATRE. — Perhaps theatricals were never more popular in New-York than at the present moment. The Franklin Theatre has been crowded, as we learn, nearly every night, for the last four weeks. Among other attractions, Mr. J. R. SCOTT has been conspicuous. He has been through with his usual routine of characters, in *Richard III.*, *Venice Preserved*, *Damon and Pythias*, etc. The improvement of this gentleman, arising from enlarged experience and close study, is not less honorable to himself than gratifying to his friends.

'AMERICAN CRITICISM ON AMERICAN LITERATURE,' is the title of a Lecture delivered before the *New-York Mercantile Library Association* in December last, by EDWARD S. GOULD, Esq. It deprecates the frequent lavish praise bestowed upon native authors by the daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications of America. Many of Mr. Gould's assumptions are vigorously supported, and by sound argument. We believe that the delinquency of which he complains has its origin, *mainly*, in an honorable motive — a disposition to encourage and foster American literature. It cannot be denied, however, that national partialities, or other less creditable causes, have misled many in this matter. The *real* genius of our country will be best sustained by just criticism, and not by excessive indulgence. While we reprobate the sometime unfairness and injustice of foreigners toward American authors, we should avoid the opposite extreme of too highly extolling those indigenous efforts which are unworthy of commendation — a course which can only serve to fill our country with crude productions. Fair, gentle and enlightened criticism will always in the end afford the most effectual encouragement to genuine merit. Praise of the indifferent in matters of literature is not, however, so very peculiar to, or remarkably preëminent in America, as Mr. Gould would seem to suppose. 'It hath been already of old time, which was before us.' Great

Britain is not a particularly fortunate comparison. Goldsmith somewhere tells us, that even in his day he reckoned up, in less than the compass of half a year, (on the authority of contemporary periodicals,) twenty-five great men, twenty very great men, and seventeen very extraordinary men: and he complains that a poet stringing up trite or weak sentiments in rhyme, and a pedant digesting his common-place book into a folio, were sharers in this critical glory. We fear that in this matter 'the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done' hereafter.

After all, undue adulation is an evil which eventually works its own cure. One of the best of English prose writers has well and truly said, that in relation to the merits of candidates for literary favor, the public, collectively considered, is sometimes mistaken, but to make amends, it is never mistaken long. 'A performance, indeed, may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks. Time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud.' This is solemn verity. Where lives the critic who could write down Washington Irving? — and what concentrated or reverberated puffing could elevate the novels (heaven save the mark!) or verses of the author of 'The Wilderness' and 'The Antediluvians' to a respectable or continuous notoriety? Let then the American author who it may chance shall hereafter (for such things have been, and if we read aright the literary signs of the times, are likely to be again,) grow lofty and dictatorial, from forced and temporary success, weigh well the penalty which attends the occupancy — however gained — of an undeserved and consequently 'bad eminence.'

LITERARY RECORD.

DICK'S 'MENTAL ILLUMINATION.' — A valuable donation to the American public will be found in a volume recently issued by MESSRS. KEY AND BIDDLE, Philadelphia, on the mental illumination and moral improvement of mankind; or, an inquiry into the means by which a general diffusion of knowledge and moral principle may be promoted. The work is by THOMAS DICK, L. L. D., author of several volumes which have acquired much celebrity. In the present work, the writer has exhibited a brief outline of the whole series of instruction requisite for man — 'considered as an intelligent moral agent destined to immortality' — from the earliest dawn of reason to the period of manhood. From the expansive nature of the project, the work is necessarily *but* an outline; yet the following imperfect synopsis of the contents will afford some idea of the extent of topic embraced: Present state of education in different countries; strictures on the mode in which education has generally been conducted; hints in reference to a comprehensive and improved system of education; on infant schools; on schools for young persons, from five or six, to fourteen years of age; method of teaching, and the departments of knowledge which should be taught in every seminary; moral and religious instruction; sabbath schools; schools for young persons, from fourteen to twenty, and upward; of the qualification of teachers; of the practicability and utility of establishing seminaries for intellectual and universal education; principles of a national system of education; its maxima, or first principles; mechanics' institution; and miscellaneous hints in reference to the diffusion of knowledge, and the improvement of society. Entirely destitute of that dry and frigid style which sometimes characterizes books of a similar description, this work will commend itself to general regard not more from its excellent matter than its attractive manner. It is illustrated with several wood cuts.

'CORRECTED PROOFS.' — RUSSELL, SHATTUCK AND WILLIAMS, Boston, have published a work under this title, by H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq. It is composed of articles which have been well received in a separate form, and which will doubtless meet with equal if not greater favor, now that they are gathered together.

THE NAVAL MAGAZINE. — We take pleasure in announcing the first number of a Magazine thus entitled, which is to appear once in two months, under the editorial supervision of Rev. C. S. STEWART, M. A., whose 'Voyages and Travels' have made favorably known to the reading public of England and America. Mr. Stewart is to be aided in his labors by an able advisory committee, among whom we remark the names of COM. RIDGLEY and LIEUTENANT SLIDELL. The work will be issued under the auspices of the Naval Lyceum, a flourishing institution established at Brooklyn in 1833. The aid of literary gentlemen, in the service and elsewhere, is solicited, in furnishing original papers on 'subjects directly or collaterally connected with the elucidation and diffusion of nautical and general science, and professional knowledge, whether in reference to astronomy and navigation, the construction, stowage, and equipment of ships, either for the naval or merchant service, or to their police and discipline;' articles in polite literature, and essays upon the moral, physical and exact sciences, in their various relations, will also be acceptable, and will form a portion of the contents of the work. The Naval Magazine is executed in a superior manner, upon a large clear type, and fine white paper. There is no lack of talent in the American navy, and that of the right description for such a journal. We confidently anticipate, therefore, its complete success.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS. — Messrs. KEY AND BIDDLE, Philadelphia, have issued four or five works, of great utility to schools and families, which we shall briefly designate :

HISTORY OF GREECE. — Pinnock's improved edition of Goldsmith's History of Greece, abridged for the use of schools, deserves the same praise which we recently awarded to the History of Rome, by the same author. The work has been revised, corrected, and much enlarged by the addition of many new chapters and useful notes, together with questions for examination at the end of each section. The concluding chapters contain some account of Grecian literature and philosophy, calculated to excite in the youthful student a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with those works. The volume is illustrated with thirty-two tolerable (and barely) engravings on wood.

SACRED HISTORY. — 'Outlines of Sacred History; from the creation of the world to the destruction of Jerusalem. With questions for examination. Intended for the use of schools and families.' Some two hundred and sixty well-printed pages are here devoted to a valuable summary of Sacred History, intended to suit the wants and wishes of youth, without being unworthy the notice of persons of a maturer age. The author has, we think, judiciously 'confined himself simply to the narration of the *facts* in that great scheme of Providence which unites the history of man's creation with that of his redemption,' leaving to others the task of stating the doctrines of which these facts form the foundation. The present edition, which is enlarged and improved, contains wood-cuts illustrative of the text.

HISTORY OF THE DELUGE. — The nature of this little book is sufficiently expressed in its title: 'Sacred History of the Deluge illustrated; and corroborated by tradition, mythology, and geology. Adapted to courses of Scripture study in colleges and higher seminaries, and to general use.' The author is FRANCIS FELLOWES, A. M. Of the introductory essay on the study of the Scriptures, as a part of liberal education, by the Rev. CHAUNCEY COLTON, we have heretofore spoken in these pages.

THE ZODIAC, a monthly periodical published at Albany, to which we have heretofore favorably referred, seems to be steadily gaining in general esteem. Its publishers are enabled, from its increased success, to offer liberal premiums for articles in prose and verse. The work is conducted with ability, and has earned its popularity.

PROFESSIONAL YEARS OF BISHOP HOBART.—It is our intention in a subsequent number to devote to this recent and interesting volume that needful time and space which we cannot now command. 'The Professional Years' is a sequel to the 'Early Years' of this loved and gifted prelate, and is from the pen of a ripe scholar and able writer—JOHN McVICKAR, D. D.,—in all respects an appropriate biographer of such an ecclesiastic and man as was Bishop HOBART. If the publication of the 'Closing Years' is to depend alone upon the favorable reception of the work before us, the author will, we confidently predict, be ere long called upon to redeem his tacit pledge to the public.

FRANCIS' TRANSLATION OF HORACE.—These volumes make numbers eighteen and nineteen of Harpers' *Classical Family Library*, and contain a translation of Horace which, by common consent, is allowed to be the best in the English language, together with many imitations and translations of particular odes and satires, by different eminent individuals. Although the peculiar charm of Horace evaporates more in the translation than that of almost any other author, it has been preserved to a certain extent in the imitations and free versions to which we have referred, and we think the work of Francis much improved by their insertion. The enterprise of the BROTHERS HARPER, in thus supplying the community with useful works at an extremely low rate, cannot be too much lauded.

POPERY.—MR. JOHN S. TAYLOR has published 'Thoughts on Popery: by Rev. WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D., late pastor of a church in Baltimore.' A glance through the book shows us that it is written with spirit, and that the author has taken the advice of the apostle, and 'used all plainness of speech' in the discussion of his various divisions of subject matter.

COX ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL.—C. C. P. CROSSY, Clinton Hall, has published in a neat volume 'Outlines of Lectures on the Book of Daniel. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D. D., LL. D.' It is the first American edition of a work which has acquired reputation in England, but which we have not as yet found leisure to peruse.

BULWER'S WORKS.—'Paul Clifford' forms the fourth number of HARPER'S new and enlarged edition of Bulwer's novels. Its externals and typography are of the same excellence which has characterized the precedent volumes of the series. We cannot say as much for the engravings, which are blurred and indistinct.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS ABROAD.—DR. RUSCHENBERGER, author of 'Three years in the Pacific,' who sailed eleven months since from the United States in the sloop-of-war *Peacock*, (from which vessel, until recently, no intelligence had been received,) was at Bombay on the 24th of October, on the eve of pursuing his voyage. He has commenced a second work for the press, to embrace the events of his present interesting expedition. We hope soon to be enabled to present our readers with some of his promised sketches. PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW has passed the winter at Heidelberg, on the Neckar. Indisposition, and domestic affliction in the loss of his amiable and accomplished lady, at Rotterdam, have prevented his appearance in our pages since leaving America. From these gentlemen, as well as from Mr BROOKS, and our correspondent G. W. GREENE, Esq., now in Italy, we have good reason to anticipate valuable as well as seasonable aid. Many of our readers will be gratified to learn, that we have the like prospect in regard to the Rev. Dr. HAWKS, who has but recently sailed for Europe.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 5.

GEOLOGY AND REVEALED RELIGION.*

THE science of geology is emphatically a *recent* science, but one which, either in its scientific or theological bearings, has aroused the attention and awakened the interest of nearly the whole community. It is even now little more than half a century since the publication of Werner's *New System of Mineralogy* first announced to the world the outlines of a new 'theory of the earth' — an announcement that called the minds of philosophers from the hypothetical field of speculation, and directed them to an examination of the rocks which compose the surface of the globe. Though Werner did not rise completely above the 'spirit of his age' — a love of system making — and though he failed in his attempts to *guess* the causes which operated, and still continue to operate, producing such wonderful changes upon the surface of the globe — changes and revolutions, the evidence of which presents itself to the geologist in every step of his career, and at every turn of his path — yet he may justly claim, and posterity will award him, the honor of arresting the airy flights of fancy — of prostrating the fictions of the imagination, on a subject possessed of such substantial realities as the rocks, the mountains, and 'the everlasting hills.' It is true that he did not discover the true theory of the earth, but it is no less certain, that he was a pioneer in the business of collecting, arranging, and digesting known facts, and that he led the van in making new observations on the same subject. *He* in fact created a new science — one that has advanced with unparalleled rapidity from infancy to manhood, which at every period of its history has enrolled among its advocates and supporters many of the brightest intellects the world ever saw, the extent of whose acquirements have only been equalled by the multitude and magnitude of their labors.

This science has two objects in view: first, to observe, examine, and collect all the facts relative to the present state of the globe — the position, actual and relative — the succession, order, and inclination of all the rocks which compose its surface — their mineralogical character and contents — the remains, fossil and organic, which there lie en-

- * 1. The Connection between Geology and the Pentateuch: by THOMAS COOPER, M. D. Columbia, 1835.
2. The Consistency of the Discoveries of Modern Geology with the Sacred History of the Creation and the Deluge: by PROFESSOR SILLIMAN, of Yale College. 8vo. New-Haven, 1833.
3. Connection between Geology and the Mosaic history: by PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK. Biblical Repository, Nos. 18 and 20.
4. Critical examination of some passages in the first of Genesis, with remarks on the difficulties that attend some of the present modes of geological reasoning: by M. STUART. Biblical Repository, No. 21.

tomed ; the changes it is now undergoing, or which it has undergone ; together with the causes now operating upon and within it, causing or preventing such changes. And second, by reasoning, most purely inductive, to arrange and systematize the results of these examinations and observations, and from them to deduce such conclusions as they may warrant.

The former of these pursuits forms the *scientific*, the latter the *theoretic* branch of geology. The conclusions thus drawn should not be, as they often have been, confounded with the many crude conjectures, the many wild hypotheses that have been broached. *These* form no part of the science. They are the fictions of an unbridled fancy, or a wild enthusiasm ; and while the former are to be regarded as certainties, the latter are at most but probabilities. This difference will be best illustrated by an example. The former declares *coal* to be of *vegetable* origin, and compels us to believe that the period necessary for its formation must have been immensely long, while the latter undertakes to decide with certainty how long that period must have been. Now the first of these conclusions is to be set down as *matter of fact*, but the latter is to be regarded only as a *curious speculation*. It is by mistaking the true nature of the subject — by confounding fiction with fact — that men, ignorant of the science, have been led to accuse geologists of holding opinions extravagant and absurd ; and this confusion and misunderstanding are the less pardonable, inasmuch as the differences to which we allude are apparent on almost every page of every work of authority on the subject.

By reasoning in the same manner, *theoretical geology* has shown, that the materials which now compose the crust of the globe existed at some former period in a different or chaotic state — that fire and water have been the principal agents in reducing them to form and shape — that marine animals and plants existed for ages before land animals inhabited the globe — that land animals existed for a long period before the creation of man — that the surface of the globe has undergone numerous revolutions, which entombed the beings then inhabiting it, and raised the land from beneath the ocean — and that the period of time necessary for this must have been indefinitely long.

To this point have we arrived by the most logical deductions — conclusions which no well-educated geologist will either doubt or deny ; and about which there is, among men of science, no dispute. No matter what their religion, here there is no difference. Christian and infidel, deist and atheist, on this subject think alike. But though there is this conformity of opinion among men of science, these conclusions are not permitted to go unassailed ; and among their opponents, the latest — *perhaps* the ablest — is Prof. Stuart, of Andover, in the article standing last in our list.

A few suggestions are here presented for the consideration of those who might be influenced by the article of the learned professor. It is not, however, to exculpate ourselves from the charge of contradicting the Mosaic record, that these remarks are here offered. We confidently rely upon the truths of revelation, and are no less persuaded of the infallibility of the evidence of nature. Geologists have simply taken the testimony of nature, as it is presented by Nature's God, and if there be any contradiction between that and the first of Genesis, the fault is not in them, nor yet in the science they delight in.

Nor is the task of reconciliation theirs. When Copernicus and Galileo had fully established the true solar system, it belonged not to them, as astronomers, to show that their conclusions did not contradict the sacred record. As theologians, they might have attempted it; but as men of science, they could not be required to do it. So in regard to geology. If the conclusions of geologists, when properly drawn, do in fact contradict the first chapter of Genesis, or rather a particular interpretation of it, the business of reconciliation belongs not to them, but to the philologist and the theologian. That there is a direct and pointed contradiction between the conclusions of geologists, as to the *time* occupied in the creation, that is, in the formation and arrangement of the rocky strata which compose the crust of the earth, and the *popular* interpretation of the first of Genesis, is not doubted or denied. Here then is full scope for the philologist and theologian to prove, either that the conclusions of geologists are not well drawn, that the supposed facts are unsound, or that the common understanding of that chapter is altogether erroneous. Every attempt to substantiate the first two suppositions has hitherto, and we predict that such attempts always will, prove utter failures; and strange to say, most of these men deny, most vehemently, the correctness of the other's alternative. Geologists, therefore, out of respect to the feelings of their fellow citizens, have attempted to show in what manner this collision may be obviated, and the first of Genesis and the conclusions of science both maintain their integrity.

It must be borne in mind, that in reference to the first chapter of Genesis, the community is to be divided into three classes—Christian geologists, infidel geologists, and philologists. We use the term 'infidel' as relating solely to the first of Genesis; for we are not unaware that many who claim and who deserve the name of Christian, do not believe that this chapter is entitled to a place in the sacred canon; but on this point, and on this subject they are infidel, or unbelieving. So, too, we use the word 'philologist' to include that class of men whom Prof. Stuart claims to represent; but not those many honorable exceptions we might mention, to whom our censures would be by no means applicable.

The infidel geologist, finding the discrepancy we have alluded to, hesitates not to believe that the cosmogony of the first of Genesis must give way to the evidence of nature; but the Christian geologist replies, 'Not so fast: in the present state of science, it is premature to infer any actual disagreement between geology and the true intent and meaning of the narrative; beside, yield to this chapter the same latitude of construction you unhesitatingly give the sacred record in other places, and there is room enough for the most extravagant demands of geology.' Various modes of interpretation have been suggested, in which this reconciliation may be brought about, without doing violence, it is said, to the language of the narration. Of these, one assigns a figurative sense to the word day, and makes it denote a period of indefinite extent, while another supposes that an immense interval of time elapsed between the creation 'in the beginning,' and the commencement of the first *demiurgic* day.

These two opinions, with their modifications, comprehend nearly if not quite every Christian geologist—opinions, which, according to Dr. Cooper and Prof. Stuart, are equally false. The professor may

start to find himself laboring side by side with a man holding such religious sentiments (*if any*) as Dr. Cooper is supposed to maintain; and we confess that we have often wondered that this class of men do not perceive that none but the infidel would be benefited should the philologists be able to establish their point; and we think that justice to the doctor, whose philological notions are in perfect accordance with the professor's, should have induced him to give his book at least a passing notice.

The professor seems to be aware that if the case, as we have stated it, be fully made out, the burden of proof will devolve upon him, and that geologists might if disposed sit silently by while he defended the Mosaic record against the attacks of Dr. Cooper and his associates on the one hand, and the conclusions of geology on the other. He has therefore attempted to destroy the certainty of our conclusions, partly by disproving our facts, and partly by proving an *alibi*. This attempt has proved to be a most decided failure—the causes of which, and the errors into which it has led, it has now become our duty to search out and expose.

The first error we shall notice, is a fault in his 'principles of interpretation,' in the validity of his 'laws of exegesis.' We shall not now enter into an examination of his *philology*, in the sense in which he uses the term: we shall concern ourselves only with the correctness of those principles he has adopted to guide him in the controversy.

'The question,' says the professor, 'what Moses meant? is one of *philology*. If you say that geology must be studied as one of the means of rightly understanding so ancient a writer, then I ask simply, whether this ancient writer's words were modified at all, or in any way affected by the shape or discoveries of modern science? To this question there can be but one answer, and that in the negative. If then Moses knew nothing of present geology, and had no design to teach any thing respecting it, how can we, in expounding his language, bring geology as it now is to bear upon the interpretation? So far as I have any knowledge of the laws of exegesis, this cannot be done with any degree of propriety. If *modern sciences* are to be resorted to, in order to explain the words of an ancient writer, sciences of which he knew nothing, and therefore could teach nothing, then we do not interpret the sense of an ancient writer—we do not make a sense *out of* his words; but (as the Germans express it,) '*we interpret one into his words*.' (pp. 52, 53.) The plain English of this quotation, is, *Moses knew nothing of the subjects about which geology is conversant, and therefore could teach nothing; and hence the conclusions of geologists are not to be taken into consideration in construing his language.* To understand the force and tendency of this reasoning, we must first ascertain how far the first of Genesis and geology have any thing in common. The design of that chapter is evidently to inform men of the fact, order, succession, and time of creation; and *theoretical geology*, we have seen, leads us to consider the same subjects. But it is the *time* only that is in dispute, and on this point it is admitted that there is a direct contradiction between the conclusions of geologists and the popular interpretation of that chapter—to avoid which, Christian geologists propose to give some portion of the narrative a latitude of construction—an extent of signification—beyond what would naturally have been assigned to

the words before the discoveries in science had been made. To this Prof. Stuart objects, as contrary to the principles of interpretation, and opposed to the laws of exegesis. To determine the validity of this objection, we must inquire into the means of knowledge possessed by the author of that chapter; for we agree most fully with the professor, that sciences of which an ancient writer knew nothing, he could teach nothing, and that such are not to be taken into consideration while interpreting his language.

There are but two possible human modes of obtaining a knowledge of any physical fact — our own observation and experience, and the observation and experience of others; but neither of these could have been of any avail in regard to the circumstances attending the creation, inasmuch as that transpired before man was called into existence — unless, indeed, it was by a long, attentive, and careful series of geological observations. That any such observations had been made, previous to the composition of this chapter, is not pretended, but on the contrary expressly denied. Moses, therefore, or whoever was the original author of the first of Genesis, could have known nothing concerning the *time* or even the fact of a creation from this source; and hence, if he knew any thing about the subject, he must have obtained that knowledge by *inspiration*. It must have been inspiration, too, of the highest kind; *a direct and immediate communication from heaven*, of the knowledge of facts which could not have been otherwise known. There can be no middle ground. That narrative must be *fact* or *fiction*. If the former, then is it inspiration; if the latter, then is the professor's exegesis and our review in vain. If inspiration, then is it not to be considered as the mere language of an inspired writer of that era, but rather as a general outline of the creation, as related by the Creator himself — Moses, like the writers of the prophecies, being merely the medium of communication; and as the Being who framed and fashioned the whole system of the universe must have been acquainted with all the facts in all the sciences, therefore it would seem that not geology alone, but also all the natural sciences should be taken into consideration, in construing the language of the narrative. This conclusion is not affected by any view we may take of the *effect* of inspiration. Is the author considered merely as an amanuensis? — as simply writing the language dictated to him? Then has his knowledge of the creation nothing to do with the meaning of the narrative. Or if it be supposed that the whole subject was revealed to the author, and that he chose such language as best suited his taste and judgment, then was he complete master of all that geology has discovered, or ever will discover. But on either supposition, the study of geology is necessary to a correct understanding of the history, inasmuch as it formed a part of the information of the author.

This conclusion cannot be avoided by those who believe in the divine inspiration of the first of Genesis, but to those who deny it — to those who place that chapter on a level with Homer and Herodotus — with the cosmogonies of the Egyptians and Persians, the professor's rules of criticism will appear reasonable — as they are in all cases where inspiration is not concerned — and the results, to such persons, will seem inevitable.

We are unable to divine the professor's object in introducing this

specimen of German exegesis into an article where he admits the inspiration of the narrative to which he would apply it, unless it were the fear that the reader would forget his acquaintance with that princely race of critics; but if he had bestowed a *second* thought upon his composition, he would have perceived how totally inapplicable are those rules, how completely dissimilar are the two principles of interpretation he has attempted to unite. It is immaterial for our purpose whether the narrative in question be the work of Moses, Ezra, or some other person — whether the chapter originally formed a part of the book of Genesis, or has since been added, or whether the book itself be an original work, or a compilation: it is either fact or fable; if *fact*, then is it inspiration, and our remarks are applicable; if *fable*, then is the professor's exegesis relevant, and the conclusion to which it leads unavoidable.

We leave out of consideration such things as the professor supposes may be spoken of '*optically*' — things which relate only to the *philosophical opinions* of that day, the truth or falsity of which are in no wise affected by any allusion to them in the sacred history. These *optical relations* are mere *statements of appearances*, requiring no inspiration to reveal them, but being the result of the most common observation, recorded in the current language of the day, and influenced of course by the circumstances under which the author wrote, by the philosophy and science of the age, by the state of civilization, and the progress of the arts, and being more or less intelligible, as the allusion is direct or incidental. All passages, therefore, which are to be understood as relating things in an *optical* sense, are but historical accounts of the peculiar notions on those subjects, prevalent in the days of the author, which to be true, as well as to be intelligible, must have been clothed in the popular language of the day; and inspiration only guarantees that these statements are correct, not that the opinions themselves are philosophically true.

But this mode of reasoning is not applicable to the first of Genesis, inasmuch as that is not a relation of appearances, but an attempt to state facts which could be known only by divine inspiration, and hence no part of it can be understood *optically*, though much, and for aught that we know, all of it may be understood figuratively; but if the only *legitimate principles of interpretation* compel us to believe, as is alleged by the professor, that the first of Genesis teaches a creation from nothing within the space of six natural days, and also that the *firmament* mentioned in the seventh verse is an expanse, solid and extended, retaining the waters above, i. e. those which fall in showers of rain, and that the whole narrative is a literal matter of fact relation, then we say there is not a man of sense in the community, whether Christian or infidel, but would instantly reject the narrative as preposterous and absurd. But we are no advocates for a licentious construction of the sacred history. We take it as we find it, confident that there is nothing on its pages which will contradict the conclusions of any science, understanding it literally where the subject seems to demand it, and figuratively where the sense or the facts require it. Nor is this figurative sense an objection to its divine original. The prophecies of old were all of this nature, many of which, at the present moment, are as little understood as when they were first declared. So, much of the teaching of our Saviour

was under the similitude of a parable; without which it is said he spake not.

Should it be said that our mode of reasoning makes the first of Genesis the final arbiter of the truth of the conclusions of geologists, we answer no. The conclusions of natural science, when properly drawn, are as certain as the facts from which they are deduced; and the result at which we arrive by our examinations and observations in any department of nature can be destroyed only by proving that the supposed facts are not facts, or that they do not warrant our inferences; and inasmuch as the facts themselves exist independent of the first of Genesis, the inferences drawn from them cannot be controlled by any thing in that chapter.

So, too, it is a misconstruction of the strong confidence in the *agreement of truths* discovered by different means, which pervades the geological works of Prof. Sedgwick, and is to be found in this review, and which must always animate the breast of every Christian philosopher, that has led Prof. Stuart to charge his brother professor 'with assuming for himself a large share of knowledge and infallibility, of deciding *ex cathedra* upon a subject of immense magnitude and intricacy, with a categorical air,' (p. 54.) and which has led him to infer, 'that the English professor has dug as little and as shallow for Hebrew roots' as he thinks 'the Penns and the Nolans have for rocks.'

There is another point which, in the mind of the professor, 'is somewhat radical in a business like our present one;' and which is contained in the following question: '*Where among them all, (i. e. geologists,) is ONE profound critic and interpreter of the Scriptures: or where has there ever been one?*' (p. 54.) An answer to such a question is unnecessary. It contains no argument, and can lead to none, and it manifests any thing but a spirit of inquiry in the proposer. But we might answer this question as our countrymen are accustomed to reply, by asking another not less 'radical' in its operation: When has any man been found, who *boasted himself* of being a profound critic and interpreter of the Scriptures, that has not manifested the most bitter hostility to every new discovery in science? — or when has the world been indebted to a clerical professor for the advancement of science?

But we leave this head, and proceed to point out a *second* source of error in the professor's article, viz., omitting to notice works entitled to high credit, and quoting those of no authority on the subject to which they relate. He has, however, undertaken to make amends in some measure for the defect of this omission, and to supply in some degree the lack of authority on the part of his favorite authors, by bestowing upon them studied eulogies. This is more particularly the case with Sharon Turner, the professor's principal — we had almost said his only geological authority — a man whose opinion on a question of Saxon history and antiquities might be considered as decisive, but whose knowledge of the geological and relative position of rocks is to be inferred from his acquaintance with Saxon manuscripts — a rule of logic we are not able to comprehend. This man is characterized by the professor as 'an excellent observer of nature,' (p. 79.) 'a veteran in the natural sciences, who has spent his life in the animated pursuit of them, and near the close of it, has given the result of his thoughts and examinations in relation to the subject before us.' (p. 103.) This eulogy

contains three points, viz., that the author in question was 'an excellent observer of nature,' who had 'spent his life in the animated pursuit of of the natural sciences,' and 'near the close of his life has given us the result of his (own) examinations.' The first of these is mere matter of opinion, to which we cannot assent. The other two are expressly contradicted by the author's own preface. From that, Mr. Stuart might have learned, that Turner's *study of nature* consisted in selecting such facts from the writings of men of science, as would enable him to support a favorite theory of his own. The accuracy of the conclusions he has thus drawn, may be judged by two extracts. While speaking of the moon, he quotes the well known experiment of Dr. Howard, of Baltimore, concerning the heat of the moon's rays, and drawing an inference directly opposed to the fact, says, 'that the rays of the moon have a cold-producing agency.' (Sacred History, pp. 48, 49.*) But the strangest opinion we recollect to have seen in this nineteenth century, as coming from 'a veteran in science,' is Mr. Turner's notions of light. 'Light,' says he, 'has two states, active and latent. The active state causes its visible phenomena, and our sensation of daylight. When this subsides, by the sun's departure, into its latent state, our sense of darkness or night is produced. The solar rays again emerging on it, have the power of changing its latent to its active visibility; (*Id.* p. 74.) an hypothesis we can liken to nothing but the cosmogony of the Phœnicians, with its chaos 'black and turbid as Erebus.'

The next author Prof. Stuart has undertaken to enthrone in a chair of state, is *Marcel des Serres*, who is announced to the public with 'Hear now what M. de Serres, one of the most active and distinguished geologists of the present day has said.' (p. 88.) After this parade and flourish, who could expect to find that all Prof. Stuart has obtained from *Serres* is copied, without credit, from three small notes at the foot of one of Turner's pages? But such is the fact, as the reader may see by comparing Stuart, pp. 88 and 89, and Turner, p. 178. But as for the eulogy, Turner had not the conscience to make it, and from the practice of Prof. Stuart in the article in question, we are obliged to presume it was *manufactured* for the occasion. Thus much for the authority he has attempted to confer upon his favorite authors. We will now add another error of a similar kind, but arising from a different source.

The professor, ignorant or unmindful of the change that has been wrought in the minds of geologists within ten years, concerning the extent of the internal native heat of the earth, and of consequence in regard to the causes now in operation capable of producing changes on the surface of the earth, quotes the opinion of Cuvier in 1816, to prove our ignorance respecting those causes; the opinion of De Luc in 1810, to show that those which formerly operated have entirely ceased; and the opinion of Daubinson, of the same epoch, as evidence that they are forever hid from our knowledge. Now the statement of Cuvier, in regard to the information of geologists, in 1816, is matter of fact, but it is not so when applied to the opinions which have prevailed since the

* It is not long since Mr. Burritt, of Connecticut, in his *Geography of the Heavens*, made himself somewhat ridiculous by quoting this mistake second hand from Turner, and forgetting to give credit to the author of the blunder!

publication of *M. L. Cordier's Essay on the temperature of the interior of the earth*, supported as his opinion is by a vast variety of coincidences, all tending to the same result, and which have made out and proved a case as completely and as fully as circumstantial evidence ever can. So in the time of De Luc, when the interior of the earth was supposed to be a nucleus of solid granite, well might he suppose that the causes which had elevated the 'cloud capt summits' of the Alps and Andes from the bottom of the deep ocean had ceased to operate; but had he known that instead of this granitic mass within, the earth was but as a bomb-shell, and that a mighty sea of molten lava rolled beneath his feet, he would have seen in this vast internal fire a cause sufficient to produce all the changes that the most dreamy philosopher had ever imagined. But the opinion of Daubinson, as quoted by Stuart, is rash, unscientific and, unphilosophical; an attempt, like others we might mention, to decide without evidence. This kind of proof is just as pertinent as would be the opinion of an astronomer who wrote before the days of Copernicus and Galileo, on a question relating to the true solar system, and not a whit more so.

By a similar disregard of the opinions of men on points absolutely necessary to be borne in mind, he claims to have shown that the conclusions of geologists 'are unharmonious, conjectural, and opposite.' (p. 86.) But what would be the surprise of the reader, should he turn to the works of those men whose *conclusions* are represented as being so *contradictory*, and there find, as he surely would, that the principal difference relates to the question of a sudden or gradual elevation of the land from the bed of the ocean, and that this question, as yet, is hypothetical; that every alleged point of contradiction had reference, not to the nature of the facts, nor yet to the conclusions to be drawn from them, but to some hypothesis not yet well understood. To represent Mr. Lyell, therefore, as Prof. Stuart has done, as sweeping the board of the Cuviers, the Bucklands, and the McCullochs, is a gross perversion of the facts — a misrepresentation which could not have been accidental. But the professor's excuse is to be found in the fact, that all he knows of Mr. Lyell, or his principles, is obtained second-hand from a *Review* — an excuse which in our opinion aggravates the crime. In the same manner he is led to charge Mr. Lyell with teaching the *eternity* of matter, a doctrine he most expressly repudiates. But his quotations are *all* second hand, an offence against propriety that ought to work the forfeiture of his chair.

Nor is this all. The professor has neglected to notice many works on this subject entitled to high credit. Of these, the work by Prof. Silliman, the title of which stands at the head of this article, is an example. That he should have omitted to mention the work of Dr. Cooper, a work so much opposed to his favorite notions, and one, too, emanating so far from the professor's home, we did not much wonder; but that he should have entirely passed by so able a work of so able a professor as Silliman — a work which contains a clear and comprehensive view of the subject, the nature of the evidence by which it is to be judged, the mode of its application to the question under consideration, with a brief but satisfactory statement of the evidence itself, and withal, written in that pleasing style, and imbued with that gentlemanly and Christian spirit, so characteristic of the author — is passing strange. What little

claim the professor can hereafter have to fairness, we will not pretend to judge.

A *third* source of error in the professor's article seems to have been, inattentive reading, careless copying, and bad quoting of the authors he consulted.

We have already given the reader an account of the very singular hypothesis of Turner concerning light, which Stuart, through ignorance of the science, or in the haste of his composition, has attributed to Dr. Hook, Huygens, Dr. Young, and other eminent philosophers. We can hardly conceive of a negligence so gross, as to lead a reader or writer to confound the absurd notions of Turner with the 'elegant, simple, and comprehensive theory of Dr. Young,' concerning the interference of the rays of light, or the beautiful and happy theory of Fresnel, framed to account for polarization and double refraction, or which should cause the writer to put the doctrines of the former into the mouths of the latter. It is to put the effect for the cause — to mistake a medium of communication for the sensation caused by the undulations of that medium. We have placed in parallel columns Prof. Stuart's statement of the theory of Dr. Young, and others, and an account of the same, abridged from a work on the subject, by the present Dr. Herschell, that the reader may judge between them:

STUART.

'*Before the time of Newton, the famous Descartes suggested that light might be a subtle fluid diffused through the universe, which was acted upon and rendered palpable by the presence of the sun while above the horizon, rather than flowing from that body.*' — p. 65.

HERSCHELL.

'This theory supposes, that an excessively rare, subtle, and elastic medium or *ether*, fills all space, and pervades all material bodies, occupying the intervals between their molecules; that this ether is capable of being set in motion by the agitation of the particles of ponderable matter; that when the regular vibratory motions of the proper kind reach the eye, they agitate the nerves of the retina, and cause in us the sensation of light.'

According to Stuart, these men believed light to be a *substance*, but according to Herschell, they considered it as a mere *sensation*. But we must continue our quotation from the professor, placing by the side of it a parallel quotation from the professor's *book of books*, the sacred history of Sharon Turner.

STUART.

'In Newton's life time, Dr. Hooke and Huygens urged the theory of Descartes. Euler again revived it. Dr. Young adopted it with very scientific illustrations; and since his time Du Fresnel, A. L. Cauchy, M. Pouillet, Sharon Turner, and many others, with some *slight* modifications, have adopted and defended it.'

pp. 65, 66.

TURNER.

'Dr. Hooke and Huygens, in Newton's life time, urged the *undulatory theory*, which Descartes had first suggested. — Newton answered them. But Euler and others revived it. New observations induced Dr. Young to adopt it with very scientific illustrations. Since he wrote, Du Fresnel, A. L. Cauchy, and M. Pouillet have enforced it.'

pp. 73, 74.

This last quotation from Stuart forms a sentence, which appears in the professor's article to be original — but its striking similarity with that from Turner looks much like plagiarism.

The professor's object in introducing these passages, was, as he tells us in the sentence immediately preceding the last but one we quoted from him, to explain to those '*unacquainted with the present state of*

science in regard to light,' how that element might have existed before the creation of the sun, and having endorsed the opinion of Dr. Young, that is, *the theory of undulations*, he proceeds to talk of 'latent light,' an idea precisely in character and keeping with the supposition of latent music in a fiddle.

Another mistake, not less fatal to the sense and meaning of the author, is made in quoting from Turner. This author in speaking of geology, says 'surprising discoveries have been made within the last fifty years; and *that science which was in its BABYHOOD* in my youth, (i. e. fifty years ago,) is now fast advancing to a vigorous maturity,' (pp. 28, 29,) whereas Stuart makes him say, that the same science 'is yet in its *babyhood*.' (p. 79.)

But of all the faults and errors which we have enumerated, those which occur on p. 89, cap the climax. Alluding to the universally conceded fact that all mankind are varieties of the same species, he inquires, whether 'the difference between the fossil races (of plants and animals) and our present ones, is greater or more striking, in most cases, than those between the different portions of the human family?' and immediately adds, that 'size is the most important particular of discrepance; and this the antediluvian climate and air will account for in a great measure, if not entirely.' After this, it will not excite our surprise, should the professor adopt the opinion of *Momboddo*, that man was originally an *oyster*. Indeed, if his assertion is true 'that there is no end of the species that any one plant will make, by the aid of climate, soil, air, cultivation, etc.,' we see no reason why the elephant may not have been at first a mouse, and man of vegetable origin. It is true that history makes no mention of any such transformations, and all experience would lead us to believe with the professor's favorite author, 'that every plant is the product of a specific organization, and only of that, and never changes into any other,' p. 185; but then there is no estimating the effects of the professor's 'antediluvian climate,' 'where tall oaks, from clover seeds might grow,' and where the oyster might have changed to a frog, from frog to monkey, and from monkey up to man.

But to return from this digression. We specially assign, as a *fourth* cause of error in the professor's article, *ignorance* of the subject matter about which he has attempted to write. The proof of this point may be found on almost every page of the preceding review; but we have still a higher kind of evidence, the *confession* of the party himself. Prof. Sedgwick had charged the Penns, the Buggs, the Nolans, and the Formans — men who have written on the same subject, and on the same side with Stuart — of dogmatizing on matters they did not understand — of *pretending* to teach mankind on points where they themselves are uninstructed: but Stuart says, 'I have not read their works, and if I had, I should not feel myself qualified to judge of their *geological* offences.' (p. 54) And again. 'I am no geologist; and it would be folly and arrogance for me to enter into competition, on the scientific ground or practical part of this branch of philosophy, with those who have devoted their lives to it.' (p. 83.)

This surely is candor; but it would seem that such a confession, if honestly made, should not have been coupled in the same paragraph with a denunciation of the geological mode of reasoning — a confession which would have altogether deterred any man but our author from writing at all. But be that as it may, he hesitates not to 'doubt

the legitimacy of the reasoning employed by most geologists,' (p. 83,) nor to declare that 'nothing is plainer than that ALL is yet *conjecture* and uncertainty among the geologists, *as to the length of time* since the earth was created,' (p. 83,) forgetting that periods of forty-eight *hours* would be as destructive of his theory as would those of forty-eight millions of years. He affirms, too, that 'the alleged facts are altogether erroneous,' (p. 96,)—compares the conclusions of geologists with the inferences at one time drawn from the zodiac of Denderu, but which are now to be ranked with the *Metamorphoses of Ovid*, the *fables of Æsop*, (pp. 82, 83,)—believes that much which is supposed to be 'fossil remains' is mere 'illusion'—resemblances, such as might be found among the 'stalactics of an extensive cove,' (p. 94.)—and all this from one who is 'no geologist,' and has 'no design of attacking them.'

But we must bid the professor adieu for the present; and while we most heartily compliment him on the extent and variety of his research, on the industry and perseverance with which he pursues his avocations, and wish him 'God speed' in his endeavors to introduce to the acquaintance of his countrymen the learning and literature of other nations, we trust that the foregoing lesson will be, as it is intended, a caution to him and to others not to write on subjects they do not understand, and when they have written on those with which they are familiar, not to spread their thoughts before the public until they have received a thorough revision.

THE STREAMS.

The streams!—how pure, how beautiful,
How holy do they seem,
When sombre twilight's shadow cool
Subdues their golden gleam,
Where, in the willow-curtained pool,
The wave-tired waters dream!

Where by the alder-circled cove
And round the reedy isle,
The peering wild-fowl softly move
In many a shadowy file,
And swallows dimple as they rove
The silent lapse the while.

River! where once in thoughtless mood
I cast the whistling line,
Above thy liquid solitude
No more my paddles shine;
My oar is in the world's fierce flood,
More dangerous than thine.

But though life's flowers their leaves uncloze
Beneath its vernal beams,
Yet memory from its whelming snows
A blossom oft redeems,
And wafts the scent of spring's first rose
Athwart our winter dreams:

And thus, although youth's locks of gold
Are turning silver-gray,
Visions of boyhood's pastimes bold
Around me seem to play,
And, by the streams I loved of old,
My soul makes holiday.

THE SEMINOLES.

A DESULTORY SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SEMINOLE CREEK INDIANS OF FLORIDA.

BY AN AMERICAN 'ORSON.'

THE Seminole tribe of Indians having of late attracted much attention, information tending to throw light upon their domestic character must be to some degree interesting. The writer having, by a fortunate circumstance, and perhaps from possessing a little of the wild-man-of-the-woods in his own half-barbarous nature, obtained their confidence a few years ago, is enabled to state something of 'the domestic manners of the Seminoles,' from personal observation.

The name of the Indians we are about to notice, is pronounced as if spelled Sem-i-no-ly, in four syllables, and means, literally, *runaways*; and some have inferred from this that they are a horde of vagabonds; but such is not the fact. They use this word because they have no other to express what corresponds with emigrant, in our richer language.

Florida itself has been as much too highly praised, as these Indians have been underrated, on account of its name. It is generally thought to have received its appellation from a flowery appearance which some writers have thought it presented to the delighted eyes of its first discoverers; but in truth, its first appearance is that of a sandy desert. It received its name from that of the Catholic holy-day — *Floridum Pascalis* — on which it was first discovered.

A knowledge of the country in which these Indians reside is to some extent necessary, in order to understand their dispositions. Were it an extensive, fertile territory, it would be less excusable in them to kill a beast belonging to their white neighbors; but they are confined to narrow limits, in a barren country; and necessity often drives them to extremes. The deer have become scarce, and it can hardly be expected of a conquered people, hemmed in on all sides, that they should starve when they can find food in their ancient dominion.

It is the killing of the cattle of the '*crackers*' — as the southern backwoodsmen are called — that is the most fruitful source of disputes. The Indians complain that not a beast of all the herds which wander over the pine barrens can die, or be killed by tigers or wolves, that the Indian must not bear the blame and injury of retaliation; and from what we know of the ancient animosity existing between them and the whites, we are compelled to state, that much unmerited abuse is heaped upon them. In great straits, probably, they do kill cattle; but this should not stain their character. Let us suppose ourselves in their circumstances — conquered and watched by a foreign standing army — (for there have been garrisons of United States' troops constantly watching them ever since they were subdued) — and let our wives and children be in want, and then let us say what is honest and what dishonest. If we could at one blow destroy our conquerors, *we* also should be the *savages* to do it, and glory in the act.

When they are trusted with any article, they invariably return it honorably. The Indian has no newspaper in which to repel falsehoods or injustice. The truth in relation to them, therefore, has not been

heard. The little property some of them have retained, has been looked upon with longing eyes by unprincipled men; and it is quite possible for a very few to inflict wounds too wide for a great many to heal. We have been told by some, that they desired nothing more than that the Indians should rise, for then there would be large bodies of troops stationed there, who would afford an excellent market for their produce, and Government would pay for all the dwellings that the Indians might destroy.

But let us be understood: such is not universally the feeling of the whites. The inhabitants of Florida are as honest as any other white men. Whether the whites are *generally* as good as the 'reds,' is another question. If inquirers have not all read the character Columbus gave of the Indians to his sovereigns, just after the discovery, it is time they had — for his is the most correct of any we have ever seen. It is true, there are variations in the leading traits of the various tribes. The Caribs of the West Indies, for instance, have been uniformly represented as extremely cruel; but not so the others, excepting by the interested and misinformed, or those who could not penetrate beyond the surface of their minds.

As above hinted, an accident, and perhaps a romantic feeling such as many youth possess, made us more familiar in a short time than many could become in all their lives. They opened their whole souls to us, and told us many things which they would not have intrusted to any one in whom they had not implicit confidence.

It is generally thought, that the Indian has no feelings in common with the white man; but we apprehend that the difference consists chiefly in this: the Indian has greater passions, and is more under the influence of his feelings, while the white man has weaker passions, and they are more mixed. A white man rarely loves or hates with his whole heart. The Indian, on the contrary, gives his heart full play. Nothing is too good for his friends, or too bad for his enemies. It is delightful to correspond with such people. 'All or nothing,' is our motto. Rather give us no appearance of a friend, than one who becomes like a pile of scorched leaves in the forest, a mass of dust, when we seek but for a moment to repose upon it.

The mutual understanding, by the language of the eye, surprised us not a little. With the young Indians of our own age, there seemed to be as perfect an understanding and community of feeling as if we had always been on terms of intimacy; and they clasped us around the waist, and hung upon our neck, like younger brothers around one from whom they had long been parted.

Their voices are as soft as girls' in friendship; and in conversation, it is more musical than the Italian. We have heard *chanting* with which we might compare it — but it cannot well be described. Their war-whoop, on the contrary, is in the full sense of the word *frightful*, to one not accustomed to it. They give two or three loud, shrill yelps, and then flutter their tongues as if they were literally as malicious men have described certain angels, with tongues 'loose at both ends.' We hear much of the gravity of the Indian character; but this only exists upon the surface, and when they are with strangers, before whom they wish to support their dignity — for truly they are the proudest people under heaven. But when they may indulge their risible

propensities, no trifle is too small to convulse them with laughter. We were one day sailing with a couple of them in a sail-boat, built after the manner in which they are usually constructed here at the North, to steer with a rudder and tiller; and every time we turned in tacking, they burst out into the most ungovernable mirth, until at length, finding nothing to cause their sport, we asked them the reason, when they said, we '*steered our horse by the tail, instead of the head.*' Such ludicrous conceits are constantly arising in their minds; and with some of them we soon became so accustomed to jest, that they never met us but with a broad smile upon their countenances. To us the predominant traits of the Indian character appeared to be, a love of sport, or extreme pride. Had they possessed more of the comforts of life, and one suiting our fastidious taste for a help-meet, possibly we should never have sought the white race again, with its frequent meannesses of competition, and often utter heartlessness. But their women are not handsome, nor have they any poetry or literature to raise their thoughts and feelings above the sad realities of life.

We can find but little among white men save great fish striving with might and main to chase down smaller or weaker fry, to devour them. Nothing, scarcely, is presented in its true light. Great things are made to appear small, or left entirely unnoticed, and little things are made to appear great. Even the noble-hearted Indian becomes like a dirty, caged animal of the menagerie, and loses all his native gloss, by mixing with white men. The very life-blood of the heart becomes a matter of calculation. The rich make themselves richer by any system of well-covered fraud they can devise, and render the poor as much poorer as they can; and when at length they force them, through misery, to declare there is no God in Heaven to do justice to the poor laborer on earth, and the oppressed arise in their might, the oppressor cries: 'Behold the fruits of infidelity!' This is white man's justice. We repeat it, this is the white man's justice, for which we profess but small affection—and truth to say, we love not the Indian's very much, either. He maltreats his favorite dog, a cardinal and inexcusable offence; and when one of his own color chances to acquire a greater influence, by reason of superior eloquence or genius, he is calmly sentenced to be shot. This, however, is better than the fate of many eminent geniuses among white men. *They* are but too often praised only when it cannot be avoided; while their unavoidable struggles not unfrequently take from them all the pleasures of existence; a cold memorial, when the spirit has departed, being their untimely and only reward.

SPRING.

BEHOLD, blest change! the buried flowers revive,
And all the glad creation seems to live;
Refreshing gales their balmy fragrance shed,
And waking Nature rises from the dead:
The thickening groves their waving green resume—
Fresh-opening blossoms breathe a rich perfume:
While kindly showers their vital power diffuse,
And teeming earth imbibes the copious dews.

P.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

THE moon had drawn her watchful eye
From Montmorency's silver wave,
And in their radiant homes on high,
Imprisoned by the curtained sky,
The stars, unseen, their splendor gave.
And wild St. Lawrence' waters rolled
More proudly 'neath the keels that bore
(At head of England's chosen bold,
One of the laurel-crowned of war.

No martial notes from trump or horn
Were on the midnight breezes borne,
When with his fairy fleet of war
Sought France's dread foe her hostile shore ;
No bugle-blast rang through the air,
Waved not St. George's banner there —
But swift and silent as the gale
That sped them, that flotilla frail
Went down the darkened tide ;
While on the leading prow, with eye
That told of hopes and projects high,
Stood Wolfe, in lonely pride.

Onward they sped — no sound was heard
Throughout that brave, devoted band,
Save the half-sighed, half-whispered word
That told their daring chief's command.
By the dark wave's phosphorent beam,
Who saw them as they onward flew,
Had thought he stood by Stygian stream,
And saw grin Charon's shadowy crew.

Not guardless was Quebec's wide coast,
Nor slept they at their fearful post,
On Abraham's dizzy heights :
Yet was that shore by foemen won,
Nor pealed there forth one signal gun,
Nor blazed the beacon lights.

Enveloped in night's rayless pall,
Frowned fearfully the tow'ring wall
Of Nature's fortress on that train ;
That wall, that fortress, frowned in vain :
Onward they came, as comes the storm
That gathers o'er the mountain's head,
When cloud by cloud its forces form
In one vast volume, dark and dread.

The sun, when last his evening light
Looked down on Abraham's guarded height,
Saw only an unpeopled plain,
Where by his silent cannon stood
The sentinel in gloomy mood,
And from the cliff's bright summit viewed
His glowing splendor wane.

The sun returning found not there
That sent'nel at his guarded post,
But saw beneath the colors fair,
That floated in the mountain air,
Old England's bannered host,
In many a frowning squadron set,
Whose glittering steel and bayonet,
And sheathless swords, and armor bright,
Flashed proudly back his beams of light.

Then o'er the morning air there broke
 The larum cannon's lengthened roar;
 Then spire to answering turret spoke,
 And hushed Quebec in terror woke,
 To gird her for the coming war.

Blazed then her beacon lights on high,
 To warn Montcalm his foe was nigh;
 Dashed through her streets, with lightning speed,
 The herald on his foaming steed;
 And 'neath the bugle's echoing blast,
 From camp and court, from hearth and hall,
 Came plumed warriors fierce and fast,
 Responsive to its rallying call.

Noon came not ere those armies met,
 Where armies ne'er before had stood —
 On plains which, unensanguined yet,
 Should know too soon the hue of blood;
 Whose sleeping echoes soon should swell
 With sounds unechoed there before,
 And bear o'er many a distant dell
 The victor's shout, the vanquished's knell,
 And all the varied tones that tell
 The presence of the demon War.

'Nature sleeps quiet on the verge
 Of great convulsions' — and 't is said
 A death-like silence is the dirge
 That wails the coming earthquake's dead.
 Such was the pause on Abraham's height,
 While in their dread array of might,
 They wait the signal to advance;
 Then rang the clarion wild and high,
 And 'Wolfe and England!' rent the sky,
 And 'Count Montcalm for France!'

As when by counter-currents driven,
 Fierce storm-clouds meet athwart the heaven,
 And mingle into one;
 While frequent flashes gild the air,
 And the loud thunder rolls afar,
 So was that fight begun.

Blaze followed blaze, roar answered roar,
 And from St. Lawrence' farthest shore
 Responsive echoes rung;
 Bounded the frightened wild-deer by,
 And from his eyry lone and high
 The startled eagle sprung.

Nor least amid the varied tones
 Of charging shouts and dying groans,
 The savage war-whoop rose;
 While gliding forms like sprites were seen,
 With painted face and earthless mien,
 Mingling with England's foes.

And who is he, the youth whose plume
 Waves foremost in the ranks of death?
 Whose sword is shunned as surer doom
 Than waits upon the Upas' breath?
 From rank to rank, from post to post,
 Through England's lines his steed is spur'd,
 And where the battle rages most,
 Above its din his voice is heard.

'Tis Wolfe — nor scathless has he passed
 Amid the death-winged balls that fly
 Like hail before the summer blast:
 Alas! not all could pass him by.

Wounded and worn, he still commands —
 Still urges on his wav'ring bands,
 And shouts through their thinn'd ranks the cry,
 'Charge now for Death or Victory!'

They charged — but though with fearful shock,
 'Twas firmly met as fiercely given;
 So meets the frowning ocean rock
 The riving thunderbolt of Heaven.
 They charged — but when the wheeling clouds
 Reveal that fearful field again,
 The eye that seeks amid those crowds
 For valiant Wolfe, must seek in vain.

The centre of an anxious group,
 Supported by his aids apart,
 Now gradually his tired powers droop,
 And steals the life-blood from his heart.
 Still doth he watch with dauntless eye
 The wav'ring fortunes of the field,
 Anxious in death to hear the cry
 Which tells him that the foemen yield.

That cry was heard — again — again
 It thundered o'er the battle-plain:
 'For Wolfe and England!' rang the cry,
 While faithful echo answered still,
 From rock to rock, from hill to hill;
 So wildly rose those shouts and high,
 It seemed the very vault of Heaven
 Had been by acclaiming voices riven.

New life a moment filled his frame,
 And haply o'er his spirit came
 Some sunny visions of his fame,
 Gilding the clouds of death;
 His eye unearthly language spoke,
 One smile on his pale lips awoke,
 And with his failing breath,
 In whispered accents, he replied
 To those victorious shouts — *and died!*

P. H. M.

A DIALOGUE ON SYMPATHIES.

SCEPTICUS. Why so thoughtful, my friend? Are you forming some new theory, or as is too often your wont, endeavoring to explain some of the absurdities of the old schools?

THEORETICUS. Neither. I have just laid down Southey's Memoirs of Wesley, and was attempting to fathom his idea of the cause of the strange actions and sensations of the Methodists, when under the 'influence of the Spirit.' You remember he pronounces it to be a physical disease, and imparted involuntarily from one individual to another.

SCEPT. Yes, I recollect well an instance he gives of this disease in the case of two persons 'who were seized with strong pain, and constrained to roar for the disquietness of their hearts,' but who shortly after burst forth in a song of praise; apparently no difficult matter for those possessed of strong lungs, and capable of deception in so serious a subject.

THEO. There is no question but that many affect these extravagancies, for the purpose of attracting attention; but the story of the satirizing

Quaker should make us hesitate before deciding every case to be impossible. He was present at a meeting, 'inveighed against what he called the dissimulation of these creatures, caught the contagious emotion himself, and even while he was biting his lips and knitting his brows, dropped down as if he had been struck by lightning.' I was present at one of their forest-meetings but lately, and was perfectly convinced that fraud is not the only explanation.

SCEPT. You caught the contagion, I suppose, and are about to silence me by your own experience?

THEO. No, though had I been affected, it would have been hardly more than natural, there was so much to excite even apathy to enthusiasm. It was a most striking and fit scene for arousing the imagination, and awakening the most solemn feelings. I wonder not at their fondness for these assemblies. Figure to yourself a dense forest of tall noble pines, lighted with fires and torches, a series of tents circularly arranged, and forming an area filled with a mass of human beings gathered to the worship of their God. The fitful light flashes irregularly over a multitude of anxious countenances, already trembling with the irritability of expected excitement, and shows the dark foliage of the trees struggling into sight in the distance, while beyond lies the blackness of night. The voice of prayer, the solemn song of praise, the consciousness that they are worshipping their Maker in his grandest temple, draw near their hearts to a sympathy with the earnest appeals from the pulpit, while every object of the strange and picturesque scene prepares their nerves for the greatest extravagancies.

SCEPT. A fit time and place, indeed, for calling from the weaknesses of our nature that sense of religion which should owe its origin to higher and purer sources than such artificial auxiliaries.

THEO. Spare your sneer. I am speaking of the effect, not contending about the principle, of these assemblies. I remembered the remark of the biographer of Wesley, that under his preaching 'some were seized with trembling, others sank down and uttered loud and piercing cries, and others fell into a species of agony,' and I determined to observe for myself whether hypocrisy would not explain these extraordinary physical appearances. A beautiful girl sat near me, too young, and fair, and holy for artifice. There was a truth in her expression, a light of purity in her eye, betokening a spirit above all show or pretence of feeling. As the discourse commenced in a mild and sober strain, gradually became more persuasive and energetic, the color rose to her cheek, and she leaned forward, gazing steadfastly at the speaker. He alluded to the horrors of eternal woe, and her look became imploring. He appealed to the young, and the tear stood in her eye. With fervid eloquence he called upon them to consecrate their lives to Heaven; the finely curved lip quivered, the muscles of the face trembled, the delicate hand was violently clenched. He announced the doom of the unrepentant; her eyes burned like livid coals; the countenance was distorted; and as he concluded, 'thus their souls shall die!' she sprung up convulsively, her arms were tossed wildly in the air, as if impelled by a shock from a galvanic battery, a scream shot from her lips, and she sunk, weak and fainting, on the earth.

SCEPT. Well, are you prepared, from this exhibition, to coincide with Coleridge as to the possibility of the existence of animal magnet-

ism? I should think such a conclusion rather rashly and hastily drawn. There is nothing new in these cases of physical excitement. They are only the effect of a sympathy between the mind and the body, the ordinary result of an intensity of thought acting on the frame. The aroused energy of the orator produces an eloquence and power of gesture as well as of language. The hot fury of the soldier gives an almost superhuman force to his blows. The high-wrought enthusiastic ambition of Napoleon endued him with a hardihood and strength under the fatigues of the African desert, when many an Herculean form sunk faint and powerless. A curious instance is afforded of this sympathy, in the account which is given of a knight upon whom, though pardoned, it was determined to inflict the disgrace of proceeding to the scaffold. Upon being blind-folded, instead of the axe, a stream of cold water was poured on his neck. Upon taking off the bandage, they found he had expired—a victim to imagination.

THEO. True, all this is owing to sympathy; but whence does this sympathy proceed? Cannot this influence be accounted for on physical grounds? May not some subtle matter, generated by mental action, pervade the system, and in periods of excitement be produced and discharged so abundantly as to cause extraordinary phenomena?

SEPT. Ridiculous! In your rage for explanation, you are falling into an adoption of the antiquated theory of animal spirits—a system erected, like most of the old speculations, as a dernier resort of ignorance, and long since condemned in true philosophy.

THEO. I dislike your hasty condemnation of ancient systems, for there were many visions of the morning of knowledge which time has realized, and many more long since censured as false whose verification hereafter will convince us that dreams, at least dreams of philosophy, may be prophetic.

SEPT. I imagined rightly, then: you are indeed a believer in that absurd theory?

THEO. I do in truth think there is much consideration to be attached to it, though I would by no means carry it to so fanciful an extent. There appears to be much probability in Dr. Arnott's suggestion, that the brain is an electric pile, producing by its repeated discharges, the pulsations of the heart, an idea which is sanctioned also by Sir John Herschel, who supposes it to be analogous to the dry pile of De Luc.* An apparatus of this kind made by Mr. Singer, affords an apt and beautiful illustration of the theory. By the action of piles, two bells are regularly struck by a ball suspended between them, and thus a ringing may be continued for years.

SEPT. Were the brain capable of producing these electrical effects, the beating of the heart might possibly be accounted for on the same principle; but you do not mean to task my credulity, I hope, by asserting that there are metallic plates, acting as dry piles, in the head?

THEO. By no means; but you forget the experiments of Lagrave and Baconis, who formed piles of galvanic power not only from vegetables, but also by alternate layers of muscle and *brain*.† Galvani, by

* Discourse on the study of Natural Philosophy, p. 257.

† Journal de Physique, 56, 235.

connecting by a conducting medium the muscles of the leg and the crural nerves of a frog, produced convulsions evidently galvanic, and Aldini effected the same result by bringing the muscles of one animal in contact with the nerves of another, or by connecting the nerves and muscles of the same animal; thus proving incontrovertibly some natural provision in the conformation of these organs for electric action, and that the brain and the nerves in certain relative situations with muscle, must act as galvanic instruments.* Take these facts in connexion with those which prove the effect of galvanism on muscular motion, and they are so similar that it is impossible to refer the latter to any other cause. A current of electricity passed along a nerve, contracts the muscles connected with it in a violent manner; the water serpent was found by Humboldt to have its movements accelerated by the influence of galvanism; the muscles of the heart, as shown by Fowler and Nysten, are similarly affected; and it is an usual amusement of the dissection-room to produce by the same means violent gestures and contortions in the dead. It seems quite probable, if galvanism produces muscular contraction, and the brain and nerves in conjunction with muscle form a galvanic current, that the immediate cause of muscular action is galvanism. Were it so, the phenomenon would not be a singular one; for we have an enlarged, more perfect and powerful instrument, of the same general character, provided for smaller animals as a weapon of defence. The *Silurus Electricus* found in the Nile, the Raasch or Thunder of the Arabs, has the faculty of communicating an electric shock, and the organ by which it operates possesses a great abundance of nerves. The *Tetrasdon Electricus*, the *Torpedo* and the *Gymnotrus Electricus*, possess the same power, obviously dependent upon the will, and the apparatus in which it resides exhibits likewise large and numerous nerves.† Though there are no organs of this character, or any thing resembling them in structure‡ in the human body, still this electric faculty in animals, unquestionably under the direction of volition, proves the possibility of nerves and muscle producing galvanic or electrical effects, and that the strength of this faculty is connected in some way with a great extension of the nervous system. Were more attention devoted to this interesting subject, curious and brilliant discoveries would be made; but even with the narrow range of facts we now possess, there is much ground for inferring that most of the phenomena of vitality, and especially those of muscular motion, proceed from electric action. If future observation should find this to be the truth, it will be a beautiful explication, though a secondary one, of the close sympathy between the body and the mind, and perhaps even of the convulsions peculiar to the Methodists. There are some circumstances which appear to corroborate this idea. Exercise is known to quicken the pulsations of the heart. As motion must require an excitation of the brain, the galvanic organ, in order to produce that flow of the nervous or electric fluid which animates the nerves of motion, so must the heart, when the body is exercised, beat more rapidly in consequence of the increased action of the

* Nicholson's Journal, 3, 296.

† Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Vol. 2: pp. 161, 220, 262, 292.

‡ M. Jeffrey St. Hilaire has found an organic structure very similar to that of the torpedo in other animals of the genus, which nevertheless do not possess any electrical powers. — *Lit. U. K. Gal.*

common galvanic organ. When the brain also is impelled to more vigorous action by intense mental emotion, its discharges become more frequent, the heart contracts more rapidly, the blood rushes quickly through the system, and the body becomes extremely nervous.

SEPT. But if this be so, why should passion vary in its effects on different individuals? To some, you well know, an emotion will be an invigorating power, while in another it paralyzes with utter helplessness. Some suffer the severest mental agony without a change of countenance, or the motion of a muscle, while others, under the infliction of the same feeling, writhe under the torture. How do you reconcile this contradiction?

THEO. It is but an apparent incongruity, I think. It is true, one will be nerved with strength, while another under the same circumstances sinks powerless; but from no other reason, I imagine, than that their minds are differently influenced in similar situations. Impending danger rouses one to action, for his is a soul which spurns submission to any fate—it palsies the coward, for fear conquers courage. ‘When Malebranche first took up Descartes, he was obliged frequently to interrupt his reading by a violent palpitation of the heart.’ Many might have perused it without a single emotion, and consequently without a quickened pulse. ‘When the first idea of the essay on the arts and sciences rushed on the mind of Rousseau, it occasioned such a feverish agitation, that it approached to a delirium.’ Another, in whom the same idea of a great and glorious work might have originated, but unaccompanied with the same burning enthusiasm, would have seen the vision burst upon him with apathy. The effects would be different, because the mental affections were unlike. But generally, the same feelings should produce the same excitement in the system, varied of course, in a greater or less degree, by the peculiar physical constitution of individuals. Thus, diffidence has its downcast look, modesty its blush, love its delicate confusion, and anger its pallor. Words are denied to deep feeling, and the knees of the coward tremble.

SEPT. Were this so, it would indeed be a solution of the sympathy between the mind and body; yet I cannot perceive how the influence of the body on the mind can be explained on the same principles. There is the case of Nicolai, the bookseller, who saw and conversed with crowds of persons who visited his rooms, invisible to others, and that of a person mentioned by Scott, who at a certain period after dinner was subject to the society of an old hag; both of them occasioned by a diseased state of the bodily organs, and not merely the consequence of a heated fancy. How strangely too, the moon affects maniacs, and how unaccountable also, the influence of weather, frequently causing a despondency of spirit terminating in suicide.

THEO. Nicolai’s is an instance of an action on the brain by the body, and the others of an action on the body and nerves, by external objects, and through them on the brain. Though the manner is at present unknown, experiment will probably demonstrate it to be electrical. The late report of the French Committee, appointed to investigate the claims of Animal Magnetism, affords many curious facts in regard to this mysterious subject; and from the character of the persons who engaged in the examination, it is certainly entitled to much consideration. Though it has met with severe criticism, which per-

haps some of its details deserve, yet there are many circumstances stated, which receiving confirmation from other unquestionable sources, yield to us materials for very interesting conclusions. A Mr. Petit, who was magnetized before them, gave evidences of electric action in those parts of his body to which the finger of the magnetizer was approximated. This has been ridiculed, but both Coulomb and Dr. Young have satisfactorily shown that even *animal* substances are susceptible of magnetism. Considering, indeed, the intimate connexion between heat, electricity, and magnetism, such a result is hardly surprising. Dr. Locke, in this country, has constructed so delicate a thermo-electrical battery, that when it is attached to a galvanometer, and the end of the finger applied to it, the magnetic needle moves ninety degrees, and even the warmth of the breath affects it.* In view of these facts, the account of Caspar Hauser may be readily believed. When the poles of a magnet were extended toward him, he put his hands to the pit of his stomach, and said he felt it draw outward, as if a stream of air were proceeding in that direction. The South Pole affected him in a contrary manner, and less powerfully, and his feelings always told him correctly which pole was held toward him. On moving his hand over a paper under which were concealed small articles of different metals, he could distinguish them by the difference of the sensation, and the strength of their attraction: he experienced magnetic sensations when in contact with men or other animals, or even when the finger was pointed at him from a distance. Knowing then, as we do, that the light of the sun and the varieties of weather induce changes in the electrical state of the atmosphere, and that many of the functions of the body are influenced by, and perhaps dependent for their performance upon electricity, it is highly probable that this is the method in which weather affects our nerves, and through them the brain and the mind. In the same way the close nervous† sympathy between every part of the body affords a chain of communication which, when one link is imperfect or in disorder, spreads sickness through the system, and most of all afflicts the fountain head of life and action, the brain, and by its means the manifestations of the mind. The more the human frame is scrutinized, the more will it be found to assimilate to the rest of nature. The same laws of attraction and affinity, the same electric and magnetic action, will be seen in operation, and producing most of its phenomena. In this light it was observed by the astrologer, and viewing the subject fundamentally, he was correct in his principles, though erroneous in his deductions. It is quite probable that the body is subject to the same attraction as the waters of the ocean. Like them it is a part of a great chain — the universe — and if we reason theoretically, it must be influenced and must sympathize with every object in existence. Sun, and moon, and stars, must all affect it. The rock on which the astrologer split, was in attributing any apparent or even appreciable influence to these objects; in giving form, and size, and power, to that which is so minute as to be beyond human calculation; and which, for all practicable purposes, has to us no existence.

* Silliman, 214, v. 26.

† Nervous, used as synonymous with electrical.

SEPT. Perhaps this may be as you argue; but there is another sympathy, that between mind and mind, which cannot be attributable to the same cause. I have heard it maintained that the mind, if its power over the nerves be electric, may at will, by a conduction of this fluid from one body to another, raise an emotion in a person when in contact or at small distances.

THO. That is quite visionary. Sympathy between mankind is exclusively mental. It is one of the kind ordinances of Providence, that emotions tend to awaken their counterparts, and as virtuous feelings possess greater attractions than vicious, as beauty has a fascination denied to deformity, we should look upon this arrangement as the noblest branch of the social system. But this sympathy most usually demands similar instruments to extract harmony. The coward and the brave have no affinity. You might as well assimilate the war-cry to the whinings of the wretch craving for mercy. To effect unison, the harps must be tuned alike; then it is they respond in perfect melody. How rarely do we find this exact similitude! There is, most always, some broken chord, some dissonant sound to interrupt the melody. But let them be accorded, then touched by the same hand, they will be awaked to music. This is the sympathy of individuals. Time may wither the affections, misfortune scathe or vice steel the heart; yet this emotion will survive and even rise more beautiful from the ruins of kindness and of virtue. It is a wand which opens the rock for the flowing waters of feeling, softens the obdurate, and impels the hardened criminal to share his slender pittance with his more innocent and unfortunate fellow-prisoner.* In crowds where we cannot discover such similarity, there is often some one feeling possessed in common. These are the weapons of the orator; with them he sways the populace of Athens by appeals to their vanity, or the Romans by apostrophes to their glory. These are fearful sympathies, for as they strike to every heart, and inspire every spirit, they act in a mass; and though when good, course on to great and beneficent results, when bad, burst into a blaze, to be quenched only by exhaustion of materials, or by rivers of blood. Do you stand in the French convention, the voice of Marat and Robespierre urging on the hounds of death may be heard echoed with shouts of acclamation. Are you at Clermont, before a superstitious audience, excite them by hopes of chivalric fame and eternal happiness, and *Deus Vult* runs from mouth to mouth, and seals their enterprise. There is a power in the union of a vast assembly almost irresistible, and cries of applause have often changed disapprobation into approval, and the judgment of condemnation into mercy.

SEPT. If you do not believe that sympathy between individuals is produced by physical causes, I presume you attach as little faith to the existence of a power by which we can annihilate distance, and introduce ourselves into the presence of the absent. You remember the story of the English lady whose lover was engaged in the wars of the Peninsula. She would tell her friends of conversations and interviews which could have existed but in her fancy. One day, while immersed in

* At Bristol, in the prison, the debtors are compelled to support themselves, while the criminals receive but a small allowance. The latter frequently share their meal, hardly sufficient for one, with those debtors who have been deserted by their friends.

Buxton on Passions.

thought, she suddenly shrieked and fell senseless, exclaiming, 'He is dead!' Her own death soon ensued, but not before the news of a late battle confirmed the decease of her lover, at the very time she had stated.

THEO. Perhaps sympathy, or rather its effect—a desire to be with those we love—may be an intensifier of the senses. Enthusiasts have asserted this. They reason thus: Mind affects mind only through the senses: distance is no barrier to sympathy, if sense can overleap it. Thus as far as the eye can penetrate, or the voice be heard, we can be influenced by objects. The sigh of the lover breathing in the ear of his mistress, may cause no more emotion than his voice heard from afar; his form near by raise no stronger feeling than when seen from the watch-tower. Sense, then, is the only measure of sympathy. The moon, though thousands of miles distant, and stars far away in space, thus affect us. If, too, habit or excitement sharpen sense—if the ear of the anxious wife catches her husband's footsteps, when unheard by others—if the Indian hears the tread of a being when all is silence to the white man—if the most delicate sounds and motions reach the sense of the blind, why cannot an intensity of mental action so magnify the power of sense as to bring the most distant objects in our presence? As the lens displays satellites without the range of ordinary vision, so may the vivid power of a heated imagination act as the lens of sight, and hearing, and feeling, beat down the barriers of space, and extend the powers of sense to the extremity of the universe. 'T is thus the visionary has dreamed. In the account of Caspar Hauser, there is an instance of a partial extension of hearing and seeing by certain habits of body. So also in the case of Mr. Petit, who was magnetized before the French Committee, and who was *said* to have been able to distinguish objects, and even play accurately at cards, with his eyes shut, or heavily bandaged.* But allow all these to be facts, we must conclude that though sense may be enlarged to some extent, yet its power cannot be increased beyond a certain point. The ideal may often so preponderate over the real, as to assure us of the possibility of this sympathy; but reason, my friend, dissolves at a touch this fairy castle. The whole of this subject is of engrossing interest, but has been so much the victim of wild speculation as to induce a dread of approaching it, lest the mania of theorizing should carry us beyond the region of reason. The late discoveries in electricity and magnetism are, however, slowly conquering this disposition; and from the new light they have imparted, the curious analogies they have unfolded between the human frame and the rest of the material world, will eventually turn the stream of inquiry into this channel, and must result in a complete explication of most of the phenomena of our existence. There is no reason why the probe of observation should not be applied here fearlessly, nor why we should not reach by its means such an acquaintance with our own mechanism as will lay open to view each part of the machinery, be it ever so delicate, excepting the connecting link between the body and mind, which must ever lie beyond cognizance. Experiment and a patient attention to facts will in time insure the reward, and at the same moment we exult in our triumph, we shall rejoice in the utility of the discovery. The advantages to result from it shall be unbounded, and the most grateful incense to Him who gave us the capacity to discover, will be in the suc-

* Report, p. 156.

cessful endeavor to promote our physical and moral happiness by the use of the gift. As in ancient philosophy *γνῶσις αὐτῶν* was the key to perfection, so in modern physics the brightest gem of the diadem of knowledge will be in the KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES.* A

THE DYING POET.†

THE full cup of my days breaks in my grasp —
Life hurries from my breast at ev'ry gasp :
Nor tears nor prayers can stay it more : Death's wing
Strikes on the deep bell of yon holy tower,
In broken sounds, my last — my fatal hour !
Am I to weep ? — or shall I sing ?

I'll sing ! — for yet my hand is on the lyre ;
I'll sing ! — for me, swan-like, will Death inspire
With voice of music, now that on my view
Burst other worlds — a blest presage 't will prove !
If my soul 's nought but harmony and love,
A song divine be its adieu !

The breaking harp yields a sublimer sound —
The dying lamp revives, and sheds around
A momentary ray, more pure and deep ;
The swan, at her last hour, looks toward the sky ;
Man — man alone — strains back his languid eye
To count his days, and o'er them weep.

And what are days, that I should now deplore ?
A sun, a sun — an hour, another hour :
The coming, like the one that has ta'en flight —
This sweeps away what on the other came ;
Labor — repose and sorrow — oft a dream —
Such is the *day*, then comes the *night*.

Oh ! bid whose hands around the wreck of years
Toy-like, all eager cling — bid *him* shed tears,
Whose hope 's consum'd by the first gaze of Death ;
But I — who 've not been rooted in this clay —
All unresisting, I am swept away,
Like the light leaf by Evening's breath.

The poet 's like the wild birds of the main,
Who build not in the rock, nor on the plain,
Nor 'mid the leaves their dwellings ever poise ;
But still from wave to wave unheeding hurl'd,
Afar from shore, with sweet songs pass — the world
Of them nought knowing save their voice.

My novice hand no artful guide e'er led,
As o'er the chords in playfulness it strayed ;
Man teacheth not what the kind Heavens instil :
The rivulet learns not its waves to pour,
The eagle o'er the black'ning clouds to soar,
Its sweets the wild bee to distil.

* We read of a Leyden professor discoursing 'on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application of remedies to the body.' In a few years the subject may not seem quite so German as it now appears.

† Of several popular fragments from LAMARTINE, which have appeared under an English garb in some of the higher periodicals of the United States, few are so eminently poetical as '*Le Poète Mourant*.' In presenting the above translation, which has been lying by the writer for three years past, he is actuated by the desire of communicating to others a little portion of that inexpressible delight which he has experienced in perusing the inspired melodies of one who may justly be pronounced the greatest lyrist of the age.

Responsive to the stroke, amid the gales,
 Yon holy bell vibrating joys and wails,
 By turns to tell of human death or birth;
 Like was I to that bronze, made pure by flame—
 When smote by Passion, from my soul there came
 A sound that seemed not of this earth.

Thus in the night, the Æolian harp its plaint,
 With hush of murmuring waters mingling faint,
 Sounds, by the breeze's breath o'er earth that flies:
 In wonder starts the traveller — lends his ear —
 Admires — and cannot him bethink from where
 Are wafted those celestial sighs.

Oft did my tears my plaintive harp imbue;
 But, for us mortals, tears are heavenly dew —
 The heart ne'er ripens 'neath a cloudless sky;
 The grape when crush'd its nectar juice pours forth;
 And when a rude foot tramples it to earth,
 The balm its fragrance sends on high.

My soul it pleased th' Eternal to inspire
 With breath of flame, all in its sphere to fire;
 O fatal gift! — I die by love o'erpower'd!
 All I have touched, to dust hath mouldered fast;
 Thus fire from Heav'n upon the heather cast,
 Expires, when all around's devoured.

But time! — time is no more! But glory! — what?
 From this to the next age an echo brought —
 Vain toy for children of a future day!
 Ye who of years to come have promis'd it empire —
 List to the sound that bursts now from my lyre,
 Ah! the winds have swept it away!

Yes, I obtest the gods! — my tongue did ne'er,
 Since first I breath'd, utter without a sneer
 That great word, offspring of man's phrenzied brain;
 I've prest it oft, still found 'twas but of wind,
 And cast it from me, like a juiceless rind
 My wearied lip would press in vain.

Man, in the barren hope of doubtful fame,
 On the fleet stream that bears him casts a name,
 Which less'neth daily as it speedeth on:
 From age to age, the bright wreck to and fro —
 Sport of time's wanton wave — is swept, and lo!
 To oblivion's deepest depths 'tis gone!

Another name I hurl upon that sea,
 Which laves no shore — and shall I greater be,
 Whether it sink or ride upon the surf?
 As tow'rd the throne of light eternal springs
 The proud swan, asks she, think you, if her wings
 Fling yet their shade o'er the earth-turf?

'Why sangst thou then?' Ask Philomela why,
 'Mid night's mysterious shades, her melody
 Blendeth she with the hush of rushing rill?
 I sang, my friends, as man breathes — as doves sigh —
 As plaintive moans the blast that sweepeth by —
 As wails the cascade on the hill.

My life was only love, and prayer, and song;
 Mortal, of all that lures the mortal throng,
 Nought at the farewell hour with grief I part —
 Nought, save that sigh, that fire-wing'd sped above,
 The lyre's deep rapture, and the silent love
 Of a heart prest into my heart.

At Beauty's feet to wake the trembling lyre,
 To see from strain to strain the heavenly fire
 Flow with the sound, and pass into her breast;
 From those dear eyes to make the tear-drop shower,
 As rain Aurora's from the brimming flower,
 When the winds' breath hath wak'd its rest.

Behold the modest virgin sadly raise
 Up to the heaven's blue vault her pensive gaze,
 As thither with the sound to wing her flight —
 Then on thee drop that look with rapture full,
 While 'neath her down-cast lids flasheth her soul,
 Like a quiv'ring fire in the night.

Mark o'er her brow how flits the shadow'd thought,
 Her gentle lips refuse the utterance sought;
 And hear — bursting the spell of ecstasy —
 That word reëchoed by the Heavens above,
 That word — the word of gods and men — 'I love!'
 Oh! — 'tis this that were worth a sigh!

A sigh! — a sad regret! — no, no! My soul,
 On Death's wing borne, fast speedeth to that goal
 Upon which Instinct fixed my ardent eye;
 Thither I go where burns Hope's beacon light,
 Whither the breathings of my lute take flight —
 Whither hath sped my every sigh!

Like to the bird which seeth in Night's dark womb,
 Faith, the soul's eye, hath pierced my deeper gloom;
 My fate's reveal'd by her prophetic power:
 How oft my soul to Eden's future shore,
 On wing of fire upborne, hath dar'd to soar —
 Anticipating the death-hour!

No name inscribe on my dark earthen bed;
 With a mausoleum's weight crush not my shade;
 I envy not a mound of mouldering clay:
 Give solely to my couch sufficient space
 That on it the lone pilgrim's kneeling trace
 May sink, ere he pursue his way!

Oft in the mystery of still and shade,
 On the grave's turf fond Prayer her wings doth spread,
 And findeth Hope reclining upon Death;
 Beside a tomb man's earthly chain's half riven:
 The horizon's wider, and the soul tow'rd Heaven,
 With flight less cumber'd, towereth.

Break — give to the winds my lute! — its sound
 Was but an echo my soul to respond:
 A seraph's lyre shall vibrate to my song,
 Breathing erewhile of rapture without end;
 Perchance their glorious courses worlds shall bend,
 Attentive on my descants hung.

Erewhile — but ah! hath touched my fond lyre's strings
 The dull cold hand of Death; it breaks and flings
 A stifled, mournful sound upon the breeze:
 And now, 'tis mute! Seize yours, friends whom I love!
 My soul shall from this world to that above
 Ascend with your faint melodies!

SOUCHONG, SLANG-WHANG, AND BOHEA:

OR THE THREE EDITORS OF CHINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NORMAN LESLIE.'

SOUCHONG, Bohea, and Slang-Whang, three intelligent brothers, of Pekin, having travelled about the world for some years, and seen all that was worth seeing, from the Doric columns of resuscitated Pompeii, and the glittering Boulevards of Paris, to the City Hall and Scudder's Museum, in the great town of Manahatta, returned to their native capital, with a resolution to reform their countrymen. Souchong devoted himself to the introduction of Wellington boots; Bohea undertook to do away with the queue; and Slang-Whang determined to make his fellow-subjects, male and female, discard tea, and take to drinking *confutzku*, which is the Chinese for *brandy*. But it was easier to talk of these innovations than to effect them. Souchong, with his Wellington boots, was shunned by sober people, and Bohea was regarded as a mere visionary, a believer in impossibilities; a person, as the older Pekinites would say, with their fore-fingers on their foreheads, 'rather unfurnished in the upper story.' Slang-Whang, to be sure, made some progress with his *confutzku*, but the affairs of the tourists were at a low ebb, when Slang-Whang (who had been silyly imbibing a quantity of his new beverage with an old musty Tartar,) suddenly declared his intention of 'starting a new weekly periodical!'

Souchong and Bohea were both in raptures, and the old Tartar, when they had explained to him what a grand thing a weekly periodical was, stroked his beard, and took another pull at the *confutzku*, which he afterward observed was always his way, when he was pleased.

'The Pekin Pagoda' took wonderfully. The Chinese girls vowed it was the most amusing thing possible. The whole town was in commotion, and the very street patrols sometimes dropped the whips with which they were wont to castigate all unruly subjects who disturbed the peace of the emperor, to read the 'Pagoda,' and to talk of Souchong, Bohea, and Slang-Whang. They were the merriest set of fellows living, and such impudent varlets! They attacked the *queues* unmercifully, and sang aloud the praises of Wellington boots, while glittering tales were written to show the pleasant qualities of *confutzku*, which was pronounced the most excellent refreshment in the world, and 'a cure for all diseases.'

Bohea, Souchong, and Slang-Whang had each a bosom friend. Bohea was devoted to Fo-ko; Souchong was a very brother to So-ko, and Slang-Whang was never seen but his beloved Chin-Chin was sure to be discovered a moment after. Fo-ko, So-ko, and Chin-Chin were three excellent fellows. They were, moreover, as rich as they were good, and had helped our travelers through some of their roughest periods of distress. Indeed the three editors were in other respects particularly indebted to them. Fo-ko had rescued Bohea one day from the grasp of a crazy Tartar; Chin-Chin had one night drawn Slang-Whang out of the imperial canal, after a somewhat free indulgence in his favorite *confutzku*, and Souchong was, (if the truth must out,) somewhat interested in So-ko's three sisters. As the travelers grew

more prosperous, their love for their three friends increased. The 'Pagoda' had gone on with wonderful success; so much so, indeed, that a knot of fellows in Nankin had started one precisely similar in all respects, except, as the Pekinites swore, it was not half so good. The Nankin people called their periodical 'The Great Wall.' With such a formidable rival in the field, it behooved the 'Pagoda' to come out strong, and take the lead in point of merit, as they had done in time.

'We must not lie on our oars,' said Souchong.

'We must pull harder than ever,' added Bohea.

'We must play the very old Harry with them,' exclaimed Slang-Whang, putting down a pitcher of *confutzu*, and smacking his lips.

'We must buy new type,' observed Souchong.

'We must procure better articles,' remarked Bohea.

'We must have nothing in that is not *first rate*. Try the *confutzu*!' cried Slang-Whang.

'Whatever comes of it, we are the leaders of Chinese periodical literature,' resumed Souchong, holding out his Wellington boot.

'The 'Great Wall' watches us like a lynx,' added Bohea.

'No matter,' rejoined Slang-Whang, 'the Pekin Pagoda is no chicken. It will last seventy thousand years if it does one.'

'I will never leave it till it has at least twenty-eight millions of subscribers,' added Bohea.

'But we must strain every nerve, watch every line, and make it perfection — *more* than perfection,' cried Souchong.

'Certainly!' said Bohea.

'Certainly!' echoed Slang-Whang.

'SLANG-WHANG,' said Chin-Chin one day, 'I have a favor to ask of you.'

'My dearest Chin-Chin,' replied Slang-Whang, 'you make me too happy. There is nothing on earth that I would not do for you.'

'I knew, my beloved Slang-Whang, that you were the most amiable person in the world.'

'You flatter me, Chin-Chin. But positively to *you* I shall refuse nothing. What is it you request?'

'I — I — you — we — the fact is —' stammered Chin-Chin, blushing, and looking down, 'I am almost ashamed to tell you.'

'Friend of my heart, you alarm me! Pray end this suspense; it is really painful.'

'Why — I — you must know that —'

'Chin-Chin, what *can* you mean?'

'I have turned — *author*! There, now the secret is out.'

'Author, — Chin-Chin? — what *you*? Well, upon my word! you are the last man I should have suspected of such a flight. Well done! author, eh?'

'Yes. I am fairly embarked.'

'Well, what is it you have been composing? — a book? and you wish me to puff it? I can do it for you to a hair: I learned the art in my travels.'

'No, Slang-Whang, I have not got so desperate yet as to venture a book.'

'What, not a book? Oh, a pamphlet, I suppose? Well, let us have it.

'Not even a pamphlet, my dear Slang-Whang. I am glad to find myself more modest, by a great deal, than you take me to be. What I have been writing is neither a book, nor a pamphlet, but a short series of articles — essays — moral discourses, as it were, just to try my wing.'

'Try your wing?' echoed Slang-Whang, with a cloud on his face, for he began to have an inkling of what all this was leading to.

'Yes, my dear Slang-Whang, even eagles you know must *hop about a little*, before they learn to soar into the blue realms of heaven.

'Oh, yes; and pray, my excellent Chin-Chin, where do you propose to 'hop about' in your incipient exercises?'

'Why that's it, you see. That's the favor. I wish you to publish my series of essays in your paper.'

'What! — in the 'Pagoda?'

'Yes. I will lend you a hand against the rascally 'Great Wall' people. They shall see that you have hosts of contributors.'

'On what subject is your series of essays?'

'Polygamy. I wish to discard it.'

'What! write against polygamy? My dear Chin-Chin, you must be distracted.'

'Oh, very well, Mr. Slang-Whang. The next time you fall into the canal, I hope you will find some one else to risk his life for the sake of drawing you out.'

'But, my dear Chin-Chin —'

'Oh, very well Sir, very well; fine words cost little.'

'Where are your essays?'

'Here they are; I have spent months at them. I shall be well paid for them, doubtless, in the 'Great Wall.'

'Chin-Chin, I *will* publish them.'

'You will?'

'I will. I have said it. I will put them in hand immediately, without altering a word — without even reading them. That pleasure I will reserve till they are in print. If they had been on any other subject than polygamy, I should not have hesitated a moment. Polygamy! — you might as well write against *eating*. But no matter: you are a noble fellow; you saved my life, at the risk of your own. I *hate ingratitude*. Your essays shall go in.'

THE essays against polygamy were inserted. Out of the one hundred and forty two millions of inhabitants, there was only one person who did not ridicule them, and that was their author. The fact is Chin-Chin was an honest, sensible, pains-taking, prudent, good-hearted, shrewd and influential man, but — *he could not write*. The 'Pagoda' was laughed at from Tartary to the Indian Ocean.

The Great Wall quizzed them, and declared that the three editors who asked the people of *Tchong-kou* to read such stuff, deserved to be flung into the *Hoang-ho*. But if the 'Great Wall' people were in fine glee at the disgrace of the 'Pagoda,' what were the feelings of Bohea and Souchong? They were in a perfect fury.

'Fo-ko,' said Bohea one day, a short time after the essays on polygamy were concluded, 'I want some money; I have a great speculation in view; I can make my fortune.'

'You delight me,' said Fo-ko. 'You know, dear Bohea, I desire nothing more sincerely than your welfare.'

'Thank you, Fo-ko; but at present, I should not have the heart to merely borrow money of you, having been so often and so long indebted to your generosity, but now I wish you to be as much benefitted as myself.' And he forthwith proceeded to give his opulent friend a detailed account of the speculation in which he intended they should be jointly concerned.

'Bohea,' said Fo-ko, when the speculator had finished his story, 'this thing is brilliant. It cannot possibly fail. Let me congratulate you. You have made your fortune. As for me, you ask me to share your profit. No, my friend, I am already sufficiently wealthy. I will not mingle any motive of interest with the pleasure of doing a generous action. I will advance the capital. But I will not receive any return except the simple sum which I lend you. Should you, by any remote chance, fail in your enterprize, give yourself no uneasiness. I will never demand even the original loan I now make. Go on, dear Bohea. Were my wealth trebled, it would give me far less satisfaction than I enjoy at this moment. I love you like a brother. Take this paper. It will entitle you to all you desire, and more. Go, dear Bohea; be rich and be happy.'

'Fo-ko —' cried Bohea, but tears of joyful gratitude filled his eyes, and he could proceed no farther.

'Come, this is folly,' said Fo-ko, after a brief pause, 'and to change the subject, I am sorry to see that you have got the 'Pagoda' into a scrape with those stupid articles on polygamy. What on earth could you mean by admitting them into your columns?'

'It was that Slang-Whang —' said Bohea, wiping the grateful and yet glittering moisture from his lids.

'Well, I tell you what, Bohea, I will be no *half-way* friend. I will help you on, also, with the 'Pagoda.' I will make the 'Great Wall' fellows laugh the other side of their mouths. You may publish this article of mine. It is a poem on the 'Feet of a Belle.' Nay, — no thanks. I will not hear a word in reply. There. This is the poem. Good morning, Bohea.'

Souchong sat with his friend So-ko and his three lovely sisters. His face was flushed; his eyes full of languid fire, and his voice trembled with a passionate tenderness for each and all of the innocent creatures who regarded him as their future husband. Most of our youthful male readers have, I may venture to surmise, at some time or other felt the power of love for *one* chosen enchantress; and in sooth they may fancy, from the throbs and agitations, the unspeakable pains and agonizing bliss consequent on such occasions, that *one* was enough in all conscience. What then must have been the sensations of Souchong — the youthful, ardent, enthusiastic and inexperienced Souchong, galvanized in that way with a three-fold power! Three rose-bud mouths murmuring to him at once! Six exquisite eyes melting away his soul with a perfect *focus* of loveliness! Poor Souchong! He abandoned himself altogether to the enchantment of the three objects of his affec-

tions, breathed three sighs, cast three tender looks, took three hands, made three avowals, six blushing cheeks turned bashfully and yet delightedly away, and six lovely lips pronounced the delicious assent, and requested him to 'go and ask So-ko!'

At this moment So-ko entered, and the trio of youthful graces disappeared, in order to give their lover time to propose.

'So-ko,' cried Souchong, 'I am in love.'

'Good!' said So-ko.

'I wish to marry.'

'Good, again!' added So-ko.

'This roof contains all I hold dear on earth.'

'Excellent!' cried So-ko. 'I thought as much. You have been very frequently of late with my sisters. You like them ——'

'I adore them!'

'And wish to marry?'

'Exactly.'

'When?'

'To-morrow.'

'Which one?'

'I will marry them all.'

'So you shall. They are all in love with you, and I have been glad to promote it, as far as lay within my power. I like you, Souchong, and could nowhere choose a brother more grateful to my feelings. Consider it settled. I am a man of business. I hate words. You shall marry the whole family to-morrow at eleven. Enough of one subject. How is your health?'

'Excellent.'

'Have you not been ill lately?'

'No. Why do you ask?'

'From seeing your 'Pagoda' so neglected. You nearly ruined yourselves by those stupid essays against polygamy, and the 'Feet of a Belle' will go well nigh to complete the business altogether. There is one thing, by the way, which I might as well say to you about the girls. Hoa and Casgha are plain housewives; but my pretty Kia, there, has a turn for literature. She'll be a great assistance to you in the 'Pagoda.' She's a perfect devil with a pen. Here! Here's a communication from her. You have never had any thing so good in the 'Pagoda.' The 'Great Wall' gang would give their eyes for it; she will be delighted to see it in print. Nay, nay, no thanks. It's an 'Address to the Ganges,' the best thing she ever did. Farewell, my dear brother Souchong!—To-morrow at eleven.'

'WHAT! the last Nankin subscriber stopped?' cried Bohea, in dismay.

'The very last,' said Slang-Whang. 'He said he could not stand the 'Address to the Ganges.' He is a mandarin of respectability, and a great loss. He had written to stop, before—once on reading the 'Essays on Polygamy,' and again after glancing at the 'Feet of a Belle.' This time he came himself.'

'It is too true, my brothers,' said Souchong. 'We have yielded to

personal friendship thrice. We have in consequence published three silly communications, and been three times the jest of all *Tchong-Kou*.'

It happened some time after, that the three editors were brought into the presence of the emperor, on the charge of a treasonable crime. Their accuser was a vile eunuch, whose cowardly heart had conceived a hatred against them, from the fact that one of the characters of a fictitious story in the 'Pagoda,' was, by mere chance, such a counterpart of his own, that he concluded it had been copied literally from himself. He was not aware how often such transcripts are accidental, and that the careful student of human nature, in drawing one scoundrel, delineates a thousand. Of such wretches there are numerous species, resembling vipers, and though each may fancy the spots on his back sufficiently marked to distinguish him from other individuals, yet whole broods are so painted and deeply stained, that a picture of one is a facsimile of all. The inexperienced youths knew not, when they established their periodical, that these sad mistakes and deadly revenges are among the inevitable calamities of literary men, especially of such as are connected with the public press. The emperor himself examined the culprits, and was about to consign them to the doom of convicted felons, upon the determined testimony of their accuser, when a young Tartar, of graceful mein and beautiful countenance, stepped forward from among the courtiers, and addressed the monarch.

'Emperor of the world, stay your hand! Do not consign the innocent to punishment. This eunuch is a wretch, perjured, cowardly, and base. The crime of which he accuses the three prisoners, he knows they did not commit. He himself is the author of it, as I can prove by an intercepted document now in my possession.'

We are not a chronicler of Chinese history, and therefore omit the details of the affair. The barbarous eunuch was condemned to death, the rescued brothers again enjoyed freedom, and the 'Pagoda' flourished more prosperously than ever.

One day the young Tartar, to whose interference they owed their life, came into their office. He had a paper in his hand.

'Only two verses!' he said. 'I know very well they are no great things, but they are the *first production* of a young lady who will one day be an honor to China. Should you reject them, it will break her heart. Publish them, not for what they are, but for what their author will *one day be*.'

Souchong, Bohea, and Slang-Whang looked at each other, and reached out their hands for the stanzas.

'Will you publish them?' asked their deliverer.

'Certainly!' replied Souchong.

'Unquestionably!' added Slang-Whang.

'Indubitably!' echoed Bohea.

ALL the readers of China derided the unhappy editors, on account of two of the stupidest verses ever published. Infinitely better poems had been rejected. They had publicly expressed their resolve to admit

no more trash, either for love or fear, and not even to *read* the communications of personal friends. Bohea sighed, Souchong swore, and Slang-Whang sat down and wrote an editorial paragraph on the subject.

'Periodicals,' thus his production read, 'like all mortal things, must be compounded of good and bad. Perfection does not exist beneath the moon. The communications in our pages may be sometimes inaccurate, and sometimes dull. We can but intersperse them, as frequently as possible, with the freshness of truth, the brilliancy of wit, and the treasures of wisdom. Thus the globe itself is in some parts barren wastes, in others burning deserts; nor can human means ever render its whole surface a continued garden of fruits and flowers. Will our friends have the goodness to believe that those articles which instruct, delight, or melt them, are the peculiar results of our efforts and our choice, but that the pages abandoned to error, or yielded to dulness, are just so much of our interest and our reputation knowingly sacrificed to the private demands of grateful friendship.'

THE LEAVES.

——— 'Mysterious whisperings,
And sounds like half-heard voices, dwell among them.'

I.

I LOVE the leaves! — who doth not love those children of the Spring,
When first appears, on the 'wakening grove, their soft green covering;
When on the bare old bough they come, and show their folded buds,
And send a freshening, wild perfume through the forest solitudes.

II.

I love to sit, at sultry noon, within their dim green shade;
And I love them when the quiet moon lights up the woodland glade;
And I love to list to the lulling tune by the summer breezes played,
In the deep stilly nights of June, from the wind and the thick leaves made.

III.

They are beautiful when passed away in their fresh brilliancy,
And the first traces of decay proclaim their end is nigh:
When all the blossoms are no more, they catch their tints again,
And mock the rose that bloomed before, with many a crimson stain.

IV.

Oh, when the setting sun casts down its light on such a scene,
And tints the woods of fading brown, and mingled ivy's green,
It is so fair, that we forget its beauty but deceives,
And think, almost without regret, of Summer's withering leaves!

V.

They are dearer still, when one by one we mark them fade and fall —
There is a lesson of deep tone in them that speaks to all;
They are like the hopes to our spirits shown through all, from first to last,
That in all changes still cling on, till life itself be past:

VI.

I love the leaves! — who would not love such silent monitors?
They wake a thought that far above all earthly feeling stirs;
They spring alike on fertile bowers, and on the barren tree;
Let others grasp the fruits and flowers — the leaves, the leaves for me!

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

Through the wild waters of a troubled sea,
 Where the last hues of dying day were resting,
 A storm-worn barge was plunging heavily,
 With seething foam the cloven billows cresting.
 Long o'er the blue, outstretched immensity
 The gaze of all within her had been questing;
 But still the sky one changeless circle spanned,
 Nor yet, though oft announced, appeared the promised land.

Hope, that had cheered them oft, illusion-born,
 With steadier beam once more the future brightened,
 And each rough face by toil and watching worn,
 Sunned by her smile, with exultation lightened:
 Doubt was no more, from earliest flush of dawn
 Each hour new signs of land their trust had heightened;
 Boughs from the woods, with berries gemmed, swept by,
 And birds with radiant plumes wheeled warbling through the sky.

A genial air, that seemed the breath of Heaven
 Respired from Earth's green buds and leaf-screened fountains,
 Floated around, and with its blessed leaven
 Lightened the ocean breeze; 'till groves and mountains
 Were traced by fancy in the clouds of even.
 That night — unadded to the weary countings
 Of despair — seemed, like the Savior's tomb,
 To hold salvation's dawn within its depth of gloom.

Salve Regina! — Hark! it peals along
 Rolled through the furrows of the startled ocean,
 On winds awaked by the first human song
 That e'er lent music to their ceaseless motion.
 Now bursts the hymn in volume rich and strong,
 Now falls in liquid gushes of devotion;
 While every eye with gathering tears is dimmed —
 Bright pearls from Nature's cup, with happiness o'erbrimmed.

The vesper psalm ceased. With princely mien,
 From 'midst the group that late its chorus chanted,
 A chieftain rose: his lofty brow serene,
 His soul-lit glance that danger never daunted,
 The voice whose mandate none might contravene,
 The gesture gracing what the warm heart granted,
 The calm, proud smile that on the full lip reigned,
 Bespoke a giant mind, in all things self-sustained.

Still as he spake the poetry of soul,
 Which was his essence, kindled up his features,
 He almost *touched* the undiscovered goal
 Which sages, monarchs, bigots, and their creatures
 Alike had scoffed — *he*, in many a scroll
 Translated, the theme of ribald metres
 Sung in the very streets foredoomed to ring
 With one spontaneous shout, that hailed him more than king!

Full of high thoughts, he spake as one inspired,
 Of realms with treasure, fruits, and verdure glowing,
 Of gilded fanes by streaming sunbeams fired
 Into a blaze of glory, rivers flowing
 O'er beds of gems, where man, by toil untired,
 Might reap what Nature's hand was ever sowing,
 While, lending fragrance to a land so gifted,
 Soft winds from fadeless bloom eternal perfume lifted.

Then, having proffered title and reward
 To him who first that Paradise discovered,
 He sought the prow, with sleepless eye to guard
 His ship against the beach on which she hovered.
 What gleam, what flash, the closing darkness starred?
 Like flickering torch by careless hand uncovered!
 Again! It *was* a torch — 't was on the shore —
 It signal'd forth a World! and *man* the beacon bore!

Hark! a loud peal, that seems the ear to stun,
 Jars on the air like the immediate thunder:
 'Land ho! — it is our consorts signal gun!
 Shout the glad crew, and all are anxious wonder
 To know what strand their toils at last have won:
 A thousand dreams of luxury and plunder
 Flash through each mind, as o'er mast, yard, and shroud,
 To furl or reef the sails, the shouting seamen crowd.

'Tis dawn — afar on the horizon's verge,
 Up from the waves a line of light is heaving;
 It brightens, deepens o'er sky, cloud and surge,
 A gorgeous woof of rosy glory weaving
 Around the gates of morn, 'till forth emerge
 Day's golden god, with beams his pathway cleaving:
 He comes! the vapors from the deep up-curl'd
 Melt in his burning glance, and lo! the Western World!

How beautiful, how bless'd was the sight
 Of the green earth to each sea-weary rover!
 'T was a fair isle, with waving groves bedight,
 Fit spot for rest from storm and peril over.
 With shouts and yells of wonder and delight,
 Swarmed the swart natives from their leafy cover,
 Gazing on what, to their untutored eyes,
 Seemed glorious white-winged birds, descended from the skies.

The anchor falls — a boat is lowered and manned;
 'Mid cavaliers in polished harness beaming,
 Upon its prow the leader takes his stand,
 Spain's royal banner proudly o'er him streaming:
 The eager oarsmen wait but his command
 To send their broad blades through the water gleaming.
 'Away! — away!' — and springing from the oar,
 Like courser from the lash, the light skiff speeds ashore.

Her keel has grounded, and upon the beach
 Her crew, with eyes upraised to Heaven, are kneeling,
 While from their gushing hearts — too full for speech —
 A language untranslatable is stealing!
 Thanks to the God, whom they had dared impeach,
 For thus their hopes with rich fruition sealing!
 While prostrate on the sand, from all apart,
 Columbus opes in praise the flood-gates of his heart.

More than three centuries have passed away,
 Since landed that bold band so few in number;
 A gorgeous tomb enwraps the crumbling clay
 Of him who woke a hemisphere from slumber:
 Left in his age to wrong and grief a prey,
 Death's useless trappings mock the bones they cumber.
 Hark! a low warning from his ashes rings:
 'Ye lean on broken reeds, who trust the words of Kings.'

FIRE! *

It was perhaps half an hour after the usual drawling voice of the city watchman had sleepily proclaimed, 'Past twelve o'clock!' that I laid aside the book which I had been perusing, according to my usual custom, in bed, and giving one turn to the argand-lamp on the table at my side, extinguished its now somewhat lessening flame, and applied myself in earnest to seek the sleep which I would willingly have deferred for another hour, had not experience taught me that a giddy brain is always the next day's punishment for such disregard of one of nature's laws. Scarcely, however, had I begun to lose the train of causes and events that was carrying me again through the scenes of which I had just been reading, when I was recalled to perfect consciousness by the startling cry immediately under my window, five times repeated: '*Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!*' It was not the short shrill voice of boyhood, nor the hurried, half-articulated shout of one who runs, but slow, clear, and distinct. I sprang from my bed, and threw up my window. The night, though cold, was beautiful. The moon was in the midst of her course, and shone down upon the earth from an unclouded sky; and here and there a spire, coated with glistening metal, reflected back her chilling rays, like the demon of winter shooting his icicles around. Not a sound was to be heard in the streets; not a hoof nor wheel resounded on the pavement; and the smooth and compact *trottoir*, which in a still night gives warning to a whole square, if so much as a dog tread heavily upon it, was silent as the flags of a sepulchre. One only sound broke in at intervals of half a minute upon this solemn stillness. It was the repeated shout of that same rich trumpet voice, '*Fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!—fire!*'

I looked in the direction from whence it came, but was unable for several minutes, as he stood in the deep shadow, to catch the motionless figure of the watchman who was startling the echoes by that wild cry, which seemed to come forth from the bowels of the earth, like the supernatural voices that pronounced 'Wo, wo, wo!' upon the city of God, before its destruction. In the distance I perceived a red cloud ascending into heaven, marking where the fierce element was raging, though too far off to allow the yells and unearthly noises that usually accompany such scenes, to be heard. How beautiful was the whole picture! Those roofs, glittering in the placid moonbeams, concealed from my view human beings who might be involved in the destruction which was sweeping on; and yet how securely did they sleep!—unmindful of that startling cry, which again and again, in prolonged echoes, rings through the deserted streets! The flames rise higher, the cloud of living fire breaks over the adjoining dwellings—and the shout comes forth with a shorter and fiercer emphasis: '*Fire! fire! fire!*' Ha!—there is some one awake at last! There rolls out the solemn peal of the great bell. The watch-dog of the city has scented the coming foe, and from his lair is now

* THE present article was placed in type on the day preceding the memorable fire in December last; but the 'leadens representatives of thought' were melted away by the sublime element whose minor ravages they were arranged to depict. The copy was accidently preserved—but having been mislaid, was believed until recently to have shared the fate of several beautiful intellectual fabrics, which, to our sore mortification, were dissolved in the flames of that dreadful night. EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

baying forth his deep-throated warnings! Slowly and solemnly doth the howl burst forth from his capacious chest. Hark! — how it rolls away like distant thunder, bounding and re-bounding from dome to dome! How various are the emotions excited by that rumbling peal! Here, the usurer springs from his anxious couch, where his dreams had been of wealth and successful speculation, and casting an eager glance toward the distant counting-house, thanks Mammon, his god, that *he* is not concerned. There, one of those blest creatures, whose existence proves that human nature is *not* utterly depraved, murmurs a thanksgiving for her own preservation, and a prayer for the poor wretches who may be driven from their homes and their beds on this wintry night, to seek in vain for shelter from the chilling breath of December. Thy prayer shall descend in blessings upon thine own head, lovely one! It is the tall store-house, and the rich merchandise, that the Destroyer is enfolding in his beautiful but deadly mantle.

Here, the rich man is hoping his property may rise in his neighbor's ruin. There, the insurer is tossing sleeplessly upon his couch. In yonder dim alley are many dark-souled men, who are exulting in the downfall of one who has been above them, and would fain reduce all to their own level, by a general destruction of property. More listen to that bell with pleasure, than would be willing to acknowledge it, even to themselves.

But the city is rapidly throwing off its drowsiness. Here and there a church-bell may be heard, adding its nervous alarm to the deep sullen boom of the great tocsin. Many a rapid tramp is reëchoed by the frosty pavement. Men are gathering together to see the work of destruction, or to assist in arresting it. And yonder comes an engine, rattling down the street, shaking the tall houses to their very lowest foundation stone. Another, and another, and another follow. What a perfect babel! Each has its bells jingling discordantly in the still air, and every man is exhausting his lungs in vain endeavors to yell louder than all his fellows; and some few are armed with brazen trumpets, such, it may be, as made the walls of Jericho fall down. What unearthly howlings and groanings!

'As if the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of Hell!'

Go on, in mercy! — or never hereafter shall I know the nightingale from the screech-owl — the warblings of Fanti from a bacchanalian scream! Thank Heaven, they have decided at last which of two ways to choose, that were equally short, and once more we are in comparative silence. Footstep after footstep dies away in the distance, and Nature again comes down to take possession of the spot. Is she not beautiful? She is always so. But now, it is night — a calm, still, bright night: and look how gorgeously those wreaths of bright amber are circling in the moonlight! Wisely is it written: 'Riches take unto themselves wings, and fly away.' Methinks I see them burst from their thralldom; and hear their exulting laugh at their emancipation, as they shoot up into the free air, in golden vapor — floating away toward yon silver orb, to become a part of the unfettered element on whose wings the DEITY himself doth ride!

All nature is exulting in combination against thee, poor man! I

seem to see the joyous eagerness with which the winds rush in from the four corners of the earth to despoil thee. Each after another snatches to its embrace a portion of thy spiritualized wealth, (as it appeared but now,) and darts far up into the blue ether, where the eagle's pinion hath never swept!

Even Neptune himself hath turned traitor to thine interests. The sparkling diamonds fall thick and heavily. Man's ingenuity can turn the river from its course, and rain it upon thy burning walls. But see! no sooner do the brilliant globules feel the influence of the fire, than *they*, too, catch the spirit of freedom, and bursting into vapor, join the merry flight of earth and air, shooting upward, and upward! Pour on the flood! — but it aids thee not. Mark those blue flames dancing upon the hissing stones: it is the water itself which burns! Fire and water have forgotten their ancient enmity, and are united to destroy thee! St. George and St. Dennis have struck hands for thy undoing. The lion and the oriflamme, in mockery of thy misery, together flaunt their heavy folds over thy funeral pyre.

Canst thou not learn wisdom from that glorious sight? An hour ago those crumbling walls contained a heap of wealth which thou calledst thine. Thou couldst see it, feel it, do with it according to thine own pleasure. Where is it now? It has thrown off the perishable medium which made it evident to thy earth-born senses, and is flying, invisible to thee, in the eternal expanse. An hour ago, a few feet of earth contained it all. Now, one wing floats murkily over the forests of the red man, wafting to Heaven the prayer acceptable to the Great Spirit, who watches over all his creatures alike; and in whose sight crowns and diadems are as tinsel and dross. The other fans the swelling sail upon the bosom of the 'deep and dark blue ocean.'

And is man of a meaner nature than his merchandize? One short hour ago, who could have told that those inert bales and boxes contained an immortal principle, that would soon burst from its confinement, and expand itself throughout these boundless regions? It was invisible, intangible, too subtle in its essence to be detected by mortal senses; yet was it there, confined in those narrow limits, waiting the destruction of its beautiful prison, that it might be free.

And is it not so with me? Have I not also an immortal essence, capable of endless expansion? — capable of enjoyments, of existences, of which I now know nothing? Is *this* the whole of my being? Do I not feel the soul within me struggling in its vain efforts to grasp what is beyond its reach? Do I not see a universe around me of which I am conscious I can now know as it were nothing? And is this wonderful display of secret agencies intended only to tantalize my fettered intellect? Have I not powers capable of knowing all things? — and are these powers never to be permitted to develope themselves? Oh! for knowledge! *I would see* the main-spring which causes the revolution of that bright orb, and those glittering gems! *I would see* whence the King of Day derives his heat and his light! *I would see* what makes the grass grow, the tree put forth its leaves, and the blossoms its fruit. *I would see how* this poor feeble body confines and cramps the swelling spirit within it; and *how* that spirit imparts of its own life to the clay.

But let me wait in patience. The time will come — *I know* it — when

I too shall burst this thralldom ; when I shall throw off this living mass of death, and then — *then* I will visit the stars ; I will explore the universe ; I will know — not every thing, God pardon me ! but I shall be continually learning ; for ever going onward, and onward, with archangel strides toward that refulgent throne of universal knowledge, on which sits God — the Creator — the Omniscient !

But while I stand here soliloquizing, by my open window, the cold night air reminds me in language too forcible to be mistaken, that mind and matter are so conjoined that I may not neglect the rules of the latter with impunity to its nobler ally. So I will cherish thee, 'frail failing, dying body,' for thou art a part of myself ; and some there are, more deeply read than I in these mysteries, who would have me believe that thou, too, art immortal — that thou shalt reappear in the great day when the 'Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll ;' and that we — thou and I — shall be united, one and indivisible, through eternity. It may be so. I know not of what changes thou art susceptible, and yet remain the same. The gem that sparkles upon the brow of beauty and royalty, and the vile refuse of my hearth, which the beggar might not touch, are one. The same — yet how different ! And so it may be with thee. These are hidden things, into which I may not penetrate. Man's feeble powers are insufficient to comprehend the millionth part of the wonders which are exhibited to his view ; and why should he presumptuously search after those that have been concealed ?

Let me then rest satisfied in the full conviction, that as the mysteries of creation are infinite, so I am possessed of infinite capabilities for understanding them, and shall have an eternity in which to study them : that, as some good man has said, 'as the embryo in its mother's womb is endowed with organs of sense, which can avail it nothing till brought into the light and air of the world, so man has powers of intellect, capacities for knowledge and love, of whose existence even he is unconscious, until transplanted to those regions which are fitted for their development.'

P. P.

Philadelphia.

POETRY.

AN EXTRACT : FROM RICHARD SHARPE.

INSPIR'D, not taught, the bard's exalted art,
In sacred trust, to few the heav'n's impart :
A new, a nobler sense in man to wake,
From all his instincts all that's earthly take ;
O'er Nature's works a nameless charm to throw,
On life a grace, a glory to bestow ;
Its duties dignify, its joys enhance,
And lend to truth the interest of romance ;
To teach content, yet bid our hopes aspire,
Endear this world, and fit us for a higher.

STANZAS.

'In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.'

I come, I come, on my ceaseless race,
And before me shadowy night I chase;
On eastern hills I plume my wing,
And upward through heaven's arch I spring.
I have held my way through countless years,
And human passions and human fears,
Like the tossing waves of the stormy deep,
Have revelled their hour, and now they sleep
As calm as ocean, when on its breast
The bright moonbeams untroubled rest.
And the empire's rise and the empire's fall
I've witnessed, and darkness has covered all;
The youthful hope, and the broken heart,
And sorrow hidden by worldly art,
And revel, and laugh, and tear, and sigh,
And the brow of might, and the flashing eye,
And the racking schemes of the great and proud,
And the stormy strife of the noisy crowd,
And the quiet joy of the peasant's hearth,
And fears of age, and childhood's mirth,
And 'deathless names,' and warlike towers —
All, all have vanished, like early flowers
In the summer heats, and I alone
Nor change nor weariness have known.

As around me I cast my flaming eye,
I see but one field of victory.
The robber who wishes for longer night,
But catches a glimpse of my coming light,
His plunder falls, and his work undone
Confesses the power of the coming sun.
The anxious miser forgets his care,
As he sees the time of my coming near:
The sick man on his couch of pain,
Longs for my cheering beams again;
The watchman, who his vigil keeps
While the world around in safety sleeps,
Hies him home to his unpressed bed,
And at length reposes his weary head.
Through the cottage pane on the sleeper's face
I look, and he starts to his daily race;
And among the city's crowded streets,
Where the gambler with his victim meets,
Where misery in secret weeps,
Where all is art, and I alone
Can pierce the veil which man has thrown
To hide from his eye the works of God,
In light and beauty spread abroad,
I look, and they start as if the ghost
Of wasted hours their vision crossed.
Through cottage, and camp, and princely hall,
The sleepers wake at my stirring call.
Where'er I come, false visions flee,
Replaced by stern reality.
The fairies' magic wand I break,
The dead to busy life I wake.
The mourner who forgot his grief,
Starts from his respite fancied and brief;
And the sense of sorrow, the pain of loss,
With deepened shadow his bosom cross.

The dew drops reflect my earliest ray,
 And twinkle a moment on earth, then away
 They upward spring toward the ether blue,
 Heaven-born, and to their nature true.
 There in their play they build the bow,
 In glory spanning the world below;
 Or gath'ring in crowds on the western sky,
 They seem to the gazer's wondering eye
 Like the distant tops of the hills of heaven,
 Rising to view in the hush of even.

From their winter's sleep I wake the flowers,
 And birds hail my coming from shady bowers.
 The sturdy oak that has raised his form
 For a thousand years mid sun and storm,
 Through his rigid frame my coming feels,
 And with foliage green his age conceals.
 E'en the time-worn rock has for me a smile,
 For the gray moss covers its rugged pile,
 And the clambering vine doth o'er it fling
 Its curtain, and the wild flowers spring
 From nook and crevice, and lift on high
 Their offering to the morning sky.

I look on the line where the mountain towers,
 Its top in snows and its base in flowers;
 I look on the pole, where with ceaseless crash
 The waves on the worn rocks loudly dash,
 And my rays fall aslant on that cheerless sea
 Where the icy waves make rude melody,
 The only sound in that solitude,
 Where winter and storms forever brood,
 Where foot of man has never trod
 To mar the works of his maker, God.
 When Rome in her pride ruled over the world,
 And at time and ruin defiance hurled,
 I laughed at her pride, for I saw afar
 A world beneath the evening star,
 Where the Alps would shrink to pigmy mounds,
 The empire's limits to narrow bounds.

The good man lifts his thoughts above,
 As he catches my rays, and thinks of the love
 That over a path of sin and tears
 Scatters undimmed, through toilsome years,
 Hope's herald rays that foretell a day,
 When sin and sorrow shall flee away.
 When weakness wronged shall raise its head,
 The oppressor's arm no longer dread,
 When darkness shall lift from the mental eye,
 And before it in beauty and light shall lie
 The world of knowledge without a cloud,
 And Mystery shall have dropped her shroud.

Through ages of crime I have held my way —
 On, on I pass to that brighter day
 When man shall shake off the bonds of sin,
 And a holier, happier life begin.
 I see the end of his moral night,
 I see the dawn of a nobler light:
 On, on I pass — soon my course shall be run —
 Soon, soon shall the goal of my race be won;
 Soon my rays shall be quenched, my brightness clouded,
 And the source of light in darkness shrouded,
 Till, illumed again at the word of God,
 O'er a world renewed I look abroad,
 Where former things shall have passed away,
 And the tyrant Death shall have ceased to slay —
 All tears be wiped, and sin be slain,
 And sorrow, and sighing, and fear, and pain,
 Mid the peace and the joy of that world, shall seem
 Like the vanished shapes of a fevered dream.

PARRHASIUS.

A PASSAGE FROM GRECIAN HISTORY.

———'Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.'

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE day was waning into twilight, and the glowing sun, shedding a soft, subdued light upon the clouds that drifted along the West, was sinking slowly below the horizon, as an Athenian merchant stood gazing from the high arched window of his apartment upon the stirring scene below him — a wide-spread view of the harbor of Piræus, which on this side rolled its waves far toward the South, until its waters mingled, in an indistinct and undistinguishable outline, with the hazier mists of the sky. Numberless vessels lay within the range of the eye; some, heavily laden, sank deeply in the waves, and some, in light and graceful buoyancy, seemed to float on the very surface of the billows; while near by, others rested at the docks, their cargoes of merchandise fast disappearing beneath the active and skilful hands of the traffickers. All was confusion. The vender and purchaser; — the magistrate and inspector, with their long line of clerks — the idle spectator, and the busy artizan — all were congregated in one confused mass, giving to the scene the activity and bustle of an extensive commercial mart of the present day.

The merchant appeared to regard the motley assemblage beneath him with deep interest. His life had been passed amid the stir and rapid changes peculiar to the hazardous pursuits of commerce; and as he beheld others eagerly treading the same path, it may be that the remembrance of by-gone and happier years was re-kindled in his bosom. He gazed intensely and long upon the busy group; and it was not until the last boat had put off from the shore, and the last lingering idler had sought his home, that he turned listlessly from the window. As his foot fell upon the marble of the richly tessellated floor, the sound seemed to recall him to recollection. His step, which at first was measured and slow, became hurried; his countenance beamed with excitement; his hands were compressed, and his whole person was convulsed with passion. At length he paused suddenly, and wiping away the drops that had gathered upon his forehead, seized with a tremulous hand a richly-chased goblet of gold, brimming with Samian wine, mingled with the honey of Hymettus. He quaffed it at a draught; and hastily replacing the cup, threw himself on a luxurious pile of cushions, while he shouted in a peremptory voice, 'What ho! — Glasiâno!'

The menial stood before his master. The cold eye of the merchant rested warily for a moment upon the ruffian countenance of his slave.

'Glasiâno,' he said, 'saw you Parrhasius?'

'Most noble Sir, I did,' replied Glasiâno, slowly.

'What said he? — how looked he?'

'He said naught,' returned the slave; 'and he looked as though want gnawed at his vitals — as though he were starving.'

'Be it so! — be it so!' repeated the merchant. 'But is it *certain*? Will no citizen relieve him? Must he die?'

'He must!' said Glasiàno, 'he must — unless ——'

'Unless what!' shouted the merchant, springing violently to his feet.

'Unless he succeed at the games,' answered the slave: 'he strives for the prize.'

Again the merchant strode across the apartment; then suddenly stopping before the motionless form of the slave, and grasping his arm with a force which thrilled to the bone, he whispered through his shut teeth: 'No — I tell you, *no*! — he *shall* perish! I left home, kindred, country — braved the winds and the seas — and for what? For *her* whom he has stolen from me. Shall he live? Ha! ha! Go to him: tell him Euphranor, the Athenian, would employ his skill. Bid him prepare a likeness of me, from memory. Promise him, when finished, *any* reward. Let the fool die — starve — while thinking of *me*. Away!'

Glasiàno gathered in silence the drapery of his robe around him, and departed upon his mission. As he left the portico of the opulent merchant, embellished with statuary and painting, and issued into the open air, his heart misgave him, and he shrank from the villany in which he had embarked. He remembered for a moment the kindnesses of his young mistress, the daughter of his master, whom he was now commissioned to destroy; for he knew full well how inseparably her fate was blended and interwoven with that of the young artist. The crime which he was commissioned to perpetrate seemed, for a brief space, too deep and black for even his callous and deadened nature.

With a hesitating and irresolute step, he wended his way through narrow streets and tortuous alleys, until he arrived at the low and humble hut of the artist. Here he paused for a moment before its threshold; then nerving himself to the trial, he threw aside the door, and pronounced the name of — 'Parrhasius!'

A voice bade him enter. Drawing his garb, with scrupulous care, around his person, to avoid the damps which trickled over the low and ill-conjointed wall, he advanced to an interior apartment, and stood in the presence of its occupant. A broad torch cast its flickering gleam upon the countenance of Parrhasius, which wore a cold expression of recognition, mingled with amazement at this unexpected visit. His whole form was worn and emaciated; the face, wan and deadly pale, exhibited in the hollow and sunken cheeks the inroads of disease; yet his eye still burned with the high imaginings of the swaying spirit within. Sickness, want, and penury could not erase the 'breathing thought' from that noble brow, or obliterate the stamp of genius from those lofty lineaments.

The slave drew near. 'Euphranor, the merchant,' said he, 'sends greeting to the noble Parrhasius; he would bury all enmity in forgetfulness.'

'Ha!' retorted Parrhasius, with a smile of scorn curling his lip, 'he is *too* kind: he would extend forgiveness, when his victim is writhing in the agonies of death. But what would he?'

'In Athens,' returned the slave, 'wrongs are forgotten in merit. He would employ thy skill. The merchant seeks a likeness of himself.'

'He!' shouted Parrhasius, with a hollow laugh — 'I depict *him*? I —

Yes, it shall be as the fiend of the Stygian lake, who witnesses, with a smile of joy and hatred, the serpents coil around the limbs of the doomed, and the flames scorch the quivering flesh! Think you he would recognise the resemblance?

'You forget,' answered Glasiáno, 'you forget he was your foe — was injured — and sought revenge.'

'Injured!' repeated Parrhasius, bitterly — '*injured*? Was it injury for two loving hearts to unite? — or has the reparation sought, been proportioned to the wrong?'

'You robbed him of his child,' coldly returned the slave; 'he cared for naught else.'

'And upon *her* he would inflict a miserable and lingering death!' said Parrhasius. 'He has forever blighted her hopes in life, and now what remains to her but starvation?'

'To avoid this,' returned the crafty slave, adroitly availing himself of each change in the conversation to strengthen the web which he was weaving round the unsuspecting artist, 'he would bury the past in oblivion. He offers gold for the painting.'

'For *her* sake,' said Parrhasius, in an under tone, as if communing with himself, 'it *might* be done. Yes, yes! — go, Glasiáno — tell thy master his bidding shall be executed.'

The slave paused for a moment. 'He yields no remuneration,' he said, 'until the task is performed.'

'In the mean time famine may seize upon its victims,' replied the artist: 'but go! It is the only hope. It shall be done.'

Glasiáno once more folded his robe around him, and departed.

The pity we feel for the sorrows of others has a deeper power than that which preys upon ourselves. Our own grief may be diminished by a thousand emotions and recollections. Hopes will rush upon the heart to lessen or ward away the blow; but in others the present pang withers our very soul. We see the actual misery, but no glimpse of alleviation. Thus felt Parrhasius. It was a fearful thought, to know that the hand which had heaped misfortunes on *her* head, was his own. Blight had passed over *his* spirit — and he could have borne all with an unbending fortitude; but he shrank from the contemplation of the sorrow he had entailed on his beloved Ianthe. He would have bared his breast, with an unblenching cheek, to the bolt which threatened to crush him; but thus to behold famine slowly wasting the rich bloom of her cheek, to see her strive to divert him from despondency, while she concealed the disease which want and penury had brought upon her — these were indeed thoughts from which his heart shrank with bitter emotion.

Long after the slave had left him, Parrhasius remained brooding over his melancholy thoughts. At length he arose, and bearing in his hand the torch which was now flickering in its socket, moved with a noiseless step to the chamber of his wife. It was still and silent. He advanced to the couch. She had fallen into a deep slumber; and her long ringlets were streaming in wild profusion over her neck and bosom. Sickness had evidently marked each feature; for the eye and cheek were sunken, the face was of an ashy paleness, and the broad and expanded brow was worn and emaciated. Yet even now, how beautiful was that form! Care and sorrow had robbed her of the smile that

played in a thousand dimples around the mouth and upon the cheek, and dimmed the brightness of her eye; but the noble form — the rounded outline — the intellectual contour — these still remained. The bloom was indeed gone, but the expression — the *soul* — was unobscured.

Parrhasius gazed shrinkingly upon the form before him. How could he recognise, in this destitute and helpless being, her whom a few months before he had beheld surrounded with the wealth and luxury of her paternal home; seeking her innocent and girlish pleasures with an unblighted heart. He saw her lips move in slumber. He listened, the words came to his ear. She called upon him! But for *him*, she had been happy. The thought was madness. He felt the air thicken and press around him; his respiration became oppressed and difficult. He extinguished the light, groped his way through the narrow entrance, and rushed into the street. It was now deserted, and he passed rapidly on, nor stopped until he reached the bank of the Ilyssus. The stream, swollen by late rains, rushed in arrowy swiftness over its bed. Its flood swept by his feet. He bared his head, and as the cool air bathed his forehead, his pulse grew less violent, and the fever of his blood subsided. The holy quietness of the hour — the plants, the flowers — the long rank grass, the bright stars, and the autumnal moon, shed a blessed influence upon his spirit.

He turned and retraced his steps; and once more gaining his home, threw himself on the ground, and slept till morning.

THE day was far advanced, and the sun high in heaven, when the painter awoke. A female form knelt beside him, removing with a soft white hand the hair from his temples.

'Dear Parrhasius,' she said, pressing her lips to his forehead, 'will you never know wisdom? It was scarcely prudent to risk your health upon the chill and unwholesome ground.'

'Nay, chide not, Ianthe,' he replied, as he drew her to his bosom, 'I have had delicious dreams. A spirit has revealed to me that our sorrows are soon to end.'

He then briefly related the circumstances attending her father's message, the slave's offer, and his final acceptance of the terms.

Ianthe listened eagerly to the narration. Gladly she cherished the hope which his words inspired. She knew little of the deeper and darker passions of her father. She believed that he would forgive them *now*, and she was happy in the thought. Parrhasius, as he saw the smile once more light up her features, and the glow return to her cheek, with a light and glad heart spread his canvass, and commenced his labor.

Days, weeks, months elapsed, and he was still before it. All the resources of his cultivated mind were turned into this one channel; and as the picture gradually grew to being beneath his pencil, the beauty of the conception, aided by the rich coloring, seemed to promise him a recompense proportionate to the toil. He combined, in the picture, another form with that of the merchant; he was portrayed, standing with a look of forgiveness mantling his countenance, in the act of be-

stowing a blessing upon his daughter, who knelt at his feet. The resemblances were perfect. All anger had disappeared from the face of the father, and each feature displayed the deepest love for his child; while that of Ianthe bore an expression of contrition for her error, blended with her joy.

It was now the day before the games. The picture was finished, and despatched to the house of the merchant. It was returned with a cold message of disapprobation.

'Euphranor,' said the slave, 'would have Parrhasius essay his skill once more. He has exhibited, he says, some invention, but less power of delineation.'

'Go,' replied Parrhasius, 'tell your master ——' He was interrupted by a sob from the adjoining chamber. 'Begone! — rejoice at your successful villany!' So saying, he strode from the apartment.

Glasião listened until he heard his step grow faint in the distance; then seizing the painting which Parrhasius was to present at the games on the morrow, he hastily unrolled, marked and disfigured it with some dark colors that lay on a pallet by the easel. He then carefully replaced the canvass, and with a savage and triumphant joy gleaming on his countenance, departed.

That evening Parrhasius and Ianthe stood gazing from the low and narrow window of their dwelling upon the world without. As each successive hope and project failed, their hearts drew nearer to each other, and were knit to firmer union.

'Dear Ianthe,' said Parrhasius, 'one only hope remains: but the Athenians will be just.'

'Yes,' returned Ianthe, as she drew nearer to his side, 'yes, I know, I *feel* you will succeed.'

'You speak confidently,' said Parrhasius; 'but sorrow and misfortune should teach us to *expect* little where we might *hope* for much.'

Ianthe gazed upon the countenance of her husband. The impress of a high and noble purpose could be traced in the flashing and dilated eye, and in the proud and haughty bearing; but yet the face wore its accustomed expression of unchangeable affection.

'Do you remember,' she said, (and her voice sank into a whisper as she spoke,) 'the dream you once told me? That same night I, too, dream—a dream. The mysterious and shadowy events of the future were revealed to me, and I breathed the air of a world to come. The seeds of many years sprang up, and I beheld, and lo! your name had gone forth; your fame was before the nations; you were blest and happy.'

'And you' — said Parrhasius, interested in spite of himself at the earnestness of Ianthe, 'and you? ——'

'I too was happy,' she continued — 'but my abode was in Elysium; and the thousand beautiful forms of the blessed were around me. The plants and the flowers breathed a holy perfume, and wore an eternal bloom: the air was music; while in the midst was a lofty throne of precious gems of pearl, of sapphire, and of emerald, and on it was engraved in characters of light, 'Be happy!' But I sought other joys. I revisited the world; and with ever-waking watchfulness, in the cares of the day, and in the vigils of the night, I stood by your side — and I too was happy.'

Parrhasius answered not. A chill foreboding crept over his heart.

The streets exhibited a grotesque appearance of bustle and confusion: the old and the young — the high born noble and the busy merchant — the slave and the master — the rich in purple robes of Syrian dye — and the poor with their coarse but cleanly garments — the citizen and artist all were thronging onward to one general scene of amusement and festivity.

It was a noble dome in which they assembled. The gilded roof was supported by a vast colonnade of pillars of the purest marble from the isle of Paros; the walls were decorated with paintings, executed by the most esteemed masters; and the whole scene was one of indescribable splendor. The lower tier of seats was occupied by the officers of the city — the magistrates, the senators, and the more wealthy citizens — while those behind were appropriated to the poorer and meaner classes. They were filled to overflowing.

Among the last of those who sought the place of exhibition was the merchant, Euphranor.

'Look well upon him!' he muttered in the ear of his slave; 'mark each change of countenance.' Glasião made no reply, save by a grim smile. They sought their seats.

There was a dead, unbroken silence in the hall. Parrhasius stood in the midst of a thousand breathing forms, and a throng of hopes, fears, and recollections crowded thick upon his mind. He had just parted from Ianthe; he had felt her form thrill with agitation upon his breast, as she bade him adieu; and her tremulous voice, praying for his success, was still in his ear. Was he to return to her the victor, or the vanquished? To them, it was life or death!

The heralds now called upon the *agonistes* to present their paintings. One by one they advanced. Parrhasius saw each form as it moved on, and heard the low buzz of approbation, as each successive picture was exposed to view. It was a moment of dreadful suspense. Hope, life, reputation — all were concentrated in this one chance. He was the last summoned. As his name was pronounced, he moved onward. A thousand eyes were riveted upon him, yet he heeded them not. He presented his painting to the judges. They paused for a moment; the picture was slowly unrolled, and an expression of wonder and amazement gradually gathered upon their features. It was turned to the spectators; not a voice uttered an approval. Parrhasius felt his heart stand still, and his brain reel. He grasped the pillar against which he leaned for support, and gasped for breath. At that instant, a burst of savage laughter came upon his ear. He knew the voice; and the tones of its bitter mockery re-strung his nerves. He sprang forward, as the judges dropped the picture on the ground: he seized it, tore open the folds, and discovered the huge blots on its surface. The truth flashed instantaneously upon his mind. He turned calmly to the judges, and pointed to the 'black and grained-spots' upon the picture. 'It is the work of an enemy,' said he; 'grant me permission, noble judges, to supply its place with another.' They hesitated, consulted for a moment together, and granted his request.

Again Parrhasius stood and beheld his picture slowly exposed to view; and again he felt the blood rush coldly to his heart, with the intensity

of his emotions. Before his breath should be twice drawn, a sentence was to go forth of unutterable joy or misery.

The painting which was now unrolled was the one which Parrhasius had wrought for Euphranor, the merchant. Once more he turned his anxious gaze upon the judges. A gleam of satisfaction and high approbation was visible in the countenance of each. It was held up to the multitude. A reiterated, rapturous shout rang through the hall. A solemn silence for a moment ensued, and Parrhasius heard himself proclaimed victor!

In all the vast assemblage now collected to witness the contest, two persons only had not followed with eager interest the fortunes of the young artist. These two were Euphranor and his slave. Both had, with boisterous and ill-suppressed joy, beheld the prostration of his hopes, in the failure of his first attempt, and now, by a revulsion of feeling, proportionably depreciated his triumph. The merchant, when he heard the prize adjudged to Parrhasius, and saw him succeed by the very means he had planned for his destruction, in a tumult of passion made his way hastily through the opposing crowd, and passed to his home.

'Fool!' he shouted in the ear of his slave, 'through you he has escaped me!' and he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage: 'but you — you,' he continued, in a voice of thunder, 'shall be the victim!'

He made a signal, and several attendants rushed into the apartment. He pointed to the cowering form of Glasiáno, and bade them seize him, and making a sign for them to follow, strode from the hall, into a spacious garden contiguous to the mansion. The path which he took conducted to a vast reservoir, surrounded by a high marble wall. They gained the ascent by a winding stair-case cut out of the solid stone. Far down lay the deep water, on whose surface was extended a monster of the ocean, which had been transported thither, as a rarity suited to the great wealth of the merchant. Euphranor gazed with a savage smile upon the terror-stricken countenance of the slave, and then upon the dread serpent that lay coiled below. Glasiáno shrieked for mercy. The merchant heard him with a hollow laugh. He made a sign to his slaves. Glasiáno knew a horrid fate awaited him, and with this certainty came a deep longing for vengeance. He struggled no longer: they raised him slowly to his feet, when with a sudden effort he released himself from their grasp, and rushed upon Euphranor. He seized him around the body, and dragging him to the brink, master and slave fell together into the abyss below, and the foaming waters closed over them. At length the two forms arose — the slave still clinging to his master with a grasp of undying hatred. Desperately did the merchant struggle! Once — but once — his face turned to view, each lineament graven with terror. The glossy neck and quivering tongue of the serpent — the gloating and wan eye, like an expiring flame — and the circle of blood which rested upon the water, told the awful fate of the victims.

PARRHASIUS sought his home. He had just escaped from the congratulations and importunities of the multitude, who were now as ready and solicitous to employ his skill as they were a few hours before to discourage and slight him. He hurried onward: a high and sure fortune

awaited him. And Ianthe! — *she* was to share his success. Oh! the unalloyed, the rapturous joy of that thought! His pace grew quicker: he had already passed the wicket which led to his low habitation — and now he reaches the door. Strange that she meets him not there! On he rushed, shouting his glad tidings. No voice responded to his own. He gained her chamber; her form reposed by an opposite window. Again he spake, and again his voice came in an echo from the low and empty walls. He stood by her side. The hands were lightly closed, the head partly raised, while a calm smile rested on the motionless features. Was it slumber? He listened for her breathings. There was no sound! Ianthe slept the sleep that could know no waking save at the summons of the last trump. What to him *now* were honor — ambition — fame — life!

YEARS passed. It was Spring. A number of Athenians had collected around the door of an elegant but unostentatious dwelling-house. By their gestures, and the frequent glances which they directed toward it, they appeared deeply interested in the fate of its inmate. They conversed among themselves for a time, until a young man, richly dressed, broke from the circle, and pressed toward the door of the habitation. He was met by an old and gray-headed menial.

‘How fares Parrhasius?’ whispered the young Athenian.

The slave, with a melancholy shake of the head, pointed to a door which led to the room beyond. The stranger passed with a noiseless step across the corridor, and entered the apartment. It was the studio of the artist, and was hung around with many of the choicest gems of art. A form was reclining upon a low stool in the centre of the room; the head rested upon one hand, and the eye appeared riveted upon a picture that was extended before it. The young Athenian gazed upon the countenance. Parrhasius was before him! The eyes were half closed; the lips compressed — the whole face pale and soulless: the wanness and torpor of death had dimmed each feature. One hand still grasped that painting — the picture of the merchant and his child. The last fond gaze of the dying artist had rested upon that one loved form, until his spirit, released by a welcome messenger, rejoined the loved and lost, in a world that knows neither change nor sorrow. B.

SONNET.

He who has travelled through some weary day,
And reached at summer eve a green hill-side,
Whence he can see, now veiled in twilight gray,
The dreary path through which he lately hied,
While o'er his onward road the setting sun
Sheds its sweet beam on every way-side flower,
Forgets his labors ere the goal be won
And in his heart enjoys the quiet hour:
Father and Mother — be it so with you!
While Memory's pleasant twilight shades the past,
May Hope illumine the path ye still pursue,
And each new scene seem brighter than the last;
Thus, wending on t'ward sunset, ye may find
Life's lengthening shadows ever cast behind.

CHILDHOOD.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

THE day was well nigh o'er,
 The sun, near the horizon, dimly shone;
 And the long shadows of the door-yard trees,
 Athwart the yard were thrown.
 Before our humble door,
 Upon the soft, cool grass,
 With bosom open to the evening breeze
 Which now and then did pass,
 Musing, and dreaming of the spirit's birth,
 And its relations to this beautiful earth,
 I lay alone —
 Borne on Imagination's airy pinions,
 Far from the world's turmoil, and sordid man's dominions.

Eve came on gently: and her step was seen
 Stirring the blossoms on the velvet green,
 And warning home the laden bee,
 Yet laboring busily.
 The while, her soft
 And delicate fingers plucked the leaves aloft,
 And whirl'd them round and round
 In eddies to the ground,
 Where I, an humble PAW, with many a wreath was crown'd.

Presently on my ear,
 Rang full and deep,
 Joyous, and musical, and clear,
 A sound, which made my father-heart to leap,
 And sent the warm blood to my cheek and brow,
 Which, with the recollection warm e'en now.
 It ceased, that thrilling tone:
 And with it passed my bright but dreamy train
 Of thought — and I was but a man again,
 Earthly, and weak, and lone.
 So slight a touch can jar the spirit's springs —
 And e'en a word, or tone, or look, clip Fancy's wings.

Once more — once more, it rang upon my ear —
 But blent with other sounds, as clear
 And musical as it:
 A childish jest — and then a shout,
 From one, or two, or three, rang out,
 Full, free, and wild —
 And then a fit
 Of childish laughter rent the dewy air!
 And now my eye a glimpse caught of the fair
 And lovely ones: it was my own dear child!
 She and her little friends, hard at their play,
 Upon the grassy slope, that softly stretch'd away.

Again — again —
 From the descending plain,
 Up rise those gleeful notes: but chief that voice
 Which first broke on my ear;
 And made my heart rejoice,
 Ascends, full, strong, and clear —
 Approaching nigh, and nigher,
 As the strain grows high, and higher;
 Then, like a water-circle, flowing
 Away to every point, and growing
 Fainter, and fainter, till the last tones die —
 Lost, as far-journeying birds fade in the purple sky.

Bonnets were in the air,
 And bonnet-ribbands scattered on the ground ;
 Small shoes and pantalettes lay thick around,
 And tiny feet were bare :
 And frocks were soil'd and aprons rent ;
 But still they kept their frolic mood,
 And laugh'd and romp'd ; and when I went
 And closer by them stood,
 How hard each little elf did try
 To win the most of my regard ;
 Now gazing anxious, in my eye,
 And striving still more hard :
 The spirit, so it seem'd to me,
 The same in the great world we see,
 Spurring the warrior on to victory,
 And urging on the bard :
 Each had success as much at heart,
 As he who plays in war or politics his part.

'My child!—my child!'

She comes to me:

Her cheeks are flush'd, her hair is wild,
 Her pulse is bounding free :
 With laugh and shout she comes — but see!
 Half way she stops, as still as death ;
 Her look is sad — she hardly draws a breath.

'My child! my own dear child!

Tell me, what aileth thee?

'Father!' — she pointed to the moon,

On the horizon's shatter'd bound —

'Twas rising, full and round.

'Father! I'm coming soon.'

Her other hand now pointed to the West,
 Where the dim sun was sinking to his rest.

'Father! are those the eyes of God

Looking upon us here?

Her knee bent slowly to the dewy sod —

And then came tear on tear:

A gush of mingled feeling — wonder, and joy, and fear.

Cincinnati.

W. D. G.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PROSPECTS AND DUTIES OF THE AGE.'

ABBOTSFORD—DRYBURGH ABBEY.

ABBOTSFORD takes its name from a ford over the Tweed, near at hand, which formerly belonged to the abbots — of some neighboring monastery, I suppose. It is well worth visiting, independently of the associations which make it what it is — what no other place can be. The structure too — the apartments — the furniture — are altogether in keeping with those associations. Everything is just what you would have it, to commemorate Walter Scott. The building is a beautiful Gothic structure. You will not expect a description from me of what has been already so minutely and so well described. You remember the hall of entrance, with its stained windows, and its walls hung round with ancient armor, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets — all of them, as an inscription imports, of the 'auld time;' the dining and the drawing rooms; the library and the study; the curiosities of the place — choice paintings, curious old chairs of carved work — the rare cabinet of relics, Rob Roy's musket, pistols from the dread holsters of Claverhouse and Bonaparte — and all surrounded and adorned with oaken

wainscoting and ceilings, the latter very beautifully carved, yet very simple — every thing, indeed, wearing the appearance of great dignity and taste: well, I have seen it all — I have seen it! But the study! — before the desk at which he wrote, in the very chair, the throne of power from which he stretched out a sceptre over the world, and over all ages, I sat down — it was enough! I went to see the cell of the enchanter — I saw it; and my homage — was silence, till I had ridden miles from that abode of departed genius.

I am tempted here to give you an anecdote, which has been mentioned to me since I came to Europe. An American lady of distinguished intelligence, had the good fortune to meet with Scott frequently in Italy, till she felt emboldened to express to him something of the feeling that she entertained about his works. She told him, that in expressing her gratitude, she felt that she expressed that of millions. She spoke of the relief which he had brought to the heavy and weary days of languor and pain; and said, that no day so dark had ever risen upon her, that it was not brightened by the prospect of reading another of his volumes. And what, now, do you think was his reply? A tear rolled down his cheek: he said *nothing*! Was it not beautiful? For you feel that that tear testified more than selfish gratification; that it was the silent witness of religious gratitude.

I must pass by the well-known and often-described beauty of Melrose Abbey, three miles from Abbotsford, and ask you to go on with me a few miles farther to Dryburgh — the place where 'the wreck of power' (intellectual) is laid down to rest. If I were to choose the place of his body's repose, from all that I have ever seen, it would be this. The extent, antiquity, and beauty of the work; the trees growing within the very walls of the abbey; the luxuriant shrubbery waving from the tops of the walls and from parts of the roof here and there remaining; the ivy, covering over the work of ghastly ruin, and making it graceful — hanging from 'the rifted arches and shafted windows,' and weaving festoons from one broken fragment to another; the solemn, umbrageous gloom of the spot; the perpetual sound of a waterfall in the neighboring Tweed — all conspire to make this spot wonderfully romantic; it throws a spell over the mind, such as does no other ruin that I have seen. Conway Castle is more sublime: Melrose Abbey is more beautiful in its well preserved, sculptured remains: but Dryburgh is far more romantic. What place can be so fit to hold the remains of *Walter Scott*!

Before crossing the Tweed, and while yet on Scottish ground, I wish to drop one thought which I have carried more than seven years, I believe, without ever finding the proverb to avail me at all. And that is on the striking resemblance between the character of Scotland and of New-England. The energy and vehemence of the Scottish character, the *perseveridum ingenium Scotorum*, is universally acknowledged. *Fier comme un Ecossais*, is a proverb. And yet the Scotch are accounted a singularly wary and cautious people; reserved in manners, exact in speech, guarded in communication, and keen and close in the transaction of business. The Scotchman has the singular fortune to stand as a proverb for the most opposite qualities, and I suppose that they really exist in him. The same qualities are found in the New-England character. The Yankee — 'it will not deny' — is sharp at a bargain.

He is cold in manners. The deep reserve of a New-England boy, especially if living retired in the country, perhaps no one can understand who has not experienced it. It seems as if his heart were girded with a stronger band than any other, and certainly such as is not natural or befitting to the ingenuousness of youth. I do not wonder that the result of a cursory observation has been to pronounce the New-Englander a being, to whom 'Nature has given a double portion of brains and half a heart.' And yet nothing could be more untrue. The New-England character is, in fact, one of the deepest excitement and enthusiasm. The whole history of the people proves this, from the landing at Plymouth to this hour. Every species of enterprise, political, commercial, literary, religious, has been developed in New-England to a degree, I am inclined to think, unprecedented in the world. All America is filled with the proofs of it. And private life in New-England will exhibit the same character to all who become intimate with it. The two races whom I am comparing have also had the same fate of general misconstruction and opprobrium. The Scot is regarded, on the south side of the Tweed, very much as the Yankee is south of the Hudson. I will not inquire into the causes of this; but it certainly seems a very hard case on either hand. A people in both instances, industrious, virtuous, religious, almost beyond example — carrying popular education to a point of improvement altogether unexampled in the world, till the Prussian system appeared — and furnishing far more than their respective quotas to the noblest literature of their respective countries — would seem to have deserved more respect than has been awarded to Scotland and New-England.

NEWCASTLE — YORK MINSTER — SACRED ARCHITECTURE.

As you approach Newcastle, it becomes evident that you are in the region of collieries. 'The smoke of the country goeth up as the smoke of a furnace.' It is not the smoke of its destruction however. It is the indication of life, and not of death — ay, and of life that has gone down far into the bowels of the earth; for it proceeds from the chimneys of steam engines, employed at every pit, for the double purpose of pumping out water and raising coal.

YORK is a queer old place, worth coming a good many miles to see for its own sake. But the minster! — it is worth a pilgrimage to see it. It is the only building I have ever seen in a city that stands up and out so completely from the surrounding mass of buildings, that it is, from every quarter, distinctly presented to the eye. The minster, amid the city of York, stands like the elephant in a menagerie. Its proportions, too, are so perfect, its character is so unique, that it makes upon the mind one single impression. You take in the whole object, and feel all its overpowering grandeur, at the first glance of the eye. And yet it seems to me, that if I were to live in sight of it a thousand years, it would lose none of the indescribable charm with which it first entranced me. Indeed I shall attempt no description. I dare not bring my measurements here. Nay, it appears to me that the impression here does not depend on any exact idea of size or of parts. It is a whole; it makes its impression as a whole; and you can no more receive that impression from

the successive sentences of a description, than you could receive it from contemplating, in succession, the different parts of the structure itself.

There is a sanctity and venerableness about many of the English churches, and even those of the humblest order, which nothing but time indeed can give to the churches of our country, but which time will never give to them, unless we learn to build them with more durable materials than wood or brick. There is something in these churches which leads you instinctively to take off your hat when you enter them—a duty, by-the-by, of which your attendant is sure to admonish you, if you fail of it—and I would that the practice were more common than it is among us. The sentiment of reverence for holy places is certainly gaining ground upon the old Puritan and Presbyterian prejudice on this head, and it must grow with the increasing refinement of the people. But still, there are too many churches, especially in our country towns, which are in a state of shameful disrepair, and of abominable filthiness; and which are constantly trampled under the feet of the multitude, at every election. Indeed, the condition and use, and I may add, the architecture of a church, cannot fail to have a direct effect upon the sentiment of religious veneration; and I trust the time is to come, when (with reference to this last point) the construction of churches among us will be given into the hands of competent architects, and not left to the crude and ambitious devices of parish committees. It costs no more to build in good proportions, than in bad; and the trifling expense of obtaining a plan from an able architect (not a mere carpenter) is unworthy to have any weight in a matter of such permanent importance to a whole community. The churches of a country are a part of its religious literature. They speak to the people; they convey ideas; they make impressions. The Catholics understand this, and are erecting, I believe, more fine churches in America, in proportion to their numbers, than any other denomination among us.

I confess that if I could build a church in all respects to suit my own taste, I would build it in the solemn and beautiful style of the churches of England, the Gothic style; and I would build it in enduring stone, that it might gather successive generations within its holy walls, that passing centuries might shed their hallowing charm around it, that the children might worship where their fathers had worshipped from age to age, and feel as if the spirits of their fathers still mingled in their holy rites. Nay, more do I say, and farther would I go—I am not speaking, of course, as proposing anything, but only as individually preferring it—but I say for myself that I would place altars in that church, where prayers might be said daily, where daily resort might be had by all whose inclination prompted; so that whosoever passed by might have liberty, at any hour of the day, to turn aside from his business, his occupation, his care, or his leisurely walk—in his sorrow, or his joy, or his anxiety, or his fear, or his desire, and want, and trouble, and temptation, so often besetting the steps of every mortal life—to turn aside, I say, and bow down amid the awful stillness of the sanctuary. Let it not be said, as detracting from the importance of the religious architecture of a country, or as an apology for neglect or irreverence toward churches, that all places are holy—that the universe is the temple of God. It is true, indeed, that the whole frame of nature is a temple for worship, but is it a mean or an unadorned temple? Nay, what a

structure is it! and what a glorious adorning is put upon it, to touch the springs of imagination and feeling, and to excite the principle of devotion? What painted or gilded dome is like that arch of blue 'that swells above us?' What blaze of clustered lamps, or even burning tapers, is like the lamp of day hung in the heavens, or the silent and mysterious lights that burn for ever in the far-off depths of the evening sky? And what are the splendid curtains with which the churches of Rome are clothed for festal occasions, to the gorgeous clouds that float around the pavillion of morning, or the tabernacle of the setting sun? And what mighty pavement of tessellated marble can compare with the green valleys, the enamelled plains, the whole variegated, broad, and boundless pavement of this world's surface, on which the mighty congregation of the children of men are standing? What, too, are altars reared by human hands, compared with the everlasting mountains — those altars in the temple of nature; and what incense ever arose from human altars, like the bright and beautiful mountain mists that float around those eternal heights, and then rise above them and are dissolved into the pure and transparent ether — like the last fading shadows of human imperfection, losing themselves in the splendors of heaven? And what voice ever spake from human altar, like the voice of the thunder from its cloudy tabernacle on those sublime heights of the creation, when

'Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain height hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud?'

And, in fine, what anthem or pæan ever rolled from organ or orchestra, or from the voice of a countless multitude, like the dread and deafening roar of ocean, with all its swelling multitude of waves? Yes, the temple of nature is full of inspiration, full of objects that inspire devotion, and so, as far as may be, should our temples of prayer and thanksgiving be made.

To say, as if to detract from the sanctity of religious edifices, that here, after all, is only so much wood, and stone, and mortar, which are nothing but the same mass of materials in any other form, or devoted to any other purpose — why we talk not so of our homes — we talk not so of nature — we talk so of nothing else. It is by mixing up intellectual and spiritual associations with things, and only so, that they have any interest or importance to our minds. Things are nothing but what the mind makes them to be — nothing but by an infusion into them of the intellectual principle of our own nature. The tuft that is shorn from the warrior's plume by the scythe of death, is nothing else, if one pleases so to consider it, but the plumage of a bird. The relic of a sainted martyr — suppose it were a hem of his garment — is, if one pleases so to consider it, nothing else but a piece of cloth that protected him from the winter's cold, or the summer's heat. The place where his broken and lacerated body was laid down to rest, may be accounted common earth; and the mouldering remains of a buried empire, may be accounted common dust. The Palatine hill on which stood the palace of the imperial Cæsars, and which is now covered with its ruins, may be accounted a common hill. But so do we not speak of things, nor think of them.

No; let us yield to that principle of our nature which imparts a por-

tion of its own character to the things around us; which, with a kind of creative power, *makes* times, and seasons, and places to be holy; which gathers a halo of glory and beauty over our native land; which accounts the maxim devoutly true, that 'there is no place like home;' and which hallows 'the place where prayer is wont to be made' — which accounts no place like it — and yet so accounting it, judges that to be a good work which makes the temples of a nation's worship strong and beautiful, for the use and admiration of successive ages.

PROVINCIAL DIALECTS—WINDERMERE—GRASSMERE.

THE language — the vulgar dialect, that is — of Yorkshire, and Lancashire too, is almost as unintelligible to me as Chinese. The English critics upon our barbarous Americanisms might well reserve their comments, and as many more as they can produce, for home consumption. They are troubled with a most patronising and paternal anxiety, lest the English language should be lost among our common people: it is lost among the common people of Yorkshire. They smile at our blunders when we say *sick* for *ill*, and *fine* instead of *nice*. They say that *fine* comes from the milliner's shop; we might reply that *nice* comes from the kitchen. They are shocked when we speak of a *fine* building; but nothing is more common in England than to hear of the grandest old ruin in the kingdom as 'a *nice* old place.' As to the word *sick*, it is ours and not the English use (for sickness of stomach) that accords with the standard usage of English literature: Sick; afflicted with disease — is Johnson's definition.

One thing that gives this country its peculiarity of aspect as compared with ours, is the substitution of stone in all structures where we use wood — as stone houses, barns, out-houses of all sorts, stone bridges, stone watering troughs by the way-side. The smallest stream or ditch crossing the road has a stone bridge. All this gives an air of antiquity, durability, and, if I may say so, of dignity to the whole country. Another circumstance that has the same effect, is the practice of calling many of the farms from generation to generation by the same name. It is not Mr. Such or Such a one's place — at least that is not the only designation — but it is Woodside, or Oakdale, or some of those unpronounceable Welsh names. I like this. It invests every dwelling in the country with local associations. It gives to every locality a dignity and interest, far beyond that of mere property or possession.

LEFT Kendall for Windermere. Stopped at Bowness and took a boat — visited the *Station*, a romantic eminence on the opposite side of the lake; then rowed up the lake eight miles to Ambleside, the head of Windermere. The head, and the views from the *Station*, are far the most beautiful things about the lake; and, indeed, they are the *only* things very *striking* about it.

What a power lies in association! I was already in sight of the far-famed Windermere, and almost any tract of water and landscape would have appeared lovely under such a sky — surely this did — yet,

as I stopped to pick a few raspberries by the hedge, that simple action — the memories that it brought with it — the thoughts of those hours of my early days, passed near my own native home — passed by those hedges, thronging ever since with a thousand inexpressible recollections — passed in the fond romance of youth, amid the holy silence of the fields and all the thick-coming fancies of an unworn imagination and sensibility — all this moved me as no scene of mere abstract beauty could ever do! And yet, indeed, what is abstract? What is nature, but an instrument harmonized into unison with something in us — every vibration of which either awakens or answers to some thrilling chord, in the more mysterious frame of our own being? What is the traveler but a pilgrim of the heart, the imagination, the memory? Such a little passage, now and then, as this to-day, convinces one that there is much poetry in boyhood, though one does not find it out, perhaps, till long afterward.

* * * Mr. WORDSWORTH proposed a walk to Grassmere Lake, to see it after sunset; and in that loveliest of all the scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, 'I thank you Sir, for bringing me here at this hour;' for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose, like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay as a mirror to reflect the serenity of heaven. The dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The farthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible. The mountain side had a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. Wordsworth said, as if it were '*clothed* with the air.' Above all, was the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon — but warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermillion tints of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be travelled over without the sight of one such spectacle as this — and all owing to the circumstances — the time — the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth!

Amid these lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Nature seems to delight herself in contrasts; and that, as in many human works, is here perhaps the secret of power: the wildest mountains and mountain crags, with the sweetest valleys and dales amid them — as Borrowdale, Paterdale, Langdale, and sometimes one little sheltered spot,

all verdure, only large enough for one farm — as in coming from Conniston through one of the Langdales; the roughest passes through mountain defiles, opening suddenly upon smooth and green vales, as in going from Buttermere to Borrowdale, or entering Paterdale from the south; a lake and a valley beneath your eye, and a world of mountains beyond, as in entering Keswick from the south: and then, when were ever seen such crystal streams — waters of such transparent and living purity!

THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

I.

DAUGHTER of Earth! ye wander hand in hand
On your unpathed, immeasurable way,
Together mingling with the starry band,
Chanting to cherubim their measured lay:
Thy sleep is on her bosom. Where expand
Her silent vales and deep blue waves at play;
Gently they glow beneath thy radiance mild,
As joys the mother in her young-eyed child.

II.

Nations have worshipped thee. By the dark Nile
Have maidens wreathed thy lilies in their hair,
While from thy temple on the Memphian isle,
Music and fragrance gushed upon the air.
Adoring Persians, by their mountain pile,
Have watched thy slow majestic rising there;
The war-roused Moslem 'mid his steel-clad might,
Lifts high thy crescent form, and hails the fight.

III.

Queen of the weird and witching hour! thy beam
Calls the light fairies from their mossy rest;
Titania and her train by some wild stream,
Dancing upon the green sward's spotted vest;
Some troop away to gladden with a dream
The fevered artisan, with toil oppress;
Spirits unshrived, to troubled sleep consigned,
Rise in their sheeted robes and haunt the wind.

IV.

At this thy banquet eve, the revelling sea
Moves in her festal robe of white arrayed,
While silken leaves on many a wind-swept tree,
Glitter with ever-varying light and shade.
The riven oak now silvered o'er by thee,
Stoops with a grace amid the darkling glade:
And the hoar ruin mouldered wide with time,
Tells a long legend of its olden prime.

V.

The fond heart stirred with thy mysterious spell,
Yields to affections beautiful and rare;
The maiden lingers in the shady dell,
The mother listens to her infant's prayer:
The soldier, musing, hears the village bell,
In the deep breathing of the fitful air;
While the young seaman in the plashing foam,
Hails welcoming voices at his father's home.

A CHAPTER ON IGNORANCE.

BY ONE JUST OPENING HIS EYES.

‘ Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.’

SHELLEY.

TO ONE accustomed to look at Nature with an observant eye, the indifference to her works manifested by most individuals seems at first view irreconcilable with that innate inquisitiveness which characterizes mankind. While his own ear is thrilled with soft melodies—while his imagination catches the living echoes of that anthem which the morning stars hymned at creation's birth—and while his soul expands as it expatiates amid the bright and varied scenes of this magnificent world—his brother's insensibility is to him a mystery. Every fibre in his own bosom is thrilling with delight, as he looks abroad over the fair earth; joyous and stirring perceptions come thronging upon his mind; new and beautiful analogies are developing themselves to his fancy; but why is his brother unmoved? Is the power of sensation palsied?—or are the heart-springs of gladness sealed up within him? No; but the spell of ignorance is upon him: he has never been initiated in the wonders of creation.

The effects of this spell stand out in bolder relief among the great mass of the indigent and uneducated. The wants attendant on their humble condition must necessarily engross their primary attention, and consequently little leisure is left them for the acquisition of such knowledge as does not immediately tend to the removal of those wants. If Nature is bountiful, they are satisfied with her gifts, without pausing to investigate the wonderful economy by which they are furnished. They are ignorant, indeed, of any such economy. The forms that spring up around them, present nothing particularly curious or interesting to their view. They regard them as mere simple objects, not being aware that the most delicate mechanism, and the most complex combination of elements obtain throughout their minutest parts. The novelty of strange and anomalous structures which occasionally interrupt the falsely deemed monotony of natural objects, or the plumage and note of an unknown bird, may for a moment arrest their attention, and excite their admiration; but far less powerfully in the main, than the feats of the harlequin, or the tricks of the magician. Here childish curiosity finds its richest banquet. It discovers a world of wonders in the merest trifles of human ingenuity, gazing with dilated eye on the marvels of Potter, while it would fall asleep amid the sublimest philosophies of Silliman.

With this taste, and under this obscuration of intellect, the rustic goes forth amidst the scenes of nature, in a measure unconscious of the living beauty that emanates from every object around him. The decorations of earth and sky are to him comparatively charmless, while he plods on, treading down the flowers, prostrating the forests, drowning with some uncouth strain the music of woods and waters, and sending his glance abroad over the visible glories of creation with listless apathy. But should philosophy remove the mist that is upon his vision, and en-

lighten him in the wonders of Nature's operations, would he *then* remain as indifferent as before? As well might we suppose the blind man would continue 'insensible to the splendor of the rainbow, and the loveliness of material forms, were his eyes divested of their cataracts. Explain to the school-boy the inimitable conformation of the bird or the butterfly that flutters in his hand — the nice adaptation of the members of that tiny frame to symmetry, elegance of motion, and sustentation of life, and he will loosen his careless hold, and gaze on his little prisoner with an admiration he never before experienced. At the same time there will be a kind of awe mingled with his delight, when he discovers that he has been rudely handling the delicate creation of a beneficent architect — a creation abounding with beauty and ingenuity — the visible demonstration of an omniscient intelligence. Teach the untutored peasant, also, the phenomena of the vegetable kingdom — unfold to his comprehension its absorbents and exhalents, its resources for the continuation of the species, and the chemical processes which give to the autumnal forests their gorgeous colorings, and you open a new world to his astonished and delighted mind.

Occasionally one of this unfortunate class breaks from the thralldom of indigence, and dashing away the shackles and the scales that bound and blinded him, starts forth like the eagle to gaze with exulting eye on the brightest irradiations of created things. Poverty cannot re-fetter him, nor necessity subdue. The thirst after the hidden fountains of knowledge is in his soul — the fascination of an intelligent curiosity incites him forward, and who shall stay him in his career? — who hold down the curtain of mystery between his searching vision, and the far-stretching and glorious prospects to which he aspires? He feels that the links in the chain of existences which connects him with the brute are multiplied as the dominions of mind are extended, and the reach of thought approximates the central and all-perfect intellect of the universe. As revelation after revelation is unfolded to his mind, the high aspirations for a still nobler and more unclouded sphere of being are changed to an exalted assurance, which becomes, as it were, the life of his existence — a well-spring of hope and solace, forever gushing up fresh and full in his quiet bosom. If indigence require him to toil for sustenance, he goes cheerfully to his task, for his labors are among the objects of his admiration. On the mountains or in the valleys he is neither lonely nor alone. The melody of birds and branches is in his ear, while his eye is filled with the fair presentations of ever-varying landscapes. As he plies the axe or the sickle, fancy is busied with her enchantments, and Imagination, as she passes her fairy creations before his mind, divests labor of half its weariness. To him all visible forms present the aspect of life and thought, and in their communion, he

'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

In the glens of the forests he holds companionship with Nature, and in the hush of their awful solitudes he hears her deep voice, and bears himself reverently as within the sphere of some august presence. Every season and every clime have charms for him. The alternations of light and darkness — summer and winter — tempest and calm — all are teeming with interest. He becomes, as it were, the adopted of Nature,

and is admitted to her most intimate familiarity. His mind seizes upon her truths as by the power of intuition, and penetrates the mysteries of her operations with the perspicacity of a higher intelligence. His countenance exhibits no trace of that indifference to her charms which characterizes the vacant mien of the multitude; but its every lineament is instinct with an animated and joyous expression. Such were Shakspeare and Burns, Franklin and Godman—men of humble birth, who, comparatively unacquainted with classic lore, and the accumulated treasures of philosophy, scanned nature with an accuracy of perception, depth of comprehension, and ardency of devotion, unsurpassed by that of the most favored votaries of science. She seems to have presented herself before them in her unrobed loveliness, and they needed not the teachings of the schools to portray to the life the graces and the glories of their divinity. They were guided by a greater than all human masters—the power of an inborn and sleepless susceptibility. Unfortunately for the world, such paragons are rare. The generality of mankind, including many of the affluent and the learned, pass on through life encircled by beautiful creations, and yet ignorant of their beauties, and unconscious of those purifying and ennobling pleasures which spring from a knowledge of the wonders which nature has lavished around them.

As equally promotive of this marvellous disregard to the beauties of nature, we may add familiarity—meaning thereby a long continued yet superficial acquaintance with external objects. In the pride of human intellect, we survey the forms of the landscape with which we have been conversant from our childhood, and conceive that we are acquainted with all their beauties, final causes, modes of existence, and combination of elements; and regard them as incapable of affording us any farther gratification, aside from the associations connected with them. The trees we planted in our boyhood have grown up with us—we saw them in the shoot—we marked their development—we witnessed their changes from season to season, and, as it were, mated with them from year to year—and is it now possible for us to derive from them any new ideas, after so long an intimacy? We know their species and varieties, their time of flowering and casting the leaf, and how can they interest us farther? But let us pause a moment. Have we remarked their diversity of form and texture—their free yet chaste proportions—their invariable adherence to the line of beauty in all their wild exuberant unfoldings—their elegance of motion when swayed by the breeze, or tossed by the tempest? Have we mastered all the secrets of their living laboratories, by which, in the same forest and from the same soil, the fir has secreted its healthful balsam, the laurel its active poison, and the maple its honied sap? Have we discovered the looms which have woven for the white birch its perfumed and velvet mantle, and for the oak its rude and shaggy doublet? If not, here then are subjects for reflection and research, and here the opportunities for seeking the gratifications which accompany them, when truth and nature are the objects.

The fact is, the human mind, ever active and excursive, cannot with an easy grace endure close and continued application. It is too proud, too jealous of its liberty, to be severely tasked, even by its keen and grasping ambition for knowledge. Novelty may for awhile hold it to

one object, but the gloss is evanescent — the delicate frost-work disappears; and curiosity, soon satisfied if not sated, breaks away in search of other wonders, and other investigations. Thus are we led on by an insatiable thirst for novelty, to the remotest objects, deeming that those which are near and of every-day perception, contain nothing unknown or interesting. This presumption is both unwise and unwarranted; for however intimate has been our acquaintance with even the least intricate configurations of matter, we may still be assured that there is some latent beauty of structure or design, of which we may be entirely ignorant. What then must be our knowledge of those more complex systems — as for instance our own bodies — if so imperfect with regard to the simplest objects? Look at that fair hand, glancing like a creation of light amidst the keys of the piano. You see nothing strange to admire; nothing but what you have beheld a thousand times before, and therefore you view it with a listless attention. Perhaps the ear is pleased with the harmony which its fairy touch awakens, but the eye is not fascinated with the sight. Yet is there more of mysterious beauty — more of the cunning (I speak reverently) of an inscrutable intelligence in the mechanism of that little member, than perchance is 'dreamed of in an angel's philosophy.' Suppose for a moment it should become transparent as ice — that we were permitted to trace the purple current through its innumerable canals, all pellucid as crystal, and grasp the subtleties of the vital principle in its electric movements amidst the nerves — suppose, indeed, that *all* the wonders of its organization were unveiled to our comprehension, how then would appear our presumptive knowledge of that familiar object? With what plea could we palliate our manifest ignorance? Within the superficies of a few square inches which enclose that delicate hand, what unthought of and amazing wonders present themselves to our delighted gaze! As our eye pierces the glossy integuments which enfold the various parts, we now discover that its polished whiteness and sylph-like grace of motion are but fractions of its sum of beauties, when its nice adjustments, its dexterous compactions, its regular and solemn pulse-strokes, its devious windings of vessels, its marvellous attenuations of nerves, its elegant curvature of muscles, and free mobility of every point, are taken into account.

We apprehend that, by the carelessness induced by familiarity, we are thus lulled into inattention and indifference to nearly all other outward objects. We are too prone to soothe our ambition for knowledge with the mastery of exterior appearances, without grasping after prouder triumphs. But this was not the philosophy of Bacon. He taught that curiosity should not remain satisfied with the straws and bubbles afloat on the surface of the great ocean of truth, but should plunge deeper and still deeper into its hidden recesses, for the imperishable pearls that lie buried there. He taught that the mind's eye was not to be satisfied with the mere 'show' of things, but rather to search after the substantial and abiding realities. And despite its love of ease, its pride of wisdom, and its instability of purpose, how richly has the world profited by his instruction and example! How rapid have been the advances of science, how magnificent her trophies, since the rise of the inductive philosophy! The ancients exulted in view of their anatomical acquirements, and discoursed sagely of the essence and phe-

nomena of life; but the researches of Hervey, Hunter, Bichat, and other kindred spirits, have demonstrated that the superstructure of their knowledge was based on ignorance—on the frail foundation of idle hypotheses and unwarranted theories, feebly supported by a few isolated and unimportant facts. The ancients talked knowingly of astronomy, and from their high watch-towers held nightly observation of the planets, and gave names to the constellations; but it remained for Newton to explode the false teachings of the astrologer; to develop in light and beauty the mystery of sphere-motion, and emblazon his own name forever, as with the imperishable stars, on the broad tablet of the whole heavens. Scarce a century ago, the alchemist spoke familiarly of the elements, as if he had mastered every fact in relation to their qualities and modifications; but modern chemistry, like another Columbus, has discovered new worlds beyond the *Ultima Thule* of ancient research. Within a few years, by the light of this science alone, man has literally 'found out inventions' that have made

'Air, flood, and fire;
The vassals of his will.'

With Montgolfier he sweeps forth to disport himself in the high places of the atmosphere—with Franklin he gives laws to the lightnings of heaven—with Davy he clothes himself with power from the trodden minerals of the earth—with Fulton, mocks at the opposing stubbornness of winds and waves; and with Jenner, disarms the most terrible of all diseases, and brings it under complete subjection to prophylactic means. The cause of these new acquisitions of knowledge is not a mystery. Nor is it to be traced to any marvellous revelation of later times, but to the keener perspicacity manifested by philosophers since the age of Bacon, in their observation of the phenomena and laws of the physical and moral worlds. Nor will Nature be offended with this increasing inquisition of her works, if rightly and reverently conducted. On the contrary, the closer the scrutiny, the higher will be her satisfaction; for, assured of her perfections, she has nothing to fear from the most searching curiosity; while she knows that every new discovery of her votary, not only tends to ennoble his mind, but to improve his heart, and enlighten him more and more in the greatness, glory, and tender benevolence of their common Author.

That this important result has not been more generally realized in this land of schools and colleges, is mainly attributable, I apprehend, to the imperfect manner in which the business of education has hitherto been conducted. Either the schoolmaster has been devoid of the lofty views and extensive acquirements so requisite to his difficult and responsible vocation, or in the indifference, ingratitude, and neglect which have accompanied his arduous labors, has met with no stimulus to put forth those Promethean powers of a cultivated intellect, which should mould into its own image the plastic energies of youth, and inform them with the light, and fervor, and beauty of conscious intelligence. One thing is clear, however, that in the system of education pursued by the generality of our seminaries of every class, the order of nature is inverted, by tasking the *memory* of the pupil, while the primary and most important faculty of *attention*, is in the main neglected. Hence the mind becomes lumbered with accumulated terms, the mere

symbols of knowledge, which to the untutored understanding are but little more intelligible than mystical hieroglyphics; and the blind victim of a blinder education is left to slumber on, or to awake at last to a painful consciousness, when it is too late to retrieve the misfortunes of his lethargy. Take any clever boy in our common schools or academies, whose attention has never been carefully roused and concentrated upon his studies by an enlightened instructor, and though he will give you definition upon definition, rule upon rule, with the loquacity of a parrot, ten to one he has only a vague idea of their latent philosophy. Ask him to explain the bearing of any important proposition in Euclid, or the beauties of some familiar stanza in Virgil, or even the charms of some passage in the 'English Reader,' which has been to him as household words from early childhood, and if he succeed in the effort, he has more cause for gratitude toward his preceptor, than most pupils who have fallen under my observation. But the genius of improvement is abroad, and the old usages of education, like those of other antiquated systems, are yielding to its renovating influence. In the magnificence of our scenery, the freedom of our institutions, the spirit of the age, the more elevated character of our High Schools, the more enlarged culture of our whole class of teachers, the more liberal remuneration of their toils, and juster appreciation of their unobtrusive worth, we may behold the promise of a brighter era, when our favored land shall exhibit, we trust, a literary galaxy as illustrious, and a community as practically intelligent and virtuous, as ever gladdened the visions of the philanthropist.

P.

Stockbridge, (Mass.)

A POET'S LIFE.

What is a poet's life?

I speak not of the throng
That lightly seek an earthly meed
Upon the wings of song;
But of the poet-souls,
They of the voiceless lyre,
That yields the deep, strange melody
Which spirit-worlds inspire.

What is their earthly life?

To know unearthly joy,
The unconscious bliss of other spheres,
Delight without alloy:
Ay, and to know earth's gloom,
With more than earth's despair,
The heart's wild sense of want and woe,
The grief that withers there.

What is a poet's life?

To hear in Music's breath,
Seraphic greetings echoing
A voice defying death!

Philadelphia, April, 1836.

To see in Beauty's glance

An angel's melting gaze,
That fills the chambers of his soul
With Love's celestial rays!

What is a poet's life?

To dream — to love — to feel,
And see upon a human world
Elysian glory steal!
And on earth's mystic face,
Where life's deep waters roll,
And through each cold and shadowy breast
To pour the light of soul!

What is such being like?

Doves severed from their kind,
Gems sparkling on a desert shore,
Ungoverned, unenshrined!
High strains of foreign song,
Exotics rich and rare,
Shedding a dying perfume far,
O'er a weed-grown parterre?

R. T. T.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST
TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER THREE.

WITH what pleasure do I again sit down, dear Curtius and Lucilia, to tell you how I have passed my time, and what I have been able to accomplish, since I last wrote; thrice happy that I have to report of success rather than of defeat in that matter which I have undertaken. But first, let me thank you for all the city gossip with which you so greatly entertained me in your joint epistle. Although I pass my hours and days in this beautiful capital as happily as I could any where out of Rome, still my letters from home are a great addition to my enjoyment. After rising from the perusal of yours and my mother's, I was a new man. Let me beg you — which indeed I need hardly do — to send each letter of mine, as you receive it, to Portia, and in return receive and read those which I have written, and shall continue to write to her. To you, I shall give a narrative of events; to her, I shall pour out sentiment and philosophy, as in our conversation we are wont to do. I shall hope soon to have somewhat of interest to say of the state of letters here, and of my interviews with distinguished men. So soon as the queen shall return from her excursion through some of her distant provinces, I shall call upon Gracchus to fulfil his promise, and make me known to the great Longinus, now with the queen absent. From my intercourse with him, I shall look to draw up long and full reports of much that shall afford both entertainment and instruction to you all.

I have now passed several days in Palmyra, and have a mass of things to say. But instead of giving you a confused report, I shall separate one thing from another, and set down each according to the time and manner in which it happened. This is what I know you desire, and this is what I shall do.

I cannot easily tell you how delicious was my slumber after that last day of fatiguing travel, and that evening of to me most exciting converse. I dreamed that night of Calpurnius rescued and returned; and ever as he was present to my sleeping fancy, the music of Fausta's harp and voice was floating near.

Hannibal was early at my door to warn me of the hour of the morning meal, Milo being still under the influences of the evening's potation. I was shown into a different apartment from that in which we had supped, but opening into it. It was a portico rather than a room, it being on two sides open to the shrubbery, with slender Ionic pillars of purest marble supporting the ceiling, all joined together by the light interlacings of the most gorgeous creeping plants. Their odors filled the air. A fountain threw up in the most graceful forms its clear water, and spread all around an agreeable coolness. Standing at those points where flights of steps led down to the walks and plats of grass and flowers which wound about the palace, the eye wandered over the rich scene of verdure and blossom which they presented, and then rested where it can never rest too often nor too long, upon the glittering shafts of the Temple of the Sun. This morning prospect, from this single

point I thought was reward enough for my long voyage, and hot journey over the desert. It inspired more cheerful thoughts than the same scene, as I had seen it the evening before from the windows of my chamber. I could not but draw omens of good from the universal smile that beamed upon me from the earth and the heavens. Fausta's little hand suddenly placed within mine, and the cheerful greeting of her voice, awoke me from my dreamy state.

'Your countenance shows that you have slept well, Lucius,' said she; 'it is bright as the morning itself. Your dreams must have been favorable. Or else is it the wonder-working power of a Palmyrene air that has wrought so with you since the last evening? Tell me, have you not slept as you never slept in Rome?

'I have slept well, indeed,' I replied, 'but I believe it was owing rather to your harp and Jewish ode, than to any mysterious qualities of the air. Your music haunted the chambers of my brain all night, and peopled them with the forms of those whom I love, and whose memory it last evening recalled so vividly. Mostly I dreamed of Calpurnius, and of his return to Rome, and with him came ever your image dimly seen hovering around, and the strains of your voice and harp. These are to me auguries of good, even as if the voice of a god had spoken. I shall once more embrace a brother — and what is even more, a Roman.'

'The gods grant it may be so!' replied Fausta: 'A prayer which I repeat,' cried Gracchus, as he approached us from the hall, through which I had just passed. 'I have thought much of your affair since I parted from you last evening, and am more than ever persuaded that we came to a true decision touching the steps best to be taken. To-day I shall be much abroad, and shall not forget to search in every direction for one who may be intrusted with this nice, and difficult, and withal dangerous business. I can now think of no messenger who bids so fair to combine all the qualities we most desire, as the Jew. I know but few of that tribe, and those are among the rich. But then those rich are connected in various ways with the poor — for to a marvellous extent they are one people — it is the same you know in Rome — and through them I think I may succeed.'

'Now have you,' I quickly added, 'again poured light into my mind. Half our labor is over. I know a Jew whose capacities could not be more fitting for this enterprise. I saw much of him on board the vessel which took us first to the African coast, where, at Utica, it set on shore the Jew, bringing me farther on to Berytus. He is a true citizen of the world — knows all languages, and all people, and all places. He has all the shrewdness of his race — their intelligence, their enthusiasm, and, I may add, their courage. He is a traveler by profession, and a vender of such things as any will buy, and will go wherever he may hope to make large gains wherewith to do his share toward 'building again the walls of Jerusalem,' as he calls it. He has a home in every city of the East. It was toward Palmyra that he was bending his way: and, as I now remember, promised that he would see me here not many days after I should arrive, and have the pleasure, as he trusted, to sell me more of his goods. For you must be told that I did indeed traffic with him, however little it became a patrician of Rome. And here I have about me, in a little casket, some rings which I purchased of him, having upon them heads of Zenobia and Odenathus, resembling the

originals to the life, as he assured me, with much asseveration. See, Fausta, here they are. Look now and tell me if he has spoken in this instance the truth; if so, it will be a ground for trusting him farther.' 'Beautiful!' exclaimed both Gracchus and Fausta. 'He has indeed dealt honestly with you. Nothing can be more exact than these resemblances, and the workmanship is worthy the hand of Demetrius the Greek.'

'Provincials,' said I, 'ever know the capitol and its fashions better than citizens. Now never till Isaac, my Jew friend, rehearsed to me the praises of Demetrius the jeweller, had I ever heard his name, or ought concerning his skill, and here in the heart of Asia he seems a household word.' It is so, indeed,' said Gracchus; 'I do not doubt that the fashionable artists of every kind of Rome are better known to the followers of fashion in Palmyra than they are to the patricians of Rome. Wanting the real greatness of Rome, we try to surpass her in the trappings of greatness. We are well represented by the frog of *Æsop*; happy, if our swelling pride do not destroy us. But these rings — they are indeed of exquisite art. The head of Odenathus is truer to the life, methinks, than that of the queen.'

'And how can poor stone and gold set out the divine beauty and grace of Zenobia!' cried Fausta. 'This is beautiful to you now, Lucius, but it will be so no longer when you shall have seen her. Would that she were here! It seems as if the sun were gone from the heavens, when she is absent from us on these long excursions among her distant subjects.'

'Till then, dear Fausta,' said I, 'deign to wear on that only finger which I see ungraced by a ring, this head of your so much vaunted queen; afterward wear it, if you will, not for her sake, but mine.'

So saying, upon her finger which she held out to me — and which how beautiful it was I shall not say — I attempted to pass the ring, but alas! it was too small and would not, with all the gentle force I dared to use, go on.

'Here is an omen, Fausta,' said I; 'the queen cannot be forced upon your hand. I fear your friendship is threatened.' 'Oh! never entertain any such apprehension,' interrupted Fausta. 'It is quite needless. Here is plenty of room on this neighbor finger. It is quite right that Aurelian, you know, should give way to Zenobia: so, away with the Emperor!' and she snapped the ring across the pavement of the Portico — 'and now, Lucius, invest me with that burning beauty.'

'And now do you think you deserve it?' I marvel, Gracchus, at the boldness of these little girls. Verily, they bid fair to mount up over our heads. But come, your finger: there — one cannot but say it becomes you better than the fierce Aurelian. As for the deposed Emperor, he is henceforward mine. Thus I re-instate him.' In saying which, I picked up the discarded ring, and gave to it the most honored place upon my right hand.

Fausta now, first laughingly bidding me welcome to the ring, called us to the table, where the breakfast, consisting of fruits in greater proportion than with us, awaited us. Much talk now ensued concerning the city, its growth and numbers, power and probable destiny. I was satisfied from what fell from each, that the most ambitious designs are entertained by both the court and people, and that their wonderful suc-

cesses have bred in them a real belief that they should have nothing to fear from the valor or power of Rome, under any circumstances of collision. When this was through, Gracchus, rising from his seat, and pacing slowly up and down the portico, spoke of my private affairs, and with great kindness went over again the whole ground. The result was the same.

'Our way, then,' he said, 'is clear. Wait a few days for your fellow-traveller, Isaac. If he appears, well — if not, we must then search the quarter of the Jews for one who may do as well, perhaps. I now leave you, with a suggestion to Fausta that she should take it upon her to drive you round the city, and into the suburbs. No one can perform the office of a guide better than she.'

'If Fausta will take that trouble upon her,' I replied, 'it will give me a ——'

'A great deal of pleasure,' you were going to say; so it will me. I am sure we shall enjoy it. If I love any thing, it is to reveal to a proud Roman the glories of Palmyra. Take away from a Roman that ineffable air which says 'Behold embodied in me the majesty of Rome!' and there remains a very agreeable person. But for those qualities of mind and manners which fit men and women for society, the Roman men and women must yield to the Palmyrenes. So I think, who have seen somewhat of both — and so think — gainsay my authorities if you have the courage — Longinus and the Bishop of Antioch. I see that you are disturbed. No wonder. Longinus, though a philosopher, is a man of the world, who sees through its ways as clearly as he does through the mysticism of Plato, and that asks for good eyes; and for the bishop — there is not so finished a gentleman in all the East. His appointments are not less exquisite than those of the highest noble either of Antioch or Palmyra.' If an umpire in any question of manners were to be chosen, it would be he.'

'As for the Greek,' I rejoined, 'I am predisposed to admit his superior claims. I will surrender to him with alacrity my doubts both in manners and philosophy. For I hold there is a philosophy in manners, nay even in clothes, and that the highest bred intellect will on that very account best perceive the nice distinctions and relations, in the exact perception and observance of which the highest manners consist. He may offend against the last device in costume — and the last refinement in the recondite art of a bow — but he will eternally excel in all that we mean by breeding. Your bishop I know nothing of, but your account of him strikes one not very agreeably. These Christian bishops, methinks, are taking upon themselves too much. And, beside, if what I gathered of the theory of their religion from a passenger on board the Mediterranean trader, be correct, they depart greatly from the severity of their principles, when they so addict themselves to the practices of courts, and of the rich. I received from this Christian a beautiful idea of his faith, and only lamented that our companionship was broken off before I had had time fully to comprehend all he had to say. The character of this man, and his very countenance, seemed as arguments to support the strict opinions which he advanced. This bishop, I think, can scarcely do his faith the same service.'

'I know him not much,' said Fausta, 'and of his faith, nothing. He has great power over the Princess Julia, and it would not greatly amaze

me if by and by she declared herself a Christian. It is incredible how that superstition spreads. But here is our carriage. Come, let us forth.'

So, breaking off our talk, we betook ourselves to the carriage. How shall I find language, my Curtius, to set before you with the vividness of the reality, or with any approach to it, the pictures which this drive through and around Palmyra caused to pass successively before me? You know indeed, generally, what the city is, from the reports of former travelers, especially from the late book of Spurius, about which and its speculations much was said a little while since. But let me tell you a more one-sided, one-eyed, malignant observer never thrust himself upon the hospitalities of a free, open-hearted people, than that same Spurius, poet and bibliopole. His very name is an offence to the Palmyrenes, who, whatever national faults they may have, do not deserve the deep disgrace of being brought before the world in the pages of so poor a thing as the said Ventidius Spurius. Though it will not be my province to treat as an author of the condition, policy, and prospects of Palmyra, yet to you and my friends I shall lay myself open with the utmost freedom, and shall refrain from no statement or opinion that shall possess, or seem to do so, truth or importance.

The horses springing from under the whip of the charioteer, soon bore us from the great entrance of the palace into the midst of the throng that crowded the streets. The streets seen now under the advantages of a warm morning sun, adding a beauty of its own to whatever it glanced upon, showed much more brilliantly than ours of Rome. There is, in the first place, a more general sumptuousness in equipage and dress, very striking to the eye of a Roman. Not perhaps that more wealth is displayed, but the forms, and the colors, through which it displays itself, are more various, more tasteful, more gorgeous. Nothing can exceed, nothing equals, it is said, any where in the world, the state of the queen and her court; and this infects, if I may use so hard a word, the whole city. So that though with far less real substantial riches than we have, their extravagance and luxury are equal, and their taste far before us. Then every thing wears a newer, fresher look than in Rome. The buildings of the republic, which many are so desirous to preserve, and whole streets even, of ante-Augustan architecture, tend to spread around here and there in Rome a gloom—to me full of beauty and poetry—but still gloom. Here all is bright and gay. The buildings of marble—the streets paved and clean—frequent fountains of water throwing up their foaming jets, and shedding around a delicious coolness. Temples, and palaces of the nobles, or of wealthy Palmyrene merchants—all together present a more brilliant assemblage of objects than I suppose any other city can boast. Then conceive, poured through these long lines of beautiful edifices, among these temples and fountains, a population drawn from every country of the far East, arrayed in every variety of the most showy and fanciful costume, with the singular animals, rarely seen in our streets, but here met at every turn—elephants, camels, and dromedaries, to say nothing of the Arabian horses, with their jewelled housings, with every now and then a troop of the queen's cavalry, in armor of complete steel, moving through the streets, and squares, to the sound of their clanging trumpets—conceive, I say, this ceaseless tide of various animal life

pouted along among the proud piles, and choking the ways, and you will have some faint glimpses of the strange and imposing reality.

Fausta was in raptures at my transports, and in her pleasant but deep-meaning way, boasted much over the great capital of the world. So we rode along, slowly, because of the crowded state of the streets, and on account of my desire to observe the manners and ways of the people — their shops, which glittered with every rare work of art — and the devices, so similar in all places of trade, by which the seller attracts the buyer. I was engrossed by objects of this sort, when Fausta's voice drew my attention another way. 'Now,' said she, 'prepare yourself for the glory of Palmyra; look when we shall suddenly turn round the next corner, on the left, and see what you shall see.'

The chariot soon whirled round the indicated corner, and we found ourselves in full view of the Temple of the Sun, so famous throughout the world. Upon a vast platform of marble, itself decorated with endless lines of columns, elsewhere of beauty and size sufficient for the principal building, but here a mere appendage, stood in solitary magnificence this peerless work of art. All I could do was, and the act was involuntary, to call upon the charioteer to rein up his horses, and let me quietly gaze. In this Fausta, nothing unwilling, indulged me. Then, when satisfied with this the first point of view, we wound slowly around the spacious square upon which it stands, observing it well in all directions, and taking my fill of that exalted but nameless pleasure which flows in upon the soul from the contemplation of perfect excellence.

'This is, if I err not, Fausta, the work of a Greek artist.'

'It is,' said she: 'here both Romans and Palmyrenes must acknowledge their inferiority, and indeed all other people. In every city of the world, I believe, all the great works of art are the offspring of Grecian genius and Grecian taste. Truly, a wonderful people! In this very city, our artists — our men of letters — even the first minister of state — all are Greeks. But come, let us move on to the Long Portico, an edifice which will astonish you yet more, than even the Temple of the Sun, through your having heard of it so much less. We shall reach it in about half a Roman mile.'

This space was soon passed, and the Portico stood revealed with its interminable ranges of Corinthian columns, and the busy multitudes winding among them, and pursuing their various avocations, for which this building offers a common and convenient ground. Here the merchants assemble and meet each other. Here various articles of more than common rarity are brought and exhibited for sale. Here the mountebanks resort, and entertain the idle and lovers of amusement with their fantastic tricks. And here strangers from all parts of the world may be seen walking to and fro, observing the customs of the place, and regaling themselves at the brilliant rooms, furnished with every luxury, which are opened for their use, or else in the public baths which are found in the immediate neighborhood. The Portico does not, like the Temple, stand upon an elevated platform, but more upon a level with the streets. Its greatness is derived from its extreme length, and its exquisitely-perfect designs and workmanship, as seen in the graceful fluted columns and the rich entablature running round the whole. The life and achievements of Alexander are sculptured upon

the frieze — the artist — a Greek also — having been allowed to choose his own theme.

'Fausta,' said I, 'my soul is steeped in beauty. It will be to no purpose to show me more now. I am like one who has eaten too much — forgive the figure — delicacies are lost upon him.'

'I cannot release you yet,' cried Fausta: 'a little farther on, and you may see the palace of our great queen: give me your patience to that point, and I will then relieve you by a little excursion through the suburbs, where your eye may repose upon a rural beauty as satisfying as this of the city. You must see the palace. There! — we are already in sight of it.'

It rose upon us, so vast is it, and of so many parts, like a city within a city. A fit dwelling for so great, so good, and so beautiful a woman. Of this you will find a careful and true account, with drawings, which greatly help the imagination, in the otherwise vile book of the traducer Spurius. To that I refer you, and so refrain from all description.

We now left the city, and wound at our leisure among the shady avenues, the noble country retreats, the public gardens, the groves and woods which encompass the walls, and stretch away far beyond the sight, into the interior. Returning, we passed through the arches of the vast aqueduct which pours into the city a river of the purest water. This is the most striking object, and noblest work of art, without the walls.

When we had passed in this way nearly the whole day, we at length reentered the city by the Persian Gate, on the eastern side.

'Now, Fausta,' said I, 'having given so much of the day to pleasure, I must give the rest, not to pain, but to duty. I will seek out and find, if I can, Demetrius, brother to Demetrius of Rome. From him I can learn, it seems probable, concerning the movements of Isaac.'

'You will find the shop of Demetrius in the very heart of the city, midway between the Persian and Roman gates. Farewell, for a time! and may the gods prosper you!'

I was not long in making my way to the shop of the Greek. I found the skilful Demetrius busily engaged in putting the last polish upon a small silver statue of a flying Mercury. He looked up as I entered, and saluting me in Greek, invited me to look at his works. I could not for a long time take off my eyes from the figure upon which he was working, and expressed my admiration.

'Ah, it is very well, I think,' said he, 'but it is nothing compared with the work of my brother at Rome. You know him?'

'Indeed I do not, I am obliged to say.'

'What! — a Roman, as I perceive, and a patrician, also, as I perceive too, and not know Demetrius, the goldsmith? — he who was the favorite of Valerian, and Gallienus, and Claudius, and now of Aurelian? There is no hand like that of Demetrius the elder. These, Sir, are mere scratches, to his divine touch. These are dolla, compared with the living and breathing gold as it leaves his chisel. Sir, it is saying nothing beyond belief, when I say, that many a statue like this, of his, is worth more than many a living form that we see in and out of the shop. Forgive me, but I must say I would rather possess one of his images of Venus or Apollo, than a live Roman — though he be a patrician, too.'

'You are complimentary,' I said: 'but I can believe you. When I return to Rome, I shall seek out your brother, and make myself acquainted with his genius. I have heretofore heard of him chiefly through a travelling Jew, whom I fell in with on the way hither — Isaac, as he is called.'

'Ah ha! — Isaac of Rome. I know him well,' he replied. 'He is a good man — that is, he is good for one of that tribe. I look for him every day. A letter from Rome informs me that he is on his way. It is a pleasant thing to see Isaac. I wonder what curiosities he brings from the hand of my brother. He will be welcome. I trust he brings some heads of our late king and present queen, from drawings which I made and transmitted. I am impatient to see them. Saw you anything of this sort about him?'

'Truly I did, and if by some ill chance I have not left them behind me, in my preparations for a morning excursion, I can show you what you will like to see. Ah! here it is: in this small casket I have, I presume, unless Isaac shall have deceived me — but of which you will be perfect judge — some of your brother's art. Look, here are rings, with heads of your king and queen, such as you have just spoken of: are they genuine?'

'No instrument but that which is guided by the hand of the elder Demetrius ever did this work,' said he, slowly drawing out his words, as he closely scrutinized the ring. 'The gold embossment might indeed have been done by another, but not these heads, so true to the life, and of an art so far beyond any ability of mine, that I am tempted sometimes to think that he is in league with Vulcan. Gods! how that mouth of the queen speaks! Do we not hear it? Ah, Roman, give me the skill of Demetrius the elder, and I would spit upon all the power of Aurelian.'

'You Greeks are a singular people. I believe that the idea of beauty is to you food, and clothing, and shelter, and drink, more than all riches and all power: dying on a desert island, a fragment of Phidias would be dearer to you than a cargo of food.'

'That's a pretty conceit enough,' said he, 'and something near the truth, as must be confessed.'

As we were thus idly discoursing, we became suddenly conscious of an unusual commotion in the street. The populace began to move quickly by in crowds, and vehicles of all sorts came pouring along as if in expectation of something they were eager to see.

'What's all this? — what's all this?' said Demetrius, leaving his work, which he had resumed, and running to the door of his shop: 'what's the matter, friend?' addressing a citizen hurrying by: 'is Aurelian at the gates, that you are posting along in such confusion?'

'Not Aurelian,' replied the other, 'but Aurelian's mistress. The queen is coming. Clouds of dust on the skirts of the plain show that she is advancing toward the city.'

'Now, Roman, if thou wouldst see a sight, be advised, and follow me. We will mount the roof of yonder market, whence we shall win a prospect such as no eye can have seen that has not gazed from the same point. It is where I go to refresh my dulled senses, after the day's hard toil.'

So saying, and pausing a moment only to give some necessary direc-

tions to the pupils, who were stationed at their tasks in every part of the long apartment, telling them to wait for the show till it should pass by the shop, and not think to imitate their master in all his ways — saying these things in a half earnest, and half playful manner—we crossed the street, and soon reached the level roof, well protected by a marble breast-work, of the building he had pointed out.

‘We are here just at the right moment,’ said he: ‘come quickly to this corner and secure a seat, for you see the people are already thronging after us. There, now — can Elysium offer a more perfect scene? And look, how inspiring is the view of these two multitudes moving toward each other, in the spirit of friendship! How the city opens her arms to embrace her queen!’

At the distance of about a mile from the walls, we now saw the party of the queen, escorted by a large body of horse; and, approaching them from the city, apparently its whole population, some on foot, some on horse, some in carriages of every description. The plain was filled with life. The sun shooting his beams over the whole, and reflected from the spears and corslets of the cavalry, and the gilding and polished work of chariots and harness, caused the scene to sparkle as if strewed with diamonds. It was a fair sight. But fairer than all, was it to witness, as I did, the hearty enthusiasm of the people, and even of the children toward their lovely queen. Tears of joy, even, I could see falling from many eyes, that she was returning to them again. As soon as the near approach of Zenobia to the walls, began to conceal her and her escort, then we again changed our position, and returned to the steps of the shop of Demetrius, as the queen would pass directly by them, on her way to the palace.

We had been here not many minutes, before the shouts of the people, and the braying of martial music, and the confused sound of an approaching multitude, showed that the queen was near. Troops of horse, variously caparisoned, each more brilliantly, as it seemed, than another, preceded a train of sumptuary elephants and camels, these too, richly dressed but heavily loaded. Then came the body-guards of the queen, a thousand horse in armor of complete steel — and then the chariot of Zenobia, drawn by milk-white Arabians. So soon as she appeared, the air resounded with the acclamations of the countless multitudes. Every cry of loyalty and affection was heard from ten thousand mouths, making a music such as filled the heart almost to breaking. ‘Long live the great Zenobia!’ — went up to the heavens. ‘The blessing of all the gods on our good queen!’ — Health and happiness to the mother of her people! — ‘Death and destruction to her enemies!’ — these, and cries of the same kind, came from the people, not as a mere lip-service, but evidently, from the tone in which they were uttered, prompted by real sentiments of love, such as it seems to me never before can have existed toward a supreme and absolute prince.

It was to me a moment inexpressibly interesting. I could not have asked for more, than for the first time to see this great woman just as I now saw her. I cannot, at this time, even speak of her beauty, and the imposing yet sweet dignity of her manner; for it was with me, as I suppose it was with all — the diviner beauty of the emotions and sentiments which were working at her heart, and shone out in the expressive language of her countenance, took away all power of narrowly scanning

complexion, feature, and form. Her look was full of love for her people. She regarded them as if they were her children. She bent herself fondly toward them, as if nothing but the restraints of form withheld her from throwing herself into their arms. This was the beauty which filled and agitated me. I was more than satisfied.

'And who,' said I to Demetrius, 'is that beautiful being, but of a sad and thoughtful countenance, who sits at the side of the queen?'

'That,' he replied, 'is the Princess Julia; a true descendant of her great mother; and the gods grant that she, rather than either of her brothers, may succeed to the sovereign power.' 'She looks indeed worthy to reign — over hearts at least, if not over nations. Those in the next chariot are, I suppose, the young Cæsars, as I hear they are called — about as promising, to judge by the form and face, as some of our Roman brood of the same name. I need not ask whose head that is in the carriage next succeeding; it can belong to no other in Palmyra than the great Longinus. What a divine repose breathes over that noble countenance! What a clear and far-sighted spirit looks out of those eyes! But — gods of Rome and of the world! — who sits beside him? Whose dark soul is lodged in that fearful tenement? — fearful and yet beautiful, as would be a statue of ebony!'

'Know you not him? Know you not the Egyptian Zabdas? — the mirror of accomplished knighthood — the pillar of the state — the Aurelian of the East? Ah! far may you go to find two such men as those — of gifts so diverse, and power so great — sitting together like brothers. It all shows the greater power of Zenobia, who can tame the roughest and most ambitious spirits to her uses. Who is like Zenobia?'

'So ends, it seems to me,' I replied, 'every sentence of every Palmyrene — 'Who is like Zenobia?'

'Well, Roman,' said he, 'it is a good ending; may there never be a worse. Happy were it for mankind, if kings and queens were all like her. She rules to make others happy — not to rule. She conceives herself to be an instrument of government, not its end. Many is the time, that, standing in her private closet, with my cases of rare jewels, or with some pretty fancy of mine in the way of statue or a vase, I have heard the wisdom of Aristotle dropping in the honey of Plato's Greek from her divine lips.'

'You are all going mad with love,' said I; 'I begin to tremble for myself as a Roman. I must depart while I am yet safe. But see! the crowd and the show are vanished. Let me hear of the earliest return of Isaac, and the gods prosper you! I am at the house of Gracchus, opposite the Temple of Justice.'

I found, on reaching the palace, Fausta and Gracchus, overjoyed at the safe and happy return of the queen. Fausta, too, as the queen was passing by, she standing by one of the pillars of the great entrance, had obtained a smile of recognition, and a wave of the hand from her great friend, as I may justly term her, and nothing could exceed the spirits she was in.

'How glad I am, Lucius,' said she, 'that you have seen her so soon, and more than all, that you saw her just as you did, in the very heart of the people. I do not believe you ever saw Aurelian so received in Rome — Claudius, perhaps — but not again Gallienus, or his severe but weak father. But what have you done — which is to all of us a

more immediately interesting subject — what have you done for Calpurnius? Do you learn any thing of Isaac? 'I have the best news possible in the case. Isaac will be in Palmyra — perhaps this very night; but certainly within a few days, if the gods spare his life. Demetrius is to give me the earliest intelligence of his arrival.'

'Now then let us,' said Fausta, 'to the table, which need not offer the delicacies of Vitellius, to insure a favorable reception from appetites sharpened as ours have been by the day's motion and excitement.'

Gracchus, throwing down a manuscript he had been attentively perusing, now joined us.

Leaving untold all the good things which were said, especially by Gracchus, while I and Fausta, more terrestrially given, applied ourselves to the agreeable task set before us, I hasten to tell you of my interview with the Jew, and of its issue. No sooner had evening set in, and Fausta, seated at her harp, was again soothing the soul with her sweet and wild strains, than a messenger was announced from the Greek Demetrius, desiring to have communication with me. Divining at once his errand, I sought him in the ante-room where, learning from him that Isaac was arrived, and that if I would see him, I must seek him on the moment, as he was but for one night in the city, intending in the morning to start for Ctesiphon, I bade him lead on, and I would follow, first calling Milo to accompany me.

'To what part of the city do we go?' said I, addressing the messenger of Demetrius.

'To the quarter of the Jews, near the Gate of the Desert,' he replied. 'Be not apprehensive of danger,' he added; 'the city is as safe by night as by day. This we owe to the great queen.'

'Take me where thou wilt, I fear nothing,' said I.

'But methinks, master mine, seeing that we know not the ways of this outlandish capital, nor even who this doubtless respectable person is who invites us to this enterprise, it were more discreet to add Hannibal to our numbers. Permit me, and I will invoke the presence of the Ethiopian.'

'No, Milo,' I replied, 'in thy valor I am ready to put my trust. Thy courage is tried courage, and if need be, I doubt not thou wilt not hesitate to die sword in hand.'

'Such sort of confidence I do by no means covet: I would rather that thou shouldst place it somewhere else. It is true that when I was in the service of the most noble Gallienus —'

'Well, we will spare thee the trouble of that story. I believe I do thy virtues no injustice. Moreover, the less talk, the more speed.'

Saying this, in order that I might be left to my own thoughts for a space, before I should meet the Jew, we then pressed on, threading our way through a maze of streets where all recollection of place and of compass was soon and altogether lost. The streets now became narrow, filthy, darker and darker, crooked and involved. They were still noisy with the loud voices of the inhabitants of the dwellings, calling to each other, quarrelling or laughing, with the rattling of vehicles returning home after the labors of the day, and with all that variety of deafening sounds which fall upon the ear where great numbers of a poor and degraded population are crowded together into confined quarters. Suddenly leaving what seemed to be a sort of principal street, our

guide turned down into an obscure lane, and which, though extremely narrow and crooked, was better built than the streets we had just left. Stopping now before what seemed a long and low white wall, our guide, descending a few steps, brought us to the principal entrance of the dwelling, for such we found it to be. Applying a stone to the door, to arouse those who might be within, we were immediately answered in a voice which I at once recognised as that of Isaac :

'Break not in the door,' shouted he 'with your unmannerly blows. Who are you, that one must live standing with his hand on the latch of the door? Wait, I say, till I can have time to walk the length of the room. What can the Gentiles of Palmyra want of Isaac of Rome, at this time of night?' So muttering, he unbarred and opened the door.

'Come in, come in : the house of Isaac is but a poor house of a poor Jew, but it has a welcome for all. Come in — come ——' But, father Abraham ! whom have we here ? The most noble Piso ! A patrician of Rome in the hovel of a poverty-pinched Jew ! That would sound well upon the exchange. It may be of account. But what am I saying ? Welcome to Palmyra, most noble Piso, for Palmyra is one of my homes ; at Rome, and at Antioch, and Alexandria, and Ctesiphon, and Carthage — it is the same to Isaac. Pray seat yourselves ; upon this chair thou wilt find a secure seat, though it promises not so much, and here upon my dromedary's furniture is another. So, now we are well. Would that I had now that flask of soft Palmyrene, which but now I sent to warm the heart of a poor widow of my tribe, who now, in addition to the loss of my old companion, Benjamin of Berytus — the enemy of my good name — suffers grievous disease. And yet, not so, not so : it may be, perchance, that one other remains ; and yet,' he added, sinking his voice, 'it seems a sin to ——'

'Take no trouble for our sakes,' I exclaimed, cordially saluting him ; 'I am just now come from the table of Gracchus. I have matters of more moment to discuss, than either meats or wines.'

'But, noble master, hast thou ever brought to thy lips this same soft Palmyrene ? The name indicates some delicious juice.'

'Peace, Milo, or thou goest home alone, as thou best canst.'

'Roman,' began Isaac, 'I can think only of two reasons that can have brought thee to my poor abode so soon ; the one is to furnish thyself with more of that jewelry which gave thee so much delight, and the other to discourse with me concerning the faith of Moses. Much as I love a bargain, I hope it is for the last that thou art come ; for I would fain see thee in a better way than thou art, or than thou wouldst be if that smooth Probus should gain thy ear. Heed not the wily Nazarene ! I cannot deny him a good heart, after what I saw of him in Carthage. But who is he to take it upon him to sit in judgment upon the faith of two thousand years ! Would that I could once see him in the grasp of Simon Ben Gorah ! How would his heresy wither and die before the learning of that son of God. Roman, heed him not ! Let me take thee to Simon, that thou mayest once in thy life hear the words of wisdom.'

'Not now, not now, good Isaac ; whenever I apostatize from the faith of the founders of my nation, and deny the gods who for more than a thousand years have stood guardians over Rome, I will not refuse to weigh whatever the Jew has to offer in behalf of his ancient creed.

But I come to thee now neither to buy of thee, nor to learn truth of thee, but too seek aid in a matter that lies near my heart.'

'Ha! thy heathen god Cupid has ensnared thee! Well, well, the young must be humored, and men must marry. It was the counsel of my father, whose beard came lower than his girdle, and than whom the son of Sirach had not more wisdom, 'Meddle not nor make in the loves of others. God only knoweth the heart. And how knowest thou that in contriving happiness, thou shalt not engender sorrow?' Howbeit, in many things have I departed from the counsel of that venerable man. Alas for it! Had my feet taken hold, in all their goings, of his steps, I had not now had for my only companion my fleet-footed dromedary, and for my only wealth this load of gilded toys.'

'Neither is it,' I rejoined, 'for any love-sickness that I am come, seeking some healing or inflaming drug, but in a matter of somewhat more moment. Listen to me, while I unfold.'

'So saying, I told all that you already so well know, in as few words as I could, but leaving out no argument by which I could hope to work upon either the cupidity, the benevolence, or the patriotism of the Jew. He, with his hands folded under his beard, listened without once interrupting me, but with an expression of countenance so stolid, that when I had ended, I could guess no better than when I began as to the part he would act.

After a pause of some length, he slowly began, discoursing rather with himself than with me: 'A large enterprise — a large enterprise — and to be largely considered. The way is long — seven hundred Roman miles at the least — seven hundred Roman miles — and among little other than savage tribes, save here and there a desert, where the sands, as is reported, rise and fall like the sea. How can an old man like me encounter such labor and peril? These unbelieving heathen think not so much of the life of a Jew as of a dog. Gentile, why goest thou not thyself?'

The question was rather sudden, and I was obliged to evade it.

'Thy skill, Isaac, and knowledge of men and countries, are more than mine, and will stand thee in good stead. Death were the certain issue, were I to venture upon this expedition, and then my brother's fate were sealed forever.'

'I seem to thee, Roman Piso, to be a lone man in a wide world, who may live or die, and there be none to know or care how it is. It is verily much so. Yet I was not always alone. Children once leaped at the sound of my voice, and clung in sport to my garment. They are in Abraham's bosom. Better than here. Yet, Roman, I am not alone. The God of Israel is with me, and while it is Him I serve, life is not without value. I trust in the coming restoration of Jerusalem: for that I toil, and for that I am ready to die. But why should my bones whiten the desert, or my mangled carcass swing upon a Persian gibbet? Will that be to die for my country?'

'I can enrich thee for thy services, Jew, and thou sayest that it is for wealth, that it may be poured into the general coffers of the tribe, that thou traversest the globe. Name thy sum, and so it be not beyond reason, I will be bound to pay thee in good Roman coin.'

'This is to be thought of. Doubtless thou wouldst reward me well. But consider how large this sum must be. I fear me thou wilt shrink

from the payment of it, for a Roman noble loves not money less than a poor Jew. My trade in Ctesiphon I lose. That must be made up. My faithful dromedary will be worn out by the long journey: that too must be made good. My plan will require an attendant slave and camel: then there are the dangers of the way — the risk of life in the City of the great King — and, if it be not cut off, the expenses of it. These, to Isaac, are not great, but I may be kept there long.'

'But thou wilt abate somewhat of the sum thou hast determined upon, out of love to thy kind. Is the pleasure of doing a good deed nothing to thee?'

'Not a jot will I abate from a just sum — not a jot. And why should I? And thou art not in earnest to ask the abatement of a feather's weight. What doth the Jew owe the Roman? What hath the Roman done to the Jew? He hath laid waste his country with fire and sword. Her towns and villages he hath levelled with the ground. The holy Jerusalem, the City of the Great King, he hath spoiled and defiled, and then driven the plough over its ruins. My people are scattered abroad among all nations — subject every where to persecution and death. This thou knowest is what the Roman hath done. And what then owe I to the Roman? I bear thee, Piso, no ill will; nay, I love thee; but wert thou Rome, and this wheaten straw a dagger, it should find thy heart! Nay, start not; I would not hurt a hair of thy head. But tell me now if thou agreeest to my terms: one gold talent of Jerusalem if I return alive with or without thy brother, and if I perish, two, to be paid as I shall direct.'

'Most heartily, Isaac, do I agree to them, and bless thee more than words can tell, beside. Bring back my brother alive, and whatsoever thou shalt desire more, shall be freely thine.'

'I am content. To-morrow, then, I turn my back upon Ctesiphon and Palmyra, and make for Ecbatana. Of my progress thou shalt learn. Of success I am sure — that is, if thy brother hearken to the invitation.'

Then, giving such instructions as might be necessary on my part, we separated.

REPENTANCE.

On mild attendant on the fiend Remorse!
Sweet, placid follower in his painful course!
When he hath taught the stubborn heart to bleed,
When he hath bowed it like a broken reed,
How oft thou standest by his side, to turn
To cooling tears the fearful thoughts that burn
The frenzied brain — thou bidst the glittering eye
Look through that hallowed dew toward the sky,
And with thy sweet voice whisperest — Peace may be
So that the heart will fix its hope, its trust in thee!

'WHAT'S IN A NAME?'

'Let school taught pride dissemble all it can,
'These little things are great to little man.'

THERE is one word dearer to every man than all the treasures of lexicography — more interesting than any other vocal symbol; which he never sees in print without emotion — never hears uttered without peculiar sensations; in fact, a word which forms an articulate personification of himself — is associated with his hopes, participates alike in his honor or shame, and acts as his constant representative before the reading and listening world — I mean *his name*. This verbal adjunct to each one's existence has an importance, which none but absolutely anonymous persons will deny. Names, therefore, as a subject of speculation, do not owe so much to the condescension of the writer, or the notice of the reader, as some might be disposed to insinuate. If such speculations are not entirely coincident with the utilitarian dogmas of the day, they are with the more expansive spirit of liberal pursuits. It is enough that our subject involves the origin of Christian and surnames, to gain it the attention of the inquisitive and curious mind.

Cicero supplies us with a definition, if definition be called for, where ambiguity is so little to be apprehended: '*Nomen est quod unicuique persona datur quo suo quicque proprio et certo vocabulo appellatur.*' The Roman system of nomenclature is probably familiar to most of our readers. It may be proper, however, briefly to present it. 'To distinguish individuals of the same family, the Romans, at least the more noble of them, had commonly three names, the *prænomen*, the *nomen*, and the *cognomen*.' The first of these distinguished the individual, and was equivalent to our Christian, or baptismal name. It was usually indicated by a single letter, as A. for Aulus, or by two, as Ap. for Appius, or three as Ser. for Servius. The *nomen*, the patronymicum of the Greeks, was distinctive of the gens, or clan, and has no corresponding appellative among us. The *cognomen* was placed last, and designated the familiæ, precisely answering to our surnames. Thus in the name Publius Cornelius Scipio, Publius is the *prænomen*, Cornelius the *nomen*, and Scipio the *cognomen*. In familiar conversation, or when flattery was intended, the Romans addressed each other by the first of these, to which Horace alludes, Sat. 11, 5, 52: '*Gaudet prænominē aures auriculæ.*' In which practice, by the by, our good neighbors of the city of Brotherly Love may find a pleasing confirmatory evidence of the orthodoxy of their familiar though affectionate mode of compellation. Sometimes a fourth name, called the *agnomen*, was superadded, in consequence of a renowned action, or some conspicuous event of life, or feature of character. Thus Scipio, in addition to his regular names, was styled Africanus, after the conquest of Carthage, and the name Germanicus was assumed by those who had distinguished themselves in the wars with the Germans. Hence also Titus Antoninus was surnamed Pius, from his virtues. And Cincinnatus, Seranus, from his agricultural pursuits. In female names, the Romans indulged but little variety of appellation, and fancy had much less to do with their invention and bestowment than at present. When there was

but one daughter in a family, she received the feminine termination of her *Gentile* name, as Tullia, the daughter of Marcus Tullus Cicero, Octavia the sister of Octavius Cæsar, which name they retained even after marriage. When there were two daughters, the one was called Major, the other Minor; thus Cornelia Major, Cornelia Minor. If there were more than two, they were distinguished by their number, thus: Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, etc. In relation to the Greeks, it appears that except a few families at Athens and Sparta, they had no family names. Latin surnames were derived from various qualities of mind or body; as Cato from *catus*, wise, *Crassus*, fat, *Macer*, lean, *Calvus*, bald, etc. But we will now leave the particular consideration of Roman and Greek names, and make our inquiries more general. In regard to names originally, there is little room to doubt that they were all significant. We find them to have been so almost universally in the early periods of history, and the same is strikingly the case among the Indian tribes of our own borders; and indeed it must be so in all uncivilized nations. — e. g. *Red Jacket*, *Black Dirt*, etc., *ab uno disce omnes*. The major part of the Homeric names are expressive of heroic qualities or illustrious deeds. So also are the scripture names, all the proper names of the Bible being strongly charged with meaning. Roman names also seem to have been pretty generally of the same character, and indeed to have been conferred from the same causes as modern surnames. In respect to the precise time of the introduction of surnames into Europe, we have no definite information. In Germany, and other kindred nations, they were little used by commoners until about the fourteenth century. Every one had a baptismal name only. The nobility every where had family names long before the commoners. In France, they were unknown until the year 967, when the lords began to take the names of their demesnes. In England, the same thing appears to have taken place a little before the conquest, though this is not entirely settled; at any rate, surnames were never firmly established in our father land, or brought into use among the lower orders, before Edward the Second's time. Till then they had varied with the father's name, and changed with each successive generation: for example, if the father was called Richard, the son's surname was Richardson: if Roger, it was Rogerson. But after this reign, statutory regulations of names were made by Parliament.

In regard to the original import of particular surnames, and the precise causes of their imposition, although much antiquarian research has been expended, it must after all be confessed that it is one of those subjects upon which our ignorance far exceeds our knowledge. The accidents that caused the formation and allotment of these appellatives were so multifarious, so endlessly diversified, so completely fortuitous, that in many cases no clue is left by which the philological investigator can direct his steps toward the desired results. What adds to the difficulty, is the hybrid character of many names, that in their journey down to their present proprietors have parted with some of their primitive elements, or assumed adventitious ones, and on the whole, undergone such a kind or degree of transnomination, that the shape of the original is at last completely disguised and lost in the folds of the anomaly. Thus it frequently happens, that collateral branches of the same stock, after but a few generations, bear names quite different from each

other. Take the following examples of these corruptions: Clerk changed into Clark, Keymish into Cawmiss, Hanfuth into Alford, Person into Parson, Gold into Gould, the Scottish surname Houg, into Hogg, probably Oakden into Ogden, Red into Rudd, Reed, Read, etc. Anciently, the orthœpy of proper names was more attended to than the orthography — a plan certainly not adapted to give them a uniform and settled character. Hence arises the singular variety of spelling which occurs in the name of our great poet Shakspeare. A fierce literary controversy once held this illustrious appellative suspended between the three rival forms of Shakspere, Shakspeare, and Shackspeare. It seems that in the register of Stratford church, it is written Shakspere; in the body of his will, Shackspeare; while that instrument is endorsed with still another version of the name. An additional instance of the same sort is the name of Sir Walter Rawley, on the right orthography of which D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, confesses himself yet in doubt, as it is found spelled in five different ways, viz: Ralegh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Raweley and Rawly. Its orthœpy, however, is ascertained by a singular historical incident, which we give in the words of the above mentioned author: 'When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I., on the king's arrival in England, with whom being united with an opposition party, he was no favorite, the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception: '*Rawly*, Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very *Rawly*, mon!' Indeed the orthography of proper names was anciently so very unsettled, that many persons were at a loss how to write their own names. In 1660, a Dr. Cronvne, probably intending to give a fair trial to them all, spelt his name in six different ways, as it appears in printed books; Cron, Croon, Crovn, Crone, Croone, and Crowne. Ray, the naturalist, at first, as he tells us, wrote his name Wray, but afterward dropped the W. The name of the author of *Hudibras* was sometimes printed Boteler. Fuller mentions that the name of Villers was spelt in *fourteen* different ways in the deeds of that family. Indeed, cases have occurred, in which great difficulty and perplexity were experienced in establishing the claims of heirs whose names had undergone this species of mutation. The Highlanders frequently change *sud sponte* their names upon change of residence, or of landlord — a fact, well illustrated by the following anecdote. A Southron gentlemen once asked a Highlander who acted as his guide over the wild hills of the North, and whose face seemed familiar to him, if his name was not MacPherson. 'No, Gordon is my name,' replied the guide: 'I was shooting a few years ago at some distance from this place, and I remember you called yourself MacPherson.' 'Yes,' answered the highlander, composedly: 'but that was when I lived on the other side of the hill.' Individual observation and inquiry would probably find an indefinite number of such appellative transformations. These instances, however, are only the proofs of the difficulty, not instances. For it is **THEIR** nature to be incognizable.

We are nevertheless safe in the conclusion, that the first imposition of surnames was not directed by any certain principles, but according as fancy or circumstances decided. 'Divers of our ancestors,' says Verstigan, 'took their surnames by reason of their abode in or near some place of note, where they settled themselves and planted their ensuing families as within townes or fensed places, or at a wood, a hill,

a field, a green, a brook, a pond, a lake, or the like. Whereby in example, Robert of or at the Green was so called because he dwelt on or by a green; afterwards the preposition *of* became by vulgar hast to be *a*; when instead of Robert *of* Green, he was called Robert *a* Green; and the *a*, at last, quite left out, he remayned only Robert Green: the like may be said of others in the like manner.' Many names take their origin from the seasons; others from the elements, points of the compass, good or bad fortune, offices, dignities, utensils, agriculture, and astronomy — minerals, animals, vegetables, trees and flowers — colors, arms, accidents, etc. But the most numerous class of surnames were those derived from a trade or profession, according to which domestics and retainers particularly seem to have been named. Thus, to omit more obvious examples: Webster, that is a weaver: Bailly, that is bailiff, Fletcher, from the French *flèche*, a maker of arrows; Tucker, a fuller of cloth; Sherman, that is sheer-man. In old statute-books, we meet with such names as these: Simon Ironmonger, Robertus de Bakester, Walterus de Butteler, Jno. Daylaborer, etc. Another class spring from qualities of mind or body; thus we find Thomas Prettyman, Adam Greyhaires, Thomas Sturdy, Jno Joliff, now jolly, Johannes Pinguis, Ralf le Gras, Editha la Lovelich, that is, lovely; Cecilia Gauk, from *gauchée*, crooked; Willielmus Niger, Robertus Anceps, etc. In regard to many or all of these Latinized names, it should be observed, that they probably bear no literal or articulate resemblance to their Saxon or old English originals. The absurd fancy of metamorphosing all significant proper names into their Latin synonyms, that prevailed among writers of all classes a few centuries ago, often proves a fruitful source of perplexity and error to those who attempt to ransack the musty folios of antiquity. Another source of derivation was from places, countries, and estates, as Gulielmus Parisiensis, Gilbertus Anglicus, Henricus de Hessia, Thomas a Kempis, Godefridus de Maunville, etc. Of this description are most or all of those ending in *ham*, *vile*, *ton*, and *by*. Another large and respectable family of surnames were patronymics, or names formed by adding son, or some other word expressing the same relation to the paternal name. The old Normans superadded *fitz*, the old French word for *filis*, as Fitz-herbert, Fitz-simmons, Fitz-walter. The Irish prefixed *O*, as O'Neil. Spanish names ending in *ez*, such as Fernandez, Rodriguez, that is, Ferdinand's son, etc., were of a similar character. The Scotch *Mac*, as MacDonald, the son of Donald. The Welsh *ap*. The Saxons appended *son*, as Thorwaldson, Williamson, (or Wilson) Benson, that is, Ben's son; Nelson, that is, the son of Neal; Higgens, Huygens, all originally the same as Higgen-son, that is, probably, Hugh's son. Gibbs, Gibson, Gibbons, all contractions and corruptions of Gilbert's son. The Hebrews prefixed *Ben*, as Ben-Hadad, that is, the son of Hadad. The Arabians form names on the same principles, though they call no one by his own or proper name. Suppose some one whose father is named Hali, and whose own name is Zoar, he would be called Ebn-Hali, that is, Hali's son. The same is also the case with the Armenians, and most other oriental nations.

That there have ever been any tribe or nation of men absolutely *anonymous*, or nameless, it is difficult to believe, although the ancient Scythians are reported to have been so; and some travelers have told

us of families of Bushmen, none of whom had names, except the oldest man, whom they called in their language, 'Old Boy.' To us it is plain, that the intercourse of the most imbruted of our race would stand almost entirely still, without some distinguishing epithets of a permanent character ; and such are *names*.

Our subject is not yet exhausted ; but we leave the prosecution of it to abler hands. Much curious information is still to be derived, by the industrious etymologist, and black-letter scholar, from the ancient records of the past, that will throw new light on the origin, signification, and history of surnames.

W. H.

THE AERONAUT.*

THERE WAS martial music heard,
With the booming gun o'er the startled bay,
And the multitude's shout, as I soared away
Like a glad aerial bird.

ON the wheels of my fairy car,
I rolled through the realms of untracked light,
'Till I looked from my proud empyrean height,
O'er the world I had left afar.

'TWAS a glorious scene below,
The city wrapped in a robe of fire,
From the blended hues of its dome and spire,
And its burning ocean's glow.

DEEP silence reigned on high,
A light breeze passed, but it gave no tone ;
I spoke, but my voice had a reed-like moan,
And no echo heard its cry.

THEN a fearful, mighty sound,
Burst from a cloud on the tempest borne,
As it swept 'neath my feet, by the lightning torn,
Whilst the thunder rolled around.

AN eagle beat the blast —
He fixed his eye on my lofty seat,
As he sought for his ruffled wings retreat,
And he screamed as on he passed.

THEN a vapour around me twined,
Whilst a thousand rainbows danced along ;
Like a band of shadows seen and gone,
On the breathing and dying wind.

WAS I of mortal birth ?
Did I but dream of that broad blue sky ?
Or was I a spirit just called on high,
From my pilgrimage dark on earth ?

THE cloud far away was driven,
And the red sun slept on his watery bed,
As my swift-winged flight to the world I sped,
With a lingering look toward heaven.

I stood by my native home,
But I longed for a rest 'bove the tempest's path,
Where the wilder storm of the rude world's wrath
Shall never be known to come.

R. L. H.

* See 'Leaves from an Aeronaut.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING; or the way to enjoy Life and its Comforts. In one volume, 12mo. pp. 334. By CALES TICKNOR, A. M., M. D. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a sensible and truly valuable book, on a vitally interesting subject. Notwithstanding the numerous works on *Hygiene*, or the art of preserving health, we believe that at no period of the world, and in no nation, savage or civilized, has there prevailed a more general neglect of those rules and precepts, on the observance of which health mainly depends, than exists at the present time in our own enlightened land. This remark will particularly apply to the female sex; especially in our cities, and even in country villages, where an admission to '*good society*' chiefly depends on aping the ridiculous and mischievous fashions of city life. Accordingly, as it seems to us, a work of this kind was never more needed, though we scarcely dare hope that any effort, or even the combined efforts of the faculty, can successfully resist the tide of luxury, dissipation and *fashion*, which is so fearfully deluging our country.

The work whose title stands at the head of this notice, treats of diet and drinks; dress; amusement; exercise; tobacco; the management of young children; education; the influence of the mind and body upon each other; climate and season, air and locality; temperament; age; sex, and last though not least in importance, *marriage*. These subjects are all discussed in a calm and philosophical manner; sometimes in a humorous, at others in a fine ironical vein; but always in a manner to impress indelibly on the mind of the reader the rational views of the author. Dr. Ticknor has a mortal antipathy to every species of ultraism, against which he aims a well-directed and not a feeble blow:

"It is seen (he observes,) in most of the charitable and benevolent operations of the day; in religious zeal, political warfare, morality and immorality; in most of the domestic concerns of life, and in fact, in all the particulars and minutiae of living, moving and being. There seems a remarkable propensity in us Americans to run into unwarrantable extravagances; whatever scheme is adopted, or whatever plan devised, whether for good or evil, is carried to an extreme. To one who contemplates the present condition of our country, with calmness and deliberation, every thing would seem to be upside down, or in a state of the most perfect confusion. He would see men running into opposites on all subjects, and man warring to the death with his brother or neighbor, on some trivial question, while they are no better agreed on matters of the greatest moment. To judge of men by their actions, one would suppose that a great proportion were mad, and that the world was one immense mad-house. Retrenchment and self-mortification seem to be the order of the day, in relation to food and drink; there being no virtue, on the principles of radicalism, which does not consist in going counter to the appetites and instincts of nature.'

The truth of this picture no one, it is presumed, will deny or gainsay; and yet, strange to say, there is little done to resist the progress of radicalism, either by the pulpit, the press, or any of those engines which sway public opinion. Indeed there seems to be no fear of extravagance in sentiment, or action; but it is, on the contrary, courted as a badge of distinction and preëminence. In what this *living Hyperbole*, if we may so call it—this grand commotion in the moral, practical, and economical

elements — will end, we know not: but as we are not, as our readers know, of those who despair of the republic, we trust that good will eventually result from causes which would now appear to threaten serious mischief to the social, civil, and religious interests of our country.

The advice which our author gives, in relation to diet, is sound and rational, and what is still better, it is *practical*. Notwithstanding the sacred precept, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink,' we doubt whether there is a divine command more generally transgressed, or any subject which more occupies the thoughts of the human family. Our author believes with Solomon, who was reputed a wise man in his day, that 'it is good for a man to eat and drink, and enjoy the good of his labor;' an expression which he truly observes, the laboring man only can duly appreciate. With respect to the much-agitated and as yet unsettled question, as to the propriety of a diet exclusively animal or vegetable, Dr. Ticknor justly remarks:

"There is a lack of philosophy and reason in attempting to prove by a few rare examples that either vegetable or animal food is to be used to the entire exclusion of the other; and to prove that all men need but little food from a few cases of extreme abstinence. Cornaro is the standard now-a-days — the mirror by which every man's nature is to be reflected — the great exemplar which every man is to imitate. Lewis Cornaro was a Venetian nobleman, who by dissipation and debauchery, at an early age ruined his health and broke down his constitution; but by the advice of his physicians he reduced his diet to twelve ounces of solid food and about a pint of wine per day. This change had a most happy effect upon the debauchee, as it has at the present day, and will ever have on all who undermine their health and the strength of their system by the same course of dissipation. Cornaro lived to be almost a hundred years old, and the conclusion is, by those who use the scales and weights, that every body should live as Cornaro lived after he reformed, and so indeed they should, if they had previously lived as he did, with the same unhappy effect upon his health. This mode of reasoning is but taking the exception for the rule itself; and by it we may prove any thing, and make of a single isolated fact, a general principle universal in its application. Red Jacket, the famous chief of the Seneca Indians, lived chiefly, as the other nations of the forest do, on game, and exposed to all the vicissitudes and inclemencies of our variable climate. He attained almost as great an age as Cornaro did, and yet during the last fifty years of his life he was almost daily intoxicated. Does this prove that we should imitate Red Jacket, in order to live to a good old age?"

We have never believed in laying down specific rules on this subject for all to follow. If men were all made alike, with the same constitution; the same habits, the same intellect, and the same employment; and were there, moreover, an equal expenditure of physical energy, then there might be some reason for stretching mankind upon this Procrustean bed; but in the present diversified condition of society, to attempt such regulations, is the very height of folly and absurdity. Indeed, we doubt whether it be practicable to lay down rules which could invariably be followed with benefit by any single individual, as the quantity and quality of food necessary to the maintenance of health depend on various circumstances, which are constantly liable to change; such as climate, clothing, state of the mind, degree of exertion, etc., all which require a corresponding change, either in the kind or amount of food.

With regard to dress, we subscribe, *ex animo*, to every word which the Doctor utters. We have so often witnessed fatal consequences resulting from deficient clothing, and especially from the barbarous custom of *tight lacing*, that we begin to believe that life and health will always be held of less importance, and considered subordinate to the laws and dictates of fashion. On this subject our author pertinently observes:

'No error in dress is more frequent or more fatal in its consequences than that of tight lacing; in no one particular is nature more sinned against than in this. It seems by the common consent of refined people, that a small waist is indispensable to beauty. This is the *sine qua non*, and to accomplish this object is the grand desideratum in corporeal training; and the more slender the waist the more beautiful the form. We look with astonishment at the foot of a Chinese belle, and wonder at the per-

verted taste and misguided reason which lead her to make so great a sacrifice to attain so great a degree of deformity. She might with equal propriety wonder at the singular and unnatural taste of American ladies, in deforming their persons many fold more to the injury of their health by the operation of tight lacing. The Chinese lady confines her feet in an iron shoe till her system arrives at maturity, when the shoe gives place to simple bandages; our own lovely country-women are at an early age encased in an apparatus of whale bone, wood, or steel, and inelastic and unyielding substances which are retained, not only till adult life, but as long as life itself endures."

From these extracts, the reader will be able to form some opinion of the drift of the work under notice, which we venture to prophesy, is destined to become one of the most popular, on the subjects of which it treats. There is no empty parade of learning, no affectation nor dogmatism to be found in its pages; and at the present day, when there is such a fulsome display of philosophical *can*, and 'science falsely so called,' this is no small merit. We trust that the capable author will continue his useful labors, and extend his researches to other kindred subjects of scarcely less importance to the public weal.

PAUL PRY'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON. In one volume, pp. 191. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

Now and then an individual have we seen, who, after reading the 'Journal of a Residence at Little Peddlington,' could declare his inability to perceive the keen satire, unadulterated wit, and broad burlesque with which it is, as it were, *saturated*. In our opinion, however, there has been no volume of its size published these ten years, which contains more genuine humor than this. The pictures of the author bear intrinsic evidence of being transcripts—highly colored sometimes, perhaps, but still faithful transcripts—of real life. Mr. Poole may occasionally exaggerate, but he never distorts nature. Neither does he strain after effect, and so overshoot his purpose. His biting satire is most unaffectedly displayed; and comparing his portraits with the abortions of those writers who are only laboriously flippant where they deem themselves witty, the reader feels forcibly the truth of Coleridge's remark, that 'Mediocrity can *talk*, but it is for Genius to *observe*.' The ambitious apings, the petty pride, jealousies, and topics of a small village, were never better depicted than in these unpretending sketches. The likenesses of Hoppy, M. C., Daubson, the artist, Yawkins, the banker, and Hobbleday, have surely their originals, and who can doubt that they are drawn to the life? Nor should Simcox Rummins, Jr., editor of the 'Little Peddlington Weekly Observer,' be forgotten in this enumeration. That he is a great man, and a felicitous writer, may be gathered from the subjoined extract from his journal, wherein may be seen how extensive was the influence of that sheet, and how potent the counsels of its guiding spirit:

"Once more we call the attention of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to what we have so often said, and what we have repeated above: shall we add, for the *last time*? But, no; for though patience like the eagle, which wings its airy flight through the boundless realms of ether, must descend at length to rest its weary wing, yet shall ours still soar upwards whilst, with the piercing eye of hope, we behold a ray of expectation that our advice will not, like the sands of the desert, be eventually lost upon him. He may continue to *not* notice us in any of his decrees or manifestos, and thus *affect* to be indifferent concerning what we may say to him; but we have it on the best authority that he is frequently seen thoughtful and musing—not, indeed, in his moments of noisy revelry, when immersed in the vortex of pleasure, and surrounded by flatterers, who, like locusts, would bar our honest counsel from his ear, but in the nocturnal solitude of his chamber. There it is that our warning voice, wafted on the wings of the viewless wind, pierces the perfumed precincts of the palace of Petersburg, and carries conviction, like the roaring of the rushing cataract, into his mind. And if the 'Little Peddlington Observer' does sometimes address the Autocrat in terms of more than usual severity, let

him remember that we do so 'more in friendship than in anger;' that we regret the necessity we are under of giving him pain, but that, 'like skilful surgeons, who probe, etc.'"

Having afforded the reader a glimpse of Rummins, Jr., editor, etc., it is meet that we should not wholly pass by the Rummins, *par excellence*, the Little Pedlington antiquary, proprietor of the 'Rumminian Museum,' whose 'Life and Times' were to establish the reputation of 'the tuneful Jubb,' the village poet. Our author beards the lion in his den, where he finds him surrounded with 'schemes,' 'projects,' and 'prospectuses,' all conceived with a view to the 'benefit of the empire at large, but Little Pedlington more particularly, and most particularly to the advantage of Simcox Rummins, Esq., F. S. A. himself.' The three following are given as specimens:

" '*Prospectus of a NATIONAL EDITION of Rummins's Antiquities of Little Pedlington.*'

" 'When we reflect on the march of intellect: when we reflect on the spread of intelligence: when we reflect on the improvements in the arts of printing and engraving; when we reflect on steamboats and rail-roads: when we reflect on the facility with which all nations of the civilized world are brought into intercourse with each other by these means: when we reflect on their mutual anxiety, in consequence of such facility, to become acquainted with each other's *Topography and Antiquities*: above all when we reflect on the growing importance of Little Pedlington, it cannot but be a matter of wonder and of regret that, although Troy has been illustrated by its Gell, and Athens by its Stuart, our town should not as yet have put forth a work worthy of its station on the map of Europe, and capable of satisfying the growing desires of society in its present more enlightened state. It is true that Mr. Rummins's 'Antiquities' in a small duodecimo volume (to be had of the author, price one-and-six-pence) may be 'an admirable *vade-mecum* and pocket companion for the traveler, and which no traveler should be without' (See 'Little Pedlington Weekly Observer,' 25th April) yet, as that intelligent journal adds, 'a splendid edition worthy of our town, fit for the shelves of the library, is still a desideratum; and it is disgraceful for our country that no such monument exists,' &c. &c.

" 'Mr. Rummins, feeling deeply for the honor of his natal town and of the kingdom at large, is resolved that this reproach shall no longer have cause for existence; and, regardless of time, labor, and expense, has determined to publish an enlarged and improved edition of his work.

" '*Terms.* This NATIONAL EDITION in one volume, post octavo, *embellished with four elegant lithographic engravings*, to be published by subscription, price four shillings; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other half to be paid on delivery of the copies. Only five hundred copies will be printed; and, to prevent delay, the work will go to press as soon as four hundred and fifty copies are subscribed for. To prevent trouble, subscriptions will be received by the author only.'

Patriotic Rummins!

" '*Plan for aiding the Funds of the Little-Pedlington Almshouse.*

" 'Mr. Rummins, having learnt with the deepest and most heart-felt regret, that the eloquent sermon delivered on Sunday last by our highly-gifted curate, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb, in favor of the above-named charity (although it melted the hearts, and drew tears from the eyes of a numerous congregation) did not (from a variety of adverse causes) produce (in a pecuniary point of view) the effect anticipated (only fourteen shillings and two-pence having been collected at the church-door,) submits to the Nobility, Gentry, Visitors, and towns-people of Little-Pedlington, who are ever foremost in the heart-soothing work of Charity, the following plan for supplying the deficiency.

" 'Mr. R. proposes to publish, in aid of the funds of the said institution, an elegant engraving of his lately-acquired treasure, the *Helmet of the time of King John!* The drawing will be made on stone by Mr. R. himself: and, after five hundred copies are sold, at one shilling each, to defray the necessary expenses, Mr. R. will present all that may afterwards remain, together with the copyright in the stone itself, to the trustees for the management of that praiseworthy institution; the whole of the profits thereof to be applied in aid of its funds.

Philanthropic Rummins!

" '*Beautifulizing our ancient and venerable Church.*

" 'The churchwardens and overseers of the parish of Little-Pedlington having, in the most prompt and liberal manner, complied with the wish of several of the parishioners, 'that the roof of our ancient and venerable church be whitewashed:' Mr. Rummins suggests that a general meeting of the inhabitants of the place be held at the Green

Dragon, on Wednesday next, at one o'clock, for the purpose of passing a vote of thanks to those gentlemen. Mr. R., regardless of all personal inconvenience to himself, will take the chair; and hopes and trusts that the meeting will be as numerous as the occasion requires. Mr. R. having had the said vote of thanks (which he has *gratuitously* drawn up) printed on an elegantly embossed card, each person, on entering the room will have an opportunity of becoming possessed of this memorial of the occasion, *price only sixpence.*

"Disinterested Rummins! Find me such an F. S. A. elsewhere than in Little-Pedlington!"

In corroboration of our encomiums, we had marked several other admirable passages for insertion, but are compelled to omit them. We trust, however, that our readers will believe us when we say, with the illustrious Rummins himself, that the publication of so amusing a book as the present is an 'event which, as it does not often happen, so it does not frequently occur.' Indeed, we do not exaggerate when we add, in the language of Mr. Fudgefield, the Little-Pedlington auctioneer, that the book under notice 'is one, to *describe* which, puts to the utmost stretch of extension the most inexhaustible powers of description for to describe, and which, to convey an idea of sufficiently adequately, would be required to be described by the unequalled and not-to-be-paralleled descriptive powers of a ——'

But we pause: which is more than he will do, until he reaches the last page, who enters *understandingly* upon the perusal of this master-piece of the author of 'Paul Pry.' A word as to the typographical execution of the volume. It is bad, decidedly bad. There are gross blunders upon almost every leaf.

LIFE ON THE LAKES: Being Tales and Sketches collected on a trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. By the author of 'Legends of a Log Cabin.' In two volumes. New York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

We were naturally led, by the excellent 'Legends of a Log Cabin,' to expect an entertaining work in the volumes before us, and in good truth, they prove that we were not wrong in our anticipations. 'Life on the Lakes' is written in an easy, off-hand style, and portrays with much spirit the striking scenes which fell under the observation of the writer, on his tour from New York to Lake Superior, together with the manners and peculiarities of the natives of that picturesque region surrounding the great inland seas of our continent. Many characters are depicted with great individuality, and the prominent features of the Canadian and Indian admirably set forth. The interest of the work is not a little increased by the insertion of several aboriginal legends, which are introduced without at all interfering with the course of the narrative, and evince a lively imagination and a cultivated mind.

We are forced, much against our inclination, to limit our extracts to a few vivid paragraphs, descriptive of the Pictured Rocks:—

"Leaving Grand Island at the dawn of day, we were soon opposite the beginnings of the Pictured Rocks; but before we had reached the interesting, or rather, I should say, the most interesting part of the range, the sun was up, and his beams fell with unclouded splendor on the many-colored face of the precipice. The lake was now perfectly calm, and we could approach without difficulty close to the base of the rock; indeed, had it not been for the swell from yesterday's gale we might have entered some of the caverns.

"Passing so close, and gliding by so smoothly and so leisurely, we had an excellent opportunity to examine them. When any thing particularly struck either of us, we could lay off or approach quite close, so as to be sure to catch the best point of view.

"Nothing I had ever heard had at all prepared my mind for the sublimity and beauties of this scene;—the rock, so lofty and precipitous; the wide openings that yawned below, leading we knew not where; but, above all, the brilliant colors that diversify every foot of this vast range of rocks, now that we saw it lighted up by the sun's direct

rays, it far surpassed in brilliancy and beauty any thing we had imagined yesterday. Not only were the colors shaded and blended in a manner the most surprising, but in some places perfect pictures were sketched upon the rock, (Nature's own paintings,) with a correctness and accuracy of outline, a combination and a brilliancy of color, which the eye was never weary of beholding, and to which the mind could never so accustom itself as to look upon them without something of awe and wonder mingling with our admiration.

"On one immense square block a landscape was depicted with so much distinctness, that no one could glance for a moment upon it without recognizing the various objects; a large wide-branching tree in front, a wall, as of a park or garden, behind it; beyond this, seen over the wall, was a water view, dim, and, as it were faded, but still in perfect perspective. Now I think I hear you say, 'Ah! Doctor, your fancy is running wild! or else you are trespassing too far upon the traveler's licensed privileges. A tree! a wall! a water view! and all sketched on the face of a rock by the hand of Nature? this will scarce do.' So much the worse for you, my dear friend, if your incredulity leads you to disbelieve in the existence of one of the greatest wonders in the world; I can only assure you that so it is, and advise all doubters to go and satisfy themselves; in the mean while, by way of circumstantial evidence, let me tell you, that as our canoe approached this same wonderful landscape rock, I exclaimed, 'Oh Major, look at that tree.' I did not point, nor in any way direct his attention to the object I meant; and please to remember, that the top of the rock was all along fringed by tall trees; yet did the Major instantly point out, with an expression of admiration, *the tree*, painted as I have described it on the face of the rock. Does not that shake your incredulity? Was the Major too carried away by enthusiasm? Did fancy mislead him? Not at all; the thing has a substantive existence as clearly as Niagara Falls; if you doubt, go and see for yourself, then will you confess that the half, nay, that the *tiñe* part, has not been told you."

In closing this imperfect notice, we seize occasion to congratulate the public upon a rare intellectual treat, which we learn incidentally from these volumes is in course of preparation for the press — we mean the 'Moral Tales of the Chippewas,' by HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, a writer, to whose pleasing style and correct sentiment our readers are not strangers; who has been, as our author justly observes, for many years a diligent collector of *facts*, not a spinner out of *theories*, and from whose vast and daily increasing stores much may reasonably be expected.

CORINNE, OR ITALY: BY MADAME DE STAEL — HOLSTEIN. In two volumes. 12mo Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

'CORINNE' is a work which has obtained extensive celebrity on the continent, though its reputation is now rather on the wane. The book was never an especial favorite with us, owing to its inflated style, and the improbability of its incidents, defects which of course are not remedied by an English translation. Indeed we think that the attempt to render into English a production like 'Corinne' must of necessity prove more or less a failure, since the peculiar manners and indescribable beauties of language, which are mostly idiomatic, and which form the great attraction of the work, are utterly lost in the process, and we have nothing left but a dry and fleshless skeleton — a veritable anatomy. This a reprint from the Library of Standard Novels, and, as the American editor informs us in his preface, is 'much improved with numerous corrections.' What these may be, we know not; but it may be worth while to state, that upon even a cursory glance through the volumes, we detected upward of forty errors, nearly all of them in the spelling of proper names. We mention this, because, from the statement in the preface, we were led to expect that the edition was immaculate, and as a hint to the publishers withal, to insist upon a more careful reading of the proofs of American re-prints, since a work of standard worth may be so disfigured by mere typographical errors, as to be unfit for binding and placing in a libra-

ry, however neat the impression, or fine the paper. It was through gross negligence in this respect, that an otherwise unexceptionable edition of D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' was rendered almost totally worthless.

'THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT.' 'ROSAMOND, WITH OTHER STORIES.' 'EDGEWORTH ON PRACTICAL EDUCATION.' New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have placed these three volumes together, not for the purpose of writing a long dissertation upon their respective merits — for these are well established — but simply to call public attention to the fact of their publication in a form at once excellent and cheap. The opening story in the first named work is but a fair sample of the moral good to be derived from the lighter productions of the voluminous and gifted writer; and when we say that '*Lazy Lawrence*' is the tale to which we allude, there are few of our readers but will be able to appreciate the high laud which this remark conveys. Of her work on education, we need do no more than to show the range of topic embraced, by quoting the contents, viz: toys; tasks; on attention; servants; acquaintance; on temper; on obedience; on truth; on rewards and punishments; on sympathy and sensibility; on vanity, pride, and ambition; books; on grammar and classical literature; on geography and chronology; on arithmetic; geometry; on mechanics; chemistry; on public and private education; on female accomplishments, etc.; memory and invention; taste and imagination; wit and judgment; prudence and economy; summary; and notes containing conversations and anecdotes of children.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT. By ANTHONY HAMILTON: pp. 390. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

WE have heretofore had occasion, in noticing a certain licentious '*Life of Talleyrand*,' to animadvert upon the publication, by booksellers of honorable repute, of such works as the one whose title stands at the head of this notice. The '*Memoirs of Count Grammont*' contain little else save a continuous detail of reckless love-passages in high places. A seductive diction is made to dignify unprincipled intrigues, and to embellish the amorous plots, counter-plots, and contests of the unlicensed great. What pleasure can be derived, or what good result to the American reader, from the perusal of such a book, passes our discernment to determine. No gentlemen would think of reading it to a family circle — to a sister, or a lover. He would need that others should blush for him, whose cheek should not flush while reading aloud many of the scenes here recorded. Beautiful typography and paper seem to us to be worse than thrown away in the production of such a work.

THE NAPOLEON. In twelve Books. By THOMAS H. GENIN, Esq. In one volume pp. 342. St. Clairsville, Ohio: HORTON J. HOWARD.

SEVENTEEN years have elapsed since the above poem was written; and we marvel at the temerity of the writer in venturing before the public at this late day, with an effort so fearfully voluminous, and one which in its best estate could only have deri-

ved temporary importance from the prominence of its great theme. The epic story of the poem begins with Napoleon's Russian campaign, and terminates with his departure for Elba. Many battles are described, and Buonaparte is the centre and object of all operations. The measure is what is termed *blank verse*—in this instance a most appropriate designation—for in truth we can say little for the poetry. He who essays to read continuously even one of the twelve books, will soon find, to use the author's language, that he has 'penetrated the sphere where Somnus reigns.' It is no additional recommendation of the work to say, that it is miserably printed with worn-out types, and upon paper dingily-white, and unequivocally coarse. It should be added in justice, however, that there is only about half a page of *errata* for the entire volume!

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT. In two volumes, and two volumes in one. pp. 1040. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THE publishers of this edition of Captain MARRYAT's writings deserve general favor for the excellent manner in which they have presented them to public acceptance. The volumes (or volume, as may best suit the taste of the purchaser,) are neatly printed upon fine white paper, and a clear type, and contain Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, The Naval Officer, Japhet in Search of his Father, The King's Own, Newton Forster, The Pacha of Many Tales, and Naval and Military Tales and Sketches. What a fund of intellectual enjoyment is indicated in this catalogue!—and how are we privileged, in a land of cheap books, in having the whole within the means of almost every man, however humble his condition! A few works like the present, and similarly executed, will go far to atone for sundry volumes, indifferent, not to say execrable in externals, which the publishers have unwisely permitted to go forth, to sully their fair fame, and *almost* the hands of fair readers.

THE PROFESSIONAL YEARS OF JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D. Being a Sequel to the 'Early Years.' By JOHN McVICKAR, D. D. In one volume, pp. 500. New-York: Protestant Episcopal Press.

THIS, as may naturally be inferred, is an interesting volume, giving a sketch of the professional career of Bishop HOBART, from the date of his first ordination as pastor of two country churches at Oxford, and Perkiomen, near Philadelphia, till the period of his departure for England, to recruit a constitution broken down by the manifold and harassing labors of his episcopate. No one was better qualified than his biographer for writing the life of one with whom he had been in constant habits of intimacy, and the task has been, as we have before remarked, well performed. When the 'Closing Years' of this eminent and good man shall be given to the public, it may be hoped that the author will embody the present work with that and the 'Early Years,' and give us in one condensed volume the life of him who was one of the firmest supports and brilliant ornaments of the Episcopal Church.

EDITORS' TABLE.

SCENERY OF THE HUDSON. — Such of our readers as have ever made the voyage of the North River, will recognize in the engraving which embellishes our present number a faithful representation of the Landing at Fort Lee, and the picturesque scene which it embraces. Here commence the Palisades, that precipitous and frowning wall against whose base the waves of the noble Hudson dash, in 'a day of wind and storm,' but whose lengthened shadow sleeps upon the waters in surpassing beauty, in the calm eventide of summer. We shall not weary the reader, however, by a description of that which has been so often and so well presented before—but ask leave to introduce instead the annexed appropriate stanzas from the pen of a favorite contributor. Of the picture itself, as a work of art, it is we think unnecessary here to speak; the more, because the unrivalled skill of SMILLIE in this department was dwelt upon but recently at some length, in a notice in these pages of the excellent publication of MR. DISTURNELL — the 'Picturesque Beauties of the Hudson River and its Vicinity.'

THE HUDSON.

I.

Proud stream! the birchen barks that wont of old,
From cove to cove, to shoot athwart thy tide,
The quivered nations, eloquent and bold,
Whose simple fare thy shores and depths supplied,
Are passed away; and men of other mould
Now o'er thy bosom their wing'd fabrics guide,
All white with sails thy keel-throated waters flee,
Through one rich lapse of plenty, to the sea.

II.

Beauty and Majesty on either hand
Have shored thy waters with their common realm;
Here, pasture, grove, and harvest-field expand,
There, the rough boatman veers his yielding helm
From the sheer cliff, whose shadow broad and grand
Darkens his sail, and seems his path to whelm
With doubt and gloom; 'till, through some wild ravine,
A gush of sunlight leaps upon the scene!

III.

I love thy tempests, when the broad-winged blast
Rouses thy billows with its battle-call,
When gath'ring clouds in phalanx black and vast,
Like armed shadows gird thy rocky wall,
And from their leaguring legions thick and fast
The galling hail-shot in fierce volleys fall,
While quick, from cloud to cloud darts o'er the levin
The flash that fires the batteries of heaven!

IV.

How beautiful art thou, when at rosy dawn,
Up from thy glittering breast its robe of mist
Into the azure depths is gently drawn,
Or softly settles o'er thy bluffs, just kissed
By the first slanting beams of golden morn;
Gorgeous — when ruby, gold, and amethyst
Upon thy tessellated surface lie —
The wave-glassed splendors of the sunset sky!

V.

And when the moon through wreaths of curdled snow,
 Upon thee pours a flood of silver sheen,
 While the tall headlands vaster seem to grow
 As on thy breast their giant shadows lean;
 There is a mournful music in thy flow,
 And I have listened mid the hallowed scene,
 Until loved voices seemed, in murmurs bland,
 Hailing me softly from the spirit-land.

VI.

The deep Missouri hath a fiercer song,
 The Mississippi pours a bolder wave,
 And with a deaf'ning crash the torrent strong,
 From the linked lakes, leaps to Niagara's grave;
 Yet when the Storm-king smites his thunder-gong,
 Thy hills reply from many a bellowing cave;
 And when with smiles the sun o'erlooks their brow,
 He sees no stream more beautiful than thou!

J. B.

EDITORS' DRAWER. — We conclude an examination of the contents of our drawer, which we were compelled to relinquish so abruptly a month or two since, and which, until the present moment, we have found ourselves unable to resume.

THE anonymous but distinguished writer of the annexed article — whose manuscript has betrayed him — has greatly overrated, we think, the indifference of the public mind in relation to most of the works he has named, in opening the discussion of his theme. Who would consider his library of *reading* volumes complete, without a large number of the fine old works mentioned below? — or prefer the forced sentiment and small, *pseudo* philosophy that characterize half the modern things in books' clothing, to their profound argument, sterling wit, keen satire, and plain good sense? No — these 'silent but eloquent companions' of the past, are neither forgotten, nor held in slight remembrance, by those who read to think, or to assist the study of human nature.

FATE OF AUTHORS.

If any thing, in the progress of human society, can serve to abate literary ambition, it is a review of the fate of authors. How long is it since Swift was one of the most admired writers in the English language? One hundred years, and a little more. But who now reads '*Gulliver's Travels*,' or the '*Examiner*,' or '*Arguments against abolishing Christianity*'?

Who reads the works of Sir William Temple, or of Lord Bolingbroke?

Who reads '*Pamela*,' and '*Clarissa*,' and '*Sir Charles Grandison*'?

Who reads '*Tristram Shandy*,' or '*Don Quixote*'?

Who reads '*Tom Jones*,' or the '*Adventures of a Guinea*'?

Who reads '*Lavater's Physiognomy*'?

Who reads '*Addison's Spectator*' — papers which, for a long time, amused and instructed the whole reading community of Great Britain?

Who reads the '*Guardian*,' the '*Adventurer*,' the '*Tattler*,' and the '*Idler*'? And let me ask who reads the '*Rambler*,' and the '*Rasselas*' of the great Johnson? Fortunately these latter writings are not quite obsolete.

Thomas Sheridan, a little more than fifty years ago, attempted to give the British nation a standard of pronunciation, on the usage of the polite part of the nation in the Augustan age, the reign of Queen Anne and of George the First. He published his Dictionary, and it hardly arrived to its teens.

Walker then undertook a similar task, and with great labor made his book, differing from Sheridan and others, who had preceded him. He examined every doubtful point, and gave reasons upon reasons for his decisions. Unluckily he had an ear that could not accurately distinguish sounds; for he owns that he thought the vowel sounds in *see* and *meet*, to be different from those in *sea* and *meat*, until Garrick told him he could perceive no difference between them. In marking the sounds of short *i*, he makes a worse mistake: for in *ability*, he makes the first *i* short, and makes the second as long *e*, a blunder that extends to more than ten thousand syllables or vowel sounds. If he had once attended to the manner in which people lengthen *i* in *tiny* and *little*, pronoun-

cing them *teeny* and *leetle*, he would have seen his mistake; for this proves that short *i* is a contraction of long *e*. There are other mistakes in his notation, none of which are objectionable; and in giving his reasons for his decisions, he often contradicts himself.

Then came Stephen Jones, with his orthodoxy, in which he differs from Sheridan and Walker, in the sound of *a* before *s*, as in *ash*, *pass*, etc., and he condemns Walker's notation of the sound of the short *i* above mentioned, which he says is *ludicrous*.

Then came William Perry, with a Dictionary, in which he differs from the previous writers, and gives the pronunciation which is general among educated men in England without any affectation of singularity.

Last of all comes Jameson, who follows sometimes one author and sometimes another.

'Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orkades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.'

When Walker first appeared, the publishers trumpeted the book as *the standard*, and all the world was to follow it. For some years, several sets of stereotype plates were in use, to spread the book. But, so it happens, they are most of them laid aside; and Walker is going as all of his predecessors have gone. The English nation will follow neither Sheridan nor Walker. The men in high life had the usage, and no man can alter their customs.

But look at the fate of metaphysics, moral philosophy, and mental philosophy. View the whole history, from Plato and Aristotle to Brown and Cousin. Folio upon folio Pelion upon Ossa, have followed each other in rapid succession; the last writer overthrowing or attempting to overthrow the system of his predecessors; and to this day scarcely two of them are agreed, even in the use or signification of the terms employed.

And what is to be the fate of the tale-telling tribe of writers, who flood the land with their fictions and their medleys of truth and fiction? And what is to be the fate of the pretty poetry which finds a niche in the corners of newspapers, or swells the *smut* of our annuals? Most of their authors, in the masculine poetic age of Dryden and Pope, would have found a place in the Dunciad.

I pass by the great men of an earlier period — a Selden, a Spelman, a Barrow, and a Tillotson. These and others are not wholly obsolete; and it is found that *old books* are of no small use in supplying the materials of *new ones*.

After viewing this gloomy picture, it relieves the eye to look at one bright spot. The Bible, the Bible, the *oldest* book, the *best* book, and the only *perfectly good* book, is not yet obsolete. It has bid defiance to Voltaire, and to Thomas Paine — and it will bid defiance to Thomas Jefferson and Abner Kneeland.

'BARRIER'S — PARIS,' is the title of a somewhat coarse and unfinished, but nevertheless spirited poem, descriptive of the gay and licentious capital of France. That portion which is annexed, doubtless possesses 'more truth than poetry.'

'OLD time, whose step no respite knows,
Who presses hardest where corruption grows,
After ten centuries of 'ceaseless course,'
Since Rome fell stricken by its reckless force,
Still finds upon the earth a spot as rank
As was the Imperial City, when she sank.

Here as in Rome the same wild clamors tire —
Some crowds of claimants to the throne aspire;
The senate here is still a servile band,
And dark intrigue still feasters in the land;
The same derision mocks all sacred rights,
The same base thirst for dice, and gorgeous sights;
Like shameless luxury is still display'd —
Like vices to the core all ranks pervade;
All, as of old, is lawlessness and crime,
Nor is ought wanting save Italia's clime.

'The son of Paris is that stunted child,
Of sallow look by early vice defiled;
That brawling lad, whom every hour we meet,
Or wand'ring idly through the dirty street,
Or chasing dogs, or chalking on the wall
Figures impure, which modesty appal:

Yet are they brave withal, and face full well
The musket's flash, and sniff the sulphurous smell;
Still rushing on, for 'liberty' they cry —
Unflinching wrestle, unrepining die.

Offspring of Paris! race of hearts depraved!
 Who arms can find where'er a street is paved;
 Sea! at whose roar oft tremble on the throne,
 As ague-stricken, all who wear a crown;
 Waves! which three days cast up in surge on high,
 Then sink at once, and smooth and silent lie—
 Mixture elsewhere unknown!—strange but sublime—
 Of youthful rashness and of harden'd crime:
 Evil and death ye wield with heedless hand,
 While all admire—but none can understand.

THE subjoined florid rhapsody upon *Home*, comes from some heart-warm New-Englander, whose abode is now in the far distant West. The paragraph we have selected evinces, by its subdued tenderness, that it was penned in one of those periods which all persons of sensibility have at some time or other of their lives experienced, when, as a popular German author has beautifully expressed it, 'we pass our lives for a little space in a sort of dreamy brooding: we go over the past and the future—all we have felt and suffered—until, by the mixture of so many colors, one misty gray tint overspreads the whole, and at length the dissonances of life all melt away into one fond and dim remembrance.'

'HOME.

'WHAT is home? A magic word—a sound that falls upon the ear like the strain of a lute, as it is borne out on the still evening air. What is home? Ask the mariner, as he rocks upon the tossed deep. His time-worn brow softens—his bosom heaves with the rush of youthful thoughts, as he points to the dim line where sea and cloud blend together, and he tells you 'There!'—and that by the roaring reef and in the howling storm, he bethinks him of home—that beloved spot, which lies not on the welcome lee—and sighs. Ask the classic youth who, just free from his *Alma Mater*, roams over the wide-spreading prairie, or climbs the blue mountains of the west, overlooking far-reaching vales, and exhausting horizon after horizon, encircling hill, and lake, and upland-slope, and winding river—ask him if he thinks of home, and he will tell you that each returning evening speaks of it, and that as he turns his eye to the cloud that, tinged by the farewell rays of the departed sun, hangs far in the east, and seems in imagination to sleep over the place of his birth, he is in an instant there. Oh sacred, breathing thought! The soul is lost in a sea of memory! Dwelling, grove, and solemn forest are animated. Scene after scene, association after association, come rushing upon the mind, and in a moment his past life comes back upon him. Who forgets the parent's last look—the parting kiss—the loved one's tear? The splendid mansion or lowly cottage—fertile plain or barren rock—all are hallowed, as we look back upon them through the vista of years. It may be that the foot-prints of decay are there—that the village church is crumbling—the walls of the paternal dwelling sinking to ruin—and around them the woodbine is clinging; yet there, and where even the wild grass waves over the graves of our sires, there *home* is—there we began to live—there we love to linger.'

WE give place to the following '*Autobiography of a Married Man*,' because it conveys, covertly, an excellent moral. Moreover, the writer (whom we shall be glad to hear from again,) is a man of sense and a philosopher, as we have gathered from the envelope to the '*Autobiography*,' a passage or two from which we cannot forbear to extract—compliment and all, since it cannot well be abduced.

'What, Messrs. Editors,' says he—'what say you?—will it do? If you reject it, well; I shall keep my temper, while I preserve my *incognito*. I shall not attempt to write down your Magazine, or predict its total failure, in consequence of your declining the correspondence of the unknown author of the unwritten '*Tales of the Packolet*.' I have a due reverence for the chair editorial. What you pronounce *ex cathedra*, I shall deem satisfactory. Natheless, I tender you an occasional page from the *mas*. wherein is written the '*Autobiography of a Married Man*.' Therein may be found a diversified collection of incidents—some in the gay vein of this specimen—some as sad as the

trial-scene in *Norman Leslie* — which, if well told, may prove instructive and entertaining to your numerous readers. Upon your heads be the penalty, if they are deprived of the proposed gratification! Be assured that I might, if I thought proper, attach to my name titles scholastic, professional, military, and political — thereby making as great a parade as some of my distinguished scribbling contemporaries hereabout. But, beside an innate sense of modesty operating upon me, I am restrained from using my *scholarship* degree, from the fact that the worthy president of my *Alma Mater* had a strong disposition to bestow it, accompanied by an odious speech, beginning with *Non pro meritis*. Whether or not he actually made the speech, I can't say; I am sure I did not hear it. However, I think it best to let the diploma lie in its tin case, without minutely examining its merits. Circumstances have rendered me rather nervous on the subject of *military* titles, and I am somewhat desirous my friends should forget I ever was a field-officer. Consequently, I am disposed to 'cut' the military. *Professional* titles are dog-cheap with us, and 'I'll none of 'em' — although the use of one should insure me ten readers to one without it, or even though it should procure me admission into the Knickerbocker, where I should be read by most persons of taste in the country. I am proud of my political title, and should not be too modest to parade it, but for a fact which I am compelled reluctantly to admit: the elections come on before long, and possibly my constituents may be inclined to dispense with my valuable services in future. So that you can plainly see, gentlemen, that I am forced to rely upon my unsided merits in seeking immortality through your pages.'

But we are keeping the reader from the Married Man's Story :

'WELL, well, my dear boy, say no more. Such as it is, you shall have it. (Pass the bottle;) I shall need a large share of Dutch courage, before I can venture upon 'My Life.' My life? Upon my word, as Brooks the poet once said, 'I have no life.'

'There is one grand epocha in my existence, which absorbs the interest I might feel in every other event that has happened to me since my birth. (My glass is out.) When a young man, I married. Nay, don't stare — 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true.' Could I forget it, I should be the happiest old fellow breathing; but the memory of that error weighs upon me like the night-mare. Whew! — the bare mention of it gives me the tremors! I married — that was bad, you'll admit — for love — that was still worse — 'an angel,' and that embraces the three degrees of comparison: bad — worse — worst. (Hand the bottle.) Let me, as your sincere friend, advise you never to —'

'Drink?'

'No, boy, no — never to marry. You may lose your fortune, your friends, your credit, or join the Temperance Society, and thus from choice or necessity quit drink whenever you please; but a wife sticks to you like a bur: you can't quit her, and she won't quit you.

'Well, as I was saying, I fell in love with as pretty a piece of woman's flesh as you could hope to meet of a summer's day. So beautiful, so modest, so accomplished, so gifted in intellect, so mild in temper, so amiable in disposition, that 'pa,' and 'ma,' and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and nephews and nieces, all joined in declaring my chosen 'an angel.' Be it remembered, boy, that I was rich, very rich — of course, a 'good catch' even for an angel — particularly one who needed an establishment, without the remotest prospect of obtaining it, otherwise than by the aid of that necessary evil, a wealthy husband.

'If ever you should marry — which the saints forbid! — never marry for love. Above all, shun 'an angel' as you would the pestilence. '*De gustibus non est disputandum*' is true; but we may correct a bad or vicious taste, if we apply the remedy in time. Nothing like wine to drive a woman out of your head. If you have any taste for 'angels,' set about its correction immediately. 'We had better,' says Shakespeare, 'bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.' *Carpe diem*. So pass the bottle once more, and I will endeavor to resume the thread of my narrative, which my great friendship for you induces me constantly to break off, that I may give you good advice in the right place.

'How I wooed and won my 'angel' bride, I will not now relate. In fact I do not recollect much about the courtship. I offered myself, and was accepted. My merits were too great not to be promptly recognised by the whole family; and my adored Gabriella was soon brought, as Mrs. Malaprop would express it, to 'own the soft impeachment' of a mutual passion. Only a single objection was hinted at, and that so gently, and with so sweet a smile, that, though it deeply wounded my pride at the moment, I soon recovered from the shock.

'I was christened at the fount by the name of Jonathan. Where the deuce my patronymic of Butterball came from, I can't imagine. Had it been *Buttermilk*, I should think it Irish. Jonathan Butterball was the name of mine honored father, and such was the cognomen I was destined to bear, being an only son sent him for his comfort in his old age. How far I fulfilled my mission, it may not be profitable at this time to inquire.

'Gabriella Butterball certainly had very little of the euphony of aristocracy in its sound. Gabriella was patrician enough — but Butterball was plebeian beyond all hope of redemption. My good father — may he rest in peace! — was a tailor by trade, and though immensely wealthy, would never give up the ship till death removed him from the board. Gabriella felt that wealth could never ennoble the tailor's son while he continued to bear the family-name, and gently hinted at the advantage of my adopting her's, sanctioned by a legislative enactment. Howard, it cannot be denied, is a nobler name than Butterball.

'But I, too, had my prejudices, which Miss Howard found it dangerous to arouse, so she consented to become Mrs. Butterball, without any condition expressly recognised. Perhaps she relied on her powers of eloquence, or some other more efficient power, to be brought into full play at some more convenient season, to induce me to sink the melting cognomen of Butterball in that of the aristocratic Howard. Be that as it may, (don't let your interest in my biography suspend the free circulation of the wine,) we married, and Gabriella Howard became, much to her satisfaction, as well as my own — at that time — Mrs. Jonathan Butterball.

'Alas! how transitory is all sublunary bliss! '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*' In one short month, I discovered that my 'angel' wife was only — what shall I say — was *only* a woman! Believe it or not, my young friend, I speak the words of truth and soberness — that is to say, whether drunk or sober, what I tell you is true — in one short month I discovered, in spite of the testimony of 'pa' and 'ma,' and all the kith and kin, Gabriella Butterball was no better than — a woman!

'When I made this astounding discovery, you may readily imagine my *love* evaporated with the speed of a burst boiler, leaving me only the uncomfortable and unsatisfactory assurance of being tied for life to a female whose greatest pleasure would consist in rendering me miserable. Xantippe was a novice to my Gabriella, in the art of teasing, or Socrates was an ungrateful rascal for not thanking his judges on his knees for their kindness in condemning him to drink hemlock. For my part, I would voluntarily have drank hemlock, or any other poison, to have eased me of my troubles, had I not accidentally discovered that *Madeira* was much more pleasant, and equally efficacious, in rendering me indifferent to the 'little ways' of my quondam 'angel,' and most excellent rib.

'She had obtained what she so much needed and desired, an establishment, where she could rule and reign — that is to say, I gave up my house to her *management*, while I *managed* to encooche myself pretty comfortably in a neighboring tavern.

'It is true, I did my part toward bringing out the natural acerbity of my wife's termanent disposition, by disagreeing to several little matters she had set her heart upon. She began to play the tyrant too soon. My eyes were opened, before I had given my consent to become Mr. Howard, and obstinately did I adhere to the name I had inherited from the old tailor. The poor woman, who was proud to excess of her family name, and blood, and my wealth, found a constant source of mortification and irritation in her marital acquisition of a name. Mrs. Butterball was hateful to her, but Mrs. Jonathan Butterball perfectly odious. The name of Jonathan was proscribed, and Butterball not allowed, only in cases of absolute necessity. My 'angel' that *was*, took great delight in venting her spleen on my devoted head, until I sometimes felt ready to give up in despair — submitting quietly, and with meekness, to 'arbitrary government.'

'But I rallied again and again for independence, and at the end of two years found that I and my dear wife held our own pretty equally. One thing I knew, and the knowledge was as disagreeable to *madame* as it was to myself. I knew that Gabriella would remain Mrs. Butterball till death or the law should divorce us; but I consoled myself with the reflection, that the same kind dispensation which relieved *her* from this annoyance, would also relieve *me* from a still greater. Fortunately, we were not blessed with any pledges of our mutual *hate*, so that I felt I could bear the loss of my 'angel,' should it please the humor of any of our gay friends to take her off my hands, and such a consummation I had great hopes of seeing realized. I had long before intimated to my better half, that though I could not consent to give up the name of Butterball myself, I was so far melted by her prayers, that I would willingly join in a petition to the Legislature that *she* should be released from bearing it. The dear girl was perfectly willing to make the arrangement, only we quarrelled about the amount of alimony I should allow her, and this unfortunate difference of opinion broke off the negotiation. She very kindly proposed to take the charge of my whole estate, allowing me three hundred a year out of it for my support. *That* arrangement I thought would be imposing too great a burthen on my 'lady love;' so, to show my liberality and forethought, as a kind and considerate husband, I proposed to keep the estate myself, and allow her the three hundred per annum! This was the nearest we came to an agreement.

'I had noticed for some time the very assiduous attentions which a tall, bewhiskered fellow — who called himself 'a friend of the family' — continued to bestow on Mrs. Butterball. I noticed, too, that Gabriella received them very graciously, and took good care not to throw any impediment in the way of the indulgence of their harmless amusements. They rode together, walked together, sang together, and danced together, until I had little difficulty in guessing the probable consequences of their platonic intimacy.

'The gentleman was very polite and friendly whenever we met, and Gabriella began to be much more courteous and affable in her bearing toward me than she had been before her intimacy with 'the friend of the family.' I was not so blind as they imagined, though it was my cue to appear even more so than they dared to hope.

'Matters took their regular course. The woman who listens to dishonorable proposals, without immediately dismissing her pretended lover, is assuredly lost. Whether Gabriella fell an easy conquest or not, I never took the trouble to learn. Suffice it, she did fall, and that I profited to my heart's content by her indiscretion.

'I was satisfied of her many meetings with her friend, but did not act, until I could do so without the slightest risk of disappointment. An assignation had been made. Gabriella was punctual to the appointment — so was I — attended by a couple of friends. The discovery was so complete — the proofs so full and conclusive — that Gabriella did not affect to deny or palliate her guilt. I was the happiest fellow imaginable on getting rid of my 'angel,' whom a little more than two years before I had married for love. A divorce, *a mensæ et thoro*, was pronounced a few months afterward, and I freely allowed Mrs. Butterball three hundred a year for her maintenance. She immediately adopted her maiden name, and is the Mrs. Howard whom you have known in V — street.

'The bottle is out. My tale is finished. Good night, my young friend. You have already heard the *moral* of 'my life.' Never marry — if you do, never marry 'an angel.'

THE following 'Allegory' was penned, as our correspondent informs us, by an eminent soldier and patriot, 'long since dead and passed away,' at a period when the author whom he has followed enjoyed great popularity, and while the occurrence with which the writer closes was as yet but prophecy, of distant fulfilment. We do not particularly affect the Ossianic style, but the matter of the present specimen will recommend the manner, while the circumstances under which it was written, impart to the whole an added interest :

OUR COUNTRY: OR 'TIS FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

POWERFUL WAS the king of Alba; numerous were his armies; mighty his people. Two hemispheres acknowledged his sway. The sun rose in glory on his eastern cities, and set in splendor o'er his western people. As the trunk of a luxuriant tree, borne down by its branches, so was the kingdom of Alba in the midst of its dependencies. The precursors of a storm were seen in the west: a majestic figure emerged from the gloom; the wreath of freedom decorated her brow; her breast-plate was the shield of faith. Superstition trembled at her coming — Tyranny fled before her footsteps. At her voice the wilderness blossomed, and the desert became as the peopled city.

The spirit of the winds, affrighted, flew to the chief of Alba. 'Who art thou that cometh, swifter than the lightning, on the wings of the blast?' exclaimed he. 'The daughter of Æolus,' replied the spirit: 'Discord hovers over the dominions of Zephyrus: Behold! even now a storm cometh from the mountains! Minerva, Astræa, Nemesis, are with him.'

The monarch trembled. 'Where are my chiefs?' said he; 'Slumber they while the tempest howls?' 'They are as the chaff before the wind — as the stream in the embrace of the torrent,' replied the sister of Zephyrus.

The king rose in fury. 'Fly whence thou comest, herald of disunion!' said he: 'Arm my warriors to battle. Howl through the hollow winds my commands of obedience.'

'Thou art obeyed,' said the spirit, as her air-borne car ascended before the gaze of Alba's chieftain.

'Who cometh from the East, outstripping the eagle's flight?' said the queen of the storm, as her eye caught the descending chariot, bearing the mandate from Alba. 'Tis the Spirit of the Winds!' 'Whence art thou, and what are thy tidings?' 'As the sun dawned in the East,' said she, 'I rose on the whirlwind's bosom, a messenger from

Alba's monarch.' 'Thy message is anticipated,' said she of the storm, as her eye flashed, and her lip quivered. Alba is mighty; the favored of Plutus—the chosen of Oceanus—the rejected of Astræa. Minerva directs our councils—Nemesis our armies—Astræa our cause. Where the evening sun salutes the mountain, dwelleth a youthful chieftain—valiant for Alba when the red man rose in terror, in the day of wrath. Speed thou to his dwelling. He is the Saviour of the West. Command his attendance. Away!—tarry not,' continued she, as her hand waved the signal for departure.

The armies of Alba approached; the queen of the storm advanced. What are ye who thus tread our peaceful plains?' said she; 'your helmets glittering as sun-beams, your garments red as blood.'

The Chief of Alba replied: 'We come from the King of Alba. In his name we command implicit obedience.' 'Obedience!' re-echoed the figure of the storm; 'turn thy gaze to our mountains, and let thy eye scan our forests: the eagle builds her eyrie in the one, the panther roams in wildness in the other; pluck a feather from the former, as she soars through the realms of space, or tame the fierceness of the latter—then conquer the children of the West!'

'Pause,' returned Alba's chieftain, 'ere yet I unsheath the sword of destruction!' 'Victory belongeth to the just,' replied the figure of the storm; 'her footsteps are tardy, but sure.'

A youthful warrior advanced. 'I have fought the battles of Alba,' said he. 'The red man fell before me. I drew my sword—the withering remnant of a mighty people departed. I returned to the repose of peace. Even as the red man fell, so will I fall, ere Alba shall triumph. Chief of Alba, no more! We meet in battle!'

The drums beat—the hostile armies met. As the calm precedes the tempest, so was the momentary dominion of silence, ere the swords clashed, and the cannon roared. Dire was the conflict. Blood crimsoned the ground—the horse and his rider lay prostrate. Victory hovered around the ensign of Alba.

NEAR the sea-girt shores of Alba was the dominion of Gallia. Ancient was its race of kings—many its warriors. A stranger from its shores appeared in the armies of the West. His ancestry was noble. Dignity graced his brow. He pressed the hand of the youthful warrior—they were *brothers*. Contest followed contest; the stranger and the warrior of the West fought side by side. Doubtful was the issue of the conflict, when Astræa hung aloft her scales near the home of the western warrior. Alba's chieftain beheld the beam. Like the Philistine of old, his strength departed; the armies of Alba fled. The Queen of the West triumphed. The youthful warrior retired from the field to grace the councils of his country. The stranger of Gallia returned to the land of his nativity. The greetings of millions were his parting benedictions.

Time rolled on. Commerce spread her wings over the West. Its people were happy. Prosperity crowned their efforts; they reposed under the shades of their own vines and fig-trees. The youthful warrior slept on the hallowed mount. The West mourned her chief. A world paid tribute to his memory.

A ship rode on the waters. It bore the stranger from Gallia to the scenes of his early glory. A people gathered around him. The forest had been felled by the woodman; the beasts of the desert had fled. The stranger gazed in astonishment. 'Guide me,' said he, 'to the mountain; let me visit the tomb of the brave. The friend of my youth is gone.' Mournful are the hours of the stranger; sorrow dwells in Gallia.

'Behold,' said the Queen of the storm, 'where the western warrior reposes!' The stranger paused in silence. The tear of remembrance swelled in his dimming eyes. He knelt by the grave of his friend: 'Peace to thy ashes!' said he, 'thou chosen—thou best of the brave! Who shall now cheer thy comrade? The days of his youth are fled: age has clouded his brow. Like a giant oak *thou* art fallen—he stands as a withered tree. Lonely and few are his days! Thy garland of glory endureth—time but freshens its verdure. Beyond Death's halls I meet thee. *Requiescat in pace!* my friend—my brother!'

DR. BRASLEY'S 'Reply' to JUNIUS JR.'s strictures upon his article in relation to M. HUMÉ'S 'Argument against Miracles'—which is conducted throughout with the utmost kindness and respect—we abridge below, for two reasons: *first*, because the learned Doctor, in the commencement of his rejoinder, has assumed the question, by mistaking an introductory remark of the Editors for one of 'Junius Jr.'s—and *second*, because

we have no space save for those points which bear directly upon a refutation of the grounds maintained by the writer's antagonist. After remarking that 'Junius Jr.' had in the outset departed from the point of controversy between M. Hume and himself, Dr. Beasley proceeds :

It was not my purpose, in the brief argument of my former paper, to determine whether the *certainty* to be obtained from human testimony could ever become equiponderant to, or overbalance, that *certainty* which is to be derived from an invariable experience of the laws and phenomena of nature. This point belongs to the whole subject, in regard to the credibility of miracles, as sustained by human testimony. Into that discussion it was not my intention to enter. This would have required a more extended disquisition. But my sole purpose in that production, as is indicated by its title, was to drive M. Hume from the ground which he had so confidently assumed, that human testimony must always be incompetent to the proof of a miracle, because it must ever rest upon a *variable* experience of its truth, and of consequence, could never amount in evidence to that degree of certainty which is derived from an experience of the uniform course of nature. I have undertaken to show, that this assumption is a fallacy, inasmuch as human testimony may be so corroborated, as that the experience of mankind in its favor may have been *invariable*. It was an affair of distinct inquiry, to determine whether this entire certainty obtained from testimony, could ever overbalance that certainty which M. Hume conceives we derive from an invariable experience of the course of nature. It did not fall within the limits of my plan, in that refutation, to enter upon the investigation of such a topic. But my plan will be still further illustrated, by the detail of a few facts which relate to this subject.

We find the following letter from M. Hume to his friend Dr. Campbell, in relation to this important topic.

'It may, perhaps, (says he,) amuse you to learn the first hint of that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuit's College of La Flèche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him. And as my head was full of the topics of my treatise of human nature, which I was at this time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gruelled my companion. But, at last, he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel, as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe that you will allow that the freedom, at least, of this reasoning, makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though you may think the sophistry of it savors plainly of the place of its birth.'

This is his romantic account of the origin of this argument, which, as he afterward, in his treatise against miracles declares, 'If just, with the wise and learned will be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be useful as long as the world stands.'

Now, allow me, without vanity or egotism, as an offset to this story, to furnish a brief history of the circumstances which led me to attempt that refutation of Hume's argument which I presented to our editors. I had carefully read all the answers given to M. Hume by Campbell, Watson, Paley, Dwight, Smith, and others; and although these authors have written about the subject with their usual ability, yet none of them appeared to me to answer the objection upon philosophical principles — upon principles having a reference to the grounds of human knowledge, and the degrees of rational assent. Not one of them, as I thought, had fully apprehended and rightly stated it. Dr. Paley, with his usual clearness of understanding, approximates nearest to it, but affords no scientific solution of the question — contenting himself with the general remark, that he *would* believe the testimony of men situated as were the apostles, without unfolding the reasons why their testimony is adequate to the proof of the facts which they promulged. Dr. Dwight has written upon this topic with his accustomed profusion and superabundance; but high as his pretensions are to authorship, in this instance he contends only with phantoms of his own creation, and never once shoots near his mark. I have never read works upon any subject of investigation, which have appeared to be so much misapprehended, and so egregiously maltreated. I determined, therefore, after mature reflection and study, to endeavour to furnish an answer to this much-vaunted argument, which should be as brief and intelligible as possible, and amount to as complete a demonstration as that by which Euclid proves his forty-seventh proposition, or any other in his elements. In order to render the reasoning more impressive, I have introduced, in place of a diagram, the illustration of the dying father in the fable, with his bundle of sticks, conveying admonition to his sons. Now, I ask you, and all others, to re-peruse and master this demonstration, and inform me whether there can be discovered any flaw or deficiency in the premises or conclusion. If there can, I

stand ready not only to allow it, but to relinquish my ground, and go in quest of another more tenable. M. Hume maintains, that no human testimony can authenticate a miracle, because the truth of human testimony always rests upon a *variable* experience. Have I not shown the sophistry of this principle? Has it not been proved, that this assertion can apply only to some kinds of testimonies, but that testimony may be so corroborated as to rest upon an *invariable* experience of its truth? Surely, courts of judicature can inform us of many kinds of testimonies far below that furnished by the apostles, which they regard as invariably true, and upon which they repose with confidence their decisions in reference to the reputations, properties, and lives of their fellow men. Are we not certain that Cicero once lived, and at last died under sentence of proscription by Anthony, and that there are now in England and France many illustrious men? And yet this certainty depends upon testimony, and surely it would not be deemed by any reasonable man as invalidating the truth of these facts, to assert that human testimony is always fallible. There is, therefore, a kind of human testimony which amounts to as complete certainty as any evidence which can be derived from our most uniform experience of the laws of nature. It is a part of the course of moral nature that men of integrity should tell the truth.

You will perceive, then, that the argument which M. Hume thought so conclusive, which grieved his Jesuit of La Flèche, and by which he expected to uproot superstition, consists in the discovery that the truth of human testimony must always rest upon a *variable* experience; since men are capable of falsehood and deception. The demonstration by which I have undertaken to refute him, consists in proving that there are kinds of testimony so corroborated that they do not rest upon a *variable*, but *invariable* experience of their truth.

After this subversion of the principle upon which M. Hume's argument depends, we are then left at liberty to enter upon the discussion about the authenticity of miracles, as if clogged by no such difficulty or impediment. We have, of course, to determine, in all cases of this nature, whether the evidence derived from the testimony of witnesses overcomes that which is deduced from our experience against miracles, or violations of the established laws of nature. When I quoted M. Hume as speaking of that *certainty* to which we can attain from experience of the uniform laws of nature against miracles, you must recollect that I was exhibiting a fair and candid statement of *his* argument, being convinced that I could obviate it in its utmost force. I do not hesitate, moreover, to allow, that we may be said to be certain, from experience and observation, of the established laws of nature, and that these laws are never violated, as far as our personal knowledge extends. But, at the same time, I wish you carefully to notice in this case what kind of conviction is implied in that certainty which we have of the course of nature. No scientific man will maintain that demonstrative certainty is here denoted. We can never have the same proof that the course of nature is always the same—that the sun will rise to-morrow; that the tides will ebb and flow in our rivers, or even that a dead man may not be revived, as we have that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The first is only a natural or sensible certainty, and the last a demonstrative. There is an intuitive, a demonstrative, a sensible, and a moral certainty. These are all different in kind, although in degree, and in their impression upon the mind, they may be equipollent. The highest evidence is that which is intuitive, the next that which is demonstrative, and the natural, or sensible and moral, come after them in order. But that which we derive from the moral may be as satisfactory to the mind, and as strongly coerce its assent, as that which flows from any other source. In their highest state of evidence, they are all equally conclusive. I am as well convinced that there were once such republics as those of Greece and Rome, as I am of the propositions in Euclid's elements. The miracles recorded in the Gospel, therefore, although in contrariety to my personal experience, I consider susceptible of proof from adequate testimony. Our own observation cannot rationally be assumed, as the measure of the credibility of all that ever passed under the experience of others. No earthquakes or volcanoes ever took place in our country; and are we, on this account, to refuse to listen to the reports which are made of them by writers and travelers? Was the King of Siam right, or a good philosopher, when he rejected and scorned the report of the Dutch ambassador, who informed him that in Europe water was rendered a solid substance by the action of cold? The fact is, that we are as oftentimes misled by our experience of the phenomena of nature, as we are by the reports of credible witnesses; and the difference between the evidences afforded by these two modes of eliciting information, is not so great as, upon a superficial view, we might be led to imagine.

We omit the concluding comments upon the remark of 'Junius Jr.,' in regard to the testimony in the case of the Salem witchcraft, because we conceive that Dr. Beasley has evidently mistaken his meaning—which we think was simply that the oaths of the credible and respectable witnesses who testified against the Salem witches, as well as the high opinions of the judges who tried them, were after all entirely false—though doubtless solemnly believed, at that period, to be true beyond gainsaying.

AN ESTRAY.—Some kind individual, journeying hitherward from a sister city, who obligingly took charge of a small package of articles intended for the present number, is now probably wandering 'down east,' with the same snugly stowed away in some unvisited pocket. Five or six subsections of '*Ollapodiana*,' therefore, which are among the missing, may be considered as little better than unwritten, since they must remain, for the present at least, unread: hence, digesting our mortification as best we may, we must beg the reader to accept, in this division of our *Magazine*, the introductory sheet, which reached us seasonably, through the aid of '*Uncle Samuel*,' as a very correct friend of ours, who repudiates nick-names, is wont to term the United States Government:

O L L A P O D I A N A .

—
NUMBER THIRTEEN.
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READER, I do not wish to twaddle—but there can be no harm in announcing to you, that in my meridian the 'spring time of the year is coming.' There is a soft, bland influence in the air, which comes over the spirit like the rush of an angel's wing, filling it with fresh and happy thoughts. I can see the trees from my window, bursting into verdure; and the thousand voices of the city seem sweeter to my ear. We have had a stormy winter and a long; and those were horrid North-easters that blew along the Atlantic coast, what time, vexed with our Yankee euroclydon, (and we occasionally get up a passing good one,) 'the sea wrought, and was tempestuous.' But now, the winter is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land: not the 'torkle upon yander's tree,' of which I made a late quotation from a bard of Pennsylvania; but those which *william* and coo, with their beautiful necks, on the house-tops. (I hate the word *bill*, for many reasons.) The chimney-sweep stays longer in the quiet sunshine on his brick tower; the spirit of spring is in his brush, and his song is louder. Commend me to Spring. It is the gem of the seasons, beyond dispute.

TALKING of disputes, sends into my mind the thought of a good-hearted acquaintance, who really thinks that he is immense in controversy. He will overcome you with words, and though they have but little argument in them, yet I have never known a person to commence a colloquy with him, who was not worsted. He will go from Dan until thou come to Beersheba, just to compass a hard word, which he lugs in as a *puzzler*. If his opponent tells him he does not know what he means by such words, he will come down upon him with the sweeping conclusion that such ignorance is a proof that he is not a fit antagonist. Lately, he was riding in the stage with a motley collection of passengers, in the interior of a neighboring state. By degrees the party became chatty, and our friend was not backward in the lingual exercise. The conversation turned upon the merits of Christianity and unbelief. There were one or two infidels in the vehicle, who took up the cudgels for their side, with more zeal than truth or discretion. They began to circumvent our traveler, when he stopped them short by saying: 'Gentlemen, it is no manner of use for you to attempt an argument with me. I have out-talked many of your way of thinking; and I may say, that I never met with one yet, who was not glad enough, before I had done with him, to get off by crying *copari*.' He thought this the choice Italian for *peccavi*. It is needless to say, that after this, by common concession, 'he had the floor.'

WHAT a horrid affair was that Thomas-street tragedy!—the murder of a miserable creature, cut off in the very flush of her sinful career! The whole transaction seems

half clothed in mystery: *but the murderer will yet be revealed.* Whatever of doubt or darkness now invests the subject, will ere long be clear as the sunshine. The actor in that dreadful drama will yet own the deed. How powerful and strong are the monitions of conscience! Sere it as you will, it has a voice that echoes in the ear of the spirit through the night, in dreams and visions of its restless watches. How strongly and how faithfully is this quality of man depicted in the noble '*Dream of Eugene Aram.*' I copy it here entire, as one of the sweetest narratives in our language; simple, pure, graphic and touching, beyond degree.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[THE late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
When four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls outsoch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was on his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book,
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervid grasp—
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
'O God! could I so cloze my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

'My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance, or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?'
The young boy gave an upward glance—
'It is '*The Death of Abel.*'

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lovely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood had left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

'And well, quoth he, 'I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

'One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

'Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

'Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

' And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame —
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

' Oh God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

' My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

' And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's top-most height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
' Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

' I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream —
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

' Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

' Oh heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

' And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

' All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

' All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

' One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave —
Still urging me to go and see —
The dead man in his grave!

' Heavily I rose up — as soon
As light was in the sky —
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild miasgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

' Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

' With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran —
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

' And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

' Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

' So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones;
And years have rotted off his flesh —
The world shall see his bones!

' Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again — again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

' And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul —
It stands before me now!
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — The commencement of the past month was distinguished by the close of Mr. and Mrs. Wood's most brilliant engagement in this country. *La Sonnambula* has been the favorite, as we predicted it would be; and the increased satisfaction with which it was nightly received, gave evidence of beauties in the music undiscovered before, as well as great improvement in those who executed it. We were happy to observe throughout the whole of this engagement, the just and highly discriminating conduct of the audiences. The wreath system was entirely abandoned, and most proper is it that it should be. Mrs. Wood has long ago been crowned 'Queen of Song' by a New-York audience — the first to acknowledge her sovereignty in America — and a repetition of the ceremony could certainly have added nothing to its stability, while it would have taken largely from its dignity. 'Queens are crowned but once.' The miserable spirit exhibited in Boston, by sundry Janus-faced editors, toward Mr. and Mrs. Wood, in heaping upon them every evidence of enthusiastic admiration while they were present with them, and immediately bestowing upon them the most undeserved censure — the most graceless abuse — the moment their backs were turned, had its proper effect in influencing the New-York audiences to treat such examples with contempt, by showing their capability fully to appreciate the excellence before them, without forgetting either their own dignity, or the respect and gratitude due to those who had honestly and fairly ministered to their gratification.

Mr. ABBOTT has filled several characters during the month, to the satisfaction of all who can enjoy the chaste and classic delineations of a highly cultivated performer. We have always admired Mr. Abbott — 'gentleman Abbott' — as a wag (more just than witty) lately christened him; but with all our admiration, we hardly suspected him capable of the arduous character which this engagement has shown him able to accomplish. The philosophic 'Prince of Denmark,' the erratic Hamlet, has been almost a truant from the stage since the days of John Kemble. Kean and Charles Kemble did not fail in the character, nor did they come up to the idea which discriminating minds have formed of the wonderful original. We do not mean to say that Mr. Abbott has exactly reached that elevated point, but we can safely assert, with a dim remembrance of Kean and Charles Kemble in the character, that Mr. Abbott's Hamlet is superior in many points to either. Kean's personation of Hamlet was full of the deep thought and bold mind of its representative. In the scenes where expressions of violent feeling, or manifestations of phrenzied passion were requisite, Kean was in Hamlet, as in every other character he attempted, a master-spirit; but in those calm, quiet passages of deep musing, in which the philosophy of the crazy prince is supposed to display itself, there was a nervous hurrying from one thought to another, which went far to destroy the desperate placidity which seems the true garb of these moments. Charles Kemble, on the contrary, was great just where Kean was not, and vice versa — giving their true force and original beauty to all the soliloquies of the philosopher, and falling far short of power where violent declamation was expected. Mr. Abbott, if we may be permitted to venture a humble opinion, was just the mean between these two extremes: if he was not so powerful as Kean, in some points, he was more generally just — if not so thoroughly chaste as Charles Kemble, he gave more force to those sudden impulses which so diversify and distinguish this character. In proof of this latter effect, 'the letter scene,' (as it is called,) with Ophelia, was conspicuous. There was madness and method — philosophy and phrenzy — love and hate — advice and curses mingled — yet separate and distinct — marked, all of them, not only in bold outline, but with a filling up that left nothing to be desired. Mr. Abbott never equalled this, and Kean the greatest of the dead or living ones that we at least have ever looked upon, never exceeded it. This may be bold praise; but to the minds of all who witnessed this performance, it will seem no more than justice. Of the soliloquy, 'To be or not to be,' we cannot

speak so well. There was more hurry about it than there should have been, and not so much thought as was perceptible in Kemble's countenance during its delivery. Mr. Abbott should play Hamlet again and again; and the more numerous and discriminating his audiences, the more general and just will be his celebrity. c.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — '*The Jewess*' and the agile and graceful *Calista* have been, for the most part, the alternating attractions at this establishment during the month. We have heretofore spoken, at some length, of both performances; and it should seem that the popularity of each continues undiminished.

FRANKLIN THEATRE. — Mr. SCOTT still continues his personations at the Franklin, winning for himself increased plaudits. '*Rienzi*,' in which he has repeatedly appeared during the past month, has been rendered unusually effective, through his efforts. Mr. DINNENFORD's personation of *Don Felix*, in '*The Hunter of the Alps*,' has evinced that his talent is not alone confined to an able managership. As an actor, he is received with marked favor.

ROCKAWAY. — The re-opening of the '*Marine Pavilion*,' at Rockaway, with numerous important embellishments and improvements, prompts us to remark, that to the laborious student, the care-worn merchant, or the professional man, groaning under the weight of arduous duties, a brief sojourn at this finest of American watering-places, during the fervors of the summer solstice, is worth a dukedom. A rail-road to Jamaica has converted the hitherto somewhat formidable distance into a matter of an hour's ride. The numerous beautiful views of varied landscape to be obtained on the way — the fruition which crowns all reasonable expectations when the brief journey is concluded — the almost spiritual enjoyment of salt-water bathing — of early-rising, to play the courtier at the morning levees of the sun, what time 'Dawn braids with gold and rubies the curled tresses of the eastern clouds' — the illimitable ocean-view, and the solemn sound of the 'sea and the waves roaring' — and to sum up all, the luxury and comfort of the '*Pavilion*' itself, under its experienced and competent proprietors — are not all these things written in the memories of many a reader under whose eye these hurried remarks will fall? Verily these things are so; and he who shall remember *this* year's visit, will doubtless have a still more copious catalogue of enjoyments to chronicle.

FORTIFICATION AND CIVIL ENGINEERING. — D. H. MAHAN, Esq., Professor of military and civil engineering in the United States' Military Academy at West Point, has in course of publication, '*A complete Treatise on Field Fortification; containing also the general principles of Permanent Works, with their Attack and Defence*,' and '*An Elementary Treatise on Civil Engineering*.' These works are chiefly designed, as we learn, for text-books for the use of the cadets of the Military Academy; but the author has so arranged the matter contained in them, as to supply an important desideratum, by furnishing a large amount of accurate information, which, owing to the high price of English works on these topics, has heretofore been exceedingly difficult of access. From the known reputation of Professor MAHAN, there is good reason to believe that these volumes will be found important aids to our militia officers, and to those who have engaged in the profession of civil engineering.

J. G. WHITTIER. — No young writer in America has produced more true poetry than the gentleman with whose name we have commenced this paragraph. He has enriched our literature with numerous fine compositions in prose also, as well as verse; and his renown is sufficiently loud to be heard by the humbler classes, which is more than can be said of some self-advertising bardings of the day, who force themselves into temporary fashion, but not into fame. The reason, we apprehend, why Mr. WHITTIER is not more frequently brought forward as a prominent American poet, is, that his modesty is equal to his merit — and the world meets nobody half way. It irks us more than we can express, to see crude, disjointed rhymes — filched piecemeal, perchance, from by-gone or popular modern authors — forced into transient notoriety by friendly presses, while such 'express and admirable' poetry as the following is suffered to occupy a quiet place in the back-ground :

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him — through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight;
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head —
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill!
Silent — save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison hod,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red:
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime's a fouler one:
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell —
The fittest earthly type of Hell!
For this — the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost —
His blood-gained LIBERTY is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument* appeared to thee —
Piled granite and a prison cell —
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout 'Freedom!' till your lipsing ones
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With 'glory' for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise 'our glorious liberty!'

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall —
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
No longer dare as crime to braud
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

'PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.' — While the sheets of this department of our Magazine are passing through the press, we find this latest work of the notorious TROLLOPE upon our table. Like the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' it is often coarse, but as frequently graphic in its sketches of scenes and individual portraiture. That it is too true, in the main, may be judged from the commotion into which it threw the mercurial race of whom it treats. The volume contains upward of four hundred large and well-printed pages, and a dozen spirited outline sketches. BROTHERS HARPER, publishers.

LITERARY RECORD.

UPS AND DOWNS IN THE LIFE OF A DISTRESSED GENTLEMAN. — A little unavoidable delay in the publication of the present number — arising from the perplexing *movements* peculiar to the season — enables us to chronicle the advent of a work bearing the above title, by the author of 'Tales and Sketches, Such as they Are.' Moreover, having read it entirely through, without missing a sentence, and at a single agreeably-protracted sitting, we are enabled to pronounce it entertaining in the extreme. It is pleasantly written, in a style so natural, that no reader can resist the inference that the incidents narrated are what they purport to be — and *are* in reality — events of real life. We should have been pleased to extract, but for reasons elsewhere mentioned, the graphic picture given of the detestable pawnbroker's shops with which New-York is cursed : and even as it is, we cannot forbear to quote a closing passage or two from the chapter which introduces the highly vivid and picturesque 'Scenes in the Lombards':

'I had previously imbibed a strong prejudice against those receptacles of the goods, new and old, of the poor, the miserable, and the vicious. I had been told of the system of universal cheaterly upon which they practised, and the enormous exactions made in grinding the faces of the poor. I had heard described their dexterity in the substitution of colored glass and crystals, for gems, while pretending to examine articles of the latter description brought for pledges, and was prepared to encounter all that was sinister and heartless. But the one-half had not been told me, and I soon found that my previous conceptions fell far short of the reality. * * * At every one of these dens, what a crowd of victims were collected! 'A motley company indeed — black-legs, and would-be-gentlemen — the cheater and the cheated.' The widow parting with her last trinkets, or, perchance, her last disposable article of dress, to procure one more meal for her famishing children! A poor consumptive girl, with the hectic flush upon her wasting cheek, applying for the same purpose; and the griping miser — very likely a woman too! — without a spark of generosity, or an emotion of pity — reading the condition of the sufferers from their countenances, with the coolest imaginable calculation — thus ascertaining from their looks the urgency of their respective cases, that the utmost possible advantage might be taken, and the intended cheat be made the greater. The pick-pocket, moreover, the thief, and the purloining servant, received with equal readiness, and the spoils divided between them, with the fullest understanding that no questions were to be asked! O 'tis monstrous! 'The offence is rank, and smells to heaven!'

The book has an excellent moral — is of just about the right length — and is printed with a bold type, on the best paper. LEAVITT, LORD AND COMPANY, are the publishers.

THE FINE ARTS. — The last, and by many considered the best painting of our countryman WEST, 'Death on the Pale Horse,' is now open for exhibition at the Academy of Arts in Barclay-street. It was our design to have entered into some detail in noticing this great work; but at every successive visit we have felt the difficulty of mere description, to afford a fair sketch for the reader's edification. The composition, though not crowded, is nevertheless so full, that the task of indicating prominent beauties would be one of no inconsiderable magnitude. We content ourselves, therefore, with this general reference to a work of art, such as is rarely to be met with in America — leaving to the reader the enjoyment of a pleasure which will not 'perish with the using,' but which will incorporate itself with his reveries by day, and his dreams by night.

RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION. — Mr. P. PRICE, New-York, has published in a small but well-filled volume of nearly three hundred pages, 'A Discussion on the conjoint question, 'Is the doctrine of endless punishment taught in the Bible? — or does the Bible teach the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?' In a series of letters between EZRA STILES ELV, D.D., Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and ABEL C. THOMAS, Pastor of the First Universalist Church, Philadelphia.' Although without room for specific remark upon the great controversial talent displayed in this little book, we cannot pass it by without commending in the warmest terms the kind and Christian feeling and manner which invariably distinguish either combatant. Would that such examples were less rare, in the many religious tilts which occur in our country!

BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.—Quaint old Burton!—how many dainty readers will start in pleasant surprise, to learn that a fine American edition has just been published of his celebrated 'Anatomy of Melancholy; what it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and several cures of it. In three partitions: with their several sections, members, and subsections, philosophically, medicinally, and historically opened and cut up. With a satyrical Preface, conducing to the following Discourse.' An account of the author is now first prefixed to the American reprint, which is in all respects superior to any we have ever seen of the thirteen English editions. THOMAS WARDLE, Philadelphia: WILEY AND LONG, New-York.

THE TEETH.—MR. SHEARJASHUB (!) SPOONER has recently issued an excellent but badly executed volume, the title whereof is as follows: 'Guide to Sound Teeth, or a popular Treatise on the Teeth; illustrating the whole judicious management of these organs, from infancy to old age; in which the author attempts to show, that the teeth of all persons which are constitutionally well formed, and who enjoy good health, may, by proper management and care, be preserved to the end of life.' Mr. Spooner appears to have collected, with much industry and good judgment, a large amount of important information concerning the preventive and curative treatment of the teeth, which he has interspersed with plain and sensible remarks, in illustration of his subject. WILEY AND LONG.

'RECORDS OF A LONDON CLERGYMAN.'—MESSRS. LEAVITT, LORD AND COMPANY have published a small-sized volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'The Posthumous Records of a London clergyman. Edited by the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D., author of the 'Oriental Annual.' The work is one of much interest, and in its style will often remind the reader of the 'Diary of a London Physician.' The tendency of the several stories is unequivocal and salutary. They are as follow: A Female Narcissus; The Condemned; The Afflicted Man; The Gambler; The Widow; The Hypochondriac; The Parvenue; The Fortune Teller; The Sisters; and the two Friends.

LYCEUM ADDRESS.—The Address delivered before the members of the Frederick (Md.) Lyceum, on the 14th March, 1836, by FREEMAN CONVERSE, A. M., Principal of Frederick College, we have but space to say, is one which does credit to the spirit and talents of the writer. Although discursive, it is sufficiently diffuse upon the themes broached in its several divisions. The spirit of fearless independence which the Address manifests, is not its least recommendation; and the sly sarcasm upon the lovers of the body and its endowments, rather than the riches of the mind, and the picture drawn of the prosperous and onward march of this republic, are worthy of especial land.

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.—The Address on 'Moral and Spiritual Culture in early Education,' delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at its last annual meeting in Boston, by Mr. R. C. WATERSTON, reaches us in season for but a passing notice, although we have read it with high gratification. It is the work of one, or we greatly mistake, who has had practical proofs of the soundness of the principles which he lays down, and the value of the lessons which he so forcibly inculcates.

NIEBUHR'S ROME.—MR. WARDLE, of Philadelphia, has issued the first American edition of a work of acknowledged excellence and authority, in 'The History of Rome, by NIEBUHR, translated by JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M. A., and CONNOP THIRLWALL, M. A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.' The work is all that it purports to be—a history of Rome, set forth with truth and vividness, in broad and clear outlines, and free from the incumbrance of multifarious details.

'THE MAN OF HONOR RECLAIMED.'—Thus is entitled a novel in two volumes, from the English press, recently re-published by MESSRS. CAREY AND HART. Judging from a

perusal necessarily cursory, we are inclined to place it below the ordinary republications of the day. A good moral, however, is aimed at, and in part attained; and there is not a little of bustle and incident. The dialogues, however, generally strike us as stiltish; the action seems confused, and the plot artificial.

FINNEY'S SERMONS. — Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, Park Row, has published a volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'Sermons on Important Subjects' by Rev. C. G. FINNEY. The admirers of this notorious 'evangelist,' as he terms himself, will read his book, it may be, with pleasure — perhaps profit; but in our judgment these Sermons are, in a literary point of view, beneath criticism; and as to the reasoning and sentiments which they contain, the least said the better.

NEVINS' PRACTICAL THOUGHTS. — This is a volume of miscellaneous articles upon religious subjects, by the Rev. WILLIAM NEVINS, D.D., late pastor of a church in Baltimore. They were chiefly published, some months since, in the *New-York Observer*; and derive additional interest from the fact that the concluding article, '*Heaven's Attractions*,' was the last production of the lamented author, and one 'which seemed almost prophetic of his death, which was soon to follow.'

BYRON'S WORKS. — Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN, whose valuable editions of standard works are so deservedly popular, has issued the second volume of the life, works, letters, and journals of Lord Byron. Fine white paper, and beautiful typography, together with a good engraving by DICK, of the Countess Guicciola, are the only characteristics of the volume that require mention.

'**DRAGOON CAMPAIGN TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS:** By a member of the Regiment.' A work thus entitled is now in the press of Messrs. WILEY AND LONG, and will soon be published. Its field is alike extensive and promising; and an observant traveler could scarcely fail to make an entertaining volume from the scenes and events which it must embrace.

SCOTT AND CAMPBELL. — We have heretofore omitted — once through inadvertence, and again by reason of a lack of space — to mention the publication by Messrs. WILEY AND LONG of two small volumes, containing *The Lady of the Lake*, and the *Poetical Works of THOMAS CAMPBELL*. Both are embellished with very good mezzo-tints, and neatly executed upon a clear, fine type, and tastefully bound in red morocco.

TOM JONES. — The BROTHERS HARPER have issued, in two handsome, closely-printed volumes, FIELDING'S '*Tom Jones*,' illustrated by several excellent designs, from the hand of that prince of his tribe, CRUIKSHANK. The publishers of this work will soon be able, we doubt not, satisfactorily to answer the query of a correspondent, elsewhere in these pages, '*Who reads Tom Jones?*'

BULWER'S RE. — Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, forms the fifth volume of HARPER'S new and beautiful edition of Bulwer's works. It is embellished with two very good engravings by HINSHELWOOD, from spirited paintings by CHAPMAN, representing Rienzi reigning his steed by the corpse of the boy Colonna, and a fancy-sketch, '*The life of Love and War*.'

ERRATA. — In the article, '*Philology*,' in the number for April, the reader is desired to make the following corrections: Page 351, line 13 from bottom, for *Mosenmiller*, read *Eosenmiller*; p. 352 line 5, from bottom, after '*return*,' insert *Heb.*; p. 353, line 23 from bottom, read *Pelopidas*; p. 354, line 9, for *twenty*, read *seventy*; p. 356, line 4, for *revived*, read *received*.

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INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

THIS science is often classed among those which are allowed to be of the least practical use. No study or pursuit may claim to be exempted from the test of utility. I would not circumscribe the jurisdiction of the tribunal which unfolds and applies the law involved in the venerable *cui bono?* but rather extend it. I would submit to its examination and judgment divers customs and practices which, in the language of Lord Brougham applied to a royal duke, are 'respectable by courtesy,' but without any other claim to toleration. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, that the law of utility — the law of reason — is beginning to diffuse itself over the region of human affairs, so long usurped by caprice and wilfulness, and trampled down by the rabble multitude of instincts and passions.

The objections to Intellectual Philosophy, as a general study, are comprised in these two:

1. That it has no settled principles; and
2. That it is incapable of any useful application.

My estimate of this science is entirely different from the one implied in these objections. In every view — in the nobleness of its subject, the certainty of its conclusions, and the universality of its practical applications — I am disposed to concur with those who assign to the philosophy of the mind a high place among the most useful branches of knowledge. In one respect it must rank above them all. It involves the ultimate principles of all other knowledge. The laws of the intellect, as constituted by the God of Truth, form the standard of all belief, and the data of all knowledge. But to the objection of uncertainty.

For my part, I have never found, within the legitimate bounds of this branch of knowledge, the clouds and darkness which some have imagined to rest upon it. In every subject, human knowledge has its limits. Its circle is bounded on every point by mysteries. Our most certain knowledge is connected with the incomprehensible. In short, our understandings are finite. Within the space to which our faculties are limited, we shall find interminable series of certain truths, and truths of the highest moment; beyond we shall find nothing but delusion and error. Mental philosophy, just as every other science, has its field of facts; and this field is bounded on its whole frontier by the dim unknown. Beyond this frontier, Imagination may sport her shadowy forms, but Knowledge finds no object. It is admitted that we can know nothing of the mind but its operations; these are the proper, the *sole* objects of the philosophy of the mind — just as the phenomena of matter are the proper objects of physical science. We know nothing, and can know nothing of matter, but the phenomena it offers to our observation, and the laws which regulate their succession. We can

know nothing of mind, but the *facts* of thought, feeling, and will, and the laws of their succession. Modern writers on intellectual philosophy discard all attempts to search beyond this well-defined field of facts.

The utility of this science will be illustrated by considering its great extent, and close connection with several studies of acknowledged importance.

Mind and its operations form a subject of no less extent than that part of the universe which falls under its knowledge. Mental philosophy follows the mind in all its operations—these are its subject. Though limited to facts, it has a field of indefinite extent. It presents, indeed, a larger share for investigation than that portion of external nature which lies within the limits of its knowledge. Its operations are not confined to the sphere of actual existence. It forms creations of its own. It combines the elements of nature into new forms. It embodies the principles of its own being in fictitious characters.

‘The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence.’

It is the mind thus occupied about the things of nature, and its own creations, which forms the subject of intellectual philosophy. Is there, among created things, a worthier subject of study? Is there one which it more concerns us to understand?

Another reflection presents, in a strong light, the great extent and usefulness of the philosophy of the mind. Man is the great subject of literature. What is history, but the development of humanity? The mastery of the past—the spell which calls up buried generations. What does it reveal to us? Beings who have thought, and felt, and acted like ourselves. History shows us our common nature, in an infinite variety of circumstances; and all the characters it hands down to us, are embodied illustrations of the principles which exist in our own minds. Our sympathies with the race are strengthened by the recognition of our common humanity in all its individuals. What is poetry, but a delineation of human thought and emotion? And by what principles do we judge of the truth of the delineation? By referring it to the laws which regulate the succession of our thoughts and emotions. The principles of enlightened criticism are laws of the mind. Criticism is a branch of mental philosophy. The productions of the poet and writer of romance must be framed agreeably to the laws of the mind, or the performance is faulty.

Man, intellectual and moral man, is the great subject of literature. In proportion as the elements of his intellectual nature are revealed—in proportion as light is thrown in upon the unfathomed depths of human emotion—we shall be supplied with the materials of a richer and a nobler literature. I am unable to discover any soundness in the theory which regards the infancy of civilization as the period most favorable to poetry. I can never believe that the worship of the beautiful declines with advancing intelligence. I cannot appreciate the theory that imagination must lose its vigor when new and boundless materials are offered for its use. I cannot believe that the principles of human nature which

form the staple of the highest poetry, were ever more deeply felt in the movements of the world than they are at present. I can find nothing in the past which justifies the conclusion, that there was ever a period when the exhibition of all that is beautiful and great in character would have been better appreciated, or met by a deeper or a wider sympathy. I think it cannot be disputed, that the best English poetry of the last half century owes much to the successful cultivation and general diffusion of mental philosophy. It is blamed by some for its metaphysical character. The censure amounts to this; that it has passed beyond the common places which, in the view of those whose souls are fashioned in the mould of custom, circumscribe poetical propriety. A better mental philosophy, and new principles called into action, and new fountains of emotion opened by the events of the times, have given a higher character to our literature, a character which answers to the wants of the age. And mental and moral philosophy is receiving back from our popular literature a rich harvest of materials and illustration. It would be hard to say that the philosophy of mind and morals owes less to the intuitions of genius preserved in our lighter literature, so called, than to the investigations embodied in scientific treatises. 'Every poem,' says Mackintosh, 'every history, every oration, every picture, every statue, is an experiment on human feeling, the grand object of investigation by the moralist. Every work of genius in every department of ingenious art and polite literature, in proportion to the extent and duration of its sway over the spirits of men, is a repository of ethical facts, of which the moral philosopher cannot be deprived by his own insensibility or the iniquity of the times, without being robbed of the most precious instruments and valuable materials of his science. Moreover, letters, which are closer to human feeling than science can ever be, have another influence on the sentiment with which the sciences are viewed, and the activity with which they are pursued, on the safety with which they are preserved, and even on the mode and spirit in which they are cultivated: they are the channels by which ethical science has a constant intercourse with general feeling. As the arts called useful maintain the popular honor of physical knowledge, so polite letters allure the mind into the neighborhood of the sciences of mind and morals.'

In this view, I cannot but regard the psychological complexion of our more recent literature, as one of the truest indications of the advancement of a higher and more spiritualized philosophy.

Mental philosophy has been depreciated, because it has no tendency to promote the external prosperity of individuals and communities. This objection would be of weight, if our welfare consisted wholly, or chiefly in external possessions, and if the perpetual absorption of all the energies of intellect and feeling in the pursuit of these possessions was the right state of a human soul.

It is most true, that the minds of men are, by the force of circumstances, by constant occupation about the objects of the senses, materialized, as it were. Our very language has the impress of materialism upon it. Habits of thought, acquired by constant attention to external objects, have been more or less carried into all our inquiries concerning the mind. There are frequent attempts to explain the operations of mind by laws collected from an entirely distinct department of nature; attempts to assimilate two classes of phenomena which have nothing

in common. Hence the doctrine of *philosophical necessity*, as some have taken the liberty to call the theory which binds the every act of every intelligent existence, in an inexorable chain of necessary causes and effects; a theory which blots out of existence the innate activity of mind, and substitutes the passiveness of matter in its place. We must attribute to the same cause, the early and continued occupation of the mind about external objects, the extreme difficulty which most men experience in forming any distinct conception of the phenomena of mind, independent of some illustration borrowed from the material world. There is much involved in this indistinctness of all conceptions relating to the spiritual world. May I not say that it has an incalculable influence on the morals of the world? With these dim, uncertain conceptions of every thing relating to the mind, as a distinct and independent existence, what practical hold can the conviction of its immortality acquire on human belief?

‘Debased by sin and used to things of sense,
How shall man’s spirit rise and travel hence,
Where lie the soul’s pure regions?’

Has it not faculties to converse with the spiritual and the immortal — to break the bonds which tie it down to earth? Shall the soul be the fettered slave of the material forms on which it stamps the proofs of its creating and disposing power? That which comprehends the laws, and controls the phenomena of passive matter, has the better claim to be considered a distinct and independent existence. It is worthier to be studied. It is the primary being; matter the secondary and subordinate. I believe there is much truth in Mr. Allison’s theory of taste, which regards material forms as beautiful only as they are significant of agreeable qualities of mind. Matter, in all its arrangements, discourses eloquently of mind; and this is its highest function. To the mind debased by constant occupation about the objects of sense, material forms themselves lose their high significance. He alone who feels within himself the workings of an immortal spirit, can sympathise with, and in some measure comprehend, the kindred intelligence and love that speak out from the visible world.

If the mental phenomena were made an object of early attention, I see no reason to doubt that they would soon become as distinct objects of conception as any external thing. Their distinctive character, their entire remoteness from all similarity to any other phenomena, would be so obvious as to remove all danger of confounding them with any thing external. And I see no reason to doubt that if the mind were distinctly, habitually, regarded as the subject of a class of phenomena essentially different from any object of sense, we should as firmly believe in its continued existence, and the uniformity of the laws which make the reward and punishment of its acts a part of itself, as we believe in the continuance of the laws of nature in general.

Another beneficial effect of the general study of mental philosophy, would be a better application of the principles of inductive evidence in the affairs of life. When Bacon explained the true principles of philosophical inquiry, he did but make known the natural progress of the understanding in the acquisition of knowledge. He showed clearly that the observation and comparison of facts is our only means of gaining a knowledge of nature. How incalculably have mankind bene-

fitted by the application of this truth in our physical inquiries! But this truth is but a fact in mental philosophy — it is a law of the human mind. It is observed in our physical inquiries; and to this we owe all the progress which has been made in the physical sciences. But there are inquiries and reasonings of a not less important character, in which the truth is only to be reached by following the same principles of evidence. I speak of the formation of opinions touching the characters of men, and the measures and acts of men in official stations. Here is a department of inquiry of peculiar interest in a republican state, in which the laws of reason, the true rules of evidence, are very indifferently regarded. The principles of the inductive philosophy are not well obeyed in this department of inquiry, where the welfare and the peace of mankind require that they should be most carefully observed. Our public addresses and periodical essays, published ostensibly to convince and persuade, too frequently degenerate into common railing, or unmeaning panegyric. Sweeping conclusions, that disdain the support of specific facts, are quite as common, perhaps, among our men of conventions and newspapers, as they ever were among the alchemists. Yet it would be difficult to prove that sound conclusions are of less moment in the inquiries relating to the behavior of men, than in the inquiries into the nature and composition of salts and metals. I cannot doubt that a more general cultivation of mental philosophy would, in some degree, restrain the extravagances which set all its principles at defiance.

The practical applications of intellectual philosophy have one marked difference from those of the physical sciences. The latter, though cultivated by a very few persons, diffuse their benefits among all. All participate in the advantages of improved machinery, and other applications of physical knowledge. But the applications of intellectual science are mostly personal. Each individual must himself possess the principles, in order to reap the chief benefits of their application. There is, however, one practical use of mental science which sheds its richest blessings on those who are little able to comprehend its principles. I mean the art of education. This art has certainly received great improvements within a few years past. It has been more nearly adapted to the natural progress of the intellect. But how much more is to be done here!

These speculations have been continued too far, to allow of more than a hasty glance at the connection between the sciences of mind and morals. The latter is the sequel to the former. The knowledge of our intellectual and moral faculties is the foundation of natural theology, and of all religion. It is likewise the foundation of the doctrine of the essential equality of man. Does not man now begin to feel that his fellow man has claims upon his sympathy and his efforts, that former ages never thought of? And to what is this owing? Chiefly, I apprehend, to the better perception of the capabilities of every human mind. And here I conclude in the words of one of whose great talents our country is justly proud — who, better than any living writer, has illustrated the utility of intellectual science, and its connection with the best hopes of man.

‘I esteem it no small benefit of the philosophy of mind, that it teaches us that the elements of the greatest thoughts of the man of genius exist in his humbler brethren; and that the faculties which the scientific

exert in the profoundest discoveries, are precisely the same with those which common men employ in the daily labors of life. * * * The true view of great men is, that they are only examples and manifestations of our common nature, showing what belongs to all souls, though unfolded yet in only a few. The light which shines from them is after all but a faint revelation of the power which is treasured up in every human being. They are not prodigies, not miracles, but natural developments of the human soul.' G. C.

Detroit, (M. T.) April, 1836.

THE HOPES OF LIFE.

——— 'Av — from helpless childhood
To youth's fresh morning, manhood's summer years,
And tottering, weak old age, Hope is our stay,
Our life of life: in infancy our toy;
In youth, the glass through which we see all things
In colors fairer than reality;
In our full prime, as noontide sunshine to us;
And in our last days, the strong staff on which
We lean, and look toward Heaven.'

Hope of my Childhood! — what wert thou?
That I might roam on the mountain's brow;
That when I awoke to the morning's light,
The day might be serene and bright;
That I might be first to find out where
The violet scented the soft spring air;
That I might track the laden bee
To his home in the trunk of the hollow tree;
Such were the simple things that first
The spirit of hope in my bosom nursed.

Hope of my Youth! — thy intensity
Was like the glow of the summer sky;
Thou wert a dream of loveliness,
Fixed in my bosom's inmost recess;
That I might be gazed on tenderly,
By the eyes that were as heaven to me;
That the heart I loved might pour again
Its love on mine like the summer rain;
That that spirit might melt in Affection's power —
Such were the hopes of my youth's warm hour.

Hope of my Summer! — wild and vain
Wert thou, albeit my fevered brain
Cherished thee with that mad desire,
Whose wild flames are like a lava fire,
That my name might blend with many a name
That is uttered loud by the voice of fame:
Oh, how I tried my heart to deceive!
Even as when a sweet dream doth leave,
We try, and long, and long in vain,
To sleep, and dream it o'er again.

Hope of my Age! — and what art thou?
Oh not on fading things below
Is thy foundation — thou art no dream,
To melt away like the summer beam.
I have known some hopes that looked most bright,
Perish like dreams in Truth's morning light:
I have known others, as blossoms fair,
Wither like them in the blast of Care;
But *thou*! thou canst not fade, nor be riven,
For thy spring is Truth — thy source is Heaven!

Liverpool, (England.)

M. A. B.

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.*

'AND hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherished long.'

COLERIDGE.

A HANDSOME-LOOKING man, upon whose brow middle-age had scarcely yet set its signet, was the next in routine. To our demand of a tale from him, he pleaded none of those excuses, of which, from other lips, we had had but too many. He promptly admitted the justice of the claim, lamented his own incompetency as a *raconteur*, and promised to do his best to repay the pleasure which he said our various narratives had communicated to him.

He was, as I have said, a fine-looking man. There was an ingenuousness in his aspect, which had an extremely winning effect; and this, added to his air *distingué*, must in its day have done great havoc among female hearts, and doubtless would have been equally successful at this time; but every one could see that his attentions were reserved for the lady who sat by his side, and who seemed to be on especial good terms with him.

In the early part of the day, we had noticed what seemed exceedingly like a bit of flirtation between them—that interchange of looks which constitutes the freemasonry of the heart—those varying tones which in their modulations told to each other far more than was meant for the common ear—'wreathed smiles,' which sat well upon the pale, manly cheek of the gentleman, and the rose-tinted countenance of the dame—all, in fact, that would have been of rather a suspicious character, but for the knowledge gained from his own lips, within ten minutes after their arrival, that the lady was—his wife!

She was as beautiful a person, in form and feature, as it was ever my lot to look upon. Perhaps she was not quite young enough for a heroine, for she might have seen thirty-five summers; but she might well have passed for at least ten years younger. I am utterly at a loss for words to describe the character of her beauty. Nay, it was *not* beauty: it was something more exquisite still. The features were fine in their *ensemble*, but taken separately they were not what you would call beautiful. Still, there was something in her piquant air—her *espiègle* glance—her lovely alternation of clear white and red—her lofty brow, polished and white as alabaster—her earnest look, in which there was as much *soul* as I have ever seen illuminate any countenance—her dark and glossy hair, tasteful yet simple in its tournure—that, taken altogether, formed what I would deem far more lovely than that mere statue-like loveliness at which

—— 'We start,
For soul is wanting there!'

It was evident that her help-mate considered her the beau-ideal of beauty and of goodness. So attentive—so *very* attentive was he to her,

* THE curious reader of this sketch, (which the writer, a gentleman of literary repute in England, informs us is what it purports to be, a tale but no fiction, heard from the lips of the narrator himself,) may doubtless find a clue to the personages introduced, by consulting some authentic life of the renowned 'representative of Shakspeare's heroes.'

that we thought at first they must have been newly-married; but, on observation, we perceived that his was a more temperate and calm attention than is paid by the bridegroom to the bride, and the manner in which the lady took all his little endearments—the farthest possible from any thing like the mawkish display by which the newly-wedded oftentimes make themselves ridiculous and disagreeable—clearly showed that she had been long accustomed to them.

In a word, it was the best specimen I have ever seen of marriage as it should be. The husband was kind, affectionate and gentle—the lady was the same. It was an interchange of the most delightful courtesy imaginable—that courtesy which springs from the heart, and is best nourished in the heart. The whole company was interested in these two strangers. All felt delighted when, the lady having left the room, the gentleman kept his promise, and told his story thus.

‘My name is Tressilian: my family came from Cornwall, where, long before the Conquest, they had extensive estates. My grandfather, for his active services as a volunteer, when ‘the isle was frightened from its propriety’ by the rebellion of 1715, was made a baronet by George the First. As the family estates were quite adequate to any additional expense which this new dignity might confer, my ancestor did not hesitate to accept the honor.

‘My father was a younger son, and, like most younger sons, early made a foolish marriage, which arrayed the rest of his family against him. He was young, spirited, and ardent, so he solaced himself with the happiness of a wedded life; and I verily believe that he with his hundreds was happier far than his elder brother, with the title and the rich estates.

‘My uncle, the baronet, was a haughty man, and his pride was hurt at the thought that his brother was not quite as weakly as he might have been had he married an heiress. He did not better his condition for him, because he was as selfish as he was proud, but offered him a situation in Ireland—one of those government trifles by which obsequious votes in the House of Commons were rewarded; and my uncle had a ‘leading interest’ in three boroughs. My father saw that the offer was a good one: he accepted it, and by doing so, bettered his own finances, and by removing himself from the vicinage of his proud brother, did another service, without intending it.

‘I was an only child. My father’s appointment was in the Customs at Cork, and I was born in that ‘beautiful city.’ It would take up a long time, to very little purpose, to narrate how I rose from infancy to childhood, from childhood to manhood. While I was yet a child, my mother died, and I had just reached my twentieth year, when it pleased Providence that my father should follow her.

‘His illness was brief. An hour before his death he told me, what indeed I had long expected, that he had far outlived his income. It appeared, that as only two brothers, with their families, stood between him and the baronetcy and estates, he had calculated on the succession sometime or other! In this foolish expectation, he had latterly lived, rather according to his hopes than his means. The result was, that after paying all his debts, I found myself the master of a solitary £50. It was the alpha and omega of my worldly possessions at the time.

'I had received a tolerable education, and although ever an idle, had always been considered a gifted boy. For the last two years of my father's life I had 'taken to learning,' as the common saying is, and my proficiency was sufficient to make up for past idleness and carelessness — sufficient to show that if I *would* distinguish myself, I *could*. The emergency in which I was placed, was quite sufficient to rouse my ambition. I resolved to go to London, and adventure in the paths of literature.

'One of my first steps on my father's death had been to write to my uncle, Sir Edgar Treesian, acquainting him with the fact. In due course I received a letter of condolence — formal, cold, and unaffectionate — informing me that his own health was excellent, that my bachelor uncle had just broken his neck leaping a double ditch in a steeple chase, that my other uncle, with his five sons, (how in the name of common sense *could* my father anticipate that all these, who stood between him and the baronetcy, would be so complaisant as to die!) were all well and flourishing, and that he could not presume to offer me any advice. Disgusted with the coldness of this epistle, I was about throwing it into the fire, when I caught a few lines pencilled on a corner, as if written by stealth. I remember them well; they were these:

'DEAREST COUSIN: Never mind my father's letter; he does not mean the harshness which he writes. I am sure he would be glad to see you at Treesian Court. I know that you must be indifferently supplied with the goods of fortune. You will oblige me forever by keeping what I shall send to-morrow. I have no use for it; it may be of service to you.'

EMMA.

'The next day I got another letter from Emma also; there was an enclosure of £50. I confess that I felt no disinclination to retain my gentle cousin's gift.

'It must have been twenty years since I first saw London — just twenty years this spring. I had then only turned my twentieth year. I entered the modern Babylon as many a man entered it before me — that is, as a literary adventurer. My money soon went, and my spirits ebbed with my sinking fortunes. I had formed no extravagant hopes of success, but I confess that I had expected to meet with employment for my pen. But I was quite unknown. Publishers received me politely, but asked, not what I *could* do, but what I *had* done. I was a stranger, and they were unwilling to risk their capital on one who had yet to make a name. I blame them not. It is one of the inevitable evils of the career upon which I had entered; and if some lucky chance in the chapter of accidents did not turn up, it was probable that I might live on without doing any thing, until I ceased to live. Of all the misfortunes in this mortal life, I know none more heart-sickening than that of a man of letters, who feels that he has the ability to do that which would make him an immortal name, but never can obtain the opportunity of bringing that ability into profitable action.

'At last, after I had been in London for about two months, I was fortunate enough to obtain some employment. Heaven knows it did not come before it was wanted, for my funds were literally *in extremis*. I am not ashamed to confess, that I have known what it is to want a meal, to depend for mere existence on the remuneration (slight enough in those days) that I could obtain for such light literary articles as I could dispose of to the magazines. But now, a more certain mode of literary

exertion was presented to me, and I prepared myself to enter into it, with the full force of my best mental faculties. I was engaged to write for a biographical work, and I delighted in the task.

'It was on a fine day in April, 1814, that as I lounged through the streets of London, truly alone in their 'peopled solitudes,' I accidentally passed by St. Martin's Church, and just at the moment a bridal party was entering that beautiful building. Curiosity led me in, and I witnessed the performance of the marriage ceremony. The bride was a young, delicate creature, of that age when it is said the female stands on the very verge of womanhood. Her years could not have been more than sixteen — certainly not much more. The bridegroom was nearly four times her age. It certainly was not a love match. In the lady's looks there was little appearance of regret at what I could not but consider a sacrifice: she demeaned herself with graceful elegance, and went through the marriage ceremony as well as could be expected.

'At the age of twenty-one, a man may have a little romance in his mind; indeed what sort of a dull plodder must he not be who has not? I confess that I was one of those who built castles in the air; and looking upon the young and beautiful bride, I felt something like regret that she should have been so unmeetly matched to age — that — shall I own the weakness? — that she was not my own.

'As yet I had been heart-free, but while I gazed upon this beautiful creature, the arrow entered into my soul. I knew that it was wrong, that it was foolish; but still I loitered for a parting gaze upon that fair young girl. To look upon such beauty was nothing wrong — to look upon it, to love it as I did, *was*. At last the ceremony was concluded, and I hastened out of the church to catch but a parting glimpse. A carriage was at the door; the bridegroom hurried out as fast as his gout would permit him, the bride supporting him, rather than supported by him. I never had seen any face more lovely. The novelty of her situation had slightly tinged her cheek with the most delightful blush imaginable. My fixed and eager glance met hers. She blushed yet deeper beneath my steadfast, impassioned gaze. At this moment the bridegroom, forgetful of the politeness which should have been, *then* at least, extended to the bride, entered the carriage first. I saw all the embarrassment of her situation, and eagerly stepped forward to assist her. There was no other resource for her; half confused and half angry, she took my offered hand in preference to that of one of the liveried lacqueys; a moment, and she was in the carriage. She gracefully bowed her thanks to me — the carriage whirled off — and I was left alone, gazing after it.

'I recovered my self-possession in a minute, and bounded off like an arrow from the bow. The people must have thought me mad. I contrived to keep the carriage in view; at last I was so exhausted by my long race, that I was about abandoning the pursuit. Still I toiled on, my heart beating in my bosom as if it were going to break: my steps grew slower and slower; my temples throbbed, as if the blood would burst from the arteries; my knees bent beneath me; I was forced to lean against a lamp-post for support, utterly exhausted, when the carriage stopped.

'I stood in Harley-street. My fatigue was at once forgotten. Again I rushed forward, — just in time to hand the bride from the carriage.

The servants had no time to interfere—they must have thought that I was one of her friends. She grew pale and red by turns; she did not refuse my hand, but hers trembled within it. By a strong effort, she subdued herself to calmness. My conduct must have surprised her. She might have not wondered at my behaviour at the church door, for that was a simple act of courtesy; but how must she have been astonished at seeing me before her at the end of her route? I felt that this embarrassed her. Her hand was ungloved; the glove fell to the ground; I raised it up, and ventured to press my lips to the white hand I held; she looked, with a sort of mirthful wonder, into my face, ere she disengaged her hand, with the air of a princess. I turned aside: in a minute, the aged bridegroom was on the threshold of his door, the carriage rolled away, the white train of the bride swept within the hall. I caught a glimpse of the lady's face turned toward me; I bowed—she returned my salute—the door closed—and I stood in Harley-street, pressing the white glove to my lips, feeling more alone than I had ever felt before, and conscious that I had acted a mad, a foolish part.

As I went home, I communed with my heart. I took a wiser resolution than young blood and heated imagination might be expected to form. I saw that the fair lady and myself could have no interest in each other: she was a wife now, and I was but a stranger. However unequally she was matched, still she was mated, and if my passions would permit me to forget the great gulf that was fixed between us, my principles forbade it. So I turned to my solitary home—more solitary then—and dreamed away the hours in a reverie, sad as it was soul-subduing. But I was young then, and youth is the time for building castles.

I have said that I obtained a literary engagement. It turned out both profitable and honorable. It brought me money, and it brought me fame. True, I had not very great remuneration; but I had enough to answer my simple wants, and provide for my unexpensive habits. I had not very much fame—but still it *was* fame, and as the stepping-stone to further distinction, I did not despise it, because it was not of the highest caste. I knew that he who would look from the mountain's brow, must first conquer the difficulties of the ascent, and I was content to win my way forward as best I could.

I must admit, that, although sometimes my thoughts reverted to the fair bride of Harley-street, she did not engross half as much of my attention as might be expected from one of my sanguine and romantic temperament. The truth is, for twelve or fourteen months succeeding the adventure I have told you, I was so much engaged in authorship, that I had no time for love. Now and then, I confess, I gazed upon the white glove with mingled feelings of regret and mirth—regret that I should have known so little of its fair owner—mirth at my own foolish conduct on her bridal day. Perhaps, too, if sometimes I saw a graceful figure in the street, or at the theatre, I may have looked with more than common curiosity, to see whether the face was that of my unknown charmer. But to prove to you how very little, beyond the first impression, my heart was interested, I never went into Harley-street. You smile. I suppose you think that this proves that I was not quite so indifferent as I would persuade myself that I was. You may be right.

During all this time, I had scarcely heard any thing of those members of my father's family who had treated me with so much coldness

and neglect. Once or twice, my uncle wrote to me on business, and I was not sorry to have the opportunity of paying off pride with pride. It appeared that three of my cousins had drunk themselves into a fever, and died from the consequences of their debauch; that my two other cousins had exhibited symptoms of consumption, an hereditary disease; that the baronet was anxious to sell part of his estates, but as I stood collaterally in the line of succession, my consent was necessary, merely as a matter of form, to 'dock the entail;' and I never wrote a letter with more pleasure than that in which, respectfully but positively, I declined interfering in any way with the affairs of the family which had disowned my father, and deserted me. I was resolved to show them that, in spirit at least, I was a true Tressilian. I believe that my haughty uncle respected me for my unbending disposition. He had wanted the money to purchase a tin mine, and it was eventually fortunate that I had refused my signature. The speculation would have beggared him; the party who purchased the mine lost nearly half a million on the concern, and died in a mad-house. From my gentle cousin Emma I heard once or twice. She was the sole link that bound me to my line.

'My greatest ambition in literature had ever been to write a successful drama. In the year 1815, it was rather fashionable to have a dramatic taste. Kean had recently appeared, and carried the public along with him. Never was a triumph more complete. The coldness of an English audience was changed; the public became enthusiastic. Among others, I felt the power of the witchery. I was spell-bound by the *might* of the actor's powerful delineations. Night after night I followed in the wake of his triumph. I felt as if it were my own.

'At last the thought suddenly came, that I might triumph with him. I would write a play in which he should perform. I would make the creature — his acting would give it vitality and existence.

'I seized upon the thought as upon a treasure. I hastened home and commenced the task. I had long meditated on the subject, and my choice was made almost before I took pen in hand. In six weeks I had completed the drama. The task was done. The difficulty, unthought of before, now arose — how to get it brought out. This consideration fell upon me like an avalanche upon the traveler — still it was worth while to make an effort against the difficulty. I resolved to make it.

'I did what the emergency required; I took my play in my hand, and waited on Kean. I frankly told him what were my fears, and what my hopes. He gently encouraged the latter, and soothed the former. He expressed himself delighted with my play, and took it upon himself to bring it before the managers at Drury-lane theatre. He did more — he introduced me to some of his most influential patrons and friends. He was to me most kind and friendly. What a noble heart that man had!

'Kean was right. He had not miscalculated his influence with the management. My play was put in rehearsal, and the first tragedian himself volunteered to take one of the leading parts. The play was produced. I sat in the pit, tremblingly anxious for its fate, when in one of the boxes opposite I saw the bride of Harley-street! There she sat, more beautiful than ever. The dazzling whiteness of her skin was in admirable contrast and deep relief with her mourning dress. I never had paid much attention to the minutiae of female attire; and

never until now did I regret the ignorance which prevented my knowing whether or no she wore a widow's dress. But no! — those *could not* be the unbecoming garments of widowhood!

'The play went on beyond my hopes, but I little heeded how it proceeded. My heart — my hopes, had all been intent on the success of my drama. Now, the whole was changed, like a shifting scene in a magic lantern — and my play — the world itself — was all nothing to me. My world sat in the dress circle of the boxes, lovelier than even my dreams had represented her.

'At last the ordeal was past. The play was over, and announced for repetition, amid shouts of applause, and few would have suspected that the abstracted being in the pit was the successful author. My friends thronged round me, and warmly offered their congratulations. The whisper ran through the house 'There is the author!' and in a short time I felt, painfully felt myself to be the object of universal attention. I was in a strange position. At the age of two-and-twenty, I had gained a triumph such as at those years had rarely been striven for. All eyes were upon me — all tongues seemed eager to do me honor. But the eyes that I wished to see, and the voice that I longed to hear, these alone were wanting. At last, the beautiful unknown joined in the universal interest, the murmur had reached *her* also; she turned to look upon the successful dramatist. Her eyes met mine — her cheek turned pale as death — a little pause, and she rose to leave the theatre.

'You may be sure that I lost no time in quitting my place, also, in the pit. So intent was I in the pursuit, that I did not heed, much less acknowledge, the plaudits which greeted me as I left the scene of my triumph. So much the better; it was attributed to my modesty! The truth is, I was quite unconscious of the applauses which were heaped upon me.

'I was just in time. The lady was unaccompanied, and her carriage was at the door. There was a dreadful crush, as at that time there always was when Kean performed. Coachman strove with coachman, in most bitter emulation. The ladies were frightened, and the gentlemen indignant. I saw the horses rushing on the pavement, and on the instant I dashed forward to lend my aid. One hand held back the lady, the other held in her fiery steeds; others came to give their assistance, and I was then called upon to devote my whole attention to the fair lady I sought. She fainted away in my arms. Relief was speedily obtained, and she recovered sufficiently to bear the motion of the carriage. I opened the door, and helped her in. All around must have thought I was a relative, or at least an acquaintance. I followed her; the door was closed; the vehicle was soon disengaged from the crowd of carriages, and 'homeward bound!'

'Meanwhile, my fair charge swooned a second time. She lay in my arms, like a thing of death. Fortunately, I observed a smelling bottle in her hand. I opened and applied it. 'Where am I?' she exclaimed, with signs of recovery. My reply satisfied her that she was safe. A very few words formed our conversation. I was far too much excited by past recollections, and by the conflict of present thought, to speak; and she, independently of her recent indisposition, found sufficient excuse for silence. She might have felt disinclined to converse with a

stranger; or she was conscious only that somebody had rescued her from danger, and that he was escorting her home.

'We soon reached our place of destination. I was in *Harley-street* again. We stopped at the same house. I saw a hatchment over the door; I perceived that the servants were in mourning. This gave confirmation to my hopes — God forgive me! — that my charmer was a widow, and a great load was thus removed from my heart.

'Our journey was at an end. I handed the lady into her house. She lingered for an instant upon the threshold to return me thanks, and requested to know to whom she was indebted for what she was pleased to term my 'very great kindness.' To tell you the truth, I did not half relish the cool, complimentary manner in which the inquiry was made — just as if it were a mere matter of form. Perhaps I was a little piqued that she did not turn her eyes upon me while asking the question. I expected that, at the very least, she might have looked at the man who had saved her life. But there she stood — her face half turned toward me, and her bright eyes most provokingly fixed — not on me. You smile at this. I could smile now, to think that such a trifle could have annoyed me; but such things are, in the days of youth, when but a little cloud between us and the sunshine of the heart will dim the eye and pale the cheek.

'I handed the lady my address, and at the same time revealed my name. Nothing could be more instantaneous than the change which was caused by that one word 'Tressilian.' The 'open sesame' of Ali Baba had not a more sudden or powerful effect. The word had scarcely passed my lips, ere the lady quickly turned round, and eagerly and earnestly fixed on me an intense glance, as if she would have read the very secrets of my heart. I never set up for being a very bashful man, but I quailed beneath the intensity of that look; and to make it worse, it continued so dreadfully long. I may lose by the admission, but I do confess that I began to feel desperately annoyed by the too great attention which the lady paid me. You will remember that I was rather awkwardly placed. The circumstances of the case were enough to make a man of the world lose his self-possession. I was but a man of letters — a race who are as little self-possessed as any in the world.

'At last, the lady found a voice — not, however, until she had read my features as you would read a book. If my identity was to be proved, she had qualified herself for a witness most thoroughly. 'Tressilian?' she repeated, — 'it's very strange.' Another pause. 'May I ask, have we met before?' I replied that we had. 'Would Mr. Tressilian be so good as to mention when and where?' About two years before. 'Ah,' exclaimed she, 'I remember it now, I thought that I should have known the gentleman to whose very particular attentions on my wedding day I was so much indebted, and — a little annoyed.' The last words were spoken in rather a mirthful tone, and my confidence was restored again. The lady went on. 'You are about asking my permission to call to-morrow, and inquire how I have got over my fright. Come — I shall be but too happy to see the gentleman who has obliged me — *thrice*.' I believe, I made some unintelligible reply. The lady cut short my compliment. 'Our *tête à tête* may be held, methinks, in a somewhat less public place than at my hall door.

One word more — your name is Tressilian?' I bowed assent. 'Julian Tressilian?' I was surprised at her apparent intimacy with my Christian name, as my manner of reply might have shown her. 'I believe the nephew of Sir Edgar Tressilian, of Cornwall?' Another bow of assent. 'Then, Sir, I shall be most happy to see you again; you will remember the house?' — this was said in the most arch tone imaginable — 'and may do a more unwise thing than make the acquaintance of its owner — the widow Melton.' The prettiest possible smile played upon her lips, as she thus announced her name and widowhood. I promised, cheerfully enough, heaven knows, to pay the visit, and departed with my mind full of thoughts the most varied and curious.

'It was one consolation to know that my now *known unknown* was unshackled by the bond matrimonial — another, that she had forgiven, but not forgotten my conduct on her wedding day — a third, that she had not only been exceedingly courteous, but rather anxious, as I thought, to see me again. I puzzled myself with conjectures as to the means by which she could have obtained a knowledge of my name and connexions. I assure you, so intent was my mind on these speculations, that I almost forgot my success at the theatre. By degrees, my thoughts flowed in a calmer current — and a sound, dreamless sleep was the *finale* of my contemplations. You may think that this was a 'most lame and impotent conclusion;' but as I am not telling a romance, I can only give you things precisely as they occurred.

'I awoke early in the morning, and, spite of all my efforts, sleep again I could not. Oh, how I longed for the hours to run on quicker! Never had they seemed so leaden-winged as then. Shall I confess it? My most anxious thought was to see — the widow? No! The newspaper! And who would blame my impatience? Successful as my drama had been, there was no knowing how the critics of the press might speak of it.

'But the whole of them seemed in a friendly conspiracy to do me kindness, and — shall I say it — justice. All of them spoke enthusiastically of Kean's acting — and of my play. What a light heart throbbed in my bosom! I was one of the happiest men in London.

'As the day rolled on, carriage after carriage stopped before my door. Never before had such distinguished visitors sat in my humble apartment. I had quite a *levée* of the gifted and the noble. I might gratify my vanity by naming them, but I have outlived that feeling, and really I must hurry to a conclusion. But among them I had Kean, with his heart upon his lips, loud in praise of my drama, which he said had put a new leaf to his laurel. I was indeed a happy man. Never before had I been conscious of the deep, deep pleasure of hearing my own praises from the lips of those whose praise was distinction: I was doubly conscious of this deep delight, for I felt that I had done something to deserve it.

'At last, for I thought they would never have departed, my visitors went away. I hurried to pay my promised visit. I was in Harley-street in a short time. 'Was Mrs. Melton at home?' 'Yes, and had waited in all the morning.' I was ushered into a noble and magnificently-furnished apartment. At the time, I did not heed it, nor its splendid adornments; but I saw *one* — the loveliest — reclining upon a sofa. Two years had changed the girl into a woman; and like the stranger in 'Christabel,' she was 'beautiful, exceedingly.'

'I was received courteously — kindly. In reply to some playful badinage on my having fashionably delayed my visit to a late hour, I frankly told her what had detained me.

'What,' she cried, 'are *you* the dramatist? Why, all the papers are full of your praises. Good master Tressilian, your modesty will run a fair chance of being ruined.'

'Once entered into conversation, you may be sure that I did not allow it to flag. Nor did we, even thus early, lack those mutual confidings which are so delightful — so bewitching. I confessed candidly enough, that I had been struck with her on her bridal day. I narrated what I have already told you. She paid me the most flattering attention. Believe me, that the most dangerous position in which you can place a young man, is to allow him to talk of himself to a beautiful and accomplished woman, who pays him the dangerous compliment of being interested, or seeming to be so, in what he says; the seeming does not differ much from the reality. I speak from my own experience. I drank in deep draughts of love.

'The lady was accomplished — more so perhaps, than is usual at her age, for she was only eighteen — indeed, scarcely that. But there was a substratum of deep and solid sense beneath the Corinthian embellishments of her mind. Added to this, there was strong feeling — a dash of enthusiasm — and that most dangerous weapon in the hands of a pretty, witty, wilful woman — a strong perception of the ridiculous. With such natural and acquired advantages, you may well believe that she must have been a most delightful companion. I question whether she had greater talent or beauty.

'I think I have told you of the flattering interest she took, or appeared to take, in whatever concerned me. Our interview lasted two hours. Time was not leaden-winged *then* — and in that time she had become acquainted with as much of my adventures, few as they had been, as I thought it proper to communicate. I had one excuse for my egotism — I was an Irishman, and we have a privilege by time and custom immemorial, of talking of ourselves — when we find fair and willing listeners!

'There was one good source of consolation — she was almost as communicative as myself. Her story was a brief one: her father had held a high situation at Madras, in the civil service of the East India Company. With the usual profusion of persons who enjoy large possessions, and are used to oriental luxuries, he contrived to outlive his income so considerably, that at his death his only daughter, Mariana, was a penniless orphan. Mr. Melton, who had been his school-fellow in youth, and his friend through life, took charge of the young lady, then a mere child, sent her to England to be educated, and on his return found her on the narrow isthmus which divides girlhood from womanhood. The result was the common one. He was struck with the *naïveté* of her manners, her wit, her beauty; and changing his intention of adopting her as his daughter, he offered her his hand and fortune. Mariana was without a friend in the world, unconscious of the sacrifice she was making, and had little hesitation in espousing her father's friend. It was indeed a new edition of 'January and May,' as far as years were concerned, she being sixteen and he more than sixty. She had been a wife but for one year; her husband's death left her in affluence; the

bulk of his fortune, amounting to six thousand a year, became her own, without the slightest restriction.

'Such was the substance of her communication — a story that damped my own hopes. If I hated one thing more than another, it was that most despicable character — a fortune-hunter. I own that if I had been smitten before, I was doubly struck now, when a few hours conversation had discovered to me the rich and varied resources of her mind. But there was a sudden dash to my hopes. If she were *unfriended*, I would have been delighted to have been the friend who through life would protect, and love, and cherish her: had she been *unfriended*, I would have 'coined my heart to drachms' for her — I would have felt pride in making my pen support her: but here, amidst wealth and luxury, she was surrounded by friends — she was too far above my aim.

'You who have known any thing of the passion-springs of the heart — of the passion-strivings of the heart — of the enchantment which the heart feels in converse with the one it loves — you can imagine how fleetly flew the hours, while Mariana and myself thus held converse together — free and friendly, as if we had known each other for years. She told me, when I inquired how the accident of the preceding night had affected her, that until that morning she had not been fully conscious of the extent of her obligation to me; that she had thoughtlessly gone to the theatre, and that the gentleman who accompanied her having quitted her for a few minutes to call her carriage, she had missed him; when, as she owned, the sudden sight of myself in the house had strangely affected her. Did I err? — but I fancied that her tones were more subdued, and her voice deepened as she made this confession, half sport, half earnest.

'We parted: but I promised Mariana to see her again. How willingly I kept my word! Day after day saw the chains more inextricably twined around my heart. And Mariana — truth to say — appeared as little loth as myself to continue the acquaintance.

'Sometimes, often indeed, I resolved to banish her from my mind; but the resolution was broken as soon as made. There was this new poem to be read, that song to be practised; I had promised now to accompany her to see her portrait in the exhibition; it was one of the loveliest that Lawrence ever painted; to-morrow we were to visit Windsor Castle; in short, there was a round of engagements, and as these were fulfilled, there were new ones entered into. It was impossible to keep my resolution: perhaps this was the reason why I so often made such resolves.

'I had a friend, a worldly minded, wealthy man, who had made a fortune by the law, as respectably perhaps as it is usually made. He was a shrewd though just man. He would neither neglect his interests, nor would he willingly injure the interests of others. He was so strictly just, that he knew not, I then conceived, how to be generous. I had rendered this man a service, and he professed his gratitude, and tendered me at all times the advantage of his advice. I do not know what impelled me to visit him now; he was the last man in the world of whom you would think I would make a confidant. But I did. It may be because I knew that he would not laugh at me. I told him precisely all my feelings — my hopes — my fears. He heard me

with attention. 'It strikes me,' said he, 'that this lady and her fortune would be a desirable investment. It is evident that she loves you — that you love her — and, as you would wed her if she were friendless and portionless, I do not see why the accident of her being neither, should stand between you and happiness.' I attempted to argue against this sophistry, but he put me down with, 'If *you* had fortune, you would share it with her: it happens that *she* has it instead, so the case is much the same. Woo the lady and wed her. You will want money, perhaps? Here is a draft for a hundred pounds. Draw on me for what farther sums you may require, and repay me when you have the means. Not a word more. You did me a service once — it is but fair that I should return it as I best can;' and he literally pushed me out of his office.

'I was weak enough — foolish enough — base enough, to suffer my better feelings to be subverted by what the lawyer had said. I continued my visits to Mariana, and saw, with a delight which you can more easily imagine than I can describe, that she was not heart-whole. The crisis was at hand.

'So occupied were my thoughts with her image, that I neglected the common business of life. One great conception filled my breast — this was the conviction that I was beloved. My success as a dramatist — the friends to whom that success had introduced me — the necessity of farther exertion to maintain the high place into which this success had thrown me — all were as nothing. The excitement of these varying thoughts careered through my mind with an impetuosity language cannot paint. Added to this, I had an uncertainty of purpose. I seemed to live, and breathe, and have my being but in the presence of that one loved object.

'One morning, just as I was quitting my residence for Harley-street, three letters reached me, which the servant said had been lying for some days at a coffee-house I frequented. One was from the treasurer of the theatre, enclosing two hundred pounds, as the remuneration for my play. Such satisfaction did this give me, that I thrust the other letters into my pocket without opening them, and hurried to my legal friend. I seldom had felt more real satisfaction than when I repaid him his loan. He looked at me in astonishment, inquired when the marriage had taken place, and looked the image of perfect disappointment, when I told him that matters remained precisely as they were before. I fancy that he considered me as one on whom a lucky chance was thrown away.

'I proceeded to Harley-street. Here I saw Mariana, who seemed more beautiful than ever, and far more interesting. Her cheek was flushed — her words were hurried — her manner betokened much anxiety. An indifferent subject of conversation was started, but neither of us pursued it. Silence followed.

'I know not how it was, but in that silence my hand wandered for the first time round Mariana's waist; a little pause, and my boldness increased. My lips ventured to touch the pouting beauty of her's; ere she could utter a word, although her eyes spoke eloquently enough, I was on my knee, and had told all my fear, and whispered some of my hopes. I told my love — my madness — since first she crossed my path. I did not plead in vain.

'A deep, deep sigh—a long, long gaze—a silence more expressive than the richest oratory—a slight pressure of the hand—tears—sudden and frequent—these were her confession. That moment repaid me for all that I had suffered during the fever of my fear.

'Then followed the full and mutual confession—each to each—of all that disturbs the heart. In the midst of this I remembered that I had one more confession to make—one due to my own honor, to my pride, to my self esteem. I spoke to her thus—for I well remember every syllable that was uttered at that memorable time: 'My dear girl, I have told you much—pardon me that I have not told you *all*. You have pressed your lip to mine. You have given your heart to mine—all in the trusting hope that I deserved you. Listen to me. *I do not*. I am the veriest cheat that ever won a woman's heart. I have dared, not forgetful of yourself, to remember your fortune. I have deceived myself—you, I would not. Nor do I ask forgiveness. Spurn me; reject me; despise me; I deserve it all.'

Mariana appeared thunderstruck. At last she spoke. 'Julian, *you* a fortune-hunter—you a cheat? You must not deceive me now!' I related all that had passed. She listened attentively, and a shade of abstracted thought clouded her brow. At last she spoke: 'I would fain hope that even what you say were true, rather than that, having seen my weakness in confessing that I love you, you would trifle with it thus, and *now*. Answer me—do you know any thing new concerning yourself?—do you know any thing about Tressilian Court?' I told her I knew nothing. 'Nothing! Have you no letters?' I remembered the letters which I had not opened, and produced them. She laid her hand upon mine, ere I opened them. 'If,' said she, 'the contents of those letters should make your purpose waver for a moment, (and I know the intelligence they bring, have known it since yesterday, and thought it brought you to my feet to-day,)—if your purpose wavers for a moment, remember, I release you from your vows. I, too, would not be held as a fortune-hunter. Read them now.'

'I opened them: one was from the family solicitor, written a week before, informing me that my uncle and his two sons had been lost at sea, on their voyage to Madeira, whither the latter had been ordered for the benefit of their health, and suggesting the propriety, as I now was heir at law to the title and estates, of my visiting Tressilian Court, where my surviving uncle was anxious to receive me. The other letter was from my cousin Emma, praying that I would lose no time in coming to Cornwall. In a postscript, which always contains the pith of a young lady's letter, she hoped 'that my wooing thrrove.'

'I suppose you may imagine what my first impulse was. I felt no inclination to release Mariana from her plighted faith—doubly proud that I could best show that it was indeed *herself* that I had sought.

'She told me that she had been a school-fellow of my cousin Emma's, and from her had known and regretted my evil fortunes—that when she first heard my name, her interest was excited, and all the rest she had confessed an hour before! This she added, that she had already heard from Emma of my change of fortune, and that she believed at first, that it was this ray of sunshine over my path which had led me to tell in words what her woman's wit had long since conjectured. She told me, also, that as I had won her heart long since, she would have given her hand with it, to Julian Tressilian, whatever were his prospects.

'It is full time that I bring my story to a conclusion. I went to Tressilian Court; I soon became a favorite with Sir Edgar. It was a cherished plan of his to marry me to my gentle and lovely cousin; but, I was engaged, and, for the matter of that, so was the lady also.

'One morning, there was a double marriage at Tressilian Court. The beauty of Harley-street became more beautiful in the wilds of Cornwall—and my cousin, transplanted to the garden of Wiltshire, did not become less lovely than before, and (her smiles said) even more happy.

'My uncle lived to see his grand-children climb his knee—to embrace my children also. He was gathered to his ancestors some ten years ago; and if any of my hearers wish to see how we keep up old customs at the Court, Julian Tressilian will gladly show them a happy household.

'As for *our* happiness——But here comes Mariana, scarcely changed from what she was when first I saw her, except that her eldest daughter will soon take a part, as she did then, in the great drama of marriage. She weds a husband whose years better suit her own.

'Mariana, I have told to our surrounding friends the story of our 'whole course of love:' it is well, dearest, that you were absent, for otherwise I could not have spoken of you as you were, and are, and will be—the beautiful, the happy-hearted, and the faithful!'

Thus did we hear the story: and slight as it here may seem, it won admiration, and warm thanks from those who heard it. At any rate, it was a frank confession, and lost nothing from the manner in which it was told. We felt that its narrator was not romancing, and perhaps the apparent truth of the tale was one of its greatest charms.

DEATH: (AN EXTRACT.)

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'T is good to think on death—it bends the will
From that stern purpose, which no man can hold
And yet be happy: we must go and fill
Thought with affection, where pale mourners fold
The shroud around those chill limbs, whose fair mould
Imaged unearthly beauty. Why not blend
With tears awhile, and leave that stern, that cold
Contempt of all that waits us, when we end
Our proud career in death, where all, hope-lifted, bend.

'T is good to hold communion with the dead,
To walk the lane where bending willows throw
Gloom o'er the dark green turf, ere day is fled,
And cast deep shadow on the tomb below;
For, as we muse thus silently, we know
The worth of all our longings, and we pay
New worship unto purity, and so
We gather strength to take our toilsome way,
Which must be meekly borne, or life be thrown away.

FAREWELL TO EARTH.

A young girl seeks the retirement of the cloister, as a peaceful asylum, after the sorrow and bereavement of the world. It is supposed to be the evening before she takes the veil.

ALL nature is a joy;
The wrought soul, freed of earth, might bathe itself
In its deep luxury, and the rapt heart
Read a sage lesson in the voiceless air.
On such an eve as this, the dreamy spirit
Of the star-searching Plato went abroad
To its dim vigil o'er the universe;
And the wild sophist, in his burning vision,
Wandered amidst earth's mysteries, and woke,
And believed the beautiful, bright air was — God.

The vesper breeze steals through the open casement,
And the dark ringlet on the maiden's brow
Vibrates to its delicate touch, as it leaves,
In its delicious fragrance, her young cheek:
To her — the hyacinth has lost its beauty,
And the plant its bloom, that bends to meet her
So wooingly; and the still breath of eve
Its freshness, for the golden tone is hushed,
And the silver chord loosened at her heart;
Alas! — that one so few of years should wither,
While the slow foot-falls of the aged trace
A pleasant pathway to a distant tomb.
Hark! she sings, and her pent thoughts are breathed
Upon the strings.

'Why should I mourn! — the voices of earth,
Are weaved no more in the charm of mirth;
The bloom and the flowers have passed away,
As the filmy mist of the fountain's spray;
The song is sad of the minstrel bird,
And the heart's fond depth no more is stirred;
The vernal leaf, and the starry ray,
And the music-songs of a brighter day,
The voice, and the kindly spirit's tone,
Have gone — all gone, and I am lone.

'Why should I weep? — can they come back,
Who have passed away on the spirit's track?
Will they come again in the shadowy night,
Whose souls have fled to the land of light?
Will they come — will they come, as beautiful things,
In the purple light of golden wings,
When the breath of the bright flower bathes the sky,
And the breeze waifs low, with a troubled sigh?
In vain — in vain! they have left the earth,
The myrtle bower, and their fireside's hearth!

'My cabin-home; it is lone and dim,
And the rank weeds grow o'er the fount's low brim;
For the fawns have fled to the covert's glade,
From their leafy lair, and their realm of shade,
And the wing of the hum-bird there is still,
That built its nest on the misty rill;
And the violet's cup, and the heath-flowers bell,
Spring no more in the green-wood dell;
It is changed — all changed — the beauty has gone
From my childhood's home, and I am lone.

'And where is he, with his voice to bless,
And his yearning heart and his kind caress,
And the smile that told his love's fond power,
As I played at his side, in the green-leaved bower?

Father ! kind father ! thy form 's at rest,
 And the mossy turf 's on thy aged breast :
 No more shall come thy voice, loved well,
 And thy eye's bright glance, as a kindly spell ;
 We are parted now, thou hast passed, thou hast fled,
 And I weep no tears, yet I mourn for the dead.

' And again — and again, O where art thou,
 With thy tender eye, and placid brow ?
 Mother, thy heart has oft rocked to rest,
 This form on thy gently heaving breast,
 And thy hand smoothed down the couch of pain,
 Whilst thy voice sang low, the ballad-strain ;
 Yet thou — even *thou*, hast past away
 Like the waning sounds of thine own sweet lay ;
 Thou lovedst me, mother, yet thou art gone :
 Oh ! why should I weep, for I am lone !

' Farewell then, O Earth ; I mourn thee not,
 For thou art to me but a dreary spot ;
 Thy woods, and vales, and thy rock-built hills,
 With the bubbling gush of their thousand rills,
 Bear no charm ; it has gone, it has fled ;
 I mourn not these : my heart 's with the dead,
 From the gala-bower, from the dance and song,
 And the heartless mirth of the festal throng,
 As a flower-wreath faded, the joy has gone :
 I weep no more, for I am lone.'

Trenton, (N. J.,) 1836.

C. F. M. B.

THE WATER LILY.

'CONSIDER the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

WE long for that which pleases the eye. Ingenuity is exercised, taste questioned, form varied, and color diversified, for the production of the beautiful. The gems of science lend their brilliancy to the fabrications of the artificer, and the proudest discoveries of the student of nature irradiate the labors of the artist, in his attempts to create such objects as shall fascinate the vision with exquisite workmanship, rich coloring, or elegance of figure. Every age has made its essay, but none has succeeded, or ever will succeed, in raising the works of art to an equality with those of nature. The marble or the canvass, one presented by the immortal sculptors of Greece, almost breathing with life, the other by the great masters of Italy, almost glowing with passion, while they rivet our admiration and excite our enthusiasm, still exist, in reality, but as copies of more attractive and more glorious originals. No landscape, be its hues ever so gorgeous, can equal the golden sea of the harvest field, or the splendour of the rich drapery in which the sun is enrobed when he sinks to rest ; no carved form so perfect as that of man when unrestrained by the torturing customs of civilization ; no pencilling or tinting so delicate and faultless, as the symmetry or colors of the shrub and its flowers. Nor, above all, have the noblest creations of art that mystery none can penetrate, that beauty inimitable, that spirit which connects us in sympathy with every thing it pervades — vitality. None but a Prometheus can give life to the productions of the artist ; and hence the humblest flowret possesses an interest which is

wanting in the most sublime efforts of the imagination of the painter or sculptor.

As animated living nature is thus beautiful, so also is it rendered peculiarly attractive by the many curious instances of adaptation it affords, and by the perfect mechanism which regulates its production and its existence; and as the *vegetable* world unfolds the most delightful objects to the sense, so also does it contain, for the support of its vitality, a system of machinery unsurpassed in ingenuity and contrivance. Here, as elsewhere in creation, each part, even the smallest petal, is formed on a plan which answers best its particular purpose, while at the same time it fits in complete adjustment with the other parts which depend on it for their regular action. Proportion, adaptation, and design, are visible throughout its conformation, and as the microcosm thus moving and acting is minute, as the apparatus by which it retains its life is most delicate, and as the most subtle principles are employed as agents, we rise from its contemplation with wonder and admiration. Regarding vegetable life in this view, a more holy light is shed round its beauties, a more lovely garment encircles it; its tints seem to receive a richer hue, its odours a finer perfume, and the smallest plant, once insignificant and unnoticed, becomes more engaging from its very minuteness: thus the wing of the little insect, dull and dingy to the naked eye, when placed before the glass is perceived to be variegated with brilliant colors, and feathered with the richest plumage.

Who has not seen the water lily, the Vestal Nymphæa, resting on the bosom of the waters, opening its white bloom to the sun, and rising and falling with every ripple? The shades of evening come, and its green petals fold to shelter their treasure from blasts too rude. The morning breaks, the sunbeams dance around its couch, and it unfolds again, to diffuse its sweet fragrance. It is one of the humblest tenants of the universe; yet its conformation might afford study for a life, and the care bestowed on its mechanism, the wise provisions made for its safety, lead the mind to the contemplation of the most sublime truths.

The root which is its organ of nutrition, is formed so as to perform its offices in the most admirable manner. With one main body to attach the plant firmly to the soil, it sends out its little rootlets and fibrils which act as so many mouths to imbibe nourishment. The functions of the fibrils have been but lately pointed out; it seems that by the aid of electricity they absorb the nutritious fluids from the earth by means of small cells which, when distended, send their contents up the vessels of the rootlets to the herbaceous parts. On passing from the cells into the vessels, these fluids become sap, and, rising to the leaves, there become operated upon by the changing influences of light and heat. By the experiments of Priestly and Ingenhouz, it is well established that the leaves, when exposed to the light of the sun, absorb carbonic acid, and from the decomposition of that gas evolve oxygen, while in the night, the contrary process takes place, and they respire the same as animals; hence the presence of these gases is necessary to the proper performance of the functions of the leaves. Now the trunk of the Nymphæa does not rise perpendicularly, but is prostrate, and as it grows in waters whose rise might otherwise submerge the whole plant, and deprive it of life, we here find a wise provision for keeping its leaves and flowers upon the surface.

A few words on the structure of a leaf, and we will advert to an exquisite contrivance in the formation of those of the *Nymphæa*. The sap on reaching the leaf is taken into the upper tier of veins, and after being diffused through the lamina, is transformed to a state which renders it fit nutriment for the plant, when it is conducted back by the under tier of veins, and imparts nourishment as it passes downward. The lamina in which it is thus changed by the effect of light and heat, and which are the organs of digestion, are in two divisions, the upper and lower, both of them consisting of cylindrical bladders. The bladders of the upper lamina are arranged perpendicularly, so as to present the least surface to the sun, whose action would otherwise produce too rapid an evaporation. The bladders of the under lamina, being protected by their situation from the too powerful effect of the sun, are placed nearly parallel to the under surface, but diverging to such a degree as to leave large cavities between them, communicating with each other. The *upper* side then, on account of its compact structure, affords but little room for the air, while the *under*, being cavernous, is rendered very fit for an organ of respiration. Both divisions of the lamina are covered by the cuticle, or the skin of the leaf. This cuticle is composed of small air bladders, pierced with stomates, or breathing pores, and communicating with the laminae. But from its conformation the *under* lamina gives more room for the admission of the air: we find, consequently, that here respiration is carried on to the greatest extent, the under surface of the cuticle being provided with many more stomates, or pores, than the upper. Air being positively necessary to the existence of a plant, we see here an arrangement in its anatomy, for the best performance of the function of respiration, which conflicts with no other part of the structure, and which, though minute and delicate, is as perfect and wonderful as that in the human frame.

There are many vegetables, however, whose leaves float on the water, and among them is the *Nymphæa*. Were its organs of respiration on the under surface of the leaf, they would certainly have little opportunity of inhaling air, and death as certainly ensue. The bladder of the upper lamina, therefore, instead of being perpendicular, are nearly parallel, have all the breathing pores, and perform solely the office of the lungs, while the leaves' floating on the water obviates any bad influence which might proceed from too rapid an evaporation. The other parts of the *Nymphæa* conform too much to the general vegetable organization, to make them a matter of peculiar interest. Its habit of closing its flowers at night, and thus securing them from cold and injury, though a curious instance of care and foresight, we have as yet been unable to trace to any manifest cause. The apparatus by which this singular phenomenon is effected, is either of so microscopic or subtle a character, as to have eluded all examination. Yet we can admire its effect, though ignorant of its origin. The wayfarer, as he stopped to listen to the music of Memnon, trembled with mingled admiration and awe, though he knew not whence its melody came. Thus when we look on the flower

—— 'which expands its lucid form,
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm.'

we can recur with delight to the benign power which provides for its safety, without our knowing by what mechanism this beautiful purpose has been effected.

The same tender care, the same exquisite fashioning, the same graceful fitness, and dexterous adjustment, pervade the smallest plant as well as the shrub or the kingly trees of the forest. We trace the designing hand of the Creator in the giant *Macrosystis* swimming on the ocean, the more delicate *Algæ* which cling to its side, and through every gradation of vegetation, till we reach the lichen

—‘which climbs the topmost stone,
And drinks the ærial solitude alone.’

Greatness is measured by extension and ubiquity, as well as power. When we rise, then, from observing the anatomy of the little flower we have so often trodden carelessly under foot, and perceive these clear evidences of supervision, and an attention bestowed on its fabrication equal to that which presides over the largest bodies of the universe, we are impressed with the deepest sense of the all-pervading care, the intelligence, and real grandeur of the Deity. We know that not a leaf falls nor a flower blooms, but in accordance with his designs, and as the result of the action of some minute machinery, whose laws he has regulated. We have even penetrated into the action of this little machine, and understand how it proceeds. The knowledge increases our wonder and our veneration. Thus in the smallest of his works he gives the best mirror of the expansion of his power and presence, and in the color which adorns a petal, or in the perfume which rises from a blossom, receives as high a testimony of his nature as in the stupendous system of worlds he moves in harmony above.

On the Papyrus was once written nearly all that was estimable in knowledge. But the plant which bore these records had engraven in its own conformation more precious truths. While there were daily written on its surface disquisitions on the nature of the gods, the secret was contained in its own mechanism. ‘Il est,’ says an illustrious Frenchman, ‘un livre ouvert à tous les yeux — c’est celui de la nature. C’est dans ce grand et sublime livre que j’apprends à servir et à adorer sou divini Auteur. Nul n’est excusable de n’y pas lire, parce qu’il parle à tous les hommes une langue intelligible à tous les esprits.’ Such a book is indeed a fit record from which to gather a knowledge of the attributes of its author. When in geology we can peruse the history of our earth and its mighty revolutions — when from chemistry we can draw all the principles which acted in the formation, and still regulate the condition of the material world — when in vegetable and animal physiology we can perceive the faultless machinery by which life and its mysteries are governed — and when from the celestial system we can derive some faint idea of the magnitude, the expansive greatness of His power, and foresee the destruction of our globe in the arms of the sun; when we can thus read from God’s book the past and the future, his character, his power, his wisdom, and his goodness — our own humbleness and his immense superiority — we feel that to him it is a noble and worthy way thus to disclose himself, and to us a glorious privilege thus to read. A privilege, however, which is commensurate with the correct use of our reason and advancement in knowledge, to which ignorance is death, and sophistry a baneful poison; which, as it receives life at the fount of science, beckons us onward in our search for truth, and in our inquiries into the laws of nature, promising as a reward not merely power, but moral and intellectual elevation.

A.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

SWAY aloft the red banner,
 Blue ocean 's our manor,
 Its wealth-freighted galleys our glorious game;
 The shriek in death's spasm
 We drown in its chasm —
 No victim returns the rich spoil to reclaim.

We fear not the scaffold,
 Outnumbered and baffled,
 We still have the poniard, the pistol, the main:
 Shall we ere grace a hurdle
 With steel at our girdle,
 Or strength to uplift the red torch to the train?

No! — the broad wave shall cover
 The corse of the Rover,
 Its breast is his home — be its caverns his tomb;
 If the sweat of Death's labor
 Encrimson his sabre,
 The fierce joy of vengeance will lighten his doom.

New-York, May, 1836.

J. B.

ORNITHICHOLOGY.*

It has seldom happened, at least within the last half century, that a man who in early life was deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, who was destitute of friends possessing the ability to pave the way for his introduction into the circles of the literati, or to initiate him into the mysteries of the temple of science, has been able by the force of his genius, combined with the most unwearied perseverance, to surmount the difficulties attendant on his early disadvantages, and while yet in the prime of his life, to behold his name enrolled high in the catalogue of naturalists, to see it incorporated into the literature of the age, and to hear his productions quoted as decisive authority, on the subjects to which they relate: but such has been and still is the case with Prof. Hitchcock. We too, have read many of his works with unmingled pleasure, and we consider his '*Sketch of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Scenery of the Regions contiguous to the River Connecticut, with occasional Botanical notices, read before the American Geological Society, Sept. 11, 1822,*' as a paper evincing much ability and research; and his '*Report on the Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts,*' as a dépôt of valuable matter, collected generally with great care, and mostly arranged with judgment, both of which we have classified with the important works of the English and continental Geologists. Nor ought we to omit to mention several memoirs which have lately appeared in the '*Biblical Repository and Quarterly Observer,*' 'on the connexion between Geology and Natural Religion,' and 'on the connexion between Geology and the Mosaic History of the Creation,' by the same author, in which he has most triumphantly repelled the charge of *heresy*, so often and pertinaciously urged against that class of Naturalists.

* ORNITHICHOLOGY: Description of the foot marks of Birds, (Ornithichnites) on new red sand stone in Massachusetts. By Prof. EDWARD HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College.

But with all this respect and reverence for our author, the man whom we delight to praise, truth and justice require us to say, that we have somewhat against him — which we declare with the more freedom, since the eminence already gained by the Professor is demonstration that he requires no critical dandling; and the fact that his writings compose a part of our national literature, has made it our duty to make known our sentiments on these subjects.

Our objections against the Professor are two fold; first, the enthusiasm which forms so large a portion of his composition in this particular — (as it ever must in the character of every real lover of science, and which he has so well described in his review of Cordier, Scrope, and D'Aubeny in the *North American Review*, No. 63,) — is not at all times sufficiently checked, by which he is led to mistake the imaginings of a prolific fancy for the conclusions drawn from facts; and second, he seems to be affected, somewhat, with the *scribendi cacoethes*, evidences of which are rife in the memoir, the title of which stands at the head of this article, published in the *American Journal of Science*, vol. 29. We have seen occasional evidences of exaggeration in some of his former works, but we have set them to the account of a pardonable enthusiasm, but never until the appearance of his *Ornithichnology*, do we recollect to have seen conclusions in any natural science which were so altogether unsupported by the premises.

The principle facts on which this *new science* is based, are simply these: Impressions of a singular character were found in the new red sand stone, at Greenfield, Deerfield, Montague, South Hadley, and other places, which attracted the attention of the more curious, and were finally brought to the notice of Professor Hitchcock. In them he discovered, as he imagined, resemblances to the tracks of birds, and immediately set about a thorough investigation, which resulted in the discovery of numerous prints of a similar kind, varying in size from one inch to seventeen inches in length, and often following each other in a similar order, at about the same distance. From these tracks or prints, the Professor has inferred the existence of two orders of birds, which he denominates *Pachydactyli*, or thick-toed, and *Leptodactyli*, or slender-toed, in both of which he supposes he has discerned seven well characterized species, and three doubtful ones. From these facts, he thinks it impossible to doubt, that these tracks resulted from the continuous steps of some animal. The number of the toes seem, however, to have been as various as their size, for the *O. giganteus* had only two; while the *O. diversus* reckoned three, and the *O. palmatus*, four.

Thus far we are within the bounds of *possibility*, and were there no other facts in the case, we should not arraign the conclusions of the Professor as unauthorized.

But there are many facts, some of them detailed by the Professor himself, which render his inferences liable to suspicion. Some of these we shall enumerate.

1. 'These foot marks are found several hundred feet deep in the rock.' (*American Journal of Science and Arts*, vol. 29, p. 334.)
2. 'The sand and mud which filled the original track are more firmly concreted than the rock generally.' (p. 311.)
3. 'The *silicious concretion*, which fills the cavity made by the foot, differs somewhat from the surrounding rock.' (p. 318.)

4. The impression 'is much sooner lost in descending than in ascending from the layer where it is most perfect.' (p. 311.)

5. The curve caused by the impression 'often passes obliquely through the layers of the rock.' (p. 335.)

6. These tracks, if made at all, were made by *Grallac*, some of whose legs were covered with bristles to the toes, and that beneath the water, (pp. 328, 336,) while all the waders of the present day have naked legs.

7. The plates accompanying the article on *Ornithichnology* 'do not present the appearance of any *one* specimen; but a connected view of the results obtained by an examination of all that have come under the author's notice.' (p. 326.)

8. 'These tracks are not always in succession. Different species of animals, and different individuals have crossed one another's tracks so often, that all is confusion.' (p. 313.)

We have then, from the article itself, the following objections against the supposed formation of these tracks, by pre-Adamitic birds, viz. the immense depth of rock in which they occur — the fact that the cavity is filled with a silicious concretion, differing in hardness and in the quality of the materials of which it is composed, from the rock which surrounds it — that the impression extends up as well as down, often passing obliquely through the rock. To this it may be added, that no argument can be drawn from the *plates*, for reasons stated in one of the foregoing quotations.

These objections are, in our opinion, decisive against the Professor's hypothesis; but we will add a few other facts, from our own observation, which we consider conclusive on the subject.

The new red sand stone in the Connecticut Valley contains innumerable septaria and stria, often mistaken for impressions presenting the most fantastic figures and shape, of which the *Ornithichnites* of the Professor probably compose one family, the gigantic *Gorgonia* of eighteen feet by ten of his *Geolog. Rep. Mass.* (p. 237,) another, and in the very beautiful impressions of plants, we once supposed we had found a third. The regularity and precision of many of these channels and ridges, is truly remarkable; but the accurate test of Mr. Witham has never yet been able to detect any evidence of organized matter, and in the opinion of many of our ablest geologists there is none. Again, appearances precisely similar in character to those described by Professor Hitchcock occur in many of the clay beds in the same valley, the cavities being filled with septaria, or silicious concretions, differing in hardness and in the quality of the materials of which it is composed, from the layers of clay that surround it.

While on the subject of extravagancies, we will mention another, in which the Professor has rather fallen in with an old notion, than broached a new hypothesis, but which in our opinion is no less absurd, than that of the *Ornithichnites*. We allude to the supposition, that Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke were once united, and that the pass between them has been *excavated* by the waters of the Connecticut, or by the currents of a primitive lake. (*Geolog. Rep. Mass.*, p. 79.)

To a person acquainted with the topography of that region, it will be unnecessary to premise, that the waters of the river would have passed around either end of the mountain, before it reached within

some hundred feet of its summit, which alone is sufficient to show the impossibility of the supposition, to say nothing of the improbability of an excavation through a mountain mostly trap, and from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height, and the entire absence of all evidence of any such excavation.*

We might add other examples, to show that enthusiasm in making observations, and haste in drawing conclusions, exert a powerful influence over some of the Professor's compositions; but these are enough to establish the fact; and with the hope that these will serve as a kind of memento to remind him in future to examine with more care, and to conclude with less precipitancy, we forbear.

Our second objection to the Professor, was his love for, or rather we should say his haste in, writing.

This practice is a serious fault, and a growing evil — one which afflicts the Professor in common with his fellow citizens; but we think that the following sentence will work, in him at least, a thorough reformation.

'I include,' says he, 'all the varieties of tracks under the term *Ornithichnites* (*ορνις* and *ιχθυος*) signifying *stony bird tracks*.' (p. 315.)

In this short sentence, the reader will perceive no less than *four* egregious blunders, into which the Professor's precipitancy has betrayed him, and which, we doubt not, but for an unpardonable haste, would have been corrected. These mistakes are, *first*:

The use of the *medial s*, at the end of *ornis* (*ορνις*) instead of the *final*, as he should have done. The second is a like mistake in *tichnos* (*τιχνος*) — the third in the use of *tichnos* (*τιχνος*) for *ichnos* (*ιχθυος*) there being no such word in the Greek language as *tichnos*; and the fourth in supposing he had made out the signification of '*stony*' from *ichnos*, which means simply a trace or track. The same haste led him to copy without alteration a no less ridiculous blunder from Granville Penn, into his article on *Geology and the Mosaic History*, in which he asserts that *van* in the Hebrew performs the office of ALL the conjunctions, copulative and disjunctive.'

We tremble for our reputation, and for our language, if carelessness like this shall be tolerated in men of Professor Hitchcock's standing in the literary and scientific world; and it was not without surprise and regret that we beheld the able reviewers of the *North American* endorsing his works, faults and all, without so much as noticing them.

Aware of the disadvantages under which Professor Hitchcock early labored, admiring his determined resolution and indefatigable industry, and knowing that he possessed talent, the critics have ever viewed his works with partiality, until we fear that he gives himself more credit for *accuracy*, than he actually deserves, and that he is one of that small class who have been injured through excess of moderation. That this may serve him as a timely monition that the eye of the critic is upon him, and will expose the errors and fallacies of his favorite, and that it may cause

* The *pass* of the Connecticut river at Northampton, between Tom and Holyoke, is undoubtedly a natural one, such too, as are frequent in the trap ranges of that valley. The Connecticut furnishes another example at its pass between Deerfield and Montague, and the Deerfield and Farmington rivers others of a similar kind. In the southern part of the valley these passes are abundant, and afford convenient openings for roads, between counties which would otherwise be inaccessible without great difficulty.

him to give more heed to his composition, and to weigh more of his conclusions in science, is the object we desire to accomplish in this brief notice of his *Ornithichnology*.

LAFAYETTE.

WRITTEN (UPON HEARING OF HIS DEATH) IN AUGUST, 1834.

'None knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise.'

E

'Twas his in manhood's blushing prime to tread
Imperial halls with coroneted head ;
To bask in royal smiles, or lead the dance
Amid the gayest, gallantest of France ;
Or, gladly loosed from grandeur's courtly thrall,
At gentle Hymen's sweet enticing call,
To seek his princely home, and fondly rest
His honored brow on wedded beauty's breast.

And never more the youthful lord shall leave
His blooming Eden and his blushing Eve,
But softly yield to love's voluptuous hours
His princely fortune and exalted powers ;
Oh sooner deem the spider's brittle tie
Could hold the eagle from his native sky,
Than that luxurious indolence could bind
One little hour that angel-pinioned mind !
E'en now he springs from love's inglorious rest
With armed right arm and wildly-beaving breast ;
What stirring thoughts his youthful heart inspire ?
Why burns his eye with unaccustomed ire ?
Lo ! on his startled ear the winds have blown
The clank of chains where bleeding millions groan,
And swift he breaks from nature's dearest ties
In freedom's cause life, *all* to jeopardize ;
While every charm to home and Hymen wed,
Is crushed like flowers beneath a giant's tread.

Far o'er the deep, with hopes unspurred by fame,
The warrior-pilgrim in his glory came,
Poured his full purse in Freedom's empty hand,
And with her foremost sternly took his stand ;
Fought, bled, nor faltered till the strife was o'er,
And the last foe was hunted from her shore.

Hark ! as the sighing gales from Europe sweep,
What thrilling sound comes booming o'er the deep !
Is it a nation's mingled wail we hear,
Around its proudest hero's passing bier ?
Yes : 'tis thy knell, worth-hallowed Lafayettes !
Sun of two worlds, thine orb at last has set !
Though dark the storms that thronged thy fearful way,
No cloud e'er quenched or dimmed one blessed ray ;
Bright in thy morning prime, thy noontide tower,
Yet not less glorious at thy evening hour ;
And though we miss and mourn thy living flame,
Immortal burns the twilight of thy fame !

Stockbridge, (Mass.) August, 1834.

INTELLECTUAL INDOLENCE.

'Action and conflict, are the conditions of our existence in the world. — ARON.

'Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. — BIBLE.

FAR be from us the sin of inflicting upon our readers a homily upon a theme that has waxed fat and multiplied, under the care of moralizing sages, in every period of time. If we mistake not, however, there is such a thing as intellectual riches, far more evanescent in its nature, and even more likely to fly away than its grosser counterpart. No one will pretend but that the treasures of the mind may be exhausted, while the vigor of the body is complete, and that he who was once the possessor of literary wealth may become, and that by the operation of no physical causes, poor indeed. Knowledge, so far from being indued with any necessary and permanent adhesiveness, will of itself, if not carefully guarded, drop off from the intellectual edifice it once adorned, until only the thinnest coating remains to remind us of the beauty that was once there. Numberless facts demonstrate that the most extensive attainments in literature, and the most cultivated powers of intellect, if not enriched by constant additions, and invigorated by unremitting exercise, will gradually disappear, or become metamorphosed into a dull mediocrity. Every reflecting man's experience will in a greater or less degree bear witness to the fundamental correctness of this remark. He cannot but be conscious that there is a principle of decay at work in his own mind, which, if not counteracted by incessant mental activity, both of exertion and accumulation, would infallibly strip him of all the results of his past labors, and what is worse, unfit him for future efforts. The busiest intellect finds, after all, ample reason to lament the vast disproportion that exists between what it *has* known and what it *does* know, and the constant disappearance of particles of its knowledge, once fairly acquired and highly valued. Like a general marching through an enemy's country, to whom every evening's muster reveals a new loss, the absence of some sturdy veteran, or valued officer, cut off by a watchful and wary foe, so the intellectual itinerator will find, as the result of every faithful inspection, his list of missing swelling with every stage of his journey, and while he plumes himself upon new acquisitions, cannot but lament the loss of the old. Indeed it seems reasonable to suppose that, as we naturally lose our hold on one thing while attempting to grasp another, so the mind will almost of necessity experience an actual retrocession in knowledge on some subjects, as it makes farther and deeper advances in others. But if such is the case with the diligent and laborious cultivator of the field of literature, what ought we to expect from the lazy indifference, or mere passivity of the intellectual drone? What but the most pinching poverty of ideas, the most superficial attainments in science and literature? — his modicum of knowledge rapidly decreasing, and general inefficiency and ineptitude of intellect creeping upon him?

As the territories of a mighty conqueror, gained at the price of immense expenditures of blood and treasure, demand, in order to be retained, a constant exercise of those qualities by which they were acquired, so our intellectual acquirements, made at the cost of so much time,

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Though dark the storms that thronged thy fearful way,
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LAFAYETTE.

WRITTEN (UPON HEARING OF HIS DEATH) IN AUGUST, 1834.

'None knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise.'

HAL.

'Twas his in manhood's blushing prime to tread
Imperial halls with coroneted head ;
To bask in royal smiles, or lead the dance
Amid the gayest, gallantest of France ;
Or, gladly loosed from grandeur's courtly thrall,
At gentle Hymen's sweet enticing call,
To seek his princely home, and fondly rest
His honored brow on wedded beauty's breast.

And never more the youthful lord shall leave
His blooming Eden and his blushing Eve,
But softly yield to love's voluptuous hours
His princely fortune and exalted powers ;
Oh sooner deem the spider's brittle tie
Could hold the eagle from his native sky,
Than that luxurious indolence could bind
One little hour that angel-pinioned mind !
E'en now he springs from love's inglorious rest
With armed right arm and wildly-heaving breast ;
What stirring thoughts his youthful heart inspire ?
Why burns his eye with unaccustomed ire ?
Lo ! on his startled ear the winds have blown
The clank of chains where bleeding millions groan,
And swift he breaks from nature's dearest ties
In freedom's cause life, *all* to jeopardize ;
While every charm to home and Hymen wed,
Is crushed like flowers beneath a giant's tread.

Far o'er the deep, with hopes unspurred by fame,
The warrior-pilgrim in his glory came,
Poured his full purse in Freedom's empty hand,
And with her foremost sternly took his stand ;
Fought, bled, nor faltered till the strife was o'er,
And the last foe was hunted from her shore.

Hark ! as the sighing gales from Europe sweep,
What thrilling sound comes booming o'er the deep !
Is it a nation's mingled wail we hear,
Around its proudest hero's passing bier ?
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Sun of two worlds, thine orb at last has set !
Though dark the storms that thronged thy fearful way,
No cloud e'er quenched or dimmed one blessed ray ;
Bright in thy morning prime, thy noontide tower,
Yet not less glorious at thy evening hour ;
And though we miss and mourn thy living flame,
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Stockbridge, (Mass.) August, 1834.

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money, and labor, if we would not permit them to slip from our grasp altogether, call for a similar appliance of energy and watchfulness. If it be true, that nothing valuable can be *procured* without labor, it appears to be equally so, that nothing valuable can be *kept* without labor.

That such processes of intellectual and literary deterioration exist, that they are even common, can we think be easily shown. Were they always the result of physical causes, or of unbending circumstances, hostile to study and mental application, the evil would be mentioned as something to be lamented, not to be blamed or removed. But such is far from being the case. The evil of which we speak is not so limited, so pardonable in its nature, but the positive and wilful transgression of ten thousand youthful and elastic minds in our land; perhaps the prevailing fault of American intellect, as it *certainly* is of the great mass of what are usually called the liberally educated of our country. There is the utmost reason to believe that the majority of this large class reach the ultimatum of their attainments within the walls of their *Alma Maters*, and that after graduation, their history exhibits a continuous and often rapid literary decadence. The machine laboriously turned to this point, now begins to yield to its gravitating tendencies, and does not stop until it has nearly or quite run down. The diploma is in hand, and hence the proud summit of their literary ambition attained, it is time for a descent. This important document has long been the object of their daily hopes and nightly imaginings. It is now cherished as the precious certificate of an education fully achieved, and the unimpeachable magna charta of *intellectual indolence*. In the mean time, the *un-educating* process is steadily proceeding. Mental depletion is the order of the day. Fragment after fragment of the costly edifice, erected with so much care by the learned efforts of teachers and professors, and all the varied instrumentalities of public instruction, tumbles off, until at last little is left but a scanty and almost shapeless mass of the *disjecta membra* of what was once so proudly termed a *liberal education*. Thus is an important, and probably the most important, fraction of human life spent in the laborious pursuit of what is permitted to elude the grasp in almost the subsequent moment of its acquisition. With what greater contumely can learning be treated than this? What greater proof can be offered of bad taste, and indifference to literature, than thus to dismiss all regard for its offered favors, precisely at the moment when a favorable introduction had been made, and every obstacle to a farther acquaintance has been carefully removed?

We would not by any means be understood to be disparaging or undervaluing the utility of the ordinary collegiate course of study, nor do we believe that the total failure of that course, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to impress upon the minds of those who taste of its benefits a just respect for literature, is at all attributable to a deficiency here. No — the cause is more radical. It exists in an imperfection, of almost epidemic extent, in the erroneous estimates of the value of learning, and the importance of intellectual labor, that are at present widely prevalent in this country. We must transplant more of the German character into our midst, before this evil can be remedied. American students are deficient in two qualities, absolutely essential to the composition of a good scholar — industry and perseverance. Our college régime is good, but we make a bad use of it. It is owing to

this circumstance *alone*, that the advantages realized from it form but a small fraction of those it was intended and is adapted to convey. Still, however, its unequivocal benefits far outweigh its incidental disadvantages. When we consider the indirect influence it unquestionably exerts upon the susceptible character of the young student, the *capacity* for literary efforts it can scarcely fail to develop or create, and especially its valuable detergent virtues, by which are wiped off *forever* from the mind those little spots of prejudice, and freckles of conceit, and self-complacency which are so apt to gather upon the character of a semi-educated, or what is frequently the same thing, of a self-educated youth, we will be quite ready to admit, that the reasons *for* the present collegiate, and particularly the classical course, are more than those *against* it. So that it cannot be said with truth, even of the most unfaithful of the graduated fraternity, that he has reaped *no* advantages from his former acquaintance with recitation-rooms and examinations. But it *can* be said with truth, that he reaps few instead of the many, and enjoys little instead of the much, that might and should have been his. The intellectual faculties have indeed been exercised, stimulated, and unfolded, but the *inveterate habit of study*, the steady perseverance of resolute scholarship, which is never intimidated by difficulties, and esteems a life without literature as only a living death, to impart which is, after all, the grand secret of education, has *not* in his case been attained.

It must be recollected, that he who voluntarily bids adieu to the books and studies that occupied his college course, at the moment that course is finished, is guilty of throwing away an amount of knowledge that might be made subservient to his best interests, whatever department of active life it may be his fortune to occupy. Experience proclaims, that knowledge and power cannot long be separated. Is it not the *materiel* of thought and reflection — the very substratum of all valuable intellectual processes?

‘From God above and man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?’

Facts and known truths are the only implements of reason, without which mere power can effect nothing. Strange indeed must be the position in society of that student who would not reap the most agreeable, not to say the most important, advantages from keeping up an intimate and progressive acquaintance with the several branches of science and literature embraced in his collegiate course. Learning will be found by him to be both a pleasant companion and a useful coadjutor. At least one evil of great extent, and the most unhappy influence, will in his case be precluded; he will not be precipitated into that stagnation of intellect, and vacuity of thought, which spring from poverty of attainments — a state of mind that communicates its lazy quietude to every feature of the character. Habits of continuous and persevering study are the only repellants of mental imbecility; they alone can save us from that insipid and common-place existence which characterizes the lives of the great majority of men.

Futile must be the attempt to retain our faculties in a prepared and efficient state, without a liberal appropriation of mental food — of knowledge, that life-giving element, which forms the very atmosphere in which they ‘live, and move, and have their being.’ So intimate is the connection between mental powers and mental acquirements, that loss of

the one is infallibly attended by decay of the other. The departure of knowledge is the signal for universal retreat. When this light of the intellectual edifice grows dim, the movements of the 'mistress within' slacken into dullness; every step becomes painful — every effort a task. Those brilliant faculties of the soul which were perhaps præeminent for ethereal vigor, their graceful or majestic flights, now robbed of their elastic support, flutter feebly along, or sink helpless to the ground. Even the fires of genius wax fainter and fainter, and although they may occasionally start up into a light blaze, it is but an unnatural corruscation, set off to greater advantage by the feeble glare that preceded, and the almost total extinction that follows. Nor is this a mere fancy-sketch of what might be; it is a representation of a process actually realized by unnumbered minds, which yet is occasioned by no shock of disease, no dethronement of reason, by no cause inconsistent with the most undisturbed regularity of physical and intellectual organization, but owing simply to an almost total abstinence from the only legitimate nourishment of *mind* — the spirit and practice of literary acquisition.

We are sometimes apt to forget that our mental as well as our moral condition is seldom stationary. We are compelled by the very laws of our being to be either advancing or retrograding, each of which movements it is left completely at our option to begin, prevent, accelerate, or retard. It may be difficult at the first sight, indeed, to believe, that 'while the eye is not dim nor the natural force abated,' superior talents should be converted into comparative obtuseness — that quickness of fancy and strength of conception should melt away from a mind once their favorite abode. This may appear to some a phenomenon too great for their philosophy to explain, or their faith to admit. But why so? Is it not reasonable to conclude that the same industry that was necessary to develop and invigorate these faculties, is necessary to sustain and preserve them unimpaired?

Our bodily energies live by exercise, and perish without it: why should not those of the mind be subject to the same law? In like manner as the use of a limb may be suspended or entirely lost by long confinement in an unnatural posture, or long restraint from its proper office, the intellectual powers may be crippled or paralyzed, through the benumbing influence of continued inaction. Impeded by such an influence, the current of thought must grow cold and sluggish, and the whole mental machine work heavily and inefficiently.

The literary decadence of which we are speaking, is necessarily a gradual and generally an insensible process. It never jumps to its conclusion, but glides along at an imperceptible and unsuspected pace. As *nemo subiturnus fit*, so no one suddenly loses his intellectual grade. The exhaustion of the mental store-house is not the work of a moment. Like the careless mechanic who loses tool after tool from his shop, until all are gone, he knows not how, so the intellectual idler permits the work-shop of his mind to be gradually stripped of its furniture, until at last, to his surprise and mortification, he finds it 'empty, swept and garnished.' Like a charged electrometer, which, if not nicely guarded, loses the subtle fluid by a thousand unperceived conductors, so the mind saturated with knowledge has a constant tendency to *give off* its ethereal properties at unnumbered and unnoticed points. Like the electrometer, too, it demands a constant attrition for the supply of the unavoidable and

incidental abstraction to which it is exposed, as well as the acquisition of additional power and excitement.

If we consider the rightful supremacy of all that belongs to our intellectual and moral being over the grosser interests of life, what greater incentive for vigorous exertion in the paths of literary attainment can we demand? That habits of sloth and listlessness trench upon the sacred domains of the soul, enfeeble its powers, and impede its progress in that which alone gives dignity to existence, is warrant enough to enlist our utmost efforts to avoid their influence. Motives for intellectual exertion cluster in generous profusion around us. The very consciousness of progress is delightful. The soul rejoices in fresh acquisitions. Perpetual improvement is the divine instinct of her being. On the other hand, a consciousness of retrogradation in any thing valuable is full of pain. A sense of increasing mental inefficiency cannot but be a chilling reflection. It dulls the beaming eye of hope, debilitates the step of manly confidence, and quenches the last spark of literary ambition. All prospect of excelling is now precluded, and courage to undertake, departs with the ability to execute any thing great and important.

Every consideration, then, of duty, honor, and pleasure, calls upon the student to redouble his activity in the noble contest in which he is engaged. Let no obstacles dishearten, no difficulties deter him, nor self-complacency tempt him to relax his efforts. Perseverance *will* conquer all things — diligence *will* insure success.

Tell us not of the tameness of plodding application; despise not *laborious* accumulations of knowledge, and patient appliances of thought, because sometimes sneeringly termed by the flippant and self-conceited the mere *mechanical* results and efforts of the mind. We have yet to learn that such have not ever been the distinguishing characteristics of *truly great men*. Let the consciousness of the limited range of his present attainments quicken the efforts of every youthful aspirant for the high prize of intellectual glory, and let him never forget that well-directed and *patient* exertion is *sure* to be ultimately and nobly rewarded.

W. H.

CANZONET.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY 'WHOSE SMILES HAD WON ME.'

I.

Ah ! wherefore dwells such heavenly grace
In each exterior part ?
Why, when that smile upon thy face,
Love's image, dearest, seems to trace,
Ah ! why so cold thy heart ?

II.

So when the sun's enlivening ray
Surveys December's scene,
On frozen streams the glad beams play,
The icy surface melts away,
But all is hard within.

T. C.

INDIAN SKETCHES AND LEGENDS.

NUMBER TWO.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE treaty of 1827 was held, as I have said in Number One, at *Le Petit Batt de Mort*. It is not usual for a narrator to go backward; I must beg permission, however, to take a retrograde step on this occasion.

The starting place, for Green Bay, was Detroit. At that place, the senior commissioner had provided all that was necessary, in supplies, etc. On reaching Mackinac, we were met by rumors. The Indians, it was said, were in motion. Hostile indications were reported. Upon reaching Green Bay, these rumors were multiplied. The treaty-ground was forty miles above Fort Howard; the supplies were ordered to be sent up, and every thing to be got in readiness for the business of the mission. The Indians, although notified in time, were, as Indians always are, slow in coming in. The delay on this occasion was resolved in part into the unsettled state of affairs along the borders, whence the rumors had sprung. A movement was determined on, the object of which was to call off the Indians from the objects which it appeared had excited their attention, and which threatened the peace of the frontier. The plan was this: The elder commissioner was to ascend the Fox River, cross the Portage, and pass down the Ouisconsin, thence up to Prairie du Chien, and while he ascertained the true state of things, send invitations among the remaining bands to come in to the treaty. Thence he was to descend the Mississippi, and return by the way of the Illinois and Chicago, and ascertain the feelings of the Potawatomes, who had been reputed as restless, and extend a like invitation to them. The junior commissioner was to cross the head waters of Lake Michigan, touch at Mackinac, and pass on to the Saut de St. Marie, and gather the dispositions of the Indians of those regions. It was arranged to meet at Green Bay in a fortnight.

The trip to the *Saut* was made; and at the time appointed, the junior commissioner, through storms and amidst lake billows in his bark canoe, reached the opening into Fox River: his voyagers were in high spirits, and, as is their custom, were *chanting*. The flag of the frail bark was flying from the stern, which distinguished it from the trader's canoe. The songs and the flag had reached the ears and eyes of the garrison at Fort Howard; and when opposite that fortress, the gates were thrown suddenly open, and several officers came running out, waving their hands, and evidencing some anxiety. The order was given, 'Turn in!' The wharf was soon reached — when, and before the salutations were passed, it was announced that a rumor had come in by way of the Portage, bringing intelligence that the senior commissioner had been fired upon by a party of Indians — that his cook and two of his men were killed — and that he had been made prisoner! What was to be done? No time was to be lost. All was anxiety and deep feeling. The direction from the junior commissioner was: '*Man your fort with as many men as may be necessary for its defence, and with the remainder push instantly into the Indian country, and rescue the com-*

missioner. *I will raise a party of Indians, and accompany you.*' The proposition was received as gallant men might be expected to receive it, and the junior commissioner pushed off to *Shanty Town*, (Menominee Village,) three miles up Fox River, to prepare for the expedition. He found the inhabitants in a state of great alarm. Preparations were immediately put on foot by a general warning to defend the place, while the women were preparing to take refuge in the fort. Presently a runner came in. He was soon surrounded. Taking from his bosom a paper, he handed it to the hand nearest to him. It was from the elder commissioner. It dissipated the rumor of the attack, and of his captivity, but confirmed the hostile movements of a portion of the Indians. He had reached *Prairie du Chien*, just on the heel of the murderer of *Gagnier*, etc., and with his usual promptitude garrisoned the fort as well as he could, by mustering up the old guns, and directing the settlers of the *Prairie* to go into it, whilst he would descend the Mississippi to St. Louis, and on his way engage the services of the Sac and Fox Indians, and send them on as auxiliaries to protect the place, and on his arrival at St. Louis, confer with General Atkinson upon ulterior measures. General Atkinson put his troops in motion. The elder commissioner ascended the Illinois, coasted the southern shore of Lake Michigan, and arrived in about the same time that a steam-boat could have accomplished the route in safety at Green Bay.

It was determined to hold the treaty. From a thousand to twelve hundred Indians had by this time assembled. A despatch was sent to the village that *Four-legs*, a chief whose village was at Lake Winnebago, had been on the treaty ground, and carried himself rather insolently. An attack on those charged with the property for the treaty was anticipated by *Four-legs* and his band. The junior commissioner ascended the river, and was followed immediately by a six-pounder, and additional force. He remained a night and a day, and seeing nothing to confirm the rumor, returned to the Bay.

Beside fulfilling the original design of the treaty, it was agreed to use the occasion to demand the murderers who had killed *Gagnier*, and butchered his family; to announce that General Atkinson was ascending the Mississippi in great force, and that a way would be cut through their country, in case of their refusal to give up the murderers — not with axes but guns.

Negotiations were meanwhile opened with the officer in command of Fort Howard to ascend the Fox River, and form a junction at the Portage with General Atkinson's command. This was agreed to, just at the conclusion of the treaty, upon condition that one hundred Indians should be raised to act as flankers, etc.

The night before the council at the *Butt de Mort* broke up, was one of much anxiety. War rumors and threatened attacks had become so common as to be disregarded — but on the evening preceding the breaking up of the council, a *Wabanaukie* Indian woman gave notice that we were to be attacked. In confirmation of her intelligence, she gave out that the Winnebagoes had been seen the night before proposing to exchange lead for powder; and this was confirmed by the whetting of knives during the greater part of the night. The guard was doubled, and the usual quantity of sleep was enjoyed by those who were not upon that duty.

The senior commissioner had returned by the way of Mackinac to Detroit. A meeting was appointed to be held at Green Bay the day after his departure. The junior commissioner, in company with the Indian Agent, and some others, met the Indians who had been deputed for the purpose. The first words old Four-legs uttered, was a request for a supply of powder! He was answered: 'You shall have it — *but* if you do not consent to give up the murderers, you will get it *in smoke, and with bullets* — not in kegs or powder-horns.' Nothing conclusive was decided on. This looked ominous. Immediately a call was made for one hundred Indians to accompany the New-York troops. They came in, painted for war. It required strong measures to keep them from striking on the spot. They were told the first man that fired a gun without orders, would be hung on the tree nearest at hand.

The force that ascended the river to make a junction with General Atkinson, was composed of one hundred and ten regulars; twenty-eight militia; forty-nine Wabanaukies, or Indians of the East, (New-York Indians,) and one hundred and twelve Menominees — total, two hundred and ninety. This force left Green Bay, in barges, on Thursday evening, the 23d August, 1827.

The way being now fairly open for *incidents*, I promise them in my next. M.

THE ATLANTIC.

Highway of Nations! from all impost free,
Clasped in the broad embrace of every zone —
Garners of empires pour their wealth to thee,
And Commerce makes thy bounding breast her throne!
And what a change! — the wo-worn colony
Thy rough waves stranded on a shore unknown,
Have peopled, hewed, and lent the forest wings,
And launched them on thy depths, to ride like bannered kings.

And I have floated 'neath their ensign's fold,
For many a glad hour, ocean, over thee;
I love them, free of soul, and proud and bold,
And full of honor's stainless chivalry —
Sailors 'in heart and hand' — waves never rolled
Beneath more true-born children of the sea:
Long may their flag, young Freedom's pledge and sign,
Wave, in her glorious name, its azure over thine.

Thou heaving wilderness, whose curling hills
Created with foam, sweep on before me now,
The hand of Him whose word thy going wills,
Hath typed his anger on thy writhing brow;
And in thy calms his love — his love which fills
Ten thousand realms where thou shalt never flow;
Love that oft casts the vengeful sword away,
And smiling stoops from heaven, to rob thee of thy prey.

Sea of a hundred shores! — blest be the breeze
That wafted me unto thy mightiest one,
Where despot may not come, and human knees
Are bent to the Omnipotent alone;
No captives here in desert prisons freeze,
Nor fettered vassals pine in cells of stone,
But from his sacred home man walks abroad,
Erect, unchallenged, free — the image of his God!

PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN POETRY.

Colman's Review

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PROSE OF MILTON,' 'JEREMY TAYLOR,' ETC.

THERE is no bitterer injustice than the injustice of a nation to itself. When an individual, by a false estimate of his own faculties, or a misdirection of them, errs in the conduct of life, and strays from the paths of success and honor, there is but one mind, one being it may be, utterly blighted — and we thank Heaven that the ruins may end there; but when a nation, millions in number, and resistless in efficacy for good or evil, abandons the great track of improvement, and plunges from it into the wastes around, we cannot, we dare not, estimate the error.

The error is single and it is collective. First, it destroys the national character itself, that great fountain of vigor and glory — then, rebounding, and coursing its way through smaller channels, it hath a tendency to poison individual bosoms, to overthrow each single stone in its structure. The glass in which the nation was wont once to look upon its own majestic form and attributes, when thus broken into fragments, becomes a scattered mirror, in which each one singly views his own fallen aspect.

These remarks are perhaps too monitory; but a voice of warning is needed. A strong hand must be put forth in these times to draw back reader and writer, governors and governed, from that hard and stony philosophy into which they are all rapidly descending. There is the duty of delaying as well as the duty of urging on the march of the age. It is one thing to hasten to conquest — another to be hurried away to destruction and death. The former is the pleasanter as well as the wiser speed. Nothing we think is clearer, than that great thoughts and enterprises are the result of deep and slow meditation, although sometimes, we acknowledge, inspiration may do the work of labor, and a happy instinct be a surer and swifter guide to achievement than midnight and wasting study.

But with the mass of men — the great multitude and the small multitude — the image of success (which is the world's most worshipped idol,) is wrought out of the solid rock, with many a long sigh and many a heavy stroke. The pinnacle whereon reposeth Fame — in that glorious and attractive attitude which wins every eye — is not to be reached in a day's journey by a steam car.

The great fault of the present age is the velocity with which it moves. It cannot, as did the best of its predecessors, hang with rapture for a whole year over a single poem, studying its beauties until they passed into its very soul, and fixed them in its own hues forever. It cannot and will not weigh in the nice balance of a critical and cautious taste each line and syllable of a gifted work, spelling its way into the inner mysteries which the poet hath framed for the delight of those only who have the perseverance and the penetration needful to their discovery. Readers are thus superficial, and by a natural reaction, writers become so. 'It is in vain,' they reason, 'to elaborate and polish thoughts, if they are to be merely glanced at, and then thrown aside as the toys of a season — in vain to cast away the toil of years upon those who are either too tasteless or too hurried to do it justice.' Poetry, whether it be denied or

not, it is clear is viewed by the world with different eyes from those which perused it in the days of the Roman Virgil, or the English Milton. This is not the age of epics—it is the age for no long poem. Fragments of the divine art—broken rills from the celestial fountain—are all that it can lend the time to contemplate. The fame of but two or three of our living poets is based upon large and extended productions. They are judged—the mass of them—by the solitary brick, rather than by the complete building. Bryant's effusions are all brief—Hal-leck's likewise; and when Mrs. Sigourney ventured lately to publish a poem* longer than is the custom of the day, it received comparatively but limited praise, and (we will warrant) still more limited perusal.

Another obvious cause of the little regard with which poetry is received at present, is, that there is no leading genius engaged in its walks—no predominant and popular mind, chaining the world to its car—going forth in mid-day brightness, and lending a light and a halo to the feeblest satellites which revolve around it. The general question of the present state of poetry, however, is not the one into which we are now called more particularly to enter. The condition of American poetry—the causes which hold it fixed in that condition—its regeneration and prospects—these are topics important and comprehensive enough to demand all the attention and powers we can at present devote to any.

And first, of its present condition. The Puritans, who were the eldest voyagers to the new world, were men of a cold temperament, generally, though enthusiastic on those subjects which more immediately concerned or interested them. They possessed but little imagination; and the only glow which ever colored their passionless features was the glow of excited religion, or aroused independence. They had but few thoughts for, and little acquaintance with the muse. Contemporary England, however, was at the time of their arrival in this country illuminated with poets. 'Why then,' it is often in a half-triumphant tone asked, 'why then were the colonies so barren?' The answer is simply, that the poets who then wrote and shone in England, were the select spirits from a population of many millions, while the American chances for such spirits were as far less as the population of the new country.

From these two reasons, therefore, it is not surprising that no imaginative geniuses appeared during the time of the Puritans, or in the age of their immediate successors. And when the difficulties of the first settlements were vanquished, and the States began to grow apace in numbers and prosperity, their attention was directed to subjects involving their deepest and dearest interests. Independence, National Rights, the equal privileges of men, were the topics which stirred their bosoms, and ran like flame over the country, kindling high desires and determined resolves wherever they touched.

Did none of these awakening themes elicit poetical power? Did no American Milton spring into existence, to call on the nation, in a voice of eloquent thunder, in the name of Liberty to arouse? They did come forth, not exactly in the garb or with the bearing of Milton; they came forth armed with that kind of poetry which the necessities of the times required; with sharp and ready humor—barbed invective—with a

comic and satiric force which for its purpose and success has never been elsewhere surpassed. A *McFingal* then was more serviceable, and of higher value, than an *Odyssey* or a *King Lear*. The country has always from the beginning furnished imagination adequate to its actual demands. It has embodied it in the wit of Trumbull and Greene—in the overmastering eloquence of Henry—in the felicitous apoloques and illustrations of Franklin. When the Revolution with its glories passed away, another stage of action opened upon the American people—the stage of busy enterprise—of strife with hardships, and of attempts to recover from the inevitable disasters of a protracted war. They did recover, and passed from that stage to a farther one, where it is the business and the duty of the scene to hoard wealth and treasure. Unfortunately for the art which we are humbly advocating, they are on that stage of action still.

The words of a recent writer on the influence which the contention for money exercises on the progress of poetry among us, are so apposite and correct, that we cannot refrain from quoting them here.

'The fact is, that the causes of our deficiency in works of poetry, as well as in other departments of literature, are to be looked for, not in any imaginary want of the outward elements of inspiration, or of the inward sympathies that feel and appreciate them, and the genius which gives them expression, but in the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and under which we grow up, and in the general necessity by which we are impelled to action. So many opportunities of honorable enterprise are presented to our young men, and such are the diverting prospects held out to them, that they often lose in the excitement of politics, or the bustle of trade, those poetic aspirations which they may have at one time cherished. In this new country, where the most lavish resources of nature and art are being daily developed,

'All is busy, stirring, stormy motion,
And many a cloud drifts by, but none sojourns.'

We have no time to 'strictly meditate the thankless muse.' A new railroad may interfere with the progress of a new poem, and the turmoil of election may not chime with the melody of verse. A good poet in this country often subsides into a second-rate politician, or he may turn his attention from speculations in fancy to speculation in the stocks. One of our most enchanting bards is in the 'cotton trade and sugar line'—another is a cashier in a bank—and another (*proh pudor!*) is a partisan editor.'

The regeneration of American poetry is to be wrought out, then, by the solemn consecration of great minds to its duties and requirements. It is to be accomplished by the hurling forth from the temple of their thoughts every idol and image of mammon—by the renunciation, firmly and perseveringly, of political strife and party conflicts. These are but negative steps; this is preventive but not altogether remedial. Positive labor, resolute and stern work, is to be performed. The poet who would be the literary redeemer of the land, must not only dis sever himself from the base associations of the day, but he must kindle new altars at which his inmost soul may worship. He must cast his eye back through the past—far forward through the future. The present, the mighty spirit which holds in either hand the destinies of a world, must be searchingly communed with. But chiefest of all, he

must have a reverence and regard for Liberty, which is enlightened, fervent, and omnipotent over his mind and affections. He must know her as she has lived in past ages — on the mountain and in the valley; as she breathed and fought on the plains of Marathon, and as she raised her divine countenance from the wreck of the dark ages, and brightened in the English revolution. Above all and beyond all, let him peruse her records as they are written out in the prosperity of his *NATIVE LAND* — as they are perused in letters of blood, in the chronicles of our own great revolutionary struggle.

If the comprehension and determination of the coming or any generation of American Poets be such, how glorious, how brightening the dawn which opens on the national eye! Shall it be in our day, or shall it be reserved for our fortunate successors, the glad and grateful privilege of beholding the lights of verse shining from every hill top along our borders, and filling the air with a new glory, and exciting in the people's heart a chivalric heroism in the arts of peace — an onward and an upward buoyancy of soul, which shall bear them to nobler purposes, higher destinies, and more perfect triumphs, than they have yet striven for or achieved?

When shall he arise who, by the strong power and melody of a mighty muse, shall win the nation from its eager and unsatisfying chase after wealth, and the dependencies of life? When shall his voice sound through the dark void of our present condition, and lure the earth-worm from his vain devotion at the feet of an idol whose front is brass and whose body is gold? Some masterly mind, carrying for a time all in the tide of its resistless strength, is needed to redeem and renovate; some strong arm to turn aside the chariot from its iron and monotonous track into the green paths of nature and truth. It will come, (if the planets deceive us not,) it shall come — for there are those now on this side the Atlantic, and but recently arrived on the shore of being, who, studying the language, its capacities and beauties — the country, its career, its majesty, its outward form and fashion of mountains and waters — believe that around them and in them lie the elements of poetry and poems, in an opulence and a splendor which the world cannot surpass.

C. M.

FOLLY OF MISANTHROPY.

LET lachrymose philosophers
 This glorious world decry;
 There's not a wind the flower that stirs,
 A tint that stains the sky,
 Or aught in earth, or air, or sea,
 But for our good was given:
 This world was formed by God to be
 The vestibule of Heaven.

J.

ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

NUMBER FIVE.

'And I have made me idols, and found them clay.'

'God bless you, Bob!' said the driver to the 'gentleman' who had been assisting him in arranging the baggage in the boot of the coach: 'he'll do it, since *you* ask it,' answered a rough, harsh voice; 'and Bill, my darling, take care of yourself, will you, for *my* sake?' Crack! went the whip, and the coach moved on for a few yards, and then stopped. 'Holloa, Bob!' shouted the driver. In a moment his friend was by his side. 'I say, Bob, my dear fellow, that brandy was *very* strong, and as it's a bad night to sleep in the streets, there's no telling what may happen. Wont you just give me a lock of your hair to keep until I get back?' 'Haw! — haw! — haw!' shouted Bob, and away we moved. It was just thirty minutes past one o'clock, of a wet and cold night, in South Market-street, Albany, that this affectionate parting took place. I had been sleeping in my chair, waiting for the stage from ten until one o'clock; and when at length, three hours after the usual time of starting, the vehicle reached the door of the American Hotel, I tumbled into it, and lay stretched upon the back seat in a half doze, trying to unite the broken thread of the dream which had been severed by its arrival. The interview between the driver and his friend Bob, although it made me laugh in my sleep, did not completely arouse me, and I dreamed on, until the coach stopped, and the driver informed us that we had reached Troy.

I was thinking how foolish I had been to complain of the two lumps in the middle of the bed I had occupied at the hotel, when there was so much room to sleep on either side of them, and how much I *really* would pay down in cash for the privilege of exchanging my present upright position and hard seat for the uneven couch aforesaid, when the driver opened the coach door, and asked me to make room for a lady on the back seat. I was wide awake in a moment. 'Thomas, did you bring my band-box down from the school?' asked a low and I thought young voice. 'Yes, here it is, Miss Smith,' answered some one beyond the driver. The lady ascended the steps, and as the dim light from the lantern, which the coachman held in his hand, rested for a moment on her, I strained first my eyes and then my neck to catch a glimpse of her face; but I was unsuccessful, and was only able to ascertain that she was small, of a slight figure, and that she wore a little cottage bonnet. But this was quite enough. I have a theory about bonnets, and I had long previously laid it down as an axiom, that a cottage bonnet *prima facie* shades a pretty or at least a young face, while *vice versa*, an old or an ugly countenance seeks the deep shade of a 'poke.' The lady, then, was young. Of this I was satisfied, from the tones of her voice. She was pretty. Her bonnet settled that. And beyond and better 'than this, than these, than all,' she was unmarried. Don't you recollect, reader, the man called her *Miss Smith*, when he answered her inquiries about the band-box?

'I have it,' thought I; 'what a dunce I was, not to have surmised it before. There is a ladies' seminary in this city. She asked if her things had been brought down from 'the school.' She is some dear little creature, who resides within a day's ride of the city, going to visit her parents. Her father has not been able to leave his business to come for her, and her brothers are all off at college; and as the stage passes the door of her paternal home, it has been thought safe for her to make the journey alone. Poor little dear! — it is too bad to make her leave her soft pillow and sweet dreams, to ride alone with strangers on such a night as this! But I will be a protector to thee, sweet flower. I will be to thee even as a father and a brother. The storm that rages without shall not chill thy young blood — the wind which howls around us shall not 'visit too roughly' thy tender frame; and if thy strength waxes faint, and fatigue or drowsiness overcome thee, thou shalt close thine eyes and rest thy head on a bosom that will support thee as tenderly and faithfully as that on which thy infancy reposed.'

These were thoughts that fitted through my mind, while my fair companion was arranging her seat, as comfortably as circumstances permitted, by my side. In a few moments the coach was again in motion.

'I fear, Miss,' I remarked, as we reached the outskirts of the city, 'you will have an uncomfortable night of it.'

'O, no,' she replied, 'I am fully prepared for the ride, and I think I shall get through with it very well.'

A long pause ensued. 'The school in Troy is very full now, I understand?' again I essayed.

'Yes, Sir, we have now one hundred and thirty-five pupils, and others are arriving daily.'

Another pause succeeded, during which I congratulated myself on finding my surmises correct. 'Are you traveler enough,' I asked, 'to know that your comfort during the night will depend very much on keeping your feet warm?' And I bent down and gathered the straw from the bottom of the coach, and placed it over them.

She thanked me for my attention, and we rode on in silence. At length I began to grow drowsy, and at the same time observing the head of my companion begin to nod, I suggested to her that if she would lean against me, she would ride with greater ease. In a few moments her head fell upon my shoulder, and she seemed to sleep. 'Sleep on, sweet girl,' thought I; 'thy trusting confidence in a stranger is not misplaced. He appreciates thy unsuspecting innocence; he understands the unsophisticated purity of thy nature, and would sooner lay down his life than startle thee by word or deed from the full security thy guileless heart secures to thee.' An hour passed, and I stirred not, lest I should disturb the sleep of the gentle girl. My heart melted toward her; and as the moments hastened on, I grew yet more sleepy and loving. Occasionally I gave vent to my feelings in low, broken, whining inquiries of how she felt? — was she fatigued? — did she sleep well? — was her position easy? were her feet warm? etc., etc. I have never been able to satisfy myself whether I was dreaming a part of the time, or whether I was awake; but it appears to me that I never loved any human being with half the tenderness I felt for my sleeping companion. So strong indeed was my devotion, that I felt that I would have taken her, without farther know-

ledge, for the wife of my bosom, and have given her for life the place she then occupied by my side.

Another hour at length glided by. My drowsiness got the better of my love. Wearied with sitting in one position, I sank against the cushion on one side of the coach. My companion sank with me. My arm was around her; and thus encircling all that I then considered most desirable in life, I fell asleep.

The morning sun shone brightly in my face, and I awoke. A bonnet was bobbing in my face with every motion of the coach. My arm was around a cloak which seemed to cover a human figure. In a moment the recollection of my companion flashed across my mind. As I raised myself up, and attempted to look under the bonnet, a young Frenchman on the front seat, whom I an instant previously had observed with his features strangely distorted, gave a short dry laugh, and put his head out of the coach. I availed myself of the opportunity to look under the bonnet. Do not laugh, reader, but pity me. There was a little lean woman sleeping on my breast, with a dark beard on her upper lip, longer and more plentiful than that which disfigures the young exquisites of the day. Her chin and cheeks were covered with a substance lighter indeed in color, but quite as unequivocal in character. Farther of her personal appearance I cannot speak, for I did not extend my observations. What I have already described, was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. I awoke her, told her it was daylight, and sat her upright in the coach; but the next jolt brought her back again upon my shoulder, fast asleep. I again aroused her, but with the same result. I began to grow nervous. Cold chills ran over me. I besought the lady to awake — told her I was tired of holding her — and begged that she would sit upright. She said she would, but she did so for a moment only, and then fell back to her former position. This was more than I could bear; and I was debating in my mind whether I should jump out of the coach, or only on to the front seat, when the vehicle stopped at the hotel, which was the end of the route.

I HAVE just been thinking what a privilege it is to be poor and unknown, and what a blessing it is to be without a character. Nine-tenths of my enjoyments are such as are not attainable by the wealthy or great. They are such as are not permitted to those who have character, and reputation, and station to sustain. The great pass through life on a high horse. They sit erect. Their heads are elevated, and they move proudly on to their graves, without knowing or feeling a thousandth part of the beauties of the world in which they have lived. I, on the other hand, with my characterless, poverty-stricken brethren, make the journey of life on foot. We hasten not on our way; we take it easy; we cull the flowers which grow along our path; we avoid the briars and thorns which obstruct it; and when we come to a sunny or a pleasant spot, we sit down and enjoy its beauties, and take the refreshment and rest that our necessities may require.

These are my 'general remarks.' I most usually make it a practice to preface what I have to say with some of them. Somebody, in giving advice to magazine writers, advises them to commence any where in their subject that is most convenient, and even at once to jump in

medias res. Now I do not approve of this mode of doing things. It is like the abominable habit some of our tale writers have, of commencing in the middle of their story and telling it out both ways to a beginning and end. No, I like system; and for that reason I hold to the good old custom of prefacing particular observations with a few general remarks. But to leave them, and go into detail.

Oftentimes when I have taken my station in front of Colman's window, with my elbows resting on the iron bar that projects before it, for the purpose of examining at my leisure the various specimens of the arts which he daily displays for the gratification of the public — oftentimes, I say, when I have been so stationed, have I seen the man of consequence, as he wended his way slowly down to his office in Wall or Pearl-street, turn his eyes wistfully toward the splendid display with which I was gratifying my senses, look cautiously around to see if any of his acquaintances were near, stop for a moment, and before he had half gratified his curiosity, start suddenly and guiltily away, and pass on. 'Pass on,' I have said to myself, 'thou slave of custom — thou victim of pride — pass on, and leave the pearls that are scattered in thy path to those who have the good sense to appreciate them.' And then, after such a mental address, I have crowded into my place among the motley and ragged group of amateurs, and with them I have admired the taper legs of the sylph-like Taglioni, the graceful ringlets of Mrs. Wood, have expressed my astonishment at the sublime conceptions of Martin, and pointed out to my less informed neighbors the faults in his 'Belshazzar's Feast' — have laughed at the comic power of Cruikshank, examined the gorgeous binding of the books, the wonderful chess-men, the racing scenes, and the views of the North River. After a critical dispute with some hatless *cognoscenti* about the merits of a favorite artist, I move slowly and leisurely along, finding at every step food for my eyes and ears, and not unfrequently, through the kindness of the apple women, food for my stomach.

If at the next corner I discover a fight, I join the ring, and take upon myself the duties of master of ceremonies. I hold the hats and coats of the combatants, (for I am sorry to say that some of my fellow citizens are not to be trusted with such articles, they having the unworthy habit of abstracting from them handkerchiefs and pocket-books, and sometimes even disappearing with the articles themselves,) keep the circle wide and roomy, pull a man off when he has got his adversary down, see that there is no gouging or biting, and in a general way conduct the affair in such a manner that each party has fair play.

I am always on hand when a man is run over, or falls from a building, help carry him to the nearest apothecary's shop, and am always one of those who are inside when the door is closed. By these means, I have an opportunity of seeing where the man is hurt, and what are his prospects of recovery, what remedies are applied, how he bears his misfortunes, and thus gain a great deal of useful information.

I attend the parades of the 'Light Guards,' and the 'Tompkins Blues,' see them go through with their manoeuvres and drills, and thus pick up a little knowledge of the art of war, to place at the service of my country, in time of need. When the 'Brass Band' comes out with either of the above mentioned companies, I am not too proud to march along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music.

It does me good. It excites my martial spirit; it arouses my 'American feelings;' it causes me to think of the revolution; it calls to mind 'the times that tried men's souls;' in short, it makes me a more patriotic citizen, and a greater lover of my country.

I attend all the fires — am a great admirer of Engine No. 14, and Mr. Gulick. I am an honorary member of the company No. 14, and am in favor of retaining Mr. Gulick in his office of chief engineer. I only work at the engine when there is a lack of hands, my general occupation at fires being of a superintending character. I help females and small children to escape from the flames, take care of valuable packages that are thrown into the street, pick up pieces of china and looking-glasses that are cast down for preservation from the upper stories, and see how a stop is finally put to the flames.

I go very frequently to funerals — particularly if there are carriages in attendance. When I see an invitation in the newspapers closing thus, 'BY Carriages in front of St. Paul's at precisely 4 P. M. ~~AND~~' I am punctual to the minute, select a good hack, and oftentimes mourn as sincerely for a man I never saw, as those whom he loved when living, and remembered when dying. There is nothing improbable in this avowal. I mourn for each and every one who dies, for I am sorry that they are obliged to leave this pleasant world of ours, the pursuits which engrossed them, the pleasures which occupied them, and all the thousand endearing ties which draw upon the hearts even of the most lonely and desolate.

I take great interest in the improvement and increase of the city. No citizen, public or private, has been more solicitous than I about the green posts and chains in the Park, or more anxious concerning the introduction of 'pure and wholesome water.' For the last two years, I have been a supernumerary superintendent of the erection of Astor's Hotel. Every morning I would go and contemplate the progress of the preceding day. I made the acquaintance of the master-builder, and obtained a great deal of information from him relative to the detail of the edifice. The little square windows on the Vesey-street side have alone baffled my inquiries. I cannot imagine for what purpose they are there, and the builder is exceedingly close-mouthed on the subject. I used frequently to go down to the new custom-house, but I am out of patience with the slow progress the builders make, and now seldom inspect it oftener than once a week. The only other uneasiness I have, connected with public buildings, is the great window in the University. It has been boarded up for more than a year; and I am fearful there are not funds sufficient left to pay for its glazing.

These are a few of my occupations and amusements; and they are such as the man of character or the proud man knows not. They are engrossed with themselves, and see not and care not, what the world is doing, farther than it effects their immediate interests. Their natural tastes are curbed, their impulses are restrained, and their real feelings concealed. Their whole life is a mask. They are 'star'-actors on the world's stage, while we poor, unwashed, unvaccinated gentlemen are the 'supernumeraries.' They have an arduous and difficult character to sustain, while we have only to hear their ranting, and sing a chorus to their songs. They are obliged continually to look and act their parts, while we can crack a joke with the pit, ogle the side-boxes, and ever have a little fun among ourselves.

I HAVE a great taste for music — of the kind that Willis would perhaps denominate *unwritten music* — not that spoken of by Cox, in his article in the *Mirror*, published a few weeks since, made by the wind's blowing on an oak tree, or the summer breeze whistling over a meadow. I tired of that when I was a boy, and lived in the country. What I call unwritten music, is such as has never been marked and dotted out on five straight lines — such as cannot be bought at Atwill's — such as is never thumbed by the young miss who yawns at her piano. Reader, if you want to hear unwritten music, go down to the docks, find a ship from New-Orleans with a negro crew, sit down on a cotton bag, and you will hear, while she is unloading, airs that will haunt you for weeks afterward. You will see half a dozen stout fellows, with lungs like a boss chimney-sweep, and wind like a bellows, pulling at the rope which raises the cargo from the hold, keeping time to the air which is sung by their ship-mate who coils away, and at the end of every half minute join in the chorus with a heartiness and power that is most edifying to hear and behold. Unwritten music is to be heard every where. The shoe-maker keeps time to it, as he pulls out his long waxed-ends; the porter walks to it; it regulates the strokes of the blacksmith, when the heated iron sparkles upon his anvil; the black cook hums it, as she turns the spit, and it is ever falling from the lips of the young, the lovely, the innocent and the gay.

Music of all kinds, written or unwritten, is to be had in this city in great quantities, and at various prices. It costs a dollar to hear Mrs. Wood sing at the Park Theatre; seventy-five cents to hear Mr. Rice execute 'Jim Crow' at the Bowery; and for fifty cents we can hear 'Sittin' on a Rail' *done* by the great composer himself, at the Franklin. But the cheapest music that I know of, is to be heard before Peale's Museum:

'O 'tis my delight, of a shiny night,
In a season of the year'

like this, when the warm south breeze comes lazily up the bay, comforting the poor fellows who have been shivering through the late long winter, insinuating itself through the rents in their pantaloons, and the holes in their coats, and making their naked limbs to rejoice with its genial influence; the south breeze is no coy dame, whose kiss is reserved for her lord alone; no dainty maiden, whose breath is only felt upon the cheek of her lover. Its influence is experienced alike by all — the rich, the poor, the high, the lowly. It wanders over the lips of the young and the lovely, and it breathes upon the ghostly and the decrepid; it kisses the soft and glowing cheek of beauty, and the pale face of the sick and dying; in wanton playfulness, it scatters the golden tresses of the youthful and favored of fortune, and it passes on to lift the gray and matted locks of the old and desolate, and 'poor and needy, —'

But as I was saying, it is my delight at this particular season of the year to take my seat on the stone foundation of the park fence, opposite Peale's Museum, and listen to the music which is there nightly discoursed. Our audience is large, and not what perhaps would be called select. But we are all amateurs, really and unaffectedly fond of music. We assemble not to show ourselves, 'to see and be seen,' but to hear. Any little difficulties that it might naturally be supposed would arise about seats, are avoided by the high-toned and conciliating spirit of

the audience. The regulations of the street are well settled and well known. There are no 'Front seats reserved for the ladies,' no private boxes, no 'Seats taken in box No. 2,' or 'No. 13.' There are no noisy cries, such as disturb the audience at other places of amusement — no calls of 'Trollope!' as at the 'Park' — no yells of 'Down in front!' as at the 'Bowery' — no cries of 'Hats off!' as at the 'Broadway Tabernacle' — no 'joining in the chorus by the audience,' as at the 'Franklin.' All is decency and order. Every thing is regulated by the great and glorious principle of *equality*. The gentleman who first gets the best seat, keeps it as long as he pleases, and when he vacates it, the one who happens to be nearest, takes it. The best seats are on the foundation of the fence, and as I usually go early, I generally secure one there. Next to these, the curb-stone is considered the most eligible. After this, come the leaning places, such as lamp-posts, pillars of the fence, etc. The performance commences at 'early candle-lighting,' and continues generally until about eleven o'clock. The well known modesty of the performers forbids me to speak of them in the terms my gratitude would prompt; but I may be permitted to remark, that better music can no where be heard for less money. If I might be allowed to make a distinction, where distinctions are always invidious, I would say that the gentleman who performs on the clarionet, and he who blows the French horn, are both of them performers of peculiar power, and great wind. Indeed the audience, some few evenings since, came very near having some difficulty; in fact we did have a little row with the gentlemen who frequent the walk in front of 'The American Museum,' about these two performers. It was asserted by the gentlemen from the American Museum, that the Fiddle and Horn down there played 'Oft in the Stilly Night' better than the Clarionet and Horn at Peale's. After going down to the American Museum, and hearing the air performed there, we brought the gentlemen in the opposition up to our own band. We waited patiently until the tune was played entirely through, and then finding that our opponents did not yield the point to us, we undertook to box their ears a little, in the hope that it might improve their hearing. At this they were offended, and commenced a quarrel, which at length grew so serious, that a large portion of the assemblage found lodgings for the night in the rear of the City Hall, and in the morning were subjected to a very officious questioning from Mr. Justice Lowndes.

M.

AN INVITATION.

Come forth to walk where the new-fallen shower
 To every flower in beaded beauty cleaves,
 And like a bride with diamonds for her dower,
 Seems the pale aspen with its jewelled leaves:
 Come! — morn's soft breezes through the orchards play,
 Wakening the blossoms from their odorous dreams;
 From the dark marts of mammon flee away,
 Come — to the breathing flowers and laughing streams!

J. B.

THE RESCUE:

OR THE INUNDATION OF SAINT PETERSBURG.

IT was about the meridian of an unusually warm day for the November of a Russian winter, when two horsemen were seen slowly skirting the still expanse of Lake Peipus, on the road from Riga to St. Petersburg, which for some distance sweeps round its western margin. The scene was not devoid of romantic beauty. On one side the prospect was shut in by a forest of majestic pines, which, with their dark tufted foliage of bluish green, shaking and rustling in the light breeze that swept through their lofty tops, were the sole representatives of vegetation in the wintry landscape. To the left, and far before, stretching away until lost in the hazy horizon, lay the glossy and motionless lake, the level monotony of its vast frozen surface, which would otherwise have been painful to the eye, being at intervals relieved and enlivened by the picturesque form of a Livonian peasant, in his gay camease, sheep-skin tunic, and leggings of linden bark, darting on his rude skates from point to point, athwart its polished sheen.

The travelers were both young; probably neither of them had seen his five-and-twentieth summer. They were drest, with a few national exceptions, in English costume, and possessed in common, that undefinable air and bearing which we intuitively recognise as the stamp of high caste. But here all resemblance terminated: though both handsome, they were strikingly dissimilar in form and features; and as they rode along, side by side, the one apparently absorbed in melancholy reverie, the other ever and anon pouring forth the exuberant gayety of a light heart, in a snatch of some merry popular ballad, a greater contrast, as regarded temperament, could be with difficulty imagined. The last mentioned of the two youths was considerably the taller and more athletic; his fine soldier-like figure, well displayed in a close-fitting surtout, trimmed with fur, and the frank expression of his manly Saxon features, set off by a tasseled crimson velvet cap, poised lightly on the thick sunny curls which clustered round his fair broad brow, were well calculated to win golden opinions from all sorts of — *women*. His companion, who was more slightly, perhaps more elegantly proportioned, was clad in a similar habit, somewhat less *effectively* arranged. His well-defined, calm, dark features were a perfect model of intellect in repose; but while their general and apparently habitual expression was subdued and gentle, the close observer might have detected in the large poetic eye, and the quiet firmness of the moustached upper lip, the indices of energy more lofty, than the careless courage mirrored in the countenance of his more sanguine comrade. The wayfarers, judging from the jaded appearance of their steeds, had travelled many a weary verst since dawn, and of the *unmacadamized* nature of their path, the apparel of the former, and the mired fetlocks and smoking flanks of the latter, bore conclusive evidence. Some occasional interjections of disappointment from the taller of the travelers, as he stood erect in his stirrups to take a survey of the scenery in advance, seemed to imply that the appearance of some habitation, affording probabilities of a comfortable meal, would, in his eyes, have been no disparagement to the natural beauties of the prospect. For

the last two or three versts, his *reconnoissances* had become more frequent, his interjectional murmurs more emphatic; and when, after leaving the windings of the lake, he beheld a long straight vista of forest road, extending as far as the eye could pierce, without disclosing a single hut, or even a wreath of smoke on which to hang the hope of a dinner, his impatience found vent in something which savored of the ungodly, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed:

'I wish to heaven, Alexis, we could spy an *auberge*; there should be one near here, if my recollection fail me not: poor Ukraine,' he continued, patting the neck of his strong Tartar steed, 'is staggering with the fatigue of plunging through this morass, called by courtesy a road, and I am voracious. You, who have appeared to be etherealizing in the seventh heaven for the last half hour, do not, I presume, condescend to be hungry.'

'Why truly, Ivan,' replied his friend, 'I fear I am but dull society for you; but remember, if my thoughts wander, it is only from you to those who are nearest and dearest to *your* heart, as well as mine.'

'I have no alternative but to admit the excuse; but why with the anticipation of speedily meeting 'all that is nearest and dearest,' and so forth, you should look as melancholy as an exile on his route to Siberia, is an anomaly I find it difficult to comprehend.'

'My dear Ivan, I tremble lest I should have misconstrued your sister's partiality. It is now five years since we left St. Petersburg; she may long since have ceased to think of my boyish passion in a serious light; she may reject —'

Pshaw! my dear fellow — reject? Did the letter from Catherine which I showed you at Riga, look like rejection? The saints defend me from poet-lovers! They are the most incredulous, lachrymose, self-tormenting bipeds on the globe. Thank the virgin, I never but once overstepped the latitude of sober prose; in a misguided hour, I was rash enough to pen a sonnet to a fair Muscovite, with whom I was smitten, and after having devoted a week to its composition, and subsequent embellishment, the friend to whom I showed it informed me the first nine lines were plagiarised from Derszhaven, upon which I threw it in the fire, and retired from the profession in disgust.'

'You do not then,' said Alexis, smiling, 'emulate the fame of your Teutonic ancestors, the famous 'Brothers of the Sword,' who, not satisfied with winning laurels from the Paynim in the stricken field, would oftentimes throw aside the death-dealing mace, and the heavy espaldron, for the love-discoursing lute, thus twining the bays of Apollo around the helmet of Mars.'

'No, the muse is not my forte,' returned Ivan. But, without this redeeming qualification, I fear I inherit from my Gothic ancestors a considerable portion of that intellectual obtuseness, which inclined them rather to the reckless pursuits which require firm heart and strong hand, than to what the Scotch call 'the humanities;' thus, while you return from the fair cities of the South, accomplished in arts as well as arms, I only bring back to my country the heart and hand of a rough, unpolished soldier.'

'I am afraid you are, as an Englishman would say, 'fishing for a compliment.''

'No, I only angle for those little delicacies among the daughters of Eve; or rather, I barter with them—the rate of exchange being generally as six to one in their favor. Flattery is the true *open scamm* to the female heart. Only learn the science of applying it discreetly, and from the stately signora of voluptuous Spain, to the wicked-eyed little grisettes of Paris, you may go on 'conquering and to conquer.'

'Well,—there certainly is a pleasure in drinking in the grateful glances of a pair of fine eyes, worth the harmless exaggeration which kindles them. But, to descend from the sentimental to the sensual—not so unnatural a transition as some people imagine—here is the post-house I have been looking for; let us consign our horses to yon two boors, and see what it contains.'

As he finished, the speaker sprang from his horse, and tossed the rein to the peasant who came up to receive it. Alexis followed his example, and they entered the inn, a spacious, rough-looking tenement, rudely constructed of pine logs. Making their way through an oblong hall, such as forms the vestibule of almost every Russian tavern, much to the discomfiture of the flocks of poultry which were feeding on its floor, they reached that part of the caravansery devoted to the entertainment of guests, and having seated themselves in the first of its long suite of apartments, Ivan called lustily for the hostess. She soon appeared, and speedily thereafter the friends were vigorously discussing the merits of part of a roast turkey, garnished by a dingy-looking loaf of barley bread, and flanked by a huge flagon of quass.

While the travelers are thus agreeably engaged, we will take the liberty of giving the reader a little farther insight into their history and purposes than he has been able to gather from their somewhat disjointed conversation.

They were both of noble blood and ancient race. With a spirit of inquiry and enterprise somewhat rare among their caste in Russia, they had left St. Petersburg five years before, for the purpose of making a tour of Southern Europe, and were now returning, the one deeply read in its classic lore, the other, who had little of the student in his composition, more *au fait* in the politics and tactics of the day, than the mysteries of Eld.

Count Alexis Zalewski was an orphan. His ancestors, for many centuries, had transmitted from father to son little other inheritance than the sword; and however inefficient that instrument might prove, to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family, not one of them ever dreamed of sullyng his high descent, by engaging in any occupation less aristocratic than cutting the throats of his fellow mortals. But the uncle of Alexis, to whose wardship he had been consigned by the decease of his parents, had more avarice than pride, and conceived that thriving amid contempt, was better than haughty starvation. He accordingly determined to sink the dignity of the *boïar* in the humble suavity of the merchant. Pursuant to this unchivalric resolution, he abandoned the sterile Finnish quagmire, dignified by the name of the family domain, took with him his nephew, then an infant, and sitting down among the growing crowds of St. Petersburg, philosophically bore the scorn and proscription of his order, in consideration of the immense sums he acquired by administering to their luxurious wants.

The young Alexis, as he grew up, disgusted by the narrow-mindedness of the class with whom his uncle was accustomed to associate, naturally sought companionship with youths of his own grade; and the old man, who was fond of him, deviating in this instance from his usual penurious habits, furnished him with the means of meeting them on terms of equality. He soon formed a friendship with a young noble about his own age, the fatherless scion of an ancient and honorable, but somewhat reduced house, and his intercourse with Ivan Viatka naturally led to an introduction to his mother and sister. In this society, the winged years of boyhood fled rapidly, and ere, in company with Ivan, he left St. Petersburg to complete his education abroad, he had won from the beautiful Catherine Viatka the confession that her brother's friend was not indifferent to her.

We will now rejoin the thread of our narration, broken for a moment to give this brief explanation.

The travelers having done justice to the viands set before them, and ascertained that their steeds had been fed and attended to, ordered the latter to be brought to the door, paid the reckoning, and prepared to resume their progress, intending to reach within an easy day's journey of their destination that night. They had just mounted, when a mujik, or peasant-artisan — for such the short-handled broad axe in his girdle, the almost universal tool of a Russian artificer, proclaimed him to be — walked up to the door of the inn, and with an obeisance which brought the tip of his patriarchal beard to his knee, inquired if the 'noble bñars were wending to St. Petersburg.' Being answered affirmatively, he continued:

'The great waters are out: Panitsa* is displeased; and has poured a great flood over the imperial city.'

'Merciful God!' exclaimed Alexis, shuddering; 'but how know you this? — when did you leave the capital?'

'I am only from Narva,' replied the peasant, 'where an express from the most gracious Tsar brought the tidings this morning.'

The young men waited not to hear more, but exchanging glances of mute emotion, with gloomy forebodings resumed their route, rapidly and in silence. At Narva, where they procured fresh cattle, the disastrous intelligence was confirmed; and as, by the light of a clouded moon, they urged their reluctant steeds over the dreary, snow-covered swamp which lay between that village and the autocratic city, the proofs of its truth, and of the fearful nature of the devastation, grew more and more appalling. The road, as they proceeded, was rendered almost impassable by crowds of vehicles, filled with both sexes, of every rank and age, hurrying in utter abandonment from their desolated homes. The cries of the wretched fugitives, mingled with the howlings of the wind as it wailed mournfully over the waste, conveyed a melancholy omen to the hearts of the travelers. Making their way with difficulty through the flying throng, it was broad day when they reached the outskirts of the town. For some time they had distinctly heard the booming of artillery, and the ringing of bells, warning the citizens whose domicils were yet uninvaded, that the element con-

* Originally a Slavonian deity, answering to Venus, whom the ignorant semi-Christianized boors have inducted to the calendar of saints, and invoke or deprecate on all momentous occasions.

tinued to rise: but now the hoarse roar of the strengthening flood blended with the signals of its increasing wrath; and at length, on reaching a little eminence where the road makes a sudden bend in the direction of the Fontanka canal, the deluged capital burst upon their gaze.

It was indeed a terrific scene. A strong westerly wind, which had fearfully increased during the last forty-eight hours, had driven back the Neva upon Lake Ladoga, till, urged on one side by the gale and the whole weight of the Gulf of Finland, on the other by the natural course of the stream from the waters of the lake, the conflicting currents of the vexed river had poured their accumulation of battling waves over its huge granite walls, with a sweep almost as sudden and destructive as when, at the signal of the Israelite, the upheaved billows of the Red Sea leapt down upon the chariots of the Pagan king! Every street was a canal — every square a lake; and vessels of a burden which a week before would scarcely have floated beside the quay, were dashing sailless and sailorless down the vast silent avenues, late the great arteries of population, echoing to the voice and tread of commercing thousands. Over the gilded spire of the Admiralty, — conspicuous from every quarter of the city — from the Winter Palace, and many of the churches, floated the white flag, the well-known beacon of the Neva's anger. Immense flocks of pigeons — birds almost sacred among the Russians, and which swarm in all their towns — were wheeling and hovering above, apparently in great dismay, and seeming, like their prototype of old, to find no rest for the soles of their feet.

Such is a broad picture of the scene, a part of which lay before the panic-stricken young noblemen, as they paused for a moment on the eminence before mentioned. What was to be done? The Countess Viatka and her daughter, as well as Paul Jaraslov, the uncle of Alexis, lived — if indeed they yet survived — in the Vassali Ostroff quarter, at the opposite extremity, and alas! in the lowest and most exposed part of the city. Brave men are never long irresolute. A few brief words determined the plan of operations; and almost the next instant, the friends were plunging through the most practicable streets in the required direction, the tall glittering cone of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, together with the still more lofty steeple of the Admiralty, serving as their land-marks. They had won but a short distance through the suburbs, with difficulty keeping their horse's heads to the current, which already touched the saddle-girths, when their chivalrous attempt had nearly met a quick and awful termination. An enormous body of water in their front, which had been dammed up by the very materials it had gathered in its course, suddenly, with a report like the discharge of a park of artillery, broke down the barrier of ruins which had sustained it, and in one level wave, more than breast high, burst down the avenue up which they were advancing. To shun or resist it were alike impossible. Almost ere they had time for a second breath, it was upon them, and they were mingling, man and horse, half suffocated, with the heterogeneous flotilla of wrecks which were borne upon its surge. Their first effort was to extricate themselves from their floundering steeds, which they had scarcely accomplished, when they were thrown with violence against a rostral column which stood on the outside of the pavé; on one of its projections they succeeded in maintaining their

hold, till the first impetus of the torrent passed by. The occurrence which had so nearly proved fatal to them, was in the event fortunate; for on recovering from the shock of the concussion, they beheld, between the pillar to which they clung and the opposite wall, a small boat which had drifted down with the flood, and seemed as if guided to that spot by Providence, for their deliverance and use.

'Thank God, there is yet hope!' exclaimed Ivan, as they succeeded in extricating the little skiff; 'this boat seems water-tight, and is a blessed exchange for our drowned cattle.'

The heart of Alexis was too full for words: he wrung his friend's hand in silence; then reaching him one of a pair of oars, fortunately left in the boat, sat down, and they both commenced pulling with vigorous strokes against the powerful current. Dashed about and impeded by innumerable eddies caused by the angles of the narrow streets, each of which formed the channel of a tributary stream, and momentarily dreading shipwreck, from the contact of some fragment of the ruin drifting or whirling past and around them, we must leave them to pursue their perilous voyage, while we take a glance at the situation of those whom they perilled their lives to save.

The overflow of the river, as previously stated, was unparalleled in its suddenness as well as extent. In one night, it had risen more than eleven feet! At eventide, it was so little swollen as to create no serious apprehension. Dawn broke upon a city half submerged! Multitudes werewhelmed in the first burst of destruction; thousands in the lower part of the capital, little less unfortunate, cut off from retreat almost ere they were cognizant of danger, were left to contemplate the insidious progress of the destroyer, and if some friendly bark came not to their rescue, to the certainty of a fate more lingering but not less sure.

Among the latter, were the Countess Viatka and her daughter. On the evening of that awful night, they had received a letter from Ivan, dated London, informing them that he and his friend were to sail the following day on their return to their long vacant places by the fireside of home. Full of happy auguries—having first gratefully thanked God for the joyous tidings—they sought their pillows; the maiden to anticipate, in rapturous dreams, the coming meeting with her lover and brother, the mother to muse with a more chastened joy on the approaching consummation of her cherished hopes. At midnight, they were roused by a loud crash, and a shock that made wall and rafter quiver, followed by the sound of choking screams, unutterably agonizing. On rushing to the windows, a glance into the moonlight sufficed to show the nature and magnitude of the calamity. The courier-surge of the rising deluge had burst through the lower part of their habitation—which stood isolated, at some distance from any other building—carrying with it the windows, doors, and part of the wall. The circumstance of their sleeping apartments being one story above the street, had saved the two ladies from at least *immediate* death; but the miserable domestics, who occupied the ground floor, and whose half-smothered screams were yet ringing in the ears of their mistresses, were all either drowned sleeping on their pallets, or carried away, impotently struggling with their doom, by the strangling waters.

Wearily did the heart-stricken survivors watch for the first streaks

of dawn; but returning light brought them no relief, no hope; indeed it added new horrors to their situation. They saw the blue corpses of the drowned tossing and weltering around them, but no sign of living succor. During the day a boat would now and then dart by, but in the roar of wind and wave, their feeble shouts were unheard, or if heard, unheeded by its crew, who were probably more intent on rapine and plunder, than the offices of humanity. Evening came. The red, angry sun went down upon the yet increasing might of the destroyer. Twilight gathered her curtain of shadows over the devoted metropolis. Darkness fell upon the face of the waters, and yet no help was nigh. Another night yet more dreadful than the preceding, and the second dawning — the same on which the friends arrived at the capital — found the pale watchers shivering and exhausted, standing on the flat roof of their dwelling, and the climbing surges breaking against its walls, scarcely a foot beneath them.* As the morning twilight brightened into day, and objects became clearly distinguishable, the parent and child looked wistfully into each other's face, and as if each had read, even among the lineaments of agony, an index of that holy, unselfish love, whose triumph is in the extremity of woe, they rushed as from one impulse into each other's arms, and burst into a passion of tears.

'Mother,' said Catherine, solemnly, as she raised her head slowly from the maternal bosom, and again looked earnestly and solemnly in her parent's face — 'mother, we must die!'

'Yes, my child: all chance of earthly aid is, I fear, at an end.'

'Mother,' resumed the maiden, 'sometimes I feel as if my heart said, 'God's will be done; but ——' and the warm tears fell fast as she continued — 'when I think of poor Alexis and Ivan, when they shall come and find none to greet them — denied even the melancholy satisfaction of weeping over our graves — I fear my rebellious spirit repines and murmurs against the dispensations of the Most High.'

'Oh! Heaven in mercy sustain and pity my poor boy!' ejaculated the sobbing countess.

'Mother,' continued the maiden, as she looked out upon the flood, the spray from which now began to dash over the roof, 'our hour is at hand! Let us pray!'

They knelt, and surely no embodiment of painter's or sculptor's dream could portray aught more like an angel, than that fair young creature — a white velvet sarafan loosely folded round her, her deep blue eyes lifted meekly to Heaven, a profusion of rich auburn hair streaming dishevelled over her high, pale brow, kneeling beside her mother, and while immediate and horrible death was beneath and around her, with a smile like the dawning of beatitude, looking trustfully to her God.

The wind during the last hour had slightly moderated; the encroachment of the element it controlled had consequently been somewhat less rapid than before. At this period, a powerful blast suddenly rushed across the Gulf of Finland, bringing with it, or rather ploughing before it, a strong, heavy swell. The hissing billow in a moment overswept the roof, to a considerable depth, and the unfortunate females were only

* Never was so clement weather known in St. Petersburg at such a season, as during the inundation of 1824. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

preserved from being borne on its crest into the wide abyss, by clinging to a massive wooden railing that surrounded the top of the edifice, against which they were dashed with considerable force. Exhausted, almost paralyzed, they were on the point of yielding their hold, when a lingering remnant of that hope which is loth to die in the bosoms of the young, prompted Catherine to take one more survey of the liquid waste, ere she resigned herself to its embrace. She had scarcely turned half round for this purpose, when she uttered a wild, heart-startling cry of astonishment and joy; for lo! not fifty sagues from the spot where she clung, a boat, impelled as it seemed by almost superhuman efforts, came cleaving to the rescue! A shout of exultation burst from the little bark, as the rowers, swaying back to the oar until the tough blades bowed like rushes to the strain, urged the quivering fabric against the counter impulse of wind and tide. Another scream, longer, wilder than the first, gushed from the heart and lips of the maiden, as she recognised in the forms of the deliverers a lover and a brother! The plashing oars rose and fell with the rapidity of light; and in less space than is necessary for the relation, the buoyant little skiff ranged alongside the balustrade, and the countess and Catherine were seated in the stern, the latter folded in the embrace of her lover. Luckily the friends had possessed sufficient forethought to secure a small flask of *volki** from the profusion of floating merchandise of every kind, through which they had passed. A portion of the stimulant was administered to the fainting sufferers, and wrapped closely in the warm fur-lined surtouts of their rescuers, sensation began to return to their benumbed limbs, and the tide of life to circulate freely once more in their veins. There was much to relate on either side, but the present was a time for action, not for words. A grateful glance of the tear-dimmed eye told all of *feeling* that eloquence could have uttered, for love has a language the heart can read and reply to, while the lip is mute.

His great treasure saved, the next thought of Alexis was of his uncle. He pointed out to Ivan what he thought would be the nearest course to the old man's domicil, and once more throwing up their boat's long, sharp beak to the wind, they resumed their toil.

Half an hour's pulling brought them to what had been the street where the old miser resided; but alas! nearly all the buildings, which were of wood, had disappeared, and on the side where his dwelling had stood, the deluge rolled unchafed over its razed foundations. In all human probability, he had been overwhelmed among its ruins, in which event any further search would be useless. They therefore tacked about, and, with the current in their favor, shaped their course toward the Grand Place, which was the nearest point — and *that* more than a league distant — where they could hope to find refuge and succour for their precious freight. Hitherto their voyaging had been principally through the most secluded parts of the metropolis, and, in many instances, over the tops of its low suburban huts; but now they were to sweep the broad channels of its central thoroughfares, to float by the imperial halls, temples, and gardens of the most imposing city in the world. Passing along one of the streets which branch from that

* This liquor, which is drunk to excess by the lower orders, may be termed the national whiskey.

superb vista of palaces, the Nevskoi Prospekt, they came before the façade of the Kazan Cathedral. Over the massive stone bridge opposite, they were drifted without even grating their keel, so deeply was it submerged; but the eddy created by its unseen arch whirled them for a moment into the area of the magnificent crescent of marble columns, which forms the front of the monastery.

The scene could not fail to awaken painful recollections. But yesterday, as it were, multitudes had worshipped within the walls of that costly temple; its gorgeous dome had replicated the thundering anthem of a thousand voices; while amid floating incense, and clothed in the rich investiture of sacerdotal pomp, the priest had blessed the people in the name of the Most High. Now the hoarse Neva was howling a yet mightier anthem through its mutilated aisles; and gliding stealthily from one of its broken portals, they descried a boat navigated by some Cossack plunderers, laden with the golden spoil of its desecrated sanctuary. But there was yet another spectacle, far more melancholy and appalling. As it met their gaze, the friends congratulated themselves that the deep slumber of exhaustion prevented their companions from beholding it. The scourge so fatal to the living, had at length invaded the dark depositories of the dead, and having forced its way into the vaults of the Cathedral burying-ground—the *Père la Chaise* of St. Petersburg—was beginning to wash up the ghastly occupants from their graves. With inexpressible loathing, they beheld shrouded and discolored forms on which the worm had been long rioting, mingled with others in the more disgusting greenness of decay, momentarily lifting above the undulating swell.

Extricating their shallop as quickly as possible from so loathsome a neighborhood, they swept with the stream down the Nevskoi Prospekt toward the Great Square of the Admiralty. As they approached this grand reservoir and receptacle, to which the converging avenues were the tributary conduits, the difficulties and impediments of the navigation thickened. Broken bridges, wooden buildings, torn from their foundations, dead bodies in every variety of costume, from the coarse tunic of the Tartarian mujik to the rich caftan of the Muscovite grandee, doogas, britchkas, and every other description of vehicles, in many instances with the drowned horses still attached to them, intermixed with a variety of minor objects, forming one vast mélange of ruin, almost blockaded their way. Amid all this desolation, the blackest passions were at work. Loud shrieks from many of the splendid edifices, and the boats moored at their windows, loaded, or being laden, with valuable property, proclaimed that rapine and violence, per chance murder, or crime yet more horrible, were going on within.

The friends were making their way slowly through the obstructions heretofore mentioned, when they heard a wild shout which seemed to proceed from a wooden dwelling on the opposite side of the avenue, entangled, and as it were anchored, among the line of trees, whose topmost boughs were just visible, twisting and writhing on the surface of the current. 'I should know that voice!' exclaimed Alexia, starting, and turning his head in the direction of the sound. 'Great God!' he added, as his eye caught the figure of a man standing on its sloping roof, the only part of the tenement above water, 'it is my uncle! Thank Heaven, we are in time to save him!'

Half a dozen rapid strokes of the oar, and they were at his side. Alexis was in the act of springing on the top of the building, for the purpose of lifting him into the boat, when the old man darted up the sloping roof, and planting a foot on each side of its ridge, shrieked out: 'Away with you, or I will leap into the flood! Dogs! — thieves! — plunderers! — you have robbed me of my wealth, and brought me into this lake to perish, and now you have returned to murder me. But I'll disappoint ye, blood thirsty Tartars that ye are!' he continued, shaking his grizzly beard, and grinning in defiance: 'See!' he added, tearing open his caftan, and disclosing two small well-filled canvass bags, suspended on either side his waist by a leathern strap. 'See! all is not gone. Here are some good roubles left. Ye would like to clutch them? Yes, no doubt. Hark!' and he struck the bags of coin repeatedly with his clenched hand; 'is not that a merry tune? Did you ever hear the Valdai bells ring a merrier? But you must only listen to it — you cannot play the music yourself. Ha! ha! ha!' — and he laughed scornfully and long.

'What can we do?' said Ivan; 'the least movement to rescue him will insure his destruction.'

'We must act cautiously,' said Alexis, in a whisper; 'I will tell him who I am, and endeavor to coax him down. He has doubtless been robbed and maltreated, by some gang of prowling miscreants, and this, in conjunction with the horrors of his perilous situation, has overcome his reason. Lie on your oars, while I speak to him.'

'Uncle, dear uncle, your fears deceive you. Look on me — am I not your nephew?'

'Ha! ha! my nephew! Do you think I am *mad*. Do you think I have forgotten you and your comrade there, dragging me along by the beard, and robbing me of my gold, and my jewels, and my merchandise — all but this;' and again he struck the bags of money with his closed hands; 'this,' he muttered between his clenched teeth, 'which, by the Holy Virgin, ye shall never enjoy.'

'It is useless to attempt to reason with him,' said Ivan.

'I fear so. We must try stratagem. You endeavor to draw his attention, and I will —'

At this moment the maniac, with the cunning and quick perception which sometimes characterize insanity, fastening his eyes keenly on his nephew, exclaimed sharply:

'Ah, I see! — you are plotting to circumvent me. But I can see through your hearts. Ha! ha! — plot on! Thus I disappoint you. Ha! ha! ha!' — and the old man sprang into the water, on the side opposite to them, the last sound of his fierce, mocking laugh being choked into a hoarse gurgle by the closing flood.

Alexis would have leaped after, in the hope of saving him, had not Ivan withheld him by main force, till he convinced him of the futility of any attempt at rescue, weighed down as the victim was with heavy coin. With spirits somewhat depressed by what they had just witnessed, the young men resumed their progress. Having succeeded by great activity and vigilance in avoiding the obstructions which environed them, they had at length the satisfaction of seeing their prow shoot into the lake-like expanse of the Grand Place, which, from being surrounded by lofty edifices, was comparatively but little agitated by the wind. The

Admiralty which forms one side of the square, although close upon the river, had been protected from any serious damage by the height of its marble platform, and the Atlantean strength of its vast granite quays. By order of the emperor, its gates, as well as those of the Winter Palace, were open to all who chose to avail themselves of the shelter, as long as there was sufficient space within the walls for their accommodation. The domestics and household troops of the autocrat were in attendance in boats, on horseback, and, where practicable, on foot, to yield all possible aid to the homeless fugitives. Making a circuit round the former of the before mentioned edifices, they glided over the platform which crowns the ascent from the river, and rowed up to the archway which constitutes the ingress to the eastern wing. Here, on account of the height of the artificial elevation, the water was so shallow, that the boat ran aground. A number of male servants in the imperial livery immediately waded to their assistance, and taking the yet insensible females in their arms, conveyed them to one of the upper apartments, to be cared for by domestics of their own sex. Satisfied that the objects of their solicitude were in safe and honorable keeping, the exhausted young men, completely overcome by bodily fatigue and mental anxiety, after taking some refreshments, sought in sleep a medicine for their weariness.

ABOUT two months after the adventures recorded, there stood before the magnificent ikonostas of the Kazan Cathedral — which edifice, repaired and restored since the inundation, now glittered with all its former splendor — two youths, the one fair and robust, the other dark, graceful, and slender. There stood also a lady of noble presence, somewhat past the prime of life, and a maiden in white robes, — fair, and pure, and beautiful as the creation of a poet's dream. These were surrounded by a gay, smiling group of the proud and noble of the land, bedight as for a bridal. Anon, the priest came forth; the dark youth and the glorious maiden knelt before him — solemn words fell from the lips of the holy man, that by one at least of the pair, were falteringly repeated; the crown matrimonial was placed upon the brow of the virgin, and Alexis Zalewski and Catherine Viatka were one in the sight of God. The emperor's chaplain had performed the ceremony, the emperor's private purse, it was said, furnished a princely marriage portion to the bride. Be the latter as it may, it is certain that his majesty expressed himself delighted with the gallant conduct of our two young heroes, and they each soon after obtained a commission, followed by speedy promotion in the imperial body guard.

The young bride was the grace and ornament of the court; almost worshipped by her husband, and enjoying the society of all she loved, how could she be otherwise than happy? It is said, however, that ever a momentary paleness would pass over her cheek, and a slight shudder agitate her bosom, when any one named in her presence the inundation of St. Petersburg.

J. B.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

THE holy voice of God! — 'tis heard
 When awful thunder peals around,
 When the huge rocks, by lightnings scarred,
 Fall crashing to the trembling ground;
 When forests tremble at his nod —
 Then do we hear the voice of God!

In the light breathing of the breeze,
 That stirs the quivering aspen tree —
 In the low murmur of the seas,
 And in the wind's soft minstrelsy,
 When waves the tall grass on the sod —
 In these we hear the voice of God!

When loudly raves the winter storm,
 And snow comes on its white wings down,
 When darkening clouds the heavens deform,
 And leafless trees through frost-wreaths frown,
 Then o'er the earth he shakes his rod —
 That tempest is the voice of God!

There is a 'still small voice' within
 Our hearts, that speaks of crimes forgiven —
 That bids us leave the paths of sin,
 And tells us how to seek for heaven;
 This guides us through life's thorny road —
 This surely is the voice of God!

M. A. R.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST
 TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER FOUR.

IF the gods, dear Marcus and Lucilia, came down to dwell upon earth, they could not but choose Palmyra for their seat, both on account of the general beauty of the city, and its surrounding plains, and the exceeding sweetness and serenity of its climate. It is a joy here only to sit still and live. The air, always loaded with perfume, seems to convey essential nutriment to those who breathe it; and its hue, especially when a morning or evening sun shines through it, is of that golden cast, which, as poets feign, bathes the top of Olympus. Never do we tremble here before blasts like those which from the Appenines sweep along the plains and cities of the Italian coast. No extremes of either heat or cold are experienced in this happy spot. In winter, airs which in other places equally far to the north would come bearing with them an icy coldness, are here tempered by the vast deserts of sand which stretch away in every direction, and which it is said never wholly lose the heat they treasured up during the fierce reign of the summer sun. And in summer, the winds which, as they pass over the deserts, are indeed of a scorching heat, long before they reach the city are cooled and softened by traversing as they do the vast tracts of the richest cultivation, which, as I have already told you, surround the capital to a very great extent on every side. Palmyra is the very heaven of the body. Every sense is fed to the full with that which it chiefly

covets. But when I add to this, that its unrivalled position in respect to a great inland traffic, has poured into the lap of its inhabitants a sudden and boundless flood of wealth, making every merchant a prince, you will truly suppose, that however heartily I extol it for its outward beauties, and all the appliances of luxury, I do not conceive it very favorable in its influences upon the character of its population. Palmyrenes, charming as they are, are not Romans. They are enervated by riches, and the luxurious sensual indulgences which they bring along, by necessity, in their train — all their evil power being here increased by the voluptuous softness of the climate. I do not say that all are so. All Rome cannot furnish a woman more truly Roman than Fausta, nor a man more worthy that name than Gracchus. It is of the younger portion of the inhabitants I now speak. These are without exception effeminate. They love their country, and their great queen, but they are not a defence upon whom in time of need to rely. Neither do I deny them courage. They want something more vital still — bodily strength and martial training. Were it not for this, I should almost fear for the issue of any encounter between Rome and Palmyra. But as it is, notwithstanding the great achievements of Odenathus and Zenobia, I cannot but deem the glory of this state to have risen to its highest point, and even to have passed it. You may think me to be hasty in forming this opinion, but I am persuaded you will think with me when you shall have seen more at length the grounds upon which I rest it, as they are laid down in my last letter to Portia.

But I did not mean to say these things when I sat down to my tablets, but rather to tell you of myself, and what I have seen and done since I last wrote. I have experienced and enjoyed much. How indeed could it be otherwise, in the house of Gracchus, and with Gracchus and Fausta for my companions? Many are the excursions we have together taken into the country, to the neighboring hills whence the city derives its ample supply of water, and even to the very borders of the desert. I have thus seen much of this people, of their pursuits, and modes of life, and I have found that whether they have been of the original Palmyrene population — Persian or Parthian emigrants — Jews, Arabians, or even Romans — they agree in one thing, love of their queen, and in a determination to defend her and her capital to the last extremity, whether against the encroachments of Persia or Rome. Independence is their watch-word. They have already shown, in a manner the most unequivocal, and to themselves eternally honorable, that they will not be the slaves of Sapor, nor dependants upon his power. And surely they have given at the same time the clearest proof of their kindly feeling toward us, and of their earnest desire to live at peace with us. I truly hope that no extravagancies on the part of the queen, or her too-ambitious advisers, will endanger the existing tranquillity; yet from a late occurrence, and of which I was myself a witness, among other excited thousands, I am filled with apprehensions.

That to which I allude, happened at the great amphitheatre, during an exhibition of games given by Zenobia on the occasion of her return, in which the Palmyrenes, especially those of Roman descent, take great delight. I care, as you know, nothing for them, nor only that, but abhor them for their power to embrate the people, accustomed to their spectacles more and more. In this instance I was persuaded by

Fausta and Gracchus to attend, as I should see both the queen and her subjects under favorable circumstances, to obtain new knowledge of their characters — and I am not sorry to have been there.

The show could boast all the magnificence of Rome. Nothing could exceed the excitement and tumult of the city. Its whole population was abroad to partake of the general joy. Early in the day the streets began to be thronged with the multitudes who were either pouring along toward the theatre, to secure in season the best seats, or with eager, idle curiosity, pressing after the cages of wild animals drawn by elephants or camels toward the place of combat and slaughter. As a part of this throng, I found myself, seated between Gracchus and Fausta, in their most sumptuous chariot, themselves arrayed in their most splendid attire. Our horses could scarcely do more than walk, and were frequently obliged to stand still, owing to the crowds of men on horse, on foot, and in vehicles of every sort, which filled the streets. The roaring of the imprisoned animals, the loud voices of their keepers, and of the drivers of the cumbrous wagons which held them, the neighing, or screaming, I might say, of the affrighted horses, every now and then brought into immediate contact with the wild beasts of the forests, lions, tigers, or leopards, made a scene of confusion, the very counterpart of what we have so often witnessed in Rome, which always pains more than it pleases me, and which I now describe at all, only that you may believe what Romans are so slow to believe, that there are other cities in the world where great actions are done as well as in their own. The inhabitants of Palmyra are as quick as you could desire them to be, in catching the vices and fashions of the great metropolis.

'Scipio, Scipio,' cried Gracchus, suddenly, to his charioteer, 'be not in too great haste. It is in vain to attempt to pass that wagon; nay, unless you shall be a little more reserved in your approaches, the paw of that tawny Numidian will find its way to the neck of our favorite Arab. The bars of his cage are over far apart.'

'I almost wish they were yet farther apart,' said I, 'and that he might fairly find his way into the thickest of this foolish crowd, and take a short revenge upon his civilized tormentors. What a spectacle is this — more strange and savage, I think, looked upon aright, than that which we are going to enjoy — of you, Gracchus, a pillar of a great kingdom; of me, a pillar — a lesser one, indeed, but still a pillar — of a greater kingdom, and of you, Fausta, a refined and cultivated woman, all on our way to see wild beasts let loose to lacerate and destroy each other, and what is worse, gladiators, that is, trained murderers, set upon one another, to die for our entertainment. The best thing I have heard of the Christian superstition is, that it utterly denounces and prohibits to its disciples the frequenting of these shows. Nothing to me is plainer than that we may trace the cruelties of Marius, Sylla, and their worthy imitators through the long line of our emperors, to these schools where they had their early training. Why was Domitian and his fly worse than Gracchus, or Piso, or Fausta, and their gored elephant, or dying gladiator?'

'You take this custom too seriously,' replied Gracchus; 'I see in it, so far as the beasts are concerned, but a lawful source of pleasure. If they tore not one another in pieces for our entertainment, they would still do it for their own, in their native forests; and if it must be done, it

were a pity none enjoyed it. Then for the effects upon the beholding crowd, I am inclined to think they are rather necessary and wholesome than otherwise. They help to render men insensible to danger, suffering, and death; and as we are so often called upon to fight each other, and die in defence of our liberties, or our tyrants and oppressors, whichever it may be, it seems to me we are in need of some such initiatory process in the art of seeing bloodshed unmoved, and of some lessons which shall diminish our love and regard for life. As for the gladiators, they are wretches who are better dead than alive; and to die in the excitement of a combat is not worse, perhaps, than to expire through the slow and lingering assaults of a painful disease. Beside, with us there is never, as with you, cool and deliberate murder perpetrated on the part of the assembly. There is here no turning up of the thumb. It is all honorable fight, and honorable killing. What, moreover, shall be done to entertain the people? We must feed them with some such spectacles, or I verily think they would turn upon each other for amusement, in civil broil and slaughter.'

'Your epicurean philosophy teaches you, I am aware,' said I in reply, 'to draw happiness as you best can from all the various institutions of Providence and of man — not to contend — but to receive, and submit, and be thankful. It is a philosophy well enough for man's enjoyment of the passing hour, but it fatally obstructs, it appears to me, the way of improvement. For my own part, though I am no philosopher, yet I hold to this, that whatever our reason proves to be wrong or defective, it at the same time enforces the duty of change and reform — that no palpable evil, either in life or government, is to be passively submitted to as incurable. In these spectacles I behold an enormous wrong, a terrific evil; and though I see not how the wrong is to be redressed, nor the evil to be removed, I none the less, but so much the more conceive it to be my part, as a man and a citizen, to think and converse, as now, upon the subject, in the hope that some new light may dawn upon its darkness. What think you, Fausta? I hope you agree with me — nay, as to that, I think Gracchus, from his tone, was but half in earnest.'

'It has struck me chiefly,' said Fausta, 'as a foolish custom; not so much in itself very wrong, as childish. It is to me, indeed, attended with pain, but that I suppose is a weakness of my own — it seems not to be so in the case of others. I have thought it a poor, barren entertainment, fit but for children, and those grown children whose minds, uninstructed in higher things, must seek their happiness in some spring of mere sensual joy. Women frequent the amphitheatre, I am sure, rather to make a show of their beauty, their dress, and equipage, than for anything else; and they would, I believe, easily give in to any change, so it should leave them an equally fair occasion of ostentatious display. But so far as attending the spectacles tends to make better soldiers and stouter defenders of our sweet queen, I confess, Lucius, I look upon them with some favor: but, come, our talk is getting to be a little too grave. Look, Lucius, if this be not a brave sight? See what a mass of life encompasses the circus! And its vast walls, from the lowest entrances to its very summit, swarm as it were with the whole population of Palmyra. It is not so large a building as your Flavian, but it is not wholly unworthy to be compared with it.'

'It is not, indeed,' said I; although not so large, its architecture is equally in accordance with the best principles, both of science and taste, and the stone is of a purer white, and more finely worked.'

We now descended from our carriage, and made our way through the narrow passages and up the narrow stair-ways to the interior of the theatre, which was already much more than half filled. The seats to which we were conducted were not far from those which were to be occupied by the queen and her train. I need not tell you how the time was passed which intervened between taking our seats, the filling of the theatre, and the commencement of the games — how we all were amused by the fierce strugglings of those who most wished to exhibit themselves for the best places; by the efforts of many to cause themselves to be recognised by those who were of higher rank than themselves, and to avoid the neighborhood and escape the notice of others whose acquaintance would bring them no credit; how we laughed at the awkward movements and labors of the servants of the circus, who were busying themselves in giving its final smoothness to the saw-dust of the arena, and hurrying through the last little offices of so vast a preparation, urged on continually by the voices or lashes of the managers of the games; nor how our ears were deafened by the fearful yellings of the maddened beasts confined in the vivaria, the grated doors of which opened, as in the Roman buildings of the same kind, immediately on the arena. Neither will I inflict weariness upon myself or you, by a detailed account of the kind and order of the games at this time exhibited for the entertainment of the people. The whole show was an exact copy from the usages of Rome. I could hardly believe myself in the heart of Asia. Touching only upon these things, so familiar to you, I will relate what I was able to observe of the queen and her demeanor, about which I know you will feel chiefly desirous of information.

It was not till after the games had been sometime in progress, and the wrestlers and mock-fighters having finished their foolish feats, the combats of wild animals with each other had commenced, that a herald announced by sound of trumpet the approach of the queen. The moment that sound, and the loud clang of martial music which followed it, was heard, every eye of the vast multitude was turned to that part of the circus where we were sitting, and near which was the passage by which Zenobia would enter the theatre. The animals now tore each other piecemeal, unnoticed by the expecting throng. A greater care possessed them. And no sooner did the object of this universal idolatry reveal herself to their sight, led to her seat by the dark Zabdas, followed by the Princess Julia and Longinus, and accompanied by a crowd of the rank and beauty of Palmyra, than one enthusiastic cry of loyalty and affection rent the air, drowning all other sounds, and causing the silken canopy of the amphitheatre to sway to and fro as if shaken by a tempest. The very foundations of the huge structure seemed to tremble in their places. With what queenly dignity, yet with what enchanting sweetness, did the great Zenobia acknowledge the greetings of her people! The color in her cheek mounted and fell again, even as it would have done in a young girl, and glances full of sensibility and love went from her to every part of the boundless interior, and seemed to seek out every individual, and to each make a separate return for the hearty welcome with which she had been received. These mutual courtesies being

quickly ended, the games again went on, and every eye was soon riveted on the arena where animals were contending with each other or with men: the multitude being thus intently engaged, those who chose to employ their time differently were left at full liberty to amuse themselves with conversation or otherwise, as pleased them. Many a fat and unwieldy citizen we saw soundly sleeping in spite of the roarings of the beasts and the shouts of the spectators. Others, gathering together in little societies of their own, passed all the intervals between the games, as well as the time taken up by games which gave them no pleasure, in discussing with one another the fashions, the news, or the politics of the day. Of these parties we were one; for neither Gracchus, nor Fausta, nor I, cared much for the sports of the arena, and there were few foolish or wise things that were not uttered by one of us during the continuance of those tedious, never-ending games.

'Well, Lucius,' said Fausta, 'and what think you now of our great queen? For the last half hour, your eyes having scarce wandered from her; you must by this time be prepared with an opinion.'

'There can be little interest,' said I, 'in hearing an opinion on a subject about which all the world is agreed. I can only say, what all say. I confess I have never before seen a woman. Such majesty! yet such grace! such loveliness! such perfection of form! a face in which are united such regularity of feature, such expression, such softness, and such fire! I am already prepared to love and worship her with you, for I am sure that such preëminent beauty exists in company with a goodness that corresponds to it. Her intellect, too, we know is not surpassed in strength by that of any philosopher of the East. These things being so, where in the world can we believe there is a woman to be compared with her? As for Cleopatra, she is not worthy to be named.'

As I uttered these things with animation and vehemence, showing I suppose in my manner how deeply I felt all that I said, I perceived Fausta's fine countenance glowing with emotion, and tears of gratified affection standing big in her eyes.

Gracchus spoke. 'Piso,' said he, 'I do not wonder at the enthusiastic warmth of your language. Chilled as my blood is by the approaches of age, I feel even as you do: nay, I suppose I feel much more; for to all your admiration, as a mere philosophical observer, there is added in my case the fervid attachment which springs from long and intimate knowledge, and from an intercourse, which not the coolness of a single hour has ever interrupted. It would be strange indeed, if there were not one single flaw in so bright an emanation from the very soul of the divinity, wearing as it does the form of humanity. You know me to allude to her ambition. It is boundless, almost insane. Cæsar himself was not more ambitious. But in her even this is partly a virtue, and even in its wildest extravagance; for it is never for herself alone that she reaches so far and so high, but as much or more for her people. She never separates herself from them, even in thought, and all her aspirations are, that she herself may be great indeed, but that her country may with and through her be great also, and her people happy. When I see her as now surrounded by her subjects, and lodged in their very heart of hearts, I wish, and fervently do I pray the gods, that her restless spirit may be at peace, and that she may seek no higher good

either for herself or her people than that which we now enjoy. But I confess myself to be full of apprehension. I tremble for my country. And yet here is my little rebel, Fausta, who will not hearken to this, but adds the fuel of her own fiery spirit to feed that of her great mistress. It were beyond a doubt a good law which should exclude women from any part in public affairs.'

'Dear father, how do you remind me of the elder Cato, in the matter of the Oppian Law: while women interfered in public affairs, only to promote the interests of their worthy husbands, the lords of the world, the great Cato had never thought but to commend them; but no sooner did they seek to secure some privileges very dear to them as women, and clamor a little in order to obtain them, than straitway they were nuisances in the body politic, and ought to be restrained by enactments from having any voice in the business of the state. Truly, I think this is far from generous treatment. And happy am I, for one, that at length the gods in their good providence have permitted that one woman should arise to vindicate her sex against the tyranny of her ancient oppressors. If I might appoint to the spirits of the departed their offices, I could wish nothing merrier than that that same Cato should be made the news-carrier from the kingdom of Zenobia to the council of the gods. How he would enjoy his occupation! But seriously, dear father, I see not that our queen has any more of this same ambition than men are in the same position permitted to have, and accounted all the greater for it. Is that a vice in Zenobia which is a glory in Aurelian? Longinus would not decide so. But see how intent the queen is upon the games.'

'I would rather,' said I, 'that she should not gaze upon so cruel a sight. But see too, the Princess Julia has hidden her head in the folds of her veil.'

'Julia's heart,' said Fausta, 'is even tenderer than a woman's. Beside, if I mistake not, she has on this point at least adopted some of the notions of the Christians. Paul of Antioch has not been without his power over her. And truly his genius is well nigh irresistible. A stronger intellect than hers might without shame yield to his. Look, look! — the elephant will surely conquer after all. The gods grant he may! He is a noble creature; but how cruelly beset! Three such foes are too much for a fair battle. How he has wreathed his trunk round that tiger, and now whirls him in the air! But the rhinoceros sees his advantage: quick — quick!

Fausta, too, could not endure the savage sight, but sunk her face amidst the folds of her robe; for the huge rhinoceros, as the elephant lifted the tiger from the ground, in the act to dash him again to the earth, seized the moment, and before the noble animal could recover himself, buried his enormous tusk deep in his vitals. It was fatal to both, for the assailant, unable to extricate his horn, was crushed through every bone in his body, by the weight of the falling elephant. A single tiger remained master of the field, and who now testified his joy by coursing round and round the arena.

'Well well,' said Gracchus, 'they would have died in the forest; what signifies it? But why is this blast of trumpets? It is the royal flourish! Ah! I see how it is; the sons of Zenobia, whom none miss not being present, are about to enter the theatre. They make amends by the noise of their approach for their temporary absence. Yet these

distant shouts are more than usual. The gods grant that none of my fears may turn true!

No sooner had Gracchus ended these words, while his face grew pale with anxious expectation, than suddenly the three sons of the queen made their appearance and—how shall I say it?—arrayed in imperial purple, and habited in all respects as Cæsars. It seemed to me as if at that very moment the pillars of this flourishing empire crumbled to their foundation. And now while I write, and the heat of that moment is passed, I cannot but predict disaster and ruin, at least fierce and desolating wars, as the consequence of the rash act. I know the soul of Aurelian, and that it will never brook what it shall so much as dream to be an indignity—never endure so much as the thought of rivalry in another, whether Roman or foreigner, man or woman. To think it, is treason with him—a crime for which blood only can atone.

Having entered thus the amphitheatre, assuming a high and haughty bearing, as if they were already masters of the world, they advanced to the front railing, and there received the tumultuous acclamations of the people. A thousand different cries filled the air. Each uttered the sentiment which possessed him, regardless of all but testifying loyalty and devotion to the reigning house. Much of the language was directed against Rome, which, since the circulation of the rumors of which I have already spoken, has become the object of their most jealous regard. Aurelian's name was coupled with every term of reproach. 'Is Aurelian to possess the whole Earth?' cried one. 'Who are Romans?' cried another; 'the story of Valerian shows that they are not invincible.' 'We will put Zabdas and Zenobia against the world!' shouted others. 'The conqueror of Egypt forever!—long live the great Zabdas!' rose from every quarter. It were in vain to attempt to remember or write down half the violent things which in this hour of madness were uttered. The games were for a long time necessarily suspended, and the whole amphitheatre was converted into an arena of political discussion, from which arose the confused din of unnumbered voices, like the roar of the angry ocean. I looked at Zenobia; she was calm—satisfied. Pride was upon her lip and brow. So like a god was the expression of her whole form, that for a moment I almost wished her mistress of the world. She seemed worthy to reign. Julia was evidently sad, and almost distressed. Longinus, impenetrable as marble. Zabdas, black and lowering as night.

Quiet was at length restored, and the games went on.

A messenger came now from the queen to our seat, with the request that Fausta should join her, not being satisfied with the distant intercourse of looks and signs. So, accompanied by Gracchus, she was soon placed by the side of Zenobia, whose happiness seemed doubled by the society of, I believe, her choicest friend. Left now to myself, I had leisure to think and to observe. A more gorgeous show than this vast assembly presented, I think I never before beheld—no not even in the Flavian. Although in Rome we seem to draw together men of all regions and all climes, yet after all, the North and West preponderate, and we lack the gayer costumes which a larger proportion of these Orientals would add to our spectacles. Not to say, too, that here in the East the beauty of woman is more transcendent, and the forms of the

men cast in a finer mould. Every variety of complexion is here also to be seen, from the jet black of the slender Ethiopian, to the more than white of the women of the Danube. Here I saw before me, in one promiscuous throng, arrayed in their national dresses, Persians, dark-skinned Indians, swarthy Egyptians, the languishing soft-eyed Syrian, sylphs from the borders of the Caspian, women of the Jews from the shores of the Mediterranean, Greeks from Asia Minor, the Islands, and Attica, with their classic costume, and statue-like forms and faces, Romans, and, abounding over all and more beautiful than all, the richly habited nobles and gentry of Palmyra itself. I enjoyed the scene as a man and a philosopher; nay, as a Roman too; and with sincerity prayed, that the state, of whose prosperity it was so clear a token, might last even with Rome itself. I wish you and Lucilia at my side—not to mention the little Gallus—not, as you may believe, to witness the games, but to behold in this remote centre of Asia so fair a show of our common race.

It was not till the sun was already about to sink in the west, that the games ended, and the crowds dispersed, and I once more found myself in the peaceful precincts of home; for so already do I call the hospitable dwelling of Gracchus.

'So, Fausta,' said I, 'You forsook your old friend Lucius for the companionship of a queen? Truly I cannot blame you, for most gladly would I, too, have gone and made one of your circle. How irksome are the forms and restraints of station, and even of society!—how little freedom do they allow in the expression of our real sentiments! Could I have sat with you by Zenobia, can I doubt that by a frank disclosure of my feelings and opinions, I could have corrected some errors, softened some prejudices, and at the same time gained her esteem—her esteem for me, I mean, as a sincere well-wisher to her kingdom, although none the less a Roman? It would have been a fortunate moment for such communication as I desire. I trust yet, seeing such a promise has gone forth from you, to see her in her own palace.'

'Indeed you shall,' said Fausta; 'it has only been owing to fatigue, after her long excursion, and to this show of games, that you have not seen her long before this. She is well aware of your rank and footing of intimacy with Aurelian, and of the object for which you make this visit to her capital, and has expressed frequent and earnest desires of an interview with you. And now have I a great mind not to tell you of the speedy pleasure and honor that await you. What will you give to know the tenor of what I have to say?'

'I will confer the greatest honor in my power,' said I; 'I will dislodge the emperor from my own finger and replace him upon yours. Here I offer you the head of Aurelian—cut, not indeed by the carving tool of Demetrius of Rome, but doubtless by some competent artist. Is it not a fair offer, Gracchus?'

'I fear unless you make a different and a better one, you will scarce open the lips of our fierce patriot,' answered Gracchus.

'That will he not,' said Fausta; 'were he to engage by to-morrow to make himself over into a veritable, sound-hearted, queen-loving Palmyrene, it would not be more than he ought to do. I am sure, old Solon toiled hard to make a Roman out of me, and how do I know but it was

at your instance? And it having been so, as I must believe, what less can you do in atonement than to plant yourself here upon the soil of Palmyra? A Roman, trust me, takes quick root in this rich earth, and soon shoots up and spreads out into a perfectly proportioned Palmyrene, tall and beautiful as a date tree. Father, how can we bribe him? You shake your head, as if without hope. Well, let us wait till Calpurnius returns; when you find him an Oriental, perhaps you may be induced to emigrate too. Surely it is no such great matter to remove from Rome to Palmyra? We do not ask you to love Rome any the less, but only Palmyra more. I still trust we shall ever dwell in friendship with each other. We, certainly, must desire it, who are half Roman. But why do I keep you in such painful suspense? Hear, then, my message, which is, that you will appear at the palace of Zenobia to-morrow. The great queen desires a private interview with you, and for that purpose will receive no other visitors. Her messenger will in the morning apprize you of the hour, and conduct you to the palace. Ah! I see by your countenance how delighted you are. It is no wonder.'

'I am delighted, indeed, said I; that is a part of my feeling, but not the whole of it. I cannot, accustomed even as I have been to associate with the high in rank and intellect in various countries, without some inward perturbation, think of meeting for the first time so remarkable a person; one whose name is known not only throughout Asia, but the world; and whose genius and virtues are the theme of universal wonder and praise. Then, Fausta, Zenobia is a woman, and a woman inspires an awe which man never does; and what is more yet, she is of a marvellous beauty, and before that most perfect work of the gods, a beautiful woman, I am apt to be awkward and dumb; at the least — which perhaps is it — made to think too much of myself to acquit myself well. You may think that I exaggerate these feelings. Possibly I do. Certainly they are not of such strength that I do not gladly seize upon the favor thus extended, and count myself honored and happy.'

'Where, Lucius, tell me where you learned this new dialect, which runs so sweetly when woman is the theme. Sure am I, it is not Roman. Ovid has it not. Nor yet is it Palmyrene. Do we owe it to a rich invention of your own?'

'Fausta, I am in earnest in what I have said. It is my own native dialect — instinctive. Therefore laugh not, but give me a lesson how I shall deport myself. Remember the lessons I have so many times given you in Rome, and now that you have risen into the seat of power, return them as you are bound to do.'

'Now are you both little more than two foolish children, but just escaped from the nursery,' cried Gracchus, who had been pacing up and down the portico, little heeding, to all appearance, what was going on. 'Lucius, ask no advice of that wild school-girl. Listen to me, who am a councillor, and of age, and ought, if I do not, to speak the words of wisdom. Take along with thee nothing but thy common sense, and an honest purpose, and then Venus herself would not daunt thee, nor Rhadamanthus and the Furies terrify. Forget not, too, that beneath this exterior covering, first of clothes, and then of flesh, there lies enshrined in the breast of Zenobia, as of you and me, a human heart, and that this is ever and in all the same, eternally responsive to the same

notes, by whomsoever struck. This is a great secret. Believe, too, that in our good queen this heart is pure as a child's; or, if I may use another similitude, and you can understand it, pure as a Christian's — rather, perhaps, as a Christian's ought to be. Take this also, that the high tremble to meet the low, as often as the low to meet the high. Now ask no more counsel of Fausta, but digest what the oracle has given out, and which now for the night is silent.'

In this sportive mood we separated.

At the appointed hour on the following day, the expected messenger appeared, and announcing the queen's pleasure that I should attend her at the palace, conducted me there with as much of state as if I had been Aurelian's ambassador.

On arriving at the palace of the queen, I was ushered into an apartment, not large, but of exquisite architecture, finished and furnished in the Persian taste, where sat Zenobia and Julia. At the feet of the queen, and supporting them, there lay crouched upon an embroidered cushion of silk a beautiful Indian slave. If it was her office to bear that light and pretty burden, it seemed to be her pleasure too; for she was ever weaving round it in playful manner, her slender jewelled fingers; casting upward to her mistress frequent glances of most affectionate regard.

'Noble Piso,' said the queen, after I had approached and saluted her in the appointed manner, 'it gives me pleasure to greet one of your ancient name in Palmyra. I seem already acquainted with you through my fast friends Gracchus and his bright daughter. You have lost nothing, I am sure, in coming to us first through their lips; and if any lips are honest and true, it is theirs. We welcome you to the city of the desert.'

'Great queen,' I replied, 'it is both a pleasure and a pain to find myself in your brilliant capital. I left Rome upon a melancholy errand, which I have as yet but half accomplished. Till success shall crown it, I can but half enjoy the novel scenes, full of interest and beauty, which your kingdom and city present. It was to rescue a brother — if I may speak for one moment of myself — held in captivity since the disaster of Valerian, that I set sail from Italy, and am now a dweller in Palmyra. From this point, I persuaded myself I could best operate for his deliverance. My first impulse was to throw myself at your feet, and ask of you both counsel and aid.'

'They should have been gladly yours, very heartily yours. It was a foul deed of Sapor — and a sad fate, that of the great Censor, and of your father the good Cneius Piso. And yet I see not much that I could have done.'

'Refuse not my thanks,' said I, 'for the expression of so generous sentiments. I am sure I should have shared a goodness of which all seem to partake, had I thought it right and necessary to appeal to you. But I was soon convinced, by the arguments of both Gracchus and Fausta, that my chance of success was greater as a private than as a public enterprise. And happy am I to be able to say, that I have found and employed an emissary, who, if the business be capable of accomplishment by human endeavors, will, with more likelihood than any other that could easily be named, accomplish it. Aurelian himself could not here do as much nor as well as Isaac of Rome.'

'I believe,' said Zenobia, 'you will readily agree with me in the opinion, that Rome has never respected herself so little as in her neglect of Valerian and his fellow sufferers. But for the scathing got from our arm, the proud Persian had come out of that encounter with nothing but laurels. We, thanks to the bravery and accomplished art of Odenathus, tore off some of those laurels, and left upon the body of the Great King the marks of blows which smart yet. This Indian girl at my feet, was of the household of Sapor—a slave of one of those women of whom we took a tent full. The shame of this loss yet rankles deep in the heart of the king. But should Rome have dealt so by her good emperor and her brave soldiers? Ought she to have left it to a then new and small power to take vengeance on her mean, base-minded, yet powerful foe? It is not even yet too late, methinks, for her to stir herself, were it only to rescue one of the noble house of Piso. Perhaps it may be with some intent of this kind that we hear rumors of an Asiatic expedition. Aurelian, we learn, having wearied himself with victory in Gaul and Germany, turns his thoughts toward the East. What can his aim be, if not Persia? But I truly rejoice that through efforts of your own you have so good prospect of seeing again your captive brother.'

'I have no knowledge of the purposes of the Roman emperor,' I replied, 'but such as is common to all. Though honored with the friendship of Aurelian, I am not a political confidant. I can only conjecture touching his designs, from my acquaintance with his character, and the features of the policy he has adopted and avowed as that which is to govern his administration. And this policy is that which has been acted upon by so many of those who before him have been raised to the head of our nation, namely this, that west of the Euphrates to the farthest limits of Spain and Gaul, embracing all the shores of the Mediterranean with their thickly scattered nations, there shall be but one empire, and of that one empire but one head. It is the fixed purpose of Aurelian to restore to the empire the unity by which it was distinguished and blessed under the two Antonines. And already his movements in Gaul show that his practice is to conform to his theory. I feel that you will pardon, nay that you will commend me for the plainness with which I impart such knowledge as I may possess. It will be to me the dearest happiness, if I can subserve in any way, consistently with my duty to Rome, the interests of Palmyra and her queen.'

'Roman,' said Zenobia in reply, 'I honor your frankness, and thank you for your faith in my generosity. It is not, I assure you, misplaced. I am glad to know from so authentic a source the policy of Aurelian. I surmised as much before. All that I have thought, will come true. The rumors which are afloat are not without foundation. Your emperor understands that I have a policy as well as he, and a fixed purpose as well as he. I will never fall from what I have been, but into ruin final and complete. I have lived a sovereign queen, and so I will die. The son of Valerian received Odenathus and Zenobia as partners in empire. We were representatives of Rome in the East. Our dignities and our titles were those of Gallienus. It were small boasting to say that they were worn not less worthily here than in Rome. And this association with Rome—I sought it not. It was offered as a tribute to our greatness. Shall it be dissolved at the will

of Aurelian? — and Palmyra, no longer needed as a scourge for the Great King, be broken down into a tributary province, an obscure appendage of your greatness? May the gods forsake me that moment I am false to my country! I too am ambitious, as well as Aurelian. And let him be told, that I stipulated for a full partnership of the Roman power — my sons to bear the name and rank of Cæsar — or the tie which unites Palmyra to Rome is at once and forever sundered, and she stands before the world an independent kingdom, to make good as she may, by feats of arms, her claims to that high dignity; and the arms which have prevailed from the Nile to the shores of the Caspian, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, and have triumphed more than once over the pride and power of Persia, may be trusted in any encounter, if the fates should so ordain, with even Rome itself. The conqueror of Egypt would, I believe, run a not ignoble tilt with the conqueror of a Gallic Province.'

'Dearest mother,' said Julia, in a voice full of earnest entreaty, 'do not, do not give way to such thoughts. Heed not these lying rumors. Trust in the magnanimity of Aurelian. We make the virtue we believe in. Let it not reach his ears that you have doubted him. I can see no reason why he should desire to disturb the harmony that has so long reigned — and Aurelian is no madman. What could he gain by a warlike expedition, which a few words could not gain? Noble Piso, if your great emperor would but speak before he acts — if indeed any purpose like that which is attributed to him has entered his mind — a world of evil, and suffering, and crime, might possibly be saved. Zenobia, though ambitious, is reasonable and patient, and will listen as becomes a philosopher and a lover of her people to any thing he should say. It were a noble act of friendship to press upon him the policy, as well as the virtue of moderation.'

Zenobia gave a mother's smile of love to her daughter, whose countenance, while she uttered these few words, was brilliant with the beauty of strong emotion.

'No act of friendship like this, lady,' said I, 'shall be wanting on my part. If I have any influence over the mind of Aurelian, it shall be exerted to serve the cause of peace. I have dear friends in Palmyra, and this short residence among her people has bound me to them very closely. It would grieve me sorely to feel that as a Roman and a lover of my country I must needs break these so lately knitted bonds of affection. But, I am obliged to say it, I am now full of apprehension, lest no efforts of mine, or of any, may have power to avert the calamities which impend. The scene I was witness of but so few hours ago, seems to me now to cut off all hope of an amicable adjustment.'

Julia's countenance fell. The air of pride in Zenobia mounted higher and higher.

'And what was it I did?' said Zenobia. 'Do I not stand upon the records of the Senate, Augusta of the Roman empire? Was not the late renowned Odenathus, Augustus by the decree of that same Senate? And was I not then right to call my own sons by their rightful title of Cæsar? — and invest them with the appropriate robe, and even show them to the people as their destined rulers? I am yet to learn that in aught I have offended against any fair construction of the Roman law.'

And unless I may thus stand in equal honor with other partners of this empire, asking and receiving nothing as favor, I sever myself and my kingdom from it.

'But,' said Julia, in her soft persuasive voice, whose very tones were enough to change the harshest sentiment to music, 'why put at hazard the certain good we now enjoy, the peace and prosperity of this fair realm, for what at best is but a shadow — a name? What is it to you or me that Timolaus, Herennicanus, and Vabalathus be hailed by the pretty style of Cæsar? For me at least, and so I think for all who love you, it is enough that they are the sons of Zenobia. Who shall heap more upon that honor?'

'Julia,' replied the queen, 'as the world deems — and we are in the world and of it — honor and greatness lie not in those things which are truly honorable and great; not in learning or genius, else were Longinus upon this throne, and I his waiting woman; not in action — else were the great Zabdas king; not in merit, else were many a dame of Palmyra where I am, and I a patient household drudge. Birth, and station, and power, are before these. Men bow before names, and sceptres, and robes of office, lower than before the gods themselves. Nay, here in the East, power itself were a shadow, without its tinsel trappings. 'Tis vain to stand against the world — I am one of the general herd. What they honor, I crave. This coronet of pearl, this gorgeous robe, this golden chair, this human footstool, in the eye of a severe judgment, may signify but little. Zeno or Diogenes might smile upon them with contempt. But so thinks not the world. It is no secret that in Timolaus, Herennicanus and Vabalathus dwells not the wisdom of Longinus, nor the virtue of Valerian. What then so crazed the assembled people of Palmyra, but the purple-colored mantle of the Roman Cæsar? I am for that, fathoms deeper in the great heart of my people. These are poor opinions, so thou judgest, Roman, for the pupil of the chief philosopher of our age, and through him skilled in all the learning of the Greeks. But forget not that I am an Oriental and — a woman. This double nature works at my heart with more than all the power of the schools. Who and what so strong as the divinity within?'

This is a poor record, my Curtius, of what fell from this extraordinary woman. Would that I could set down the noble sentiments which, in the midst of so much that I could not approve, came from her lips in a language worthy her great teacher! Would that I could transfer to my pages the touching eloquence of the divine Julia, whose mind, I know not how it is, moves in a higher world than ours. Sometimes, nay, many times, her thoughts, strangely enough, raised up before me the image of the Christian Probus, of whom I had till then scarcely thought since our parting. For a long time was this interview continued — an interview to me more stirring than any other of my life, and owing to the part I was obliged to take, almost painfully so. Much that I said could not but have grated harshly upon the proud and ambitious spirit of Zenobia. But I shrunk from nothing that in the least degree might tend to shake her in the designs which now possess and agitate her, and which, as it seems to me, cannot be carried out without great danger to the safety or existence of her kingdom; though I cannot but say, that if a rupture should occur between Palmyra and Rome, imprudence might indeed be charged upon Zenobia, but guilt,

deep guilt, would lie at the door of Aurelian. It was a great aid, that Julia, in all I said, was my ally. Her assent gave double force to every argument I used; for Zenobia trusts her as a sister, I had almost said, reveres her as a divinity. Beautiful it was to witness their freedom and their love. The gods avert every calamity from their heads!

When we had in this manner, as I have said, a long time discoursed, Zenobia, at length, rising from her seat, said to me, 'Now do we owe you some fair return, noble Piso, for the patience with which you have listened to our treasonable words. If it please you, accompany us now to some other part of our palace, and it will be strange if we cannot find something worthy of your regard.'

So saying, we bent our way in company, idly talking of such things as offered, to a remote part of the vast building, passing through and lingering here and there in many a richly-wrought hall and room, till, turning suddenly into a saloon of Egyptian device, where we heard the sound of voices, I found myself in the presence of Gracchus and Fausta, Longinus and Zabdas, with a few others of the chief citizens of Palmyra. I need not say how delighted I was. It was a meeting never to be forgotten. But it was in the evening of this day, walking in the gardens of the palace between Julia and Fausta, that I banqueted upon the purest pleasure of my life.

THOUGHTS

ON WITNESSING THE DISECTION OF A HUMAN BODY.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

OBSERVE this wonderful machine,
Mark its connection with each part;
Thus furnished by the hand unseen,
How far surpassing human art!

Should ablest imitators try
With utmost skill, to form a like,
Could *they* so charm the curious eye—
Could *they* with equal wonder strike?

Though God has call'd the life he lent,
Each vital function dormant laid,
Still trace we Nature's deep intent,
And see how once the springs were play'd.

While we th' amazing frame explore,
More secret wonders still we spy;
Yet there remain ten thousand more
Hid from the microscopic eye.

These tubes convey'd the purple juice,
Which with new strength supplied the whole:
And here branch'd forth those nerves, whose use
Was to keep converse with the soul.

Here may the doubting Atheist see
Convincing proofs—which all combine
To overthrow his wretched plan,
And speak a MAKER'S hand divine!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW: being a Journal of Observations and Reflections made on a visit to Europe, in the years 1833 and '34. By Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE take it upon ourselves to predict — and we confidently look to the American public to be sustained in our position as true prophets — that this work will be found the very best journal of foreign travel ever published in this country. The beauty of its style and the clearness of its descriptions do not impress us more favorably than the good sense and genuine feeling which are its pervading characteristics. The fine fluctuation of interest which these travels present, above that of similar performances, seems to us to be owing to the poetry — the language of deep emotion, revised by sound judgment and correct taste — which, although poured forth with 'plentiful dispende,' is never obtrusive, nor out of place. There is throughout a high-wrought finish too, in the diction, and yet there is no evidence of laborious polish, but contrariwise, nature and ease mark both the sentiments and the language which clothes them. Mr. Dewey travels over beaten ground; and hence when we say that his work is *never* cold in the interest, we convey a recommendation which can justly be bestowed upon no other book of travels with which we are acquainted.

Passing by many of those scenes and topics with which American readers have been made more or less familiar, we have culled at random several passages, which we select without regard to consecutive arrangement. The following paragraph — so deeply in contrast with the description of Dublin, which in general appearance is here said to resemble Philadelphia — struck us as a vivid picture:

"We have passed hundreds of Irish cottages to day; but what pen shall describe them, that does not literally bespatter the page with mire and dirt! Mud and thatch, with little light — nasty as pig-styes — ragged women and children about the door, and often the men lying down by their hovels, in laziness, filth, and rags — a horribly vile puddle always before the door, for the accommodation of the most horribly filthy animals — said animals, in the mean time, equally and worthily occupying the domicile with the human beings who inhabit it. And to complete the picture of general misery, women beggars surrounded us every time we stopped, with children in their arms, imploring charity. From the numbers of children, indeed, it would seem as if this were the most prolific country under heaven. But it may be because none of them go to school, and all live out of doors."

Scotland — where, as our author well observes, 'every rock and headland is garlanded with romance' — has never before been brought so palpably before us. Liberal extracts, however, from travels in this quarter of Great Britain, have appeared in these pages; and we refrain from quotation, farther than to subjoin a description of an oatmeal cake, so often spoken of as something very delightful, which our traveler obtained at a Highland cottage, and which well nigh gives the reader a 'taste of its quality.'

"I asked the woman for food. She had nothing but oatmeal cake, which she produced, and I was glad to try a specimen of Highland bread. But, in good truth, I should never desire to have any thing to do with it, save as a specimen; for of all stuff that ever I tasted, it was the most inedible, impracticable, insufferable — dry, hard, coarse, rasping, gritty, chaffy: I *could not* eat it, and it seemed to me that if I could, it would be no more nourishing than gravel kneaded into mud and baked in a lime-kiln."

'The annexed will be interesting to all who have read 'Kenilworth.'

"Kenilworth Castle — a very majestic ruin; the whole not in such good preservation as Conway, or Caernarvon; but particular parts, ranges, and windows, much more perfect. It is curious that Leicester's part, the latest built, is in the most ruinous condition. The lake is drained, and the towers of the gateway, by which Elizabeth entered on the great occasion of her celebrated visit to the Earl of Leicester, are fallen. It was not the principle gate of entrance; but was chosen that she might pass by the lake and receive the homage of the fantastic water gods. This lake was on the west side — a small stream now flows through its bed — and with that to diversify the scenery, it must, in that quarter, have presented a noble landscape. The park was formerly twenty miles round; but is now pasture and ploughed fields.

The walls of the buildings left standing are very lofty; but the ivy creeps to the very top, surmounts the loftiest towers, and spreads its living screen and soft curtaining over the richly carved windows. The banquetting hall was eighty-four feet long by forty-eight broad, and its windows twenty-seven feet high. Alas! the feast and the song are gone; the gathering of nobles and the flourish of trumpets are here no more; but instead of them, I heard a single bugle horn at a distance that came softly up among the crumbling walls and mouldering arches, as if to wail over their desolations; and here and there, in the court-yards, I saw pic-nic parties, carelessly seated on the grass, as if in mockery of the proud and guarded festivities and grandeur of former days. I thought with myself, that they must be more familiar with the spot than I was, to be able to sit down, and 'eat, drink, and be merry.'

Equally vivid and interesting is the picture of 'sepulchral Waterloo.'

"We arrived at the field of Waterloo, nine miles from Brussels, after sunset. We ascended the mound raised in commemoration of the great engagement of June 18th, 1815. It is two hundred feet high, and has a monument on the summit, consisting of a high pedestal, on which reposes the British lion, a colossal figure, and finely executed. From this elevation, every point in the position of the armies and the field of battle, is easily comprehended. It is now a ploughed field, with nothing remarkable about it; but bare and naked as it is, of every thing but the interest which the *great action* gives it, I would not but have seen it. We descended and passed through the very centre of the field — the road to Genappe leading in that direction; yes, we rode quietly through that peaceful field, where, eighteen years ago on a summer's night — the same moon shining that now lighted our way — thousands lay in the sleep of death, and thousands more lifted up, on every side, faces marked with the death agony, and uttered wailings that measured out the long, long hours of that dreadful night. As if to complete the contrast, we heard the sound of a violin as we drove off from the battle field, and turning aside to the quarter from whence it came, observed a dance before the door of one of the cottages.

"At Genappe — a few miles distant — beneath the window of the chamber where I slept, was the street where the retreating French raised the last barrier against the pursuing Prussians and Brunswickers. Along that street sounded the fearful 'hurrah!' which, as Prince Blucher's report says, drove the panic-struck soldiers of Bonaparte from their post. By the very window from which I looked, rushed the furious Prussian cavalry, which swept away the feeble barricade like chaff; and on every stone of that pavement blood — human blood had flowed. Yet now, what but these dread recollections themselves could be more thrilling than the awful stillness, the deep repose, which settled down upon that fearful spot — the moonbeams falling upon the silent walls, and upon pavements which no footstep disturbed, and seeming to consecrate all nature to prayer and love, not to wrath and destruction."

No prose pictures of Alpine scenery that we have ever seen from the pen of any traveler, English or American, stand out in bolder relief than those of Mr. Dewey. Switzerland, surely, was never better depicted. A single birds-eye passage will serve as a specimen:

"I thought it quite unfortunate as I rose this morning, that the day was overcast with clouds, and threatened rain; but the bright, fantastic mists that floated around the tops of the mountains soon presented aspects that afforded compensation for the want of a clear sky. Indeed, I had not seen the Alps before, under these aspects; for at Grindelwald it was a close and heavy veil that settled down upon them. But here nothing could be more light and airy. There was no wind sensible to us below, and it seemed as if the mist were moved by some power within itself. Now it sailed along with a majestic sweep around the mountain's brow; then it plunged down into some profound abyss, as if, like the furie, it bore a victim to the dark prison below; and again it rose up, disclosing, but shading, the awful depths — as it were the foundations of the world. Other clouds floated along the mountain sides, attracting, repelling, passing and repass-

ing, mingling and parting, like the skirmishing forces of an army; and sometimes meeting, they held a momentary conflict, and then mounting up, carried the aerial war into the region of clouds — unveiling, at the same time, some stupendous precipice, dark and awful, as if it had been blasted and blackened by the thunder of heaven."

How strikingly beautiful are the impressions of our traveler upon coming in sight of the 'eternal city.'

"On the eighth day of November, from the high land near Baccano, and about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavorable to impression, in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that you ought to be, or that such is the fashion, yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by any such, or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you, as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression — but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations — kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations, had passed over that sublime theatre. The fire, the storm, the earthquake had gone by; but there was yet left the still small voice — like that, at which the prophet 'wrapped his face in his mantle.'"

The reader will scarcely agree with our author that he has not described the Coliseum, and most vividly too, in the annexed paragraph:

"This evening I went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. It is indeed the monarch, the majesty of all ruins — there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls, and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheatre, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings, and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the *Circus Maximus*!

"But to return to the Coliseum — we went up, under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls, and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! what voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! and now, as we picked our way carefully through decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mouldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls — ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too — there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell, from the summit of the neighbouring Esquiline. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls — through a hundred lonely arches, and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within — without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it — or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

"I feel that I do not and cannot describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for '*un dono*,' as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight."

Some notion of the interest thrown around that portion of these volumes which relates to the scenes of Rome, may be gathered from a single paragraph, showing how the writer was affected by them:

"Nothing specially worthy of note calls for a record this evening. I have passed the day mostly in-doors, as it is one of the many that go to make up the very large pro-

portion of the damp, cloudy, and disagreeable ones we have here. Yet every day passed in Rome seems memorable. What an event should I not have thought it, at any former period of my life, to have passed a day in Rome! I think it such still. I do not see how life can ever be common life, on such a spot. In truth, it seems as if one had no right to enjoy the common comforts of life amidst such ruins — the ruins of a world passed away — the mighty shadows of ancient glory spreading over every hill — the very soil we tread upon, no longer the pathways of the old Roman masters of the world, but the mouldering rubbish of their temples, their palaces, their fire-sides — the yet almost breathing dust of a life, signalized beyond all others in the world's great history. One feels that it would be an appropriate life here, to sit down like Marius on the ruins of Carthage — or to burrow in the Coliseum — or to pitch one's tent alone, in the waste and silent fields, amid the rank grass or the thick and towering reeds that have overgrown so large a portion of the ancient city."

The very existence of such monuments of the past as are described below, take from such passages as the above every thing that might seem to savor of extravagance or enthusiasm:

"As to these Egyptian obelisks, of polished granite, pointing up to the sky from almost every square and open space in Rome, and with that hand-writing of mysterious and yet unexplained characters upon their sides — what could be more striking? The antiquities of Rome are *young*, by their side. Some of them were built by Sesostrius, by Rameses, between three and four thousand years ago. They saw ages of empire and glory before Rome had a being. They are also in the most perfect preservation. So beautifully polished, and entirely free from stain, untouched by the storms of thirty-five centuries, it seems as if they had not lost one of their particles, since they came from the quarries of Egypt. That very surface, we know, has been gazed upon by the eyes of a hundred successive generations. Speak, dread monitors! as ye point upward to Heaven — speak, dark hieroglyphic symbols! and tell us — are ye not yet *conscious*, when conscious life has been flowing around you for three thousand years? Methinks it were enough to penetrate the bosom of granite with emotion, to have witnessed what ye have witnessed. Methinks that the stern and inexorable mystery, graven upon your mighty shafts, must break silence, to tell that which it hath known of weal and wo, of change, disaster, blood, and crime!"

A passage from the description of an ascent to Vesuvius, must close our quotations:

"The guide took me to two places on the side of the mountain, where were openings, two feet in diameter, into the molten and fiery mass of lava. It was really fearful to look down into it. There it was, within two or three feet of you, a mass like molten iron, flowing down the side of the mountain; and yourself separated by a crust of lava, not more than a foot thick, perhaps, from the tremendous fires of Vesuvius! — fires that you had read of with a sort of dread and horror, at the distance of four thousand miles from them; fires that were burning, for aught you knew, to the centre of earth. And here you stand directly over them, and feel their heat burning your very cheek! There was another opening where the hissing was so loud and sharp that I could hardly stand by it. Smoke ascended from various points around us; and the smell of the gas that escaped from these places was extremely pungent, and almost suffocating. It seemed as if it cut the very lungs, it was so sharp. For my part, I was glad to get down; and felt as if it were almost a tempting of Providence to be there, from motives of mere curiosity.

"I understand, this evening, that since I was there, the lava has overflowed a part of the very path on which I went up; and that the celebrated guide Salvatore has given notice, that it is not safe at this moment to attempt the mountain at all. If so, the moment of my going up was fortunate. I observe this evening, that the stream of lava is brighter and more distinct than I have seen it any evening before. It is, indeed, and without any exaggeration, a river of fire, flowing down, for the distance of a mile or two, from the top of the mountain."

In taking our leave of these volumes, we do not promise our readers that it shall be final. We have but touched a few of their prominent points, and feel that we have scarcely done them justice. The remarks in relation to religious establishments — the comparative health of England and America — the reflections regarding a proper observance of the Sabbath — the Catholic system, right of suffrage, and numerous other incidental topics, we have been obliged to pass entirely by. These portions of the work are marked by just and profound thinking, and by a spirit of Christian charity, as rare as it is edifying.

SACRED PSALMS. HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS: adapted to Public, Social, and Family Worship. By Subscription.

THE author of this proposed work—for the pamphlet before us is but its *avowed courier*—appears before the public in the modest capacity of corrector of abuses in sacred psalmody—in other words he has taken upon himself to improve upon Isaac Watts, whom he seems to consider a very indifferent poet, unfaithful to his text, &c. He entertains, however, quite another opinion of his own performances: *his* hymns are

‘Marked where the soft pathetic strain
Is breathed in sighs and groans,
And where the chorus wakes again
In loud and cheerful tones:’

Moreover, they are

‘To all who sing
Messiah’s King,
Inscribed by Abner Jones:’

The author affirms that it

‘Is plainly wrong
In books of song,
To have them made in prose;’

We are not disposed to dispute this point with him; and we are therefore compelled to judge him with his own judgment. Many of his lines appear to have been made by two persons playing at *crambo*—a game wherein one furnishes a word, and another a fellow rhyme to it. In his preface, Mr. Jones has some sensible remarks concerning a faithful translation of the Psalms into verse; and we agree with him, when he says, with his accustomed felicity,

‘That scores of stanzas might be named,
Which such confusion bring,
They can’t as Psalms be justly claimed,
Though good enough to sing:’

At the same time, it seems to us that in his attempts at sacred verse he has not vastly improved upon those whom he so sturdily condemns. Indeed, some of his emendations are divertingly impudent. Take the following for example:

‘O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David’s harp of solemn sound,’

might have been written as follows: the sentiment, as far as I can see, would still be the same:

‘O! may my heart be tuned within,
Like David’s solemn violin!’

Now and then Mr. Jones gives the thoughts of the psalmist in nervous stanzas; and there are occasional unexpected jerks of peculiar sublimity, that are quite edifying. Such is his simile, when reprehending alteration of the Psalms in paraphrasing:

‘For who to paint this earthly ball,
And draw it on a map,
Would set Niagara’s water fall
On *Alpine’s* hoary cap?
Or face the rivers half about,
Invert the Northern pole;
Or leave the burning mountains out,
Where liquid lavas roll?’

In general, however, he is prosaic and cacophonous; and if we might be thought worthy to advise, we should certainly suggest to Mr. Jones the propriety of abandoning his project of superseding Dr. Watts as a sacred melodist; for with some few

exceptions, we cannot better describe the choice specimens with which he has favored the public, than in his own words :

‘Such vain displays of wit and skill
Are certainly most sad.’

VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS. By REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N., author of ‘Ship and Shore.’ In one vol. 12mo. pp. 348. New-York: LEAVITT, LORD AND COMPANY.

OUR opinion of the merits of Mr. COLTON, as a gifted and graceful writer, was recently expressed at some length in a notice in these pages of his ‘Ship and Shore.’ In the volume before us, we find abundant proofs of the correctness of our former impressions ; indeed we consider the present in many respects superior to that delightful and popular work. It is written in much the same style ; and though invariably smooth and flowing in diction, its excellence in this regard is very evidently not the result of repeated touches and perpetual pruning, but the exuberance of a full and poetical mind. The work was written, as the writer informs us, at sea, from hasty notes taken at the places of which it treats, without any aid from the observation of other travelers, or the assistance of a common guide-book, or any access to historical records — ‘amid the careless noise and systematized confusion which prevail on board a man-of-war ; the lively conversation of the ward-room officers in one ear, the prattle of the pantry boys in the other ; the echoing tread of sailors overhead ; on a table lashed down to prevent its being capsized, in a chair secured with lanyards against the force of the ship’s lurch, and with the manuscript tacked to its place to escape the fate which befel the Sybilline leaves.’

Gushes of true poetry occur at not distant intervals throughout the volume ; and by these we do not mean the occasional stanzas wherein the author is constrained to burst forth into song, but the deep and passionate feeling with which the prose is so often imbued. We shall not attempt a regular analysis of a book, which is but a series of random and desultory, though evidently faithful sketches, but proceed at once to justify our encomiums by liberal extracts — commencing with the annexed ‘picture in little’ of Constantinople :

“The night soon came on, attended by a silence that one could hardly expect to realize in the tumultuous heart of a mixed and crowded city. Of the thronging multitudes scarcely a footstep lingered in the streets ; a deep slumber seemed to hover at once upon each habitation ; not a voice of wrangling or revelry was to be heard ; and nothing remained to disturb the stillness of the place, except the startled howl of the watch-dog at the gloomy gate, and the wail of the mourner over some fresh couch of death.” I ascended to the terrace, which commanded a wide and diversified prospect, and there spent a solitary hour in gazing at a scene that cast on my feelings the most brilliant and mournful images. Beneath me flowed the Bosphorus, in a broad stream of liquid silver, and mingling its glittering line with the rich flow of the Golden Horn, as it swelled down with a bolder circle from the distant valley of Sweet Waters. Farther on rose the domes of the vast city, lifting themselves, in magnificence and beauty, into the soft light of the evening sky ; while beyond slumbered the Marmora, enshrining in its pure bosom the subdued splendors of the mirrored heaven ; while less remote, and in a different range, stood the long and dense grove of the Cypress, casting its solemn shadows over the turbaned tombs of thousands who had sunk to their latest rest. In that populous solitude not a bird broke into momentary song, and even the moonbeams seemed timidly still, as they stole through the darkening foliage, and faintly gleamed on the marbles of the dead. Around me lay, in unconscious sleep, multitudes for whom the insidious pestilence was preparing a hurried grave ; and all, in their deep unbroken repose, were so like to that which they must finally become, that life scarcely appeared to survive in this map of death. It was as a peopled and voiceless barque, floating on

that sullen flood which moves from this narrow isthmus of time to that uncertain shore from which no wave, or sail, or mariner, has ever returned."

The following description of the sale of a young female, is a forcible illustration of the estimation in which woman is held in the land of the Ottoman :

"From the freshening enjoyments of the bath I started off, with the Armenian guide, for the Aurat Bazar; where, instead of robes and weapons, they deal in beauty and blood. The only being who there appeared to excite any great degree of interest among the purchasers was a young Georgian, surreptitiously taken, several years since, from her native province, and brought to this city, where she was purchased by a Jew; who, to enhance her value, placed her in a situation where she had acquired many pleasing personal accomplishments. The violent death of her attentive proprietor had, perhaps, hastened her disposal; at least, it was the cause of the sale's being more public than is usually the case where an individual, so sweetly recommended in her charms, is to be purchased. She appeared to be about fifteen years of age, yet, at that period, to have attained her full stature, and a maturity of form which after years may confirm but not improve. She had on an extremely thin and pliant robe, which every breath of the breeze that was stirring carried against her form, displaying its rich and graceful proportions. Her carriage was free, easy, and winning, and betrayed a retiring consciousness of her exposed condition. There was something in her air which seemed to evince a slight sense of humiliation and sorrow; yet, so far from injuring her attractions, it gave them a cast of extreme delicacy and sweetness. Had she been trained exclusively in reference to this occasion, and taken the deepest interest in the issue, it is impossible to conceive in what respect she could have heightened the impression which her youth, beauty, and artless demeanor created.

"Several of the Turks present appeared very intent on her purchase; they watched her slightest motion with that yearning fondness which one reveals when surveying a fascinating object that is only just beyond his possession. They presumed not to lay a hand even on the borders of her dress, or to lift the long thin veil that would have quite concealed her beautiful face, had she not permitted the ruffling air now and then to carry it partially aside. The female servants that attended her stood near by in respectful silence, and evident grief, at the thought of their separation from their young mistress. My eyes were so attracted to the rich flow of her chestnut hair, as it floated down her shoulders in long luxuriant festoons, and to the swimming softness of her large blue eye, which her stirred veil occasionally disclosed, that I did not, at first, notice the excitement which a commencement of the sale had created among the by-standers. A number of offers were made, rising above each other in quiet succession, till the last, reaching twenty-seven hundred dollars, created for some time a breathless pause, when one of the company, stepping to the salesman, said something in a tone altogether inaudible, and the auction of charms closed. It was instantly rumored that the individual who had made the last and successful offer, was an agent of the Reis Effendi, who intended to make a present of this beautiful Georgian to the Sultan. This appeared to reconcile, in some measure, the unsuccessful competitors to their disappointment; though they turned away from the spot with the look of one who has luckily lost an invaluable treasure."

The subjoined paragraphs, with numerous others of a similar description which might be selected, represent the Turkish character in a more favorable light, in the minor essentials at least of a merciful disposition, than it is generally regarded :

"On our way we encountered several flocks of those small birds which fly incessantly back and forth between the Euxine and Propontis. They have never been known to alight, to pause, or deviate in their course: they reach the waves of one sea, wheel about, and return to the waves of the other, where they wheel again, and so pass up and down the current, like hapless ghosts on the shore of the Stygian stream. It has been supposed, by some of the more considerate natives, that they are the spirits of those who, in a fit of causeless jealousy, have cast their innocent wives into this strangling tide; and that they must, in expiation of their crime, drift about above these graves of guiltless beauty till the revisions and awards of the final day. I would that all prone to harbour distrust where no cause exists, and to punish offences which are merely imaginary, could see these wretched, unresisting birds: even the prospect of such a punishment would be enough to make them pause before they accuse, and linger long before the holiest ties of earth were rent asunder. I detest the jealous miscreant who prowls about himself in search of forbidden pleasures, and comes home only to turn his hearthstone into a tomb! — who spreads sorrow and shame through the dwellings of others; and then, as if to cancel his crime, immolates the happiness of a wife, whose only fault has been a too indulgent and tender regard for his honor. If it is possible for the devil to be disgusted with any of the odious beings driven into his realm, it must be with such a foul, leprous wretch as this. Such a monster ought to have a hell by himself!

"But to come back to things less repulsive; we passed on our return great numbers of the white gull, quietly cradled on the water, and so very tame as scarcely to move out of the way of our boat. This tameness results from a kind of sacredness which the Turk casts over the life and plumage of this bird. No one is allowed to injure it, or even to disturb it, except on some good and lawful occasion; and should you kill it, a more fearful penalty would follow than befel the ancient mariner, for the death of the albatross. The little prisoner of the cage is also an object of warm sympathy with the turbaned man; he will purchase its freedom at a high price, and as the captive flies away from his confinement, feel all the pure and hallowing satisfaction of the real Samaritan. How singular the channels in which his sympathy runs! He will liberate a canary with a heart almost breaking with compassion, and then lop off the head of a human being with as little compunction as you would clip the top of a cabbage stump.

"Nor is this compassionate regard confined to the feathered species. Ever since Mahomet consented to part with the skirt of his coat sooner than disturb the cat that was slumbering upon it, this animal has received from his followers the tenderest treatment. Hundreds of them are fed at stated days in the spacious court of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, from the proceeds of a fund established for this special purpose. And the dog here has not only all the rights of citizenship, but many other privileges which Christians have never been able to obtain."

Aside from the beautiful touches of nature which are scattered with a lavish hand through the present volume, there are now and then fine fragments of satiric humor, and forceful satire, which prove the author to be what is termed a 'dangerous customer.' We annex two specimens. The first has a squinting toward the industrious antiquaries who have found on the plain of Troy the remains of so many things that never existed, and is the reflections of the writer upon 'the very monument which Adam set up over the dust of his beloved Eve!'—found by an Arab, beyond the ruins of Babylon:

"I am aware that the more distrustful reader will receive, with some hesitation, all my statements respecting the discovery and properties of this primitive monument. It may, perhaps, be incumbent on me, if I would secure his implicit confidence, to produce the original. This shall be done as soon as practicable; and in the mean time I assure him, there is not, in all I have said, a less scrupulous regard to truth and rational probability, than is usual in books of travel, and especially those that treat of antiquities. I am amazed, myself, at the discovery. It appears that we are, in these last days of the world, as far short of the aborigines of the earth in practical wisdom, as we are behind them in years. The utmost we can expect is, to recover what has been lost—to make the two ends of time harmoniously meet.

"When I think of my own agency in the discovery of this memorial, that but for me it would never have been known beyond the breast of the ignorant Arab; when I think, too, of the change it will bring upon the face of society, of the impulse it will give to those instantaneous convictions which flash beyond all the slow advances of knowledge—the enthusiasm with which it will be spoken of in the circles of the learned—the vitality it will send down among the bones of the antiquarian dead—when I think of these things, I seem to stand on some eminence, distinguished from my fellow-beings by a destiny all my own—I seem to hear my name every where repeated, every where dwelt upon with wonder and admiration: even the tongue of posterity is not silent, the voice of its homage comes up through the depths of time like a psalm from eternity. And well may this homage be rendered; for no discovery that man has yet made, can equal mine, save that of Hudibras—

'That oft a fly, going to bed,
Sleeps with his tail above his head.'"

The second, which is like unto it, is a picture of a 'fanatical ultraist'—of one who, in 'charging' a late 'evangelist,' we heard make use of the following pleasing language: 'You must be prepared, brother, to look bad men out of countenance—ay, to look the devil himself out of countenance—yes, you must be prepared to look all hell out of countenance!' The reader will readily perceive, therefore, that the following castigation is not undeserved:

"Our crew were so elated with the prospect of reaching their winter-quarters, that the old violin, which had lain silent for a long time, was restrung, and made to discourse its music. Of the amusement that followed, with ten times the heart of the fashionable ball-room, without any of its graces, I will say nothing; for a previous description of a

scene like this gave, it would seem, mortal offence to an editor of one of our religious papers. He says, that so far from describing it, I should have made my immediate escape from its neighborhood. Now, as there is only one mode of escaping from occurrences on board ship, I suppose this discreet editor, if in my situation, would have adopted *that*, and jumped overboard! and perhaps given, in the other state, as an excuse for his appearance there before his time, that he had come conscientiously, to escape from the sound of a *fiddle string*. This same editor tells me, in the abundance of his Christian charity, that my religion is like a robe that fits me loosely: perhaps it would not be amiss for him to examine a little, and see that his is not like a glove that fits either hand. I have no religion to boast of; but what little I may have, teaches me, that a man poorly commends his own piety, by railing at that of his neighbor. This self-constituted censor arraigns me, also, for my unpretending literary habits, and seems to think a modest cultivation of letters little less than a crime: as if religion had nothing to do with letters; as if its history had come down to us through other channels; as if its solemn mysteries could be taught, and its divine obligation inculcated, without the aid of language; or, as if a religious sentiment could not be rendered more attractive by the graces of its apparel. He reminds me of the man who, in his blind hatred of ornament, attempted to knock off the drapery of a statue; but, in doing it, as might be expected, destroyed the statue itself: This wonderful editor, also, accuses me of an unprincipled latitudinarianism, because I think it possible a Catholic may get to heaven! Has he ever met with the meek pages of a Fenelon, or listened to the thrilling, sanctified eloquence of a Bourdaloue or Massillon? Verily, if the days of persecution are to come again, when men are to be burned for a difference of opinion, I shall expect to see this editor with a torch in one hand, and a poker in the other. He has favored me with a little of his ghostly counsel, and I hope he will allow me to return the obligation. I commend him to the question, whether it be not more profitable for a man to be engaged in correcting his *own* faults, than picking out and exhibiting the faults of his neighbor; although I have very little expectation of any salutary results from this advisory hint; for I have generally observed, that advice of any character, given to a vain, self-conceited man, is very much like water cast upon the back of a quacking duck — it never penetrates. When he arraigns another Christian at his little inquisitorial bar, I hope he will preface his condemnatory sentence with the evidence of his judicial authority, which he will find in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, ch. 14. v. 4., — *To his own Master he standeth or falleth*. The strongest evidence that can be produced against the Christian religion at the present day, is the want of charity among many of its professors; and, I regret to say, that this intolerance is the most conspicuous where there is the most display of zeal, and the greatest pretension to sanctity.

"The blustering parade of these men, were it not connected with religion, would be only a subject of merriment. They seem to forget the intense elements of the age in which they live; and ascribe all heat, impulse, and motion, to themselves. They forget the kindled state of the public mind, the mighty, conflicting energies that are at work; and because they make a bluster and noise, seem to think they have within them some peculiar, inborn sources of animation and power. Why! even the dead frog will leap when put between the plates of a galvanic battery. They run about flourishing their insignificant flambeaux, as if there were no sun in the heavens! Even nature seems to have caught the infection of their vanity! What a bright night, exclaims the glow-worm, turning his tail to the moon! Put on the steam, I am in haste, cries a snail that has crept into a railroad car! Crack it again, my good fellow, ejaculates a fly that has lit on the folds of a thunder-cloud! What a prodigious reverberation, says a woodpecker, tapping a hollow tree on the roaring verge of Niagara! I fear my house will be shaken down, mutters a mouse, as the walls of the cathedral rock with the throes of an earthquake! What a deal of observation *we* excite, says a humblebee, buzzing along in the tail of a comet! *We* leave the very ocean split asunder, exclaims a perch darting along in the wake of a whale! *We* shall bring up with a tremendous crash, cries a vessel on an avalanche that is plunging into an Alpine abyss! Bury *me* with my face to the foe, cries a cockroach dying in the battle of the Nile! What a long shadow I cast, hoots an owl, gazing at an eclipse of the sun! 'The spoils of *victory*,' screams a harpy, pouncing on an elephant struck by lightning! One counts as much as another, says a democratic flea, jumping into the face of a lion! This last strong hold of aristocratical pride begins to totter, cries a levelling, radical rat, putting his shoulder against the foundation of a palace! *I have looked Satan out of countenance, cries a fanatic, taking off his green spectacles!* The splendors of the millenium are bursting on the world, exclaims a new-light ultraist, holding up his jack-o'-lantern! The chains of millions are breaking, screams an abolitionist, as the bands of his own apparel give way! Enough of this. I return to the ship."

Two or three paragraphs vividly descriptive of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, and presenting a sunset view from the latter, must close our transcriptions:

"The Parthenon, though now a magnificent ruin, has suffered less from the constant visitations of time than the casual violence of man; years have not materially darkened

its aspect; they have only in this pure clime imparted an autumnal tinge to the whiteness of its marble; but the Venetians, who should have been the last people to injure so precious a monument of genius, were the first to overthrow, with their burning balls, in their attack on the Acropolis, a portion of its columns; and travelers since, who should have appeared here only as admiring pilgrims, have expressed their veneration in detaching fragments, and transporting them to their ambitious cabinets. They knew and felt it sacrilege, yet as the mourner will cut a lock from the pale brow of his deceased friend, they must carry away some slight relic of this fading temple. We censure less the feeling that moved them, than the action in which it resulted. It is too much like a devotee — weeping, praying — and plundering the shrine of his saint!"

"The Parthenon still presents thirty-nine of its columns, in unshaken and uncrumbled integrity. The two colonnades of the pronaos, and the outer one of the posticum are entire; while a solitary member of the inner mourns its absent brethren. The tympanum, from which the colossal statues were taken that now adorn a distant museum, was so weakened by the removal of these ornamental supports, that it has since fallen, but the corresponding one is sufficiently perfect to afford a vivid conception of both in their unmutated state. The entablature of the peristyle has suffered more than any other portion of the edifice. The metopes in the frieze, each a finished piece of sculpture, have been removed, while the alternating triglyphs stand there as if to betray the extent of the Gothic plunder. The exquisite sculptures on the inner frieze of the pronaos, casting into life, around the whole cell, the splendors of the Panathenian festival, would have shared the same fate, but fortunately they were less accessible. They exhibit still the delicacy and fire which ever followed the chisel of Phidias; and may death unnerve the arm that shall strive to wrench them from their places!

"On whatever portion of the edifice your eye rests, you can discover no evidence of haste or wearied interest. The smooth fluting of the columns, the scarcely perceptible jointure of the blocks which compose them, the astragal and cornice of the capital, the varied ornaments of the frieze, with the breathing statues of the pediment, all betray the same solicitude and finishing perfection. Though rent and mutilated by violence, yet enough of the temple still remains to afford an intimating and vivid outline of its original magnificence and beauty. As you gaze, it stands at length complete in your imagination, and you are as deeply impressed by the harmony of its proportions, and the grandeur of its main conception, as you probably would be if no capital had been displaced, no column overthrown. Perhaps the injuries which have marred its material form, by the melancholy sentiment of regret which they inspire, tend rather to render more deep, solemn, and composed, the impression it might make as a glorious whole. When my last hour shall come, when the fever and tempest of life shall be passing away, may this divine relic linger in bright relief on the cloud of the departing storm. Let me die with those deep, subdued emotions inspired by strength and beauty in ruins; and let a hope, untouched by decay, sustainingly lead this spirit upward to its exalted, unchanging source. And may the same hope, dear reader, hover over *thee* in that last moment of dismay, and bring thy undying soul, kindled with a Saviour's love, to that Temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"I stood on the ruins of the Acropolis at this subdued hour; the sun had melted down into the verge of the horizon, while his slanting rays, deserting the level plain, still lingered upon the loftier cliffs, converting them into purple and gold; the islands of Egina, Salamis, and Paros, swelled from the sea, bold and beautiful in the rosy light; while the distant citadel of Corinth stood against the sky, a conspicuous mass, fringed with fire; Mount Hymettus, with its marble steeps, cast its arching shadow far down the silent valley, while the Cephissus went on its whispering way, breaking the sombre aspect of the plain, with the line of its silver waters. There lay the Piræus with the mourning wave still lingering on its strand; there stood Eleusia, whose sublime mysteries are still the deepest marvel of the past; there rose the Olympian columns, to which the exulting eye of mouldered millions have turned; there lengthened the sacred way, once lined with monumental tombs of poets and eages; there too lay Marathon, whose very dust seems blended with heroic memories; while around, within a narrow circle, slumbered the ashes of those whose genius, valor, and learning, made Athens the wonder, pride, and worship of the earth! What ruins and recollections — what perished grandeur and undecaying beauty are here — man, his monuments and memorials in the grave! Nature full of life, light, and strength; and

'Living as if the earth contained no tomb.'

We are glad to learn that Mr. Colton proposes ere long to take the public with him into Italy. He will throw, or we greatly mistake his power and bent, a new halo about that gorgeous land. Let us again counsel him not to forget, in all his literary undertakings, that he owes to his admirers a casket of gems, from a poetical mine, of whose overflowing fulness his prose works afford ample evidence.

TERRIBLE TRACTORATION, AND OTHER POEMS. By CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and Honorary Member of no less than nineteen very learned Societies. Third American edition. pp. 264. Boston: RUSSELL, SHATTUCK AND COMPANY, and TUTTLE, WEEKS AND DENNETT.

'TERRIBLE TRACTORATION,' as originally published, has been extensively read and favorably commented upon, both in America and England; it is, therefore, quite too late to enlarge upon the keenness of its satire, the natural flow of its style, and the perspicuous sarcasm of the author. In the present edition, however, several new subjects are introduced, and thrown into the crucible of Dr. Caustic; among these are Phrenology, Abolition, Amalgamation, Temperance, Reformation, etc. The notes are, in our judgment, not the least attractive parts of the book. We annex a few extracts from those portions of the poem, which touch upon the new topics introduced. Phrenologists, we apprehend, will not particularly relish the palpable hits at their favorite science:

'We have for sale the seeds of bumps,
Which dibbled in the heads of gumps,
Take root without the aid of thumps,
And grow as large as camels' humps.

'Can take a wicked ugly tyke,
And every organ we dislike
Pull out or drive in, at a venture,
Thus change each bump to an indenture.

'Protuberant destructiveness,
Placed in our phrenologic press,

Is render'd, by its power immense,
Exuberant destructiveness.

'In infancy, in half a trice,
We thus extinguish every vice,
Before it has had time to harden,
As easily as weed a garden.

'We keep fine faculties ready made,
Thus beat dame Nature at her trade
Of manufacturing mental powers,
For her's are not half up to ours.'

The advocates of abolition will find even less cause of congratulation than the disciples of Gaul and Spurzheim. They are tomahawked and scalped. We select a few random stanzas:

'Huzza then, for amalgamation
To change our 'dough-faced population,'
In course of one more generation,
To a nice copper-color'd nation;

'Reader, it may be you're a lady,
Fair as the blush of morn in May day,—
And not much smitten with our plan
Of union with a color'd man.

'Bah! bah! my dear, I tell you this is
The silliest of prejudices;
Cupid will duly elevate him,
And Hymea will amalgamate him.

* * * * *

'The only color of objection
To our said tawny predilection
Is this, 't will ruin the machinery
Of amatory poets' scenery.

'Bright eyes, pink lips, and cheeks of roses,
Lily-complexions, Grecian noses,
Fine necks, and so forth, alabasters,
No more be themes for poetasters.

'But then the Muse's votary may
In rhymes like these his fair portray,—
My Phillis has a natural varnish
Which time nor accident can't tarnish;

'No sickly, pale, unripen'd maid,
'Dyed in the wool,' she cannot fade;
Essence of ebony and logwood,
And sweeter than the flowers of dogwood.

'Lives there a bard who would not glory
In such epistles amatory,
Possessing that uncommon quality,
A sprinkling of originality?

Mr. Fessenden's rhymes sometimes barely jingle, and at others they are of the oddest description. He delights, we may suppose, in such lines as Byron's:

'There's not a sea the traveler e'er pukes in,
Throws up such dangerous billows as the Euxine;

for 'Terrible Tractation' abounds in similar bizarre conceits of rhythm. We remark three or four examples in this volume of a very common error—we mean the use of the term community, without the article before it, as 'people of community,' etc., instead of *the* community. The minor poems in the volume have been the rounds of the public prints, and are remarkable for simplicity, good sense, and valuable inculcation.

SPAIN REVISITED. By the author of 'A year in Spain.' In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 760. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. SLIDELL has added to his well-earned fame in these most agreeable volumes. The air of Spain seems to add new vigor to his powers, and brighter hues to the colors of his pencil. The admiration won by his first labors upon Spanish ground will even be increased by the work under notice; and those who have read 'A year in Spain'—and what American, possessing the least acquaintance with the literature of his country, has not?—will appreciate the nature and extent of the recommendation which this comparison conveys. In truth, 'Spain Revisited' is a treasure for an artist. We could turn to a score of scenes, drawn with such perfect distinctness, and such entire truth to nature, that a painter could not choose but embody the pictures upon canvass, even as one might copy a legible manuscript. There is a soundness in his incidental views of men and events—a psychological accuracy, too, in his sketches of character, and a general boldness of limning, that stamp the writer as a man of undisputed genius, and that of a high order. The volumes are frequently marked, moreover, by touches of happy pleasantry, and felicitous flights of imagination, which prove how absurd is the opinion, that has, we fear, too generally obtained, that versatility of talent is incompatible with depth of intellect.

A few extracts—a moiety of those we had selected with delight and are forced to resign with regret—will afford the reader some faint idea of the *manner*, merely, of 'Spain Revisited.' We commence with a description of the interruption of a commerce assemblage at the fair of Tordessillas, by the sudden appearance of a Catholic 'procession':

"As the procession now defiled into the square, it was already crowded with the buyers and sellers of all those odd wares and quaint commodities which testify to the ill-digested and immature civilization of Spain, the vendors being planted, as usual, upon the ground, with their merchandise scattered about them. Here were earthen pipkins, leathern bottles, sedge ropes, wooden spoons and forks, primitive knives, locks and keys of the rudest and simplest forms, and iron lamps to hang upon a nail, the back of a chair, or the side of a table, with the oil and wick equally exposed to view; piles of greasy fish were bestowed in huge platters, to sooth the craving stomachs of the keepers of Lent; fitches of bacon lay temptingly provided for those who, in return for the commodities they had brought to market, would carry home a condiment to season their pucheros, while antique scales stood erected on gallowees beside them, to show the vender's willingness to mete out just weight; there were moreover, heaps of apples, oranges, and garbanzos, strings of peppers, and bunches of savory garlic, with an oil and saffron-fed old woman intrenched behind each, while her lord and master, claiming the privileges of his sex, looked on protectingly, or strolled aside in search of gossip or amusement.

"Suddenly, as the procession swept by, the hum of business ceased, and the countenance burning with the enthusiasm of bargain-making, lost its excited expression; an old villager near me, dressed in breeches, leggins, an ample jacket, that spread over his hips, and a brown montera cap, which he drew with comic effect over the back of his head, so as to cover his ears, and leave exposed the whole of his imbrowned forehead and cunning physiognomy, who was just in the act of cheapening an earthen jug, which he endeavoured to persuade the seller was a little cracked, and had not a very catholic sound, put down his purchase; while a neighbouring vender of wooden spoons, who gave no other notice of his profession and readiness to sell than by rattling his wares skilfully against each other, ceased his clatter. All now fell upon their knees and crossed themselves, as they muttered a prayer, and the whole aspect of the place was suddenly changed from a scene of excited barter to the calm solemnity of devotion.

"So soon as the devotees had cleared the entrance of the square, a lad, who walked by the side of the friar, rang a small bell, the procession halted, and the chant ceasing suddenly, a death-like silence reigned through the vast area, resounding a minute before with the bustle and clamour of animated existence. And now, in the cracked and changing voice of incipient puberty, the same youth half-recited, half-chanted a few lines, calling on all who heard him to repent, confess, and be saved, or to remain in their hardness of heart, and take the alternative of damnation. This being thrice repeated, he rang the bell once more, the procession renewed its progress, and the anthem was again raised.

"Crossing the open area, the friar marshalled the way to a species of moveable pulpit, erected on four unsteady and insufficient legs, at the side of one of the columns; in shape it was not unlike a base drum with one head out, being tapestried with a piece of faded satin, the gift, doubtless, of a devotee, which, strangely enough, was embroidered with bulls and picadors. On the whole, pulpit though it was, it had not a little the air of one of those ambulatory habitations, from which, on the gay mole of Naples, the quaint and merry punchinello exhibits his gambols. I noticed, as not the least curious of the juxtapositions of this strange improvisation, a stout collar of iron, projecting from the column against which the pulpit was placed, and which, on inquiry, proved to be a species of pillory for the occasional exposition of a rogue. Having reached the pulpit, the friar entered it and shut himself in, giving the cross to his comrade, who held it up beside him, that it might be seen by the multitude, and that he might also, in his invocation, address the Saviour through his image, and that the spot, thus momentarily wrested from the purposes of worldly barter, might be hallowed, by the presence of this sacred symbol, into a temple meet for the solemn offices of which it was presently to be the scene."

"After a momentary pause in the pulpit, the friar called upon the multitude to offer up a prayer of propitiation: kneeling before the sacred emblem held aloft by the brother, and followed by the multitude who thronged the square, prostrate in the same adoration, he repeated the supplication, so suited to the wants of all—'Our Father, who art in heaven!' The scene at this moment was singular and solemn; the whole of this vast multitude crowded among the various commodities collected for the market, some canopied by little awnings raised on frames like umbrellas, some exposed to the full glare of the sun, others sheltered from its scorching rays beneath the covered gallery, or within the shops behind it, while others, again, looked out from the surrounding balconies, and from those visible in the streets leading into the square; all and each of this immense throng were fixed motionless in one attitude, such as is assumed in addressing the Supreme Being alone, and animated by one common sentiment, a sentiment of devotion."

We admire the life and spirit with which our author invests the most indifferent of his scenes. Take, for example, the following picture of a Spanish inn-kitchen at Vitoria:

"In one corner of the room, which was of great extent, was a large chimney, in the middle of which blazed a fire consisting of a mass of live embers, fed by large logs, the ends being thrust together like the spokes of a wheel, and pushed forward from time to time, as they consumed away, while on either side within the spacious area of the chimney itself were capacious wooden benches with backs, into one of which I hastened to throw myself, having for my companion a retired old colonel, who sat quietly smoking in the post of honor in the corner, and who presently engaged me in agreeable conversation. At the opposite side of the room was a long brick dresser, having a number of furnaces, over which five or six young women were preparing in copper stew-pans the supper which was to be presently eaten. These young women were uncommonly tall, with brilliant complexions, full black eyes, long hair plaited nearly to their feet, handkerchiefs of gay colours coquettishly arranged on their heads, several of them having very beautiful faces, with a lively, intelligent expression of countenance, by no means common in Spain, in which soul and sentiment were blended with passion, while in their manners a certain graceful coyness and capacity to blush were accompanied by all that sprightliness and freedom of speech which belong to the kitchen of a posada. As they prosecuted their various avocations, polishing and replacing each article as it ceased to be of use, or thrusting up the logs and throwing on a fresh heap of brushwood to send up a genial blaze, they chatted in Basque, in most melodious voices, more like those of English women than Spaniards, with a party of mayorals who were supping at the side of the fire; and I found on inquiry, for I was curious to learn from what, to me, unknown portion of Spain they could be, that they were, one and all, natives of the little city of St. Sebastian."

The following group of some of the notables of Villafranca, evinces kindred excellence in another department:

"The most important-looking personage among the newly-arrived was a battered old officer, with half a nose, over which was thrust, with a vain effort to hide the deficiency, a desperate cocked hat, while a thread-bare surcoat, having gold bands at the cuffs, and a cane, flourished with magisterial pomp, completed the impression of his importance. Next came sneaking in a vile and meanly-faced escribano, with knave, informer, sycophant, and scoundrel, all legibly written on his countenance, his lean and recreant figure covered with a cloak of black, instead of the common brown of the lower classes, to which by birth he was alone entitled. There was another, whom I

was told was of noble blood, a mayorazgo, or inheritor of a small entailed estate in the neighbourhood of Villafranca, who was most strangely attired in jacket and breeches of velvet, his thin leg being confined in the strict embrace of a blue worsted stocking, and his foot half hidden beneath the bulk of his shoebuckle; while a cotton night-cap covered and concealed his forehead, ears, and a portion of his neck, having above it, enveloped in a loose oilcloth cover, a huge hat, which was only kept from falling over and completely extinguishing his face, by means of a cotton handkerchief thrust between it and his forehead. A pair of stout ill-constructed iron spectacles kept constantly sliding down a long, thin, and snuff-taking nose, being from time to time deliberately and with dignity replaced, while his muddy and lack-lustre eyes kept up a perpetual cross-fire in the same direction. Such was the unfortunate individual who groaned under the superadded weight of his own dignity and that of a dozen ancestors.

Horrible, indeed, and most graphic, are the descriptions in the first volume, of the bull-fights, court-prisons, and common prisons of Madrid. The latter, for which only we have space, are thus depicted :

"The apartments which we had hitherto visited, were, however, palaces of comfort, compared to the common prison in the dungeons below. In the courtyard adjoining these dungeons was a vast assemblage of poor and undistinguished criminals, emaciated from starvation, and many in a half-naked condition. In the centre of the court was a pile of dirty straw, tattered garments, well-polished bones, and cabbage-leaves, apparently collected to be burnt. Some of the prisoners seemed to be engaged in gambling stealthily in a corner; some were employed more praiseworthy, in ridding each other of vermin; while others were collected round a more learned member of the fraternity, listening to something he was reading. As we descended among them, the Alcayde called out, in a voice of authority — 'Each one to his dungeon! — *Cada uno a su calabozo!*' — and they instantly escaped to the obscurity of their subterranean abodes.

"In each dungeon one man was selected to command, with the title of *calabazero*; in one of them this station was held by a drum-major of the Royalist volunteers, a stout, ferocious-looking fellow, whose blackened eye indicated that his authority had not been recognised without dispute. The chief, in each case, was the greatest villain in the dungeon, being selected from his commanding character and fearless courage. Thus, the captain of one *calabozo* which we entered was a little man, named Chirasca, who boasted the committal of uncounted murders. He was small, with pale complexion, light hair, and whitish eyes. He held the candle as we entered his dominions, and the expression of his countenance, when thus illumed, was at once murderous and tranquil. Never, perhaps, did light fall upon a collection of human faces, more variously marked with every demoniac expression of which crime is susceptible. They were pale and ghastly, for the most part, and many were awfully disfigured, and gashed with recent wounds. Some had their arms bound behind, to prevent them offering violence to the rest. Two, who had recently been fighting with knives, were ordered out to be placed in separate cells. Yet all here were not, perhaps, equally criminal. Some there were whose offences were merely political, and whose opinions, a few months before, were of the same colour with those which regulated the state, were in possession of power, and in fashion at the court. There were, moreover, many lads of a tender age here. One who, save the scanty covering of the tatters of a manta, was absolutely naked, seemed about to yield to starvation, disease, and vermin, and implored us, with tears, to have him removed to the hospital. We interceded with the Alcayde to do so, and were glad to hear him give the necessary order ere we came away."

We take a reluctant leave of these volumes, which we heartily commend to our readers, as replete with excellent entertainment. That they are faithful sketches, no one can doubt; and, with 'A Year in Spain' — for which the author was denounced by the government, and threatened with expulsion from the country, should he visit it again — they constitute a picture of Spain, its scenery, manners and customs, that in our judgment has rarely been equalled.

A word as to the externals of these volumes. The execution is excellent — the paper fine and white, the type clear and open; and there are two good engravings by DICK, from spirited paintings by CHAPMAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE COUNTRY: with Reasons for Preferring Episcopacy. By REV. CALVIN COLTON. One volume. pp. 208. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

As it is a part of the plan of this Magazine to avoid meddling with polemics, we shall say nothing of that portion of the work under notice which is specially devoted to the 'Reasons for Preferring Episcopacy,' farther than that the sectarian views of the author seem to be advanced in such a manner as to give little cause of offence, even to those who may most disagree with him.

Many of Mr. Colton's 'Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country,' the excesses of the age, etc., will find a response in the bosoms of thousands in this country. The errors which he points out are crying evils; and we are glad that a writer of the reputation for talents and piety of our author, who has had experience of the glaring mal-practices and prevailing systems which he sets forth and illustrates, should be found independent enough to 'raise his voice against them.' We are compelled to limit ourselves to two extracts, paragraphs introduced by the author to illustrate the interposition of minor church officers and small lay members, possessing zeal far above their knowledge, in the affairs of the clergy.

"These associates in the pastoral office—for such is virtually their standing—generally claim to be wise in counsel, and they claim to have their share. Of the work, of course they do nothing. They may be honest and good men, and very pious; but in most churches they are men of little intellectual culture; and the less they have, the more confident and unbending are they in their opinions. If a minister travels an inch beyond the circle of their vision in theology, or startles them with a new idea in his interpretation of Scripture, it is not unlikely that their suspicions of his orthodoxy will be awakened. If he does any thing out of the common course, he is an innovator. If, from the multiplicity of his cares and engagements, he is now and then obliged to preach an old sermon, or exchange more than is agreeable, or does not visit so much as might be expected, he is lazy. For these and for other delinquencies, as adjudged by these associates, it becomes their conscientious duty to admonish him. He who is appointed to supervise the flock, is himself supervised. 'I have a charge to give you,' said a deacon to me once, the first time and the moment I was introduced to him, after I had preached one or two Sabbaths in the place—and, as it happened, it was the first word he said after we shook hands—adding, 'I often give charges to ministers.' I knew him to be an important man, and the first in the church; but as I had nothing at stake there that depended on his favor, I could not resist the temptation of replying to him in view of his consequential airs, 'You may use your discretion, Sir, in this particular instance; but I can tell you that ministers are sometimes overcharged.' However, I did not escape.

It seems to be a principle in Presbyterian and Congregational churches, that the minister must be overlooked by the elders and deacons; and if he does not quietly submit to their rule, his condition will be uncomfortable. He may also expect visitations from women to instruct him in his duty; at least they will contrive to convey to him their opinions. It is said of Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, who was eminently a peace-maker, and was always sent for by all the churches in the country around, for a great distance, to settle their difficulties, that having just returned from one of these errands, and put out his horse, another message of the same kind came from another quarter. 'And what is the matter?' said the doctor, to the messenger. 'Why,' said he, 'Deacon—has—' 'Has?—that's enough. There never is a difficulty in a church, but some old deacon is at the bottom of it.

"Unquestionably, it is proper, wise, and prudent, for every minister to watch and consult the popular opinion around him, in relation to himself, his preaching, and his conduct. But if a minister is worthy to be the pastor of a people, he is also worthy of some confidence, and ought to receive deference. In his own proper work he may be helped, he may be sustained, but he cannot be instructed by his people; he cannot, in general, be instructed by the wisest of them. Respectful and kind hints, from competent persons, he may receive, and should court—he may be profited by them. But if he is a man fit for his place, he should receive that honor that will leave him scope, and inspire him with courage to act a manly part. A Christian pastor can never fulfil his office and attain its highest ends, without being free to act among his people according to the light of his conscience and his best discretion. To have elders and deacons to rule over him, is to be a slave—is not to be a man. The responsibili-

ties, cares, burdens, and labors of the pastoral office are enough, without being impeded and oppressed by such anxieties as these. In the early history of New-England, a non-conformist minister, from the old country, is represented to have said, after a little experience on this side of the water, 'I left England to get rid of my lords, the bishops; but here I find in their place my lords, the brethren and sisters; save me from the latter, and let me have the former.'

Particular instances, placing the interferences complained of in a broad and startling light, are given as follows :

"It has happened within a few years last past, in New-England, and I believe, in other parts of the country, that there has been a system of lay visitation of the clergy for the purpose of counselling, admonishing, and urging them up to their duty; and that these self-commissioned apostles, two and two, have gone from town to town, and from district to district of the country, making inquisition at the mouth of common rumor, and by such other modes, as might be convenient, into the conduct and fidelity of clergymen whom they never saw; and having exhausted their means of information, have made their way into the closets of their adopted protégés, to advise, admonish, pray with and for them, according as they might need. Having fulfilled their office, they have renewed their march, 'staff and scrip,' in a straightforward way, to the next parish in the assigned round of their visitations, to enact the same scene; and so on, till their work was done.

"I have heard of one reception of these lay apostles, which may not be unworthy of record. One pair of them — for they went forth 'two and two,' and thus far were conformed to Scripture — both of them mechanics, and one a shoemaker, having abandoned their calling to engage in this enterprise, came upon a subject, who was not well disposed to recognise their commission. They began to talk with him: 'We have come to stir you up.' 'How is the shoe business in your city?' said the clergyman to the shoemaker, who was the speaker; for it was a city from which they came. The shoemaker looked vacant, and stared at the question, as if he thought it not very pertinent to his errand, and after a little pause, proceeded in the discharge of his office: 'We have come to give your church a shaking.' 'Is the market for shoes good?' said the clergyman. Abashed at this apparent obliquity, the shoemaker passed again; and again went on in a like manner. To which the clergyman: 'Your business is at a stand, Sir, I presume; I suppose you have nothing to do.' And so the dialogue went on: the shoemaker confining himself to his duty, and the clergyman talking only of shoes, in varied and constantly shifting colloquy, till the perverse and wicked pertinacity of the latter discouraged the former; and the shoemaker and his brother took up their hats, to 'shake off the dust of their feet,' and turn away to a more hopeful subject. The clergyman bowed them very civilly out of doors, expressing his wish, as they departed, that the shoe business might soon revive. Of course, these lay apostles, in this instance, were horror-struck: and it cannot be supposed they were much inclined to leave their blessing behind them."

Akin to this, is an anecdote of Swift, which we have never seen in print. It is rather irreverent, but so characteristic, that we cannot resist the inclination to annex it, such as it lives in our memory. An ignorant tailor, zealous over-much, waited upon the Dean, to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convivial, and not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. Swift answered his few stupid questions with great good nature; and when he had concluded, expressed a wish to consult him, as he should needs be *au fait* in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point, contained in an important chapter of the Bible. 'We read,' said the Dean, 'in Revelations, that the angel of the Lord stood with one foot on the earth and the other on the sea. Now what I wish you to inform me — with the same freedom that I have answered your queries — is, how much cloth it would take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloon, that should fit him as he stood!' Snip retired.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.—The Sixth Annual Meeting of this Society closed on the 9th of May, after a session of three days, in the Common Council Chamber of this city. WM. A. DURN, Esq., President of Columbia College, and for several years President of the Lyceum, occupied the chair as much of the time as his other duties would allow; and the Rev. Mr. RIDGLEY, one of the numerous and respectable delegation from the Pennsylvania Lyceum, presided a part of the session.

This association is devoted to the promotion of education, particularly in common schools and lyceums; and during the five years of its existence, has labored in various ways for this object, although greatly embarrassed by the want of the funds necessary to carry into effect some of the most promising plans which it has devised and approved. One of its leading characteristics, is that of a representative body, in which the delegates of literary associations, particularly those of a popular nature, may consult and determine on questions relating to the objects of their pursuit. In every lyceum or society for mutual intellectual improvement, topics of interest often present themselves, which excite inquiry, conversation, and debate. Individuals of the number, at least, feel a desire to investigate them farther, and thus a wish arises for a larger sphere in which to introduce them. In some places, county or state lyceums offer such a wider sphere; and there, questions of real importance often gain in interest by discussion. Questions concerning the interest of common schools, the best means of improving education in them, and in associations, in endless variety, thus annually occupy the minds of some individuals; and some of these naturally find their way to the American Lyceum, and become topics of discussion among persons from a wider sphere. All known kindred associations are invited to send delegates to the annual meetings, where great freedom of debate, and a friendly spirit, have always prevailed.

Connected with this, is another feature of the association, viz: the influence it has in promoting acquaintance and coöperation among the friends of useful knowledge. This is effected in different ways. Not only are many of them annually brought together, but a correspondence is carried on with many more, the fruits of which are laid before the association at the anniversaries, and, in the published proceedings, (which have been gratuitously circulated,) very widely diffused. The Lyceum has published about thirty valuable lectures on various interesting topics, written and delivered at their request, by distinguished friends of learning in different parts of the Union, (for there is nothing sectional or limited in its plan,) and these have generally appeared in the *Annals of Education*, and subsequently in pamphlets. Three elegant productions, on subjects connected with the fine arts, have been published within a few months in this city.

The statistical information collected by the society concerning schools, literary associations, and operations, is also extensive, interesting, and useful. Of this a greater amount than ever was presented at the recent annual meeting; and the public, we hope, will ere long be favored with published reports from such associations as the New-York City Lyceum, the Mercantile Library Association, the New-York Mechanics' Institute, the Brooklyn Lyceum, the United States' Naval Lyceum, the Juvenile Lyceums of our Public Schools, the Pennsylvania Lyceum, with the Teachers' and School Lyceums of

Philadelphia, the Albany and the Troy Associations for Intellectual Improvement, the Worcester, (Mass.) Lyceum, etc.

The society had hopes of receiving this year, an Essay on the best means of obtaining uniform Meteorological Observations, with a plan, from a well qualified correspondent of this state; but this anticipated production was delayed for the present, because time is required to collect all the information which it is desirable to have comprised in a communication of such kind.

The American Lyceum, on the eve of their adjournment, feeling the importance of a general coöperation in favor of common education, adopted resolutions inviting the friends of knowledge and the country to contribute, either in money or active labor, to their operations. They request all those who may wish to subscribe to their funds, to transmit to William Forrest, Esq., New-York, and those who are willing to undertake to visit a school once a week, to form a lyceum, to deliver a public address in favor of education, to write on that subject in newspapers, or otherwise to assist in exciting a general and speedy improvement, to give specific information of the same to one of the corresponding secretaries of the society forthwith, and on or before the 1st of January next, again to communicate what they have done, with the results. In this way, it is evident, the efficiency of the society may be greatly increased, both by the enlistment of new coöperators in their own neighborhoods, and by the collection of a large amount of statistics in that most interesting department of education, so important to our country, and so naturally the growth of our institutions — *spontaneous and gratuitous instruction*. One individual in each county in the union might thus accomplish a very useful task in the next few months; and the publication of the returns could not fail to encourage fourfold effects in the next year.

But the plans and operations of the society will be best understood from the documents which may be successively expected from the press. We will only add here, that one dollar will procure the ordinary monthly publications for the ensuing twelvemonth, either for a society or an individual; and three dollars the additional privilege to any individual, (with the approval of the executive committee,) of a seat at the next annual meeting, which is to be held in Philadelphia.

We have not room for the full list of officers, and shall therefore only mention the following, who reside in New-York: WM. A. DUNE, *President*; WM. B. KIRKBY, *Recording Secretary*; T. DWIGHT, Jr., *Corresponding Secretary*; WM. FORREST, *Treasurer*.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — On the twenty-third day of April, in the year of Grace one thousand five hundred and sixty-four, there was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, one William Shakspeare, who some time about the year 1597, having then reached the full prime and vigor of manhood, did give to the world two plays, each of five acts, which he severally entitled 'The first and second parts of Henry IV,' wherein it pleased him to introduce a strange sort of personage, 'a great fat man,' whom he christened 'Sir John Falstaff.' Now this 'Sir John,' by reason of the soul of humor wherewith Shakspeare had invested him, became a wonderful favorite with all sorts of people, who either made his acquaintance in the closet or upon the stage. Indeed, so particularly fond did some great personages become of this laughter-moving knight, that it is recorded how that even the good Queen Bees, of blessed memory, carried her admiration to the extent of an order to the bard for a second edition of the wag, with such improvements as the boy Cupid might suggest. Whereupon this same Shakspeare did speedily exhibit the knight in a new play, entitled the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' wherein his susceptibilities were curiously operated upon by the little archer — to the increased diversion of her blessed majesty.

Now to represent truly this character of 'Sir John Falstaff,' has ever been an object of ambition among the players, but unfortunately the minimum that have succeeded in portraying the inimitable peculiarities of the favorite of Queen Bees, compared with the maximum who have failed therein, has been in the slender proportion of one to one hundred. The character seems indeed to present peculiar difficulties in the way of its representation — not merely, as some sapient critics have presumed, 'by reason of its fatness' — that overgrown obesity which 'lards the lean earth as it walks along' — but also in consequence of sandry sparklings of wit — the irradiation whereof is not always transferable, through the doughy expression of every 'human face divine,' the owner of which being dignified by the name of comedian, because 'laughing much himself, he sets on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too.'

This preamble, containing as it does a vast fund of valuable information, is set forth by way of prelude to the announcement of the fact, that however great hitherto may have been considered the difficulties in the personation of Falstaff, by the predecessors as well as the successors of Betterton, they have been ably surmounted — utterly vanquished — completely annihilated — by a native American — in the nineteenth century — and that the stage of the Park Theatre has the honor of first exhibiting to the world — 'Falstaff made easy' or the 'Triumph of matter over Mind,' as delineated in the personation of 'Sir John Falstaff,' by MR. HACKETT!

There cannot be a doubt, that among the many mirth-moving subjects which are so greedily caught up by the caricaturists of the day, none are so irresistible as those which come under the title of 'national peculiarities,' and that among all the nations of the globe none are more open to ridicule, or possess more laughable peculiarities, than a certain portion of the inhabitants of the American continent who vegetate in that section of the universe, known and distinguished by the very definite *soubriquet* of 'Down East,' and who rejoice in the euphonius appellation of 'Yankee.' Now although this people did not exist either under the same name, or in this identical locality, Anno Domini 1597, yet inasmuch as they sprung from the same stock, and had their origin in the same country with the swan of Avon, it is quite probable that the germs at least of those humorous peculiarities which now distinguish them existed in England in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and sixty-four. Admitting this very plausible probability, it seems natural enough that Shakspeare, with his keen perception of every thing humorous or eccentric, would be the first to seize upon these peculiarities of his countrymen, as the irresistible means of exciting the cacchinations of the public — most especially when exhibited to them through the medium of such a 'fat-witted' rogue as he intended when he first conceived the idea of a Sir John Falstaff. Shakspeare, therefore, undoubtedly intended to make 'Falstaff,' what we in common stage-jargon call a 'Yankee character' — a personage similar in all things (except perhaps in an excess of fat,) to that very natural, delicate and witty character, yclept 'Jonathan Dubikins.'

This reasoning, resulting as it does in absolute proof, gives us the true cause of the general failure of Mr. Hackett's predecessors, while at the same time it clearly unfolds the great secret of his own immense triumph in the arduous character of 'Sir John Falstaff.' Peace to all such!

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AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — '*Rienzi*,' dramatized by Miss MEDINA, from Bulwer's novel of that name, has been the crowning glory of the Bowery Theatre, for the last month. It has been produced with unvaried splendor of scenery and decoration; and the acting of Mr. HANSELIN and Mrs. FLYNN, as *Rienzi* and *Nina*, has been very justly commended.

LITERARY RECORD.

'MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN LADY,' ETC. — Mr. GEORGE DRABORN has published in a volume of three hundred and fifty-four pages, 'Memoirs of an American Lady: with sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution.' It is by Mrs. GRANT, of Laghan, Scotland, whom LAWRENCE TODD, not long since, so well described in these pages. 'As a picture,' says an appropriate 'Notice' which introduces the book to the American reader, 'taken at the dawning of the Revolution, of the clouds which then passed along to have vanished otherwise forever, and as one of a series of works shedding light upon that momentous period of which the 'Pioneers' is its natural successor, its reappearance must be a welcome event in the marshalling of American literature now in progress.'

EDDY'S ADDRESS TO YOUTH. — MESSRS. LEA, LORD AND COMPANY have published 'Addresses by A. D. EDDY, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, in Newark, N. J., on the Duties, Dangers, and Securities of Youth.' From an introductory essay by the Hon. THEODORE FREELINGHUYSEN, setting forth the nature of the volume, we make the following extract: 'Whatever means can be applied to form the manners, to mould the character of our youth, deserves the favor of all who love their country. This volume may put in a fair claim to such intention. It embraces the whole range of duty, not so much by general maxims, as by particular and specific instructions, adapted to the various occasions of individual and social conduct.'

BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY. — Nos. XXVI. and XXVII. of HARPER'S Juvenile Library are devoted to 'Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Whale Fishery and Polar Seas,' and are illustrated by divers wood-cuts. The good old man doesn't 'talk like a book' — he is more natural than the best; and little masters and misses will fancy themselves holding veritable converse with their garrulous and agreeable 'uncle.' Peter Parley must look to his bays. There is a formidable antagonist in the field — but both are 'working together for good,' and competition cannot be too great in such case.

'THE ACTRESS OF PADUA, AND OTHER TALES.' — The first portion of this work is a successful attempt to throw into the form of a tale, a drama by Victor Hugo, entitled '*Angelo Tyrannus de Padoue*.' The original is not very strictly adhered to, and the tale is all the better for it — for the extravagances of Hugo are not consonant with American taste, however the case may be with France, and we hope they never will be. Several of the other stories contained in these volumes we have read and admired, when first published by the author, RICHARD PENN SMITH, Esq., in some of the popular periodicals of the day. That they will meet with favor, we cannot doubt.

NEW WORKS. — We have received and read, but at too late a period for notice in the present number, RAUMER'S 'England in 1836,' translated from the German by Mrs. AUSTIN and H. E. LOVD; and our countrymen COOPER'S 'Sketches of Switzerland.' We have only time and space to remark, that the first is unquestionably the best work upon England and her institutions that has ever appeared in this country, while the second will go far to retrieve the impression of melancholy literary decadence which the ill-judged publication of 'The Monnikins' created. Published by CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. WILEY AND LONG.

KONIGSMARKE. — Volumes seven and eight of HARPER'S new uniform series of PAULDING'S Works, contain 'Koningsmarke; or Old Times in the New World.' The numerous admirers of the author will not like this old friend the less that it appears in a new and handsome dress, since there is no diminution of its keen satire and broad fun. We have on two or three occasions spoken of the present edition, as one both in cheap-

ness and excellence of execution, well entitled to liberal demand at the hands of the public.

ANTHON'S SALLUST.—The BROTHERS' HARPER have published, in a well-printed volume of three hundred and thirty-two pages, a new edition of Anthon's *Sallust*, with various important alterations and improvements, such as an enlargement of the notes on the Jugurthine war, geographical and historical indexes, etc. This work enjoys a wide repute in this country, and two separate reprints, by different editors, have appeared in England.

THE MORALITY OF POVERTY.—This is the first of a series of Lectures—(delivered in London by Rev. W. J. FOX, a divine well known for his sermons on various subjects, many volumes of which have attained wide popularity in this country,)—upon the general subject of 'Morality, as modified by the various classes into which society is divided.' It is a discourse well calculated to do good, and will, we trust, be extensively diffused. TUTTLE, WEEKS AND DORRIS, BOSTON.

WORKS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—MESSRS. PERKINS, MARVIN AND COMPANY, BOSTON, and HENRY PERKINS, Philadelphia, have published, in two large closely and beautifully printed volumes, the speeches and forensic arguments of WEBSTER. These are forty-eight in number, and embrace every prominent effort of this eminent statesman. The volumes are embellished with a superb portrait of the author, and are every way most creditable to the liberality of the publishers. WILEY AND LONG, Broadway.

THE LAWS OF ETIQUETTE.—A small volume, entitled 'Laws of Etiquette; or short rules and reflections for conduct in Society, by a Gentleman,' has been given to the public by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. It contains many valuable aids to popular social intercourse, and some things little adapted to American society—but nothing that can make a gentleman, even outwardly, who does not first possess the attributes of one, in heart and feeling.

'THE HEBREW WIFE.'—The character of this volume, which we have found no leisure to peruse, may be gathered from its title: 'The Hebrew Wife: or the Law of Marriage examined in relation to the lawfulness of Polygamy.' The author is S. E. DWIGHT, Esq., and the work is the result of official research, in instituting a prosecution for an incestuous marriage.

LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.—The admirers of Coleridge will find in the forty-five letters and numerous recollections and conversations embraced in this volume—all showing the attractions of a great mind untroubled, in familiar, unconstrained moods—a treat of no common order. One volume: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

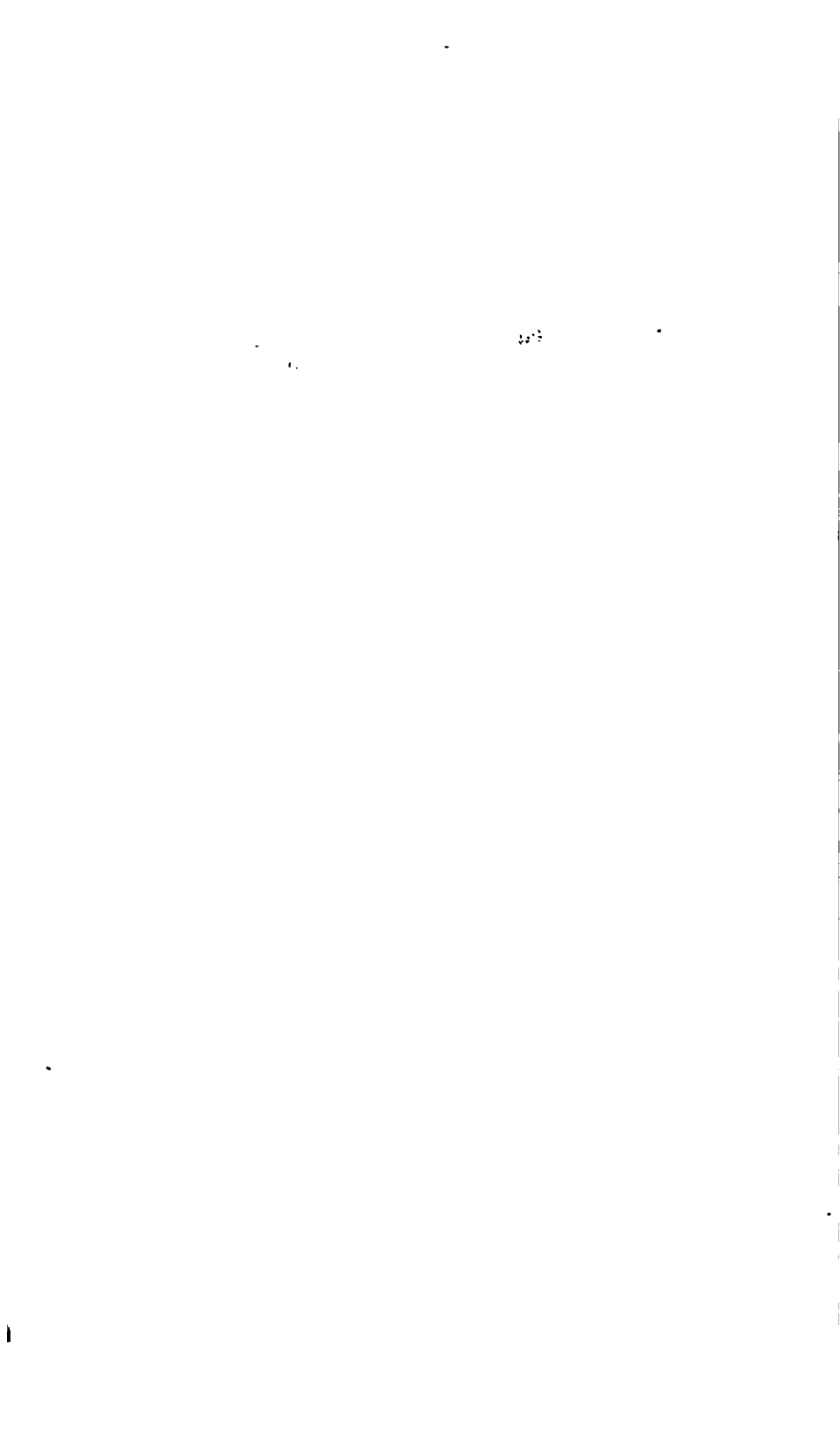
COLTON'S FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—This work, now thoroughly established in the popular favor, has passed to another excellent and cheap edition, in one volume. We have spoken at much length of these volumes heretofore—and it gives us pleasure to learn their many merits have been, as we predicted they would be, widely appreciated by the writer's countrymen.

GUIDE TO THE ENVIRONS OF NEW-YORK.—MR. DISTURNELL has published a neat little map, with all necessary descriptions accompanying it, of every place of interest in the vicinity of New-York. It is beautifully 'done up,' in colored morocco, and is worth to any stranger or citizen thrice its trifling cost.

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APOLOGETIC.—A notice of the *National Academy of Design*, and of two favors of correspondents, intended for the present number, will appear in the number for July.





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